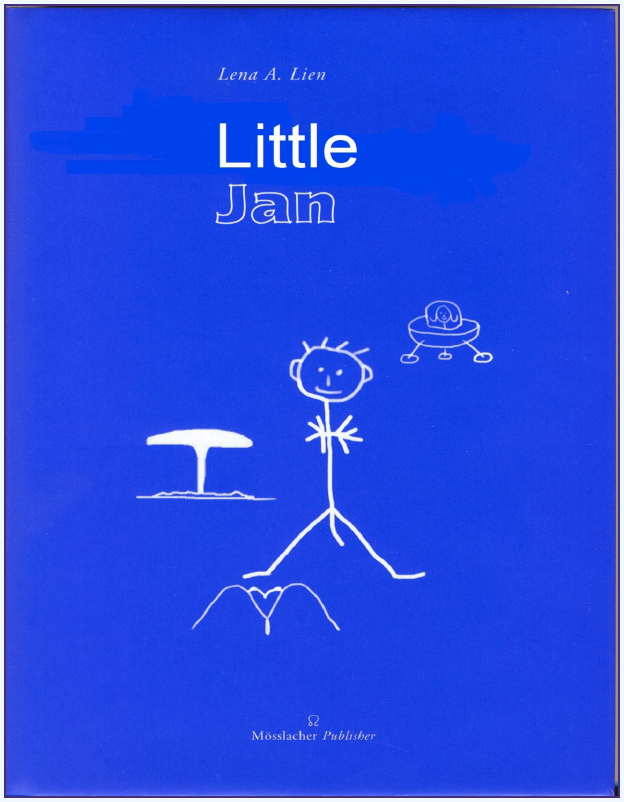
Lena A. Lien



Complete Works

Book 1: Little Jan



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Book 2: Pico Rizzi



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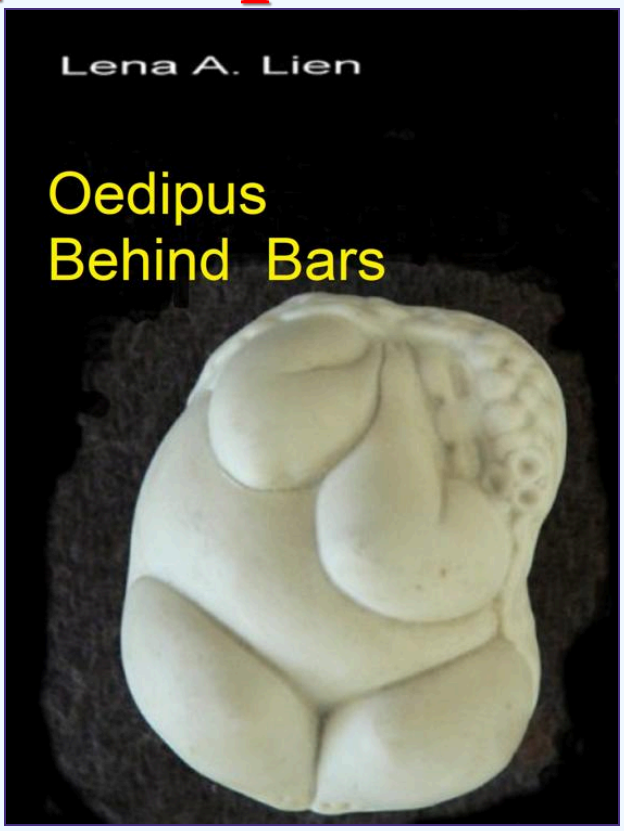
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Prolog

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

The ridiculously short “trial” ended predictably with the death sentence; I was to be liquidated today, tomorrow, or sometime: the Darx never elaborated on when or how. The Darx — that’s what we called our invisible opponents, alluding to the fact that enemies in allusion to the fact that they apparently had their base on the Dark Side of the Moon. The war had now been going on since 1969, but to this day we had seen nothing of the Darx themselves except their machines and bases.

Naturally, I had no defense counsel, nor was the trial open to the public; in the barren whitewashed room stood only a simple wooden table, on this a translator, whose artificial voice croaked and scratched the thoughts of the Darx-judges reproduced. I did not even know not even whether I was speaking to one or more. In any case, they were very anxious to simulate an equivalent similar to our earthly jurisdiction.

I hadn’t heard from Lena since I was sent to prison. Couldn’t ask her for advice, or hold her little hand, or hold onto her, or cry, or sleep with her. I didn’t know where she was or if she even still existed — I had to get by on my own. Espionage, sedition, treason, and terrorism were just some of the charges read in the death sentence; they didn’t dare openly call me the leader of a resistance group. They seemed to know that martyrs could have a special effect on people. I put all my mad hope in that. So it could take a very long time until enough grass had grown over the story and they could dispose of me quietly and secretly.

The mechanical guard at my cell door did not stir when I called out, “Hello! Can anyone hear me?” After some time, the machine-distorted voice of a Darx sounded from his speaker: “What do you want?”

“Prisoner 348211, Jan Ohnehand. I would like to send a memomail to a companion and Relative before my termination.” Nothing was heard for a long time. I already knew this, had already experienced that a simple question was answered only after hours or even days. Despite my predicament, I sometimes had to smile when the “yes” to a simple question didn’t come until the next day and I had to think long and hard about what I had originally asked. Their trading stations and the entire logistics had been destroyed and made the communication with the lost post Earth extremely difficult.

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“It is our custom to allow a dying man to write his last will and testament to his relatives before he is terminated,” I added. There was a long crackle and pop in the speaker embedded in the guard’s breastplate. Then came the counter-question, “What is the name of the relative and what should be the content of the memomail?”

I had to answer fast and uninvolved, because the Darx evaluated reflexes and response times conscientiously and drew their often wholly ludicrous conclusions from them. “Lena Ohnehand and my memomail contains personal details about the time since we were separated as children” I replied. I knew they would have to inquire about both and prepared myself inwardly.

“Lena Ohnhehand is not registered. Give full name, degree of relationship and state whereabouts!”. There it was, the hardest of all questions. I counted to 8, a previously tried and true length of time that I kept constant to the Darx so that they could note this in my personality profile and I had plenty of time to think. “Lena is a Halfsister, we grew up separately. Whereabouts unknown to me at this time. Last contact on October 11 near of the headquarters. I would like to put the memo on the Net-O-Net, she will find it there.” The Darx were smart, high-tech… and ferociously cruel. But they had their problems with cunning, sly liars like me.

After fifteen minutes of silent waiting, I sat down again. Probably I would have to wait for an answer until evening or even tomorrow; the lost outstation Earth was, after all, in itself completely intact, but

could only be reached from the control center via emergency lines that were functioning more and more miserably. It was only a question of time of time when the Darx would turn to new projects and forget this Alesia.

I ordered drinking water in a sippy cup and the wall flap opened after a few seconds. I stood up and took the sippy cup with my teeth, drank the water. At least that was something that worked well: eating and drinking whatever you wanted. Finest food, finely pureed, because I couldn't use my hands. Where it came from and how it could be brought so quickly remained a mystery to me, like almost everything that had to do with the Darx. But I thought of Edmond Dantes and Abbé Faria, and there I had it better, I guess.

"Cheers, Admiral von Schneider!" said I to the guard, for in the past two weeks that we had already shared this cell together, I had taught him some earthly nonsense. "Cheers, Miss Sophie!" the steel colossus beeped, raising his hand with an imaginary cup. "Good boy!", I praised him and chuckled; then I continued to wait patiently for the response of his superiors, who, many light-years away, were doing careful damage control and frantic crisis management. Troublesome supplicants like me with my memo mail were presumably handled hesitantly and anxiously by overburdened subordinates; they had more important things to do. The colossus blinked and winked with all his lights, while he continued to wave at me for a while, then he froze again like a toy whose spring drive had run out.

During the few years in which I had learned to think for myself, I noticed such oddities, although everyone seemed to have learned them from childhood on: one cheers to each other on special occasions, but not when simply drinking water. Only the programmer of this primitive weapon carrier did not know that. Like so many other things not — and sometimes promptly gave me a lengthy, completely pointless debate with his superior. In times of war, it is sometimes quite good to know about the reactions and the thinking ability of the respective opponent, or as in this case, about the limits of this machine.

They couldn't find Lena, of course, she wasn't registered anywhere, didn't actually exist for the Darx. Garantissimo. But this discrepancy alone would be enough to put her name (was that even her name?) on the top of the wanted list. They didn't need to question me again, since I had told them everything willingly. I was arrested at headquarters and could therefore lie completely honestly about having seen her last shortly before. Whether Lena was my half-sister, how should they check that? I had plausibly stated when and where I had last seen her, because I could assume that "a few days before my arrest" was a plausible point in time, and nevertheless, they could not determine any reliable data about exactly this time. Which private things I wanted to entrust to her, they were probably only interested in so far, whether new usable military facts (excuse me, terrorist of course) were contained. And there they were allowed to evaluate quietly until they became old, very old.

Lena surely knew everything about me, otherwise she would not be Lena. If she still existed (of which I had the greatest doubts), she would surely immediately understand that the memomail was of course not only intended for her, but actually for myself. I'm sure she saw through what I was trying to do: to tell someone my whole life for once, like two friends sitting under a starry sky by a campfire, drinking cognac and telling each other hidden, secret and intimate things. Feeling the closeness of the other, remembering all the things that were essential in life. That someone, that other would be — me. And if I was able to read that memomail again after my termination, I wanted to know about Jan Ohnehand, Prisoner 348211, who I had once been, in detail. My crippled youth, long loneliness, fixation on a few things in life like sex, complete isolation and ignorance of current events; the time of thinking-learning with Lena, my apprenticeship with her, and our friendship that welded us together in the resistance. I would want to know later who this little Jan was, how he thought and how he spoke, how he began to understand things slowly and in small steps, but also…

The speaker interrupted my thoughts and crackled again. After the interference was over, the tinny voice rang out, "Permission granted. APB on Lena Ohnehand to all departments with top priority. Keep it short and sweet; memo content will be reviewed with security level 5

before release!”. A split second later, a voice recorder materialized on the table. The red recording light flashed.

I moved a little closer and began to tell my story.

“Prisoner 348211, Jan Ohnehand, memomail to Lena Ohnehand, for permanent storage in the Net-O-Net. Father left us when I was about 6 years old…”

The Adept

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

We lived in the cave for almost a whole year. Lena was always conjuring up treats, but from day one she taught me to roam the woods and gather edible herbs, berries, and fruits. She taught me to use my crooked and powerless atomic-fingers more effectively and to do difficult things like fire making with well-coordinated fingers, toes, and teeth. It amazed me what I could do on my own by now, even if some of it seemed like a circus act.

In painstaking detail work, I made a bedstead of bark, ferns and moss in many weeks, and when it was ready, I stayed two full days with Lena to inaugurate the masterpiece accordingly. I knew, of course, that Lena was as sparing with praise as a Scotsman with his shilling, but as I lay happily and sweatily beside her and almost dozing off, I said my "Thank you for all this!" loud and clear. For once I really wanted to say it, not always just think it.

Lena had gone to neighboring towns a few times, bringing back books and newspapers that soon filled the back of the cave. Rudi Dutschke, a German, had been installed by the Darx as President for life and deftly maneuvered between Scylla and Charybdis. The revolting zealot had become a mature, serious man trying to hold together a shrinking empire in ruins. In Moscow, in the state of East Russia, Vladimir J. Lemonosov succeeded John F. Kennedy, who had died unexpectedly and under mysterious circumstances, becoming the first European president of the United States. In occupied France, the terrorist Lucien Le Loup held on as president of a shadow government, and in the remnants of London still ruled the aged King Philip, since the queen and her court had fled to Iceland. In Rome, the popes resided (the Africans had enforced the simultaneous installation of the Archbishop of Lagos) and did clever marketing for the time after.

Wave after wave, the Darx sent the Dreamer, transformed into zombie-warriors, northward, but could not overcome the swamps

that had formed in the remnants of the Northeast Sea Canal. Scandinavia had been fully developed into a fortress and successfully defied superior forces, as did Scotland, where the Caledonian Canal formed a natural aid to resistance. Water and cold — on this all commentators in the newspapers agreed — were the Achilles heel of the Darx. Our cave was close to the German-Danish border, where the streams of refugees from southern Europe had been gathering and the refugees had now been living in massive camp cities for years. If Lena's history lessons had not passed me by completely, these camp cities were modeled on medieval structures and, at the same time, were equipped by the Scandinavians' technology and modern weaponry.

Lena explained to me what the power in my brain could accomplish. The first thing I had to learn was that it was very easy to fly. I closed my eyes and wanted it, really wanted it, and then I was there. I was there. Once we made a jump even to Africa, standing in the middle of the sand sea and I was sweating terribly. After minutes, we jumped back over two thousand kilometers, because the Darx satellites close to the Earth had already spotted us. Lena laughed, because now the telephones would run hot in the monitoring room, and that because of two biological lumps in the Sahara, which did not belong there and were also immediately no longer there. There a poor dog got a juicy rebuke, gentlemen!

To get into the systems of the Darx like Lena, I could not yet, that was still much too difficult for me. Instead, she taught me everything that was related to telekinesis. At the beginning I was still very uncertain, but Lena said that this was one of my strongest abilities, because I reminded her of Merlin, whom she sometimes mentioned. I had read about him and was actually convinced that he was a mere legendary figure. Lena corrected me and said that the many fairy tales and some of the miracles he is said to have worked, yes, they would have come about through constant passing on and retelling and affirmations. "But Merlin really existed, he was so much like you!" she said in a tone of conviction. "And he couldn't get enough of fucking!" she added, giggling. Her teacher and she would have developed his power, just as she was now developing mine. Of course, mind-reading, hypnotic commands and Telekinesis in the 5th cen-

tury were perfectly suited to let him live on forever as a powerful wizard. “But,” Lena sighed, “you humans with your urges are strange! He met his fate because of his love for Nimue, who had become the tool of Morgane La Faye and lured him to his death.” Lena was silent and wept to show me her sorrow for Merlin. I cried a little, too, so she wouldn’t feel so alone. In the same way, we cried for hours later when she told me about Joan of Arc, whom she had loved very much. — Of course, I didn’t ask for a long time why Lena said she was 16 (“if I wanted it that way”), when she had already known Merlin and Joan of Arc ...

Telepathy. Teleportation. Telekinesis. I didn’t really grasp these words until Lena looked up briefly from her favorite activity of grilling tough seagulls over the campfire and said I should lift down that boulder up there, there was a small natural chimney behind it where the smoke could better dissipate. I looked up at the rock and saw no chimney far and wide. Lena, who sometimes looked 60 and not 16 when she was grilling, growled, “Wanting, you just have to want it right!” I strained my eyes even more and saw nothing. But, yes, now I could sort of “see through” the boulder and dimly guessed the chimney behind it. It made a sharp bend to the upper right in the middle of it. “Yes,” Lena commented, poking at the fire to help spread the embers, “now you’ve got it!” I looked back at the rock and knew I would never, ever be able to move this thing the size of half a truck, even if I “flew up it.”

“It’s easier than reaching your own cock” Lena whispered to herself with a smile, but I heard it anyway. Curiosity, ambition and fear of being ridiculed gripped me. I closed my eyes and wanted, wanted very badly for the boulder to fall. Of course, nothing happened, and when I opened my eyes, I saw Lena, who had quickly extended her hand and magically stopped the boulder above me, because otherwise it would have crushed me quite easily.

“Gee, Jan, you’ve got to watch what you’re doing!” she scolded. Then she said, I should take over the rock now, she had to keep grilling, otherwise the cattle would burn. I stared at the boulder, but she still couldn’t let go until I finally mustered all my strength and directed it through my crooked fingers. With a jerk, it lifted a little. I

turned it carefully and let it float through the cave. What a feeling of happiness! Slowly I turned it, maneuvered it through the mouth of the cave, and then gave it a tremendous push, sending him splashing far out to sea in a high arc. A fishing boat was just nearby and almost capsized. I had to swallow hard, because I almost killed the poor fishermen unintentionally.

Lena blinked her eyes as she always did when she read someone's mind in the distance. Then she said I was getting something new to learn, we had to go to the fishermen. At the same time she grabbed me by the empty sleeve and we jumped into the fishing boat. Lena said, "Put a finger on the fisherman's forehead and command him to forget the incident with the boulder and you!" The two fishermen stared at me with their mouths open, holding their breath in shock because they couldn't see Lena. I reached out a little finger, touched the forehead of one of them and thought, ordered him to forget all this, immediately. He sat down and rowed off quite easily, without looking at me. Lena nodded with satisfaction that it went quite well. Then I had to touch the second one, but he flinched. Nevertheless, my finger touched him lightly when I ordered him to forget. He sat down apathetically and let me row him home. Lena and I flew back to our roasting bird.

In the following weeks Lena came back once from a trip to the next village and said that the fisherman had not completely forgotten everything and now we had a legend about a mysterious Monk throwing rocks into the sea. The other fisherman had not only forgotten everything, but had not had any more gout attacks since then. I had to think of my dream at the time, and Lena nodded, yes, that was from the dream.

In the weeks and months that followed, I practiced telekinesis as often as I could, moving from one place to another with ever greater ease. I learned to throw stones out to sea using only mental power, and to destroy them before they hit with a mentally re-fired bolt of fire. Lena said that I was already very good at it. Now she took me more and more often to the surrounding villages, where the people soon got used to the monk, who appeared and disappeared here and

there. I had to learn to command with my thoughts and was soon quite good at it. Only my urges I still shared with little Jan.

Once I read the thoughts of a fisherman's wife as I walked across a field and discovered her curiosity and her rising desire to do it with the mysterious monk. I ordered her to a secluded shed where we fucked pleasurably. Then I touched her forehead and thought she should forget everything. Lena sat in front of the shed and said with a grin that I probably had enough variety now, and that was true. After so many weeks together, I sometimes thirsted for other women I met in the small villages. Only once Lena interfered and said no, because this girl was a mutant and I should leave her alone.

Not infrequently Lena reminded me not to forget learning and practicing, because with the change grew my drive and desire, even the desire to hunt. Sometimes I also forgot to command the forgetting properly and so slowly the legend of the gaunt monk grew steadily. None of the women would have admitted anything, no, they certainly do not, but one hears, there would be something to it, that the monk quite un-monkish ..., well, you know!

Sometimes I helped an overturned cart or a stuck truck again so that not only the healing arts, but also the tremendous strength of the monk flowed into the legends, although some other stories reported that he had no arms at all. Sometimes Lena thought for a long time and quickly erased one or another memory in people. Overall, though, she let me do what I wanted to do.

Strictly, however, she watched over my progress. Somewhere, someone had decided that I had to do a certain daily workload of reading, telekinetic exercises and the observation of the time events to complete. I obeyed silently, even when Lena instructed me in all sorts of tactical games and descriptions of battles. Why this or that one should have stood there and not there, how to set traps cunningly and how to recognize cunningly set traps or avoid them. And then again and again technique, technique, technique. I had long since stopped asking what all this was for. I knew the answer: about that we talk later once.

The awakening Jan experienced an adventurous and fun time with little Jan. Lena's sexual ingenuity, her lust and her arts of seduction were extraordinary and inevitably cast a spell over me. Nevertheless, she withdrew again and again to let me hunt for pleasure. She instinctively suspected that this was the right thing to do for little Jan. She smoothly threw my burgeoning concerns about fairness to the wind and only said that I should do what I wanted and not hurt anyone in the process. About it, and only about it I should think, not about fairness.

Curiously I rummaged in the thoughts of the women, if I strode in the localities around in the evenings. Magically attracted me their lustful thoughts, fucking became the fulfillment of secret desires. Not infrequently I groped through a dark bedroom and quietly loved the woman, while the man snored next to her unsuspectingly. Some women were full of longings, but many lived empty and listless, thinking of everything else but sex. I passed them by as they passed me by.

A few I visited again and again because they wanted to be loved intensely. Most were afraid of their thoughts, I let them forget everything again, until the next time mostly. Only two or three wanted to live through it consciously and honestly. Here I relied on Lena's good knowledge of human nature and left the choice of forgetting to her. There were many strong women in this terrible time who did almost superhuman things for their families, but only a few who also stood by their longings and desires. Or whose cultural being allowed it.

A bright girl had overheard that the monk sometimes visited her mother at night. She listened and watched us fucking, she felt her excitement rising and rubbed her clit lustfully. She had already tried fucking with the neighboring boys, but had not found any real pleasure in it. She much preferred to lie on her bed, lost in thought, and play with the clit herself. Once, when I had already left her mother again and was still sitting in the grass outside the house for a few minutes, I heard her curious, cautious-lustful thoughts that came to her while she lay in bed and secretly masturbated.

Cautiously, I approached her bed and stroked her; terror and lust twitched up, then all at once she embraced me. I stayed with her and we fucked each other. Meike, as she was called, was like Sister Theresa a “hard going” woman and could not climax so easily. I stroked her clit with my fingers and thought of exciting and arousing things, tried to transfer this to her mentally. To my greatest surprise, I succeeded and she experienced a surprisingly violent orgasm.

Lena was already waiting outside the house when I quietly slipped out. “That worked out just fine!” she said and hugged me. “This is a major step forward in our training, because now you can practice putting your thoughts, your will into the thoughts of others. But remember, don’t hurt anyone!”

She also said that this girl had slight mediumistic abilities, but only very weak ones. Any mutant would have a hundred times more capacity than her. Still, I should practice it. So it happened that in the next time I was mainly busy with Meike.

I tried to lure her out of the house with this new mental ability, and when it succeeded, we made love fiercely in the grass. When I was out elsewhere at night and felt her already in bed and masturbating, then I quickly sent her some lustful thoughts and felt her whooping come. Once she was sitting in the kitchen with her mother cleaning vegetables when I received her lustful thoughts. Immediately I reacted, reinforcing them as I did so. The mother was astonished when, for no apparent reason, her daughter suddenly became sexually aroused and closed her eyes. Perplexed, she observed how her daughter came to orgasm with violently heaving bosom, gasping and groaning.

I felt her own arousal rising rather than her and thought intensely that I was stimulating her clit. Very firmly and concentrated I thought about it, rubbing the clit of the Mother in my mind. Astonished and paralyzed by horniness, she experienced her own orgasm, trembling and quivering as she had not done in a long time and also did not notice that the daughter was looking at her in wonder and knowledge. It took a few days for the two of them to stop blushing when they looked at each other.

Lena praised how good I had become at it and how strongly I could develop my strength. Soon, she said, I would be as strong as Merlin at 16. I was proud, because Merlin had also become my hero. Now I avoided the village for some time and buried myself in the cave, learning and practicing obsessively, because Lena's praise had become important to me. Lena smiled at my eagerness and became again the little girl who played with my cock and made it squirt or was the lascivious girl who wanted it or was the lascivious, demanding female jaguar who had nothing but repeated mating in mind and demanded it with ferocity. I could learn better, she once said, if I were relaxed.

One evening I was wandering through a fishing village and picked up a mental cry for help, very faintly audible but clearly addressed to the monk. I followed my hunch and quietly entered a house. The whole family had gathered in the child's room, a sick child was feverish in bed, and next to the bed an old woman was fiddling, who had evidently called me. "How did you get in?" roared the fisherman, but the old woman bade him be silent with a stern look. "You heard me," she murmured in amazement, then nodded to herself as if to say yes ten times. "She takes the wrong herbs" Lena murmured, and I asked the old woman what kind of herbs she used. "Hawthorn harms the child" whispered Lena and I told her to just leave the hawthorn out. I listened further and said that so much would strengthen the heart, but only once a day, and for the little one a third is enough. Then Lena told me to put my hand on the child's forehead.

I knelt beside the bed in my long robe and felt with my crooked little fingers through the thick fabric for the little boy's forehead. "Feel what it has!" commanded Lena, and I felt. Very slowly I had the image in front of me that the child had a thick, red dumpling in his throat. Lena nodded in confirmation and whispered that I should make it go away, that I should just want it to be firm. I closed my eyes, and the child reared up, then sank down unconscious. The old woman pushed me aside and grabbed the child's forehead. The fisherman misunderstood everything and jumped on me. He wanted to beat me up. I was afraid and thought to myself that I would push him back. He flew all over the room, crashed into the opposite wall and remained sitting on the floor, gasping and bewildered. The old

woman hissed angrily at him, then listened intently into the child, smiled, and turned to the fisherman's wife, "He's breathing much more calmly now!" Then she looked at me and raised her eyebrows questioningly. Lena said, the child would sleep for a whole day and then wake up completely healthy. I whispered this to the old woman.

I huddled on the floor for another hour, the women tended to the child and then were calmed. The old woman came to me and whispered, "So it's true, you can heal!" I nodded a little uncertainly and remained seated. I didn't understand myself how I had been able to do that and especially how I had been able to slam the poor fisherman against the wall; I wasn't the husky Kalle after all, hell!

The old woman gathered up her bundle and turned to go. At the door she turned around and looked questioningly at me. I quickly got up and followed her. The fisher family hardly noticed our going. "I am Nana," the old woman said as we walked down the street, "I am a doctor!" "Midwife," I corrected after Lena's instruction, "you used to be a midwife. Now you try to help people as best you can. Right?" Nana walked wordlessly beside me for a bit, then shook her head in wonder, saying she didn't understand. We were silent until we reached her house.

As we entered, Lena said you'd better get out of here now and grinned wryly before disappearing. I was about to ask her what I was doing there, but she was already gone. Nana put her things away and put out a cup of tea, which I didn't touch; I didn't want her to find out that I didn't have arms! She worked for a while and she sat down at the table. She looked in amazement at the clay cup with tea, which stood untouched in front of me. Slowly it dawned on her. "You don't have arms!" she said in amazement and almost choked on the next thought. "Oh, would you like some tea?" and I nodded. She took the clay pot and gave me a drink. I looked at her more closely. She wasn't actually very old, but the ragged clothes and neglected-looking hair combined with the weathered, embittered face gave her something old and witchy.

Lena was not there, yet I caught a thought stirring deep down in her mind. "No, I don't have a problem feeding or dressing myself, I

manage quite well." She snapped eyes widened as she realized that I was reading in her mind like a newspaper. "No, for masturbation I prefer to have a delicate female hand!" I feigned impudently and had to grin, because the good Nana was now actually a little blushed.

Confused, she waved one hand in the air and said, "Never mind, I wanted to know rather know who you are and what you're up to!". I grinned and said nothing to her thought, which she struggled to suppress. I felt as if Lena was whispering to me not to tell too much, just a little, legend and all. "My name is Jan, I live a bit further up in the forest and I go to the villages to be among people sometimes. I'm getting ready for an important task and if I can help people with my powers, I do. It's just very embarrassing for me what kind of stories people tell each other about me!" I paused and waited.

Nana wasn't thinking about fucking anymore; individual events were swirling in her head; the monk lifting broken trucks out from the ditch; the monk who heals the sick with the laying on of hands and knows about herbs; the fisherman who flies across the room as if hit by a giant fist. The monk of whom some women whispered furtively behind their hand that he was a horny goat, and what a one!

"That's true," I said lightly, "but I always make sure I'm wanted. I'm not doing anyone an injustice!" Nana was silent. "You're reading my mind again!" she said indignantly, and I looked at her questioningly. "Don't you want it? Then I'll just listen to what you say!" Still, that was a lie, because I heard what she was thinking as much as what she was saying.

"But I am not a monk," I added, "I used to be Venerable Mother's lover before she died. Since then I have carried her cross, although I think nothing of the popes in Rome or elsewhere!" A long silence followed, then Nana asked, "But how do you heal?" I pondered. I didn't know, but I did want to say something sensible. Lena's thought, wafting from afar, admonished me not to mention it. People would not understand if I heard voices or spoke with the invisible Lena, learned from her.

“I don’t know for sure, Nana. I have strong powers, for healing, lifting carts or hurling attackers against the wall. When it’s necessary, sometimes I have the powers. Sometimes I can’t do anything, but I don’t know why!” I heard Lena draw in her breath sharply, for I was at the limit of what I was allowed to say. But Nana didn’t ask further, instead she went to a shelf and handled the herbs she collected there. I went to her and we discussed the herbs for probably an hour or more. There was much I didn’t know, but some things she didn’t, such as how to make a healing tea from the dangerous mulberry for stomach problems.

She grew tired, and I said I would go now and come back some other time. Then we wished each other a good night and I went out through the closed door. Inwardly I smiled at my prank, for she stared at the closed door in bewilderment. I stopped in front of the house and waited until she had gone to bed. After a while I returned quietly and squatted down beside her bed, waiting for a while as she thought about it all the time. “Yes, Nana, I want to fuck you too!” I whispered, feeling around on the blanket for her. She was not surprised, but at first she angrily dismissed the thought, thinking that she was too old and what-do-I know. I persisted in my stroking, until her curiosity grew stronger. Then I lay down with her and we made pleasurable love.

Later, I sometimes went with her to visit the sick, helping when I could or shrugging my shoulders regretfully when I could do nothing. Lena often said that nothing could be done and the old Nana did something for the sick person. But each time my mistrust evaporated when Lena asked me days later to take another look at the healthy patient again under the magnifying glass. I then felt the black, mist-like traces that always meant cancer and death. Then Lena said that to cure such was not right; they were destined to die. The good Nana was very annoyed when I could not help and explained to her that this sick person was already too sick and destined to die; usually she asked angrily if I was the good Lord who knew everything! I was very sad and tried to make her understand that I just had my suspicions. About Lena I could not tell anything. Old Nana then thought and sighed, it could be so, but she would fight as long as she breathed. Our disgruntlement did not last long. Soon it was clear to her that my

suspicions were becoming a certainty. Now, almost daily, we went our evening rounds or moved from village to village to treat minor and major aches and pains.

When I told her later sometimes about this or that amorous adventure, she would grin and joke that I was a horny goat! And if during our excursions to collect herbs or during the tedious preparation of teas and powders the urges of little Jan flooded me, she smiled kindly and did it to me with her hand. Fucking she wanted only very rarely and thought I should stick to the younger ones, she was already an old woman! When I then said that it did not matter at all, she said, yes, maybe so, but she would rather have someone she loved like a girl in love and not just fuck at random, if that's what Mr. Jan wanted! I was astonished, because I had not really thought of that. In love! Was I ever in love?

Lena sat with me at the edge of the forest and said, we want to see how strong I already am. I obediently closed my eyes and listened to the village, looking for Meike in my mind. "She's reading and she's half asleep" I said and looked over at Lena. She nodded. Then she sent me her thought that I should move her here: "It's time for a little lovemaking, don't you think?" I thought hard again about how she would fly here and land softly on the mossy ground of the clearing. In a fraction of an instant, a blur of light twitched through the dusk, and then Meike lay beside me, wondering and gathering up her skimpy nightgown.

I gave her no time to think and suggested to her that she was already highly aroused and near to the climax which would come. She actually squirmed after a few seconds and experienced a surprisingly fast orgasm. I paid no attention to Lena, but slipped as nimbly as I could out of my frock and lay down on top of Meike, still feeling her subsiding orgasm and fucked her quickly and hastily, letting her — barely that I had squirted — slide right back into her bed.

Lena applauded and said that yes, I had become a master, even if I had let little Jan act. She had noticed the doggedness with which I had I had completed this exam task and told me not to tense up so much. But I was discontented because she had to criticize something

again. Lena comforted me that everything was okay, I had mastered this task excellently.

Somewhat later we visited Meike again, who was thinking that it would have been a wonderful sex dream, had fallen asleep exhausted. Lena unobtrusively withdrew as I sneaked to Nana's house afterwards and carefully lay down next to her, seeking warmth, comfort and closeness. Before dawn, I awoke and quietly woke her to sleep gently and sadly with her. Then I went back to my cave.

Lena sensed the burgeoning crisis and left me a few days of learning and practice and stayed a little in the background. I slept and dreamed and let myself drift in the wet sand from the surf waves. My sadness and loneliness had surfaced unintentionally and suddenly, sending me into crippling depression. Lena watched me from afar and was always there whenever I needed her.

She sensed that I was missing Mother, Irene, and especially Veronika. So she was sometimes Mother, sometimes Irene, and always Veronika, although we both knew she was Lena.

Mother sometimes lolling on the beach like the Puss Purr and making warm and soft love with her little Jan, patiently rubbing his cock when he felt like it or letting him gently squirt inside, falling asleep at her side.

Irene first drank another glass of red wine before taking my cock in her mouth, sucking and sucking greedily. She thought nothing of fucking on the beach and mostly retreated into the soft moss in the clearing to fuck with little Jan. Sometimes she also came as Anni, who wanted to fuck fast and wild and cooed loudly and deeply at the climax.

When Veronika was there, I cried terribly long and heartbreakingly at first, until she went to wash herself in the beach waves and then came up to the dunes trembling and quivering. The dry gagging in my throat subsided as she lay down like a crucified woman with her arms spread wide and stretched her bottom out to me. Assfucking, she liked that very much, still does! I loved her, loved her with all

my heart and smiled happily when our tears mingled at the end. Sometimes she would turn over and really make love to me, delicately holding my back as I gently came inside her.

I really missed Sister Veronica. As a lover of the Venerable Mother, I felt closest to her. I began to put on the heavy silver cross again. Veronica — I wanted to have her with me always.

Lena gave me time and left Veronika with me for a long time, weeks, months, maybe years; I don't remember. Veronika beamed and blossomed since the stupid promise no longer applied to her. She laughed and cried with brightly shining eyes when I gently poured myself into her. In the course of time she became more and more often a demanding female jaguar, loving me with the subtlety and greed of Lena.

I awoke. Lena was sitting on the edge of the bed, holding me close. Gradually the dizziness faded and I was fully awake, but terribly dull and tired. "No, you've been sick for a very long time," Lena said, getting me something to eat and drink. I slept for quite a long time and dreamlessly, until one morning I awoke completely fresh and alert.

Lena, who never slept, was lying next to me waiting. I looked around our cave and remembered everything again, Mother, Irene, Anni and Veronika.

Veronica. I felt the old familiar tugging in my loins, felt the cock covetously awaken. Lena bent over me and whispered in my ear that I was still much too weak to fuck. Apparently the journeyman had been fasting for a very long time, because she stroked me and let the jet spray high before I fell asleep.

I was given salad of medicinal herbs and tiny drumsticks of grilled seagulls. Smelled the acrid smoke again as Lena tearfully fretted with the fire and went on to her old-wives' ranting. We both laughed heartily at her daily, favorite Cabaret "How to grill a seagull over an open fire?".

On the second day I was already thirsty for action and full of vigor again, but Lena was smart and knew that it would take a few more days until I was fully recovered. Since I didn't believe her, she seduced me on the spot, so that I lost my hearing and sight and fell asleep almost unconscious. When I woke up again, she smiled and said it would be better if I took the time I needed.

When I finally got up, the first thing I did was look for the silver cross and hung it around my neck. I resolved never to take it off again. Lena left me alone with my thoughts all day and didn't come back until late at night.

"Lena, I need to know why I'm here. Why I'm learning, what my purpose is!" She was silent for a long time. I was determined to find out. Nothing could dissuade me. The dream during the long, severe illness was not out of my mind, I had to know who she was and who I was, and above all, what I was for.

Lena sat down very close to me by the softly crackling fire and nestled her young girl body against me. Today I don't remember what we spoke and what we only thought. Only that she told me everything. I hope that I remember everything and that I can reproduce it correctly here. [Command: the Memomail-check with security level 5 now has to check from the beginning again, skip the rest of the memomail, final command!]

Lena thought of the big, wide universe, black as night, with millions of little white dots swimming in it. I will try to explain everything to you, Jan, in the words you understand. We are a very ancient people living far out in space. We have spread out on artificial planets that we have created in the course of time. Each of our sub-peoples owns or manages a part of the universe, a sector in which there are many galaxies. We are not like humans, but rather spiritual beings in your terms. We live as an individual about three thousand earth years. You experience me now as a 16-year-old girl, I took your conceptions as a pattern for my appearance, because our concepts of time are different. I am now according to your terms about 2000 earth years old and will enter my final stage with about 3000 earth years. I exist like you not for the first time in my world — only you

have to think in very large periods of time. The death, as you understand it, concerns biological matter like that of the people, nevertheless there is also with us after the final stage a stage of the long rest, after that each of us returns anew to his people; I to mine and you, small Jan, to yours. You'll understand it maybe one day.

The people to whom I belong are also responsible for this galaxy as guardians of this sector, therefore also for the earth. I and some others are responsible for the earth exclusively, we must ensure the smooth functioning of this area. Since we are not material in the earth sense, we have been accomplishing this for centuries with the help of mediumistic people through whom we use our power, whom we influence and to whom we lend abilities so that they bring about changes in our sense. Those whom you regard as magicians, seers or exceptional people are tools chosen by us, because we as spiritual beings cannot directly effect anything in material terms ourselves. We proceed in the same way on other planets, with the living beings there. And inhabited planets there are millions, believe me, although humans are a unique race.

When I tried to explain this to Merlin at that time, I did not really succeed; Nostradamus and the clever Cagliostro understood some things, but failed because their knowledge went far beyond the culturally conceivable. Your time will not understand you either, so it is better if you keep it to yourself.

Our people have become an excellent merchant people in millions of earth years. No other people but ours trade, we have achieved by cunning, guile and wars that we are the only ones in this part of the universe. All other peoples are dependent on our supplies, in return we receive from them knowledge, power and technology, which we then use. We supply all materials and beings you can imagine, we are the great hypergalactic department store, if you will. Our people are divided according to their tasks: some research and discover new delicacies and specialties, others grow, plant or harvest, others provide intergalactic transportation. My people are responsible for overseeing the development and safety of the specialties of this sector.

Would anyone like to throw a big party on Alpha Centauri, with some asteroids burn up as giant fireworks: we deliver, promptly and free of charge. If someone wants to offer a wine made of pressed alcoholic worms, tender thighs of dragon embryos or intoxicating drugs made of the tears of cosmic owls to his guests: we deliver! Our supply is almost inexhaustible and our deliveries keep many worlds going. Some underdeveloped worlds, like Earth, provide the raw material, specialty, or delicacy that is demanded elsewhere by more evolved beings and delivered at a good price.

Our researchers discovered a few million years ago in your era that a certain species of ape on Earth could be evolved by genetic manipulation. The first prototypes of humans aroused great interest among our customers, they were perfectly suitable as servants, workers or simply as objects of observation for empires: Humans who lived their lives in an invisible cage being observed, just as you humans keep hamsters or guinea pigs in cages. In addition, people could be used for many things, from slave labor in mines to artistic, serving as musicians or actors. Some peoples love the slightly sweet tasting human flesh. Most popular, however, were people who lived like goldfish lived in the aquarium and could be observed in their life cycle. The child's rooms of all galaxies soon became full of our invisible cages where humans live and are gawked at by the curious children of our customers.

But there was one problem we couldn't solve. More accurately, we weren't interested in solving the problem because it would have hurt our human commodity business. The problem is that humans only reproduce on planet Earth. On other planets, in other galaxies, they are completely barren. No, no, they fucked eagerly and lovingly, of course, like on the good old Earth, but they were infertile. That was good for our business, that created new demand.

We, the guardians, had to see to it that mankind on earth developed slowly and steadily, that enough people were there for the export and that nobody disputed us this right to the raising and to the trade with people. Where it made sense or was necessary, we intervened in the events. Since we are not material in your sense, we exercised our powers through medially inclined people. We controlled

and inspired Caesar, Alexander the Great, Merlin, Nostradamus and Jeanne d'Arc, Ragnar Eriksson as well as King Harald Bluetooth or the Goth King Guiscard. We traveled with Richard the Lionheart and Christopher Columbus, whispered into the Prince Henry the Navigator's thoughts as well as those of Magellan and Roald Amundsen. The list is long, for Albert Einstein and Otto Hahn heard our whispers as did Isaac Newton or Lamarque, who, incidentally, was much closer to the truth of genetic inheritance than his adversary Charles Darwin. We did not intervene everywhere, in order not to let mankind develop too fast; we watched your cruel wars calmly, because we knew that humans could not stand it without anger and hatred. So far, so good.

Lena paused, for I had, with increasing horror, grasped the meaning of her tale, largely at least and was now trembling in panic. She stroked me begrudgingly and gave me time to slowly regain my composure. After a while she continued.

Over many millennia we nurtured and bred humanity, allowing it the freedom of movement, which it needs to thrive. We took the goods, namely the sperm and eggs, from where people themselves did not need them for their own reproduction and exported them after fertilization, frozen and in super-fast transport boxes. We were so careful in our harvesting that we never disturbed the people.

But some of our people, who were soldiers and colonists and were dissatisfied with their share of work and income, developed an impatient, reckless piratical spirit. They wanted to make quick money, that's what you would call it. Forty or fifty Earth years ago, they discovered that it would be more lucrative for them to exploit the Earth along with the specialty of man himself, quickly, greedily and ruthlessly. That they would leave the earth destroyed and desolate afterwards, was indifferent to them. They were soldiers and not breeders or traders.

The first thing they did was to make reconnaissance flights with their best customers, showing them the Earth and the people. Some of these flights were observed by the earth people, but this was dismissed as UFOs. Once such an exploration flight with the potential

clientele crashed in New Mexico, the Roswell story made some headlines. But soon the Darx, for that is what they were, tried to mentally influence the authorities. They succeeded only partially, because they did not have the good training in it that we, the observers, had.

Next they built huge bases on distant space stations, set up a proper supply chain as a trade route, and lastly, in the 1960s, established a base on the far side of the Moon from Earth, the "Dark Side of the Moon," as you already know. The rest is quickly told. John F. Kennedy had his astronauts land on the moon in June 1969, the Darx suspected they were discovered and went over to the merciless attack.

Their fighting machines might be good warriors, for the devastation they had wrought was enormous. But with bombardments alone you cannot subjugate anyone; so they tried to use our mental techniques and chose the most suitable ones: simply, they used special drugs to make them docile or aggressive. With this force they destroyed all resistance and made as many prisoners as they could and shipped them to their prison islands, which they built in space around the Earth. They collect sperm and ova in great quantities and export the embryos created by artificial insemination at incredibly low prices. My people are concerned and have specifically charged me with taking action against the Darx.

I had slowly awakened from my torpor and thought about it all again. "The Darx, they're from your people?" I asked. Lena nodded unhappily. Yes, the Darx were of her race, of her people, if I will. But she belonged to the part that had awakened humanity, bred it, and let it develop in peace. The Darx wanted to destroy them, to make her silver as fast as possible. That thereby a whole species would be wiped out, maybe even the whole planet, doesn't matter to them. Planets there are still some millions in reserve.

Despite this, I wanted to know more. "The people you discovered were still apes, as you said. How did they actually become humans?" Lena felt the dumpling in my throat and thought long about a good answer. Yes, humans were the best evolved apes, they were like all animals without the "consciousness" component and also had no ge-

netic device at that time, learned, experienced and gave their experience to their descendants. This was however indispensable, in order to develop slowly to higher beings.

The explorers of her people at that time had already enough of always exporting only rare species of animals like saber-toothed tigers, cave bears or dinosaurs. They wanted to create something new, and the marketing people were excited by the idea of offering as a commodity a race slowly evolving from animals into higher beings. It was a captivating thought to create, over millennia, a race that would become different and more interesting from generation to generation and becoming more interesting. Researchers were sent out in large numbers and began frantically their experiments until everything fell asleep again after the initial euphoria. The most dogged researchers, not wanting to give up, became lonely and withered away in their high-tech laboratories spread around the globe.

One of these researchers responsible for the development of the earthlings was a rather crazy and drug-addled guy who loved to secretly copulate with the female monkeys in monkey form, which was still frowned upon in his time because it was considered that one decently does not stoop to the level of lowly creatures. You would also be considered quite twisted if you fucked with monkeys today. Likewise the spontaneous genetic experimentation was strictly forbidden — rather, the researchers had to fill in forms, submit applications, and fudge long budget lists in order to conduct a genetics—experiment. Our researcher was a bit far from the mark, whistling at the academic rules of the game, screwing feverishly the female monkeys and doing his wild series of tests. Apart from drugs and playing chess on the net, he was left with only the female monkeys to spice up his average life.

One day, out of sheer boredom, he analyzed the genetic coding of a certain species of monkey and saw that essentials here, namely the genetic device to pass on learned, experienced and give experience to their descendants, was missing — clear, but now he also saw where! Now he put all his academic ambition to develop this. He stole genetic material from other more highly developed beings, compared them with those of the apes, experimented and thought a lot.

After a long series of experiments, he had succeeded and was now able to manipulate the genes of female monkeys to pass on learning genetic material. He became an eminent researcher, received many awards and a lifetime high premium that enabled him to continue his secret research until he passed into the terminal stage to indulge his secret passions. His students developed a genetic brake with which the speed of transmission could be accelerated or — which was wiser — slowed down. As a precaution now also nearly all animals of the earth were provided with this genetic device, since one counted in the marketing directorate on an ebbing of the interest in humans after some year millions and wanted to throw then intelligently becoming animals on the market.

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So the humanity began to evolve. Where they reached a dead end, we gently intervened. We made use of shamans, sorcerers and seers to help people move forward; artists, explorers and discoverers, as well as kings, founders of religions and generals were our preferred tools. Our work was very slow, but efficient and concerned about humanity — our raw material. We did not want to hurt anyone, one of our highest commandments.

Lena smirked as I thought of the book title, “From Hand Wedge to Atomic Bomb.” Then she became serious when I thought about the multiplication of her people. No, we do not multiply like humans. We multiply spiritually, knowing that it is always the existence of someone who is manifested again in our descendants. Our relationship with them is not like yours with the children, but we consider them as pupils entrusted to us. My teacher was my father in your sense, but I felt him as my teacher. The carnal desire is something that our people no longer know, like many other highly evolved species do.

Your next question is easy to answer: I am Lena. You wanted me to be the 16-year-old image of your mother, so I became Lena. For you I am bodily and fleshly actually present (I grinned), but no one else can see me. This bodily and fleshly pattern is like a real human being, but only for you to experience. You don’t fuck with inanimate matter, you fuck with a pretty young girl. It’s that easy.

As for the Darx and your task, that's harder to explain. To do this, I must remind you again that my people cannot act materially directly. If I want to create a hammer, I have to give one person the thought to work a piece of metal until it looks like a hammer, and another to work a piece of wood so that the hammer has a handle. I create a hammer through these people without being able to take it into my own hands.

The second important thing is that the mental effects of my people and those of the Darx interfere with each other, cause strong interference, and we cannot influence each other directly because of the complicated genetic relationship. Neither they nor we can override the barriers implanted here. The Darx can inhibit my work by strong mental interference fields and vice versa. When sister Karin perished so miserably, Darx were in the vicinity and controlled the area mentally. I was largely paralyzed and rushed to Kalle and Irene to stand by them. At the bombing of Berlin and your monastery as well. Your depression could only break out because my forces were not sufficient to lift the mental interference fields of the Darx, which they had erected over the northern border. In the end, I am always the strongest, but it often takes a few days, according to your calendar, for my mental control to overcome their mental control, to trump that of the Darx. Unlike me, however, the Darx cannot mentally control people with highly mutated powers like you, they absolutely cannot control them mentally.

This brings us to your task. You have heard that I cannot directly affect the Darx. So I have chosen you to be my tool, my hammer. I have to stop the Darx, otherwise they will destroy the whole humanity, maybe even the whole earth. So don't think that I am robbing you or forcing you to do something that you don't want. You want mankind to survive, humanity survive. I know it, I have researched you thoroughly.

We will stay here for some time and practice your skills. You will then be infiltrated into the central control of the Darx-supply chain via the chain of prison islands, bringing ruin to the Darx. The further you advance into their territory, the less I will be able to keep contact with you, the more you will have to stand on your own two feet and

have to decide for yourself. If I venture too far, I could be eliminated by the Darx; my existence would be like my task too early and without result. But if you succeed in reaching the supply chain, then you can eliminate the Darx and would ensure the survival of mankind. I don't want to hide that it is not very likely that you will survive this adventure. What I can promise you is that one distant day your and my descendants-existence will meet again.

Lena paused. My head was smoking and my heart ached all at once. I didn't want to be raw material, in the invisible cage living observation object or sweet-tasting delicacy. So many things cleared up; how often had I thought why Lena had not intervened here or there — now I knew: she could only intervene where I could. She needed me as a tool; without a tool she could do nothing. Her weaknesses and her failures in some situations were now clear to me; if the Darx-front was close, then she was weakened. Now she had trained me to finish off the Darx. Lena was watching over Earth and would do anything to accomplish this task. It was about humanity, not about little Jan. I wanted to crawl away and cry, because after fulfilling my task I was superfluous and dead. That with the distant existence remained completely unclear to me.

Lena let me doze off, warmed me with her body and stroked me gently, so that I fell asleep relaxed. I was infinitely glad that she was not some slimy space-monster, but a dear little girl.

So sweet, like Mother.

The Last Battle

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

I awoke abruptly at dawn. Lena had started the fire and was handling our luggage. I smelled the fresh flatbread all the way over to the bed and sat down by the fire to eat breakfast. I knew that we would finally leave today.

Seriously and purposefully, she packed everything into the small bundle I usually hung around and carried; carefully she stowed the small explosive bodies that I had made together with her over the past weeks and months. They were hardly bigger than a coffee bean, and yet they could set off an explosion that would turn an entire neighborhood into atoms. I didn't understand everything in detail, of course, but this much I realized was that they were actually only detonators that could be set to certain materials, which then functioned as actual explosives. That material was the specific metal of which the Darx spaceships are made of. Skillfully, Lena had shown me how to connect the beads into a chain and attach a wooden cross to it. Then she tied it around my belly so that it looked inconspicuously like the rosary of a monk.

I stood at the mouth of the cave with the bundle around my shoulders and waited until Lena had put out the fire. Then she came closer and laughed out loud. "Jan, you're one of a kind! We're setting out on the greatest adventure of your life and you think of nothing else!" I stood there rather sadly and absent-mindedly, thinking only of Nana and Meike and the other girls and women. Defiantly, I thought I would say a quick goodbye to them, my way. Lena sat down on a ledge and closed her eyes.

I let my thoughts wander to one village or another. Like a breath of air, my thought blew into Nana's house and kissed her tenderly, caressed her body and said goodbye. Nana half awoke and thought of me, felt the farewell and the softly whispered goodbye. Then the thought wafted on, down to the beach where Meike's house stood. Meike awoke from my caress and tossed and turned restlessly; to-

morrow she would wake up and consciously feel my parting thoughts consciously. I still thought of many I wanted to remember and said goodbye, leaving behind shreds of thoughtful fog. In the morning they would all wake up and feel that I had gone in love and peace.

I blinked and looked out to sea. Sister Karin's frock I had mended perhaps a hundred times, but I had not been able to part with it. It was a good frock, a loose frock, for Karin had been somewhat plump and now it billowed around my gaunt body, reinforcing in the people who saw me the feeling that this monk was special. Veronika's cross sometimes flashed in the folds, the belt with the rosary of wooden beads and the wooden cross emphasized the unrealness of my appearance. I was ready. I thought, now I should know what Lena was going to do concretely.

"In the camp Neu-München the big council of the camp will meet this morning; they will discuss their situation like every month, some cowardly politicians will give their contentless blah-blah and then everything will be the same again. Today, however, they will be surprised. Because you will already be there waiting for them and will give a fiery speech. They will assemble a commando and attack the southeastern base of the Darx, near the former city of Lübeck. You are the only one who knows that this is a suicide mission and that you will be captured. The important thing is that you will be deported to a prison island in space." I looked around once more in the cave that had become my home for many months, then I closed my eyes and stood in the council hall of Neu-München.

Lena told me to stop, and shortly thereafter servants entered the locked room to get everything ready for the meeting. They were startled to see the gaunt monk standing motionless in the dim light in his wide-slung robe and ran down, alerting the councilors. Gasping, the first thick-waisted men came rushing up and stood indecisive in the doorway.

I made my incendiary speech, repeating everything pathetically and darkly threatening, just as Lena had in mind. The councilors were pale and embarrassed, for they thought nothing of fighting and attacking; it was much more convenient, after all, to do business in

the camp, to distribute and receive small gifts, and to quietly increase one's influence, power, and, of course, one's fortune. But the castle captain and some of his fighters were veteran fighters who had long been impatient for a military assignment. Although in their former lives they were bank clerks, traffic policemen or cab drivers, now they were warriors who thought only of revenge, attack and liberation.

The castle captain took a few steps forward and pathetically bent one knee to me; then he raised his Swedish laser pistol and vowed to follow me wherever I led him. Almost without exception, his warriors now stepped forward, also bending a knee and shouting that they would follow me as well. The councilors had quickly composed themselves and looked at each other briefly, then their spokesman said we could leave with their blessing for the good of all the camp's inhabitants.

I wordlessly ordered the castle captain to organize everything and meet his men at the east gate, then I disappeared. Lena let a bit of mist bubble up to make it look a bit more mystical. A murmur went through the crowd, then everyone shouted and ran around.

I had to sit on my stone by the east gate for a long time until Castle Captain Lauritzen arrived. However, he had mustered 6 groups of 40 men, they were equipped with homemade weapons and some with high technology weapons from Sweden. I told the castle captain that I would keep silent from now on and that I would only keep mental contact with him. He was to cover the 100 or so kilometers to Lübeck as quickly as possible and to divide the crews well. We had to establish a semi-circular cordon around the Darx-base and then attack in the morning. Castle Captain Lauritzen was at first surprised that he heard me, although I had remained silent, but then his professional coolness won out and he nodded. Quickly he gave his instructions and the trek started to move. I jumped ahead with Lena and spent the night in the bushes next to the ruins of the burned house, staring gloomily ahead of me and silently holding a silent weeping with Veronika, who lay buried somewhere under the rubble. Lena had withdrawn understandingly and left me alone with my grief.

The evening of the day after next, we reached Lübeck. I told Lauritzen that the men should keep quiet and not make a bonfire. We would have to rest and sleep, for tomorrow at dawn our attack would begin. The timing was strategically important. Then I told Castle Captain Lauritzen to call a meeting for the night with his most trusted men.

Drizzle, fog and the omnipresent mire made life difficult for all of us. On the other hand, the very damp and fog were our allies, blinding the Darx's satellite reconnaissance and preventing scouting parties from being sent out. They didn't like the wet, the Darx, they really didn't.

I walked with Lauritzen and his men a few steps into the forest to a clearing. There I laid out my plan for them. Fifteen to twenty men were to enter the fortress as an advance guard, I would fake a nasty looking major attack with my weapons at the start, so that the Darx would be on the lookout for anything but a handful of poorly armed men. Only when we had taken and blown up the central computing unit of the base, we wanted to give the signal to our people to attack, because our only chance was the fight man against man or man against combat robots. If we did not capture and destroy the control center, we would not have the slightest chance.

Lauritzen was thinking. I whispered to him in my mind that he should give command to Johann Münzer by proxy if he accompanied me. Lauritzen nodded and replied that he had already thought of that. I smiled at him and told him in our silent conversation that Münzer had received a special order from the councilors anyway and was thinking of nothing else, how best to retreat and save his skin, the cowardly piece of shit. Lauritzen grinned and nodded that he understood. Lauritzen had managed the ground operations of a small airport in a former life and so leading, but also the problems with recalcitrants and traitors were not entirely new to him, as he grinned.

Johann Münzer was surprised when he was appointed deputy and Lauritzen said that if he did not give the attack signal from the fortress within two hours, Münzer should quickly and unobtrusively retreat with the men back to Neu-Munich. The attackers were quickly

found with sixteen men, Lauritzen and myself. Then the orders were passed on to the group leaders. The men talked quietly with each other for a long time, checked their weapons, and soon there was silence fell on the camp.

Lena and I sat alone in the forest for a long time, discussing details for the upcoming attack. Above all, however, she instructed me in further details, how I would have to proceed on the prison islands. Now she relentlessly cleared up my too earthly conception of the prison islands. “These are space stations, but most comparable to your hospitals, where the Darx take sperm and eggs from the prisoners and send them off.” The farther I ventured, the less we could keep in contact. How I would get from prison island to prison island, she didn’t tell me; that was her job, I should just trust her. It was clear to me that I did not need to ask further. “Just try,” Lena said seriously, “someday turn around and get back to an Earth base. It would be nice to have you with me again!” she said softly, embracing me tenderly. We slept close together on the forest floor, holding each other one last time. Then dawn came, and I went down to the clearing, to Lauritzen.

The small attack force was ready, all of them had modern laser weapons. Lauritzen asked if I wanted a weapon as well, looking at the empty sleeves of of my frock. I smiled and told him I had enough weapons on me to blow up half the fort. He didn’t believe a word I said and kept silent. Then we quietly scurried off, he with his men towards the base, I as announced to a small hill to the west. He was to wait until I had started my fireworks, then he was to crack a gate on the south side and enter. I would wait for them there, we were then to enter the control center together. Again he asked back how it was with the fireworks, and I just said he would experience a real fireworks, you would not be able to overhear it, hell no!

On my hill I waited until they got very close to the south gate. Then I concentrated together with Lena and hurled firebolts with all my might at the north and west sides of the base. As if a thousand bombs had hit, there was a thunderous crash and the solid concrete walls cracked open. Out of the corner of my eye I observed that Lauritzen and his crew jumped up and ran bravely toward the gate. I

closed my eyes and jumped to the inside of the gate. I angrily swept aside the fighting robot standing there so that it crashed against the wall and remained motionless. Then, with the last of my strength, I hurled a bolt of fire into the gate, which cracked and collapsed with a groan. I had completely spent myself and let myself fall flatly to the ground, half buried by the burst gate.

Lauritzen came and picked me up, carrying me to the side, to cover. The bewilderment was still written on his face as he wiped my smudged face and knocked the blast debris from my frock. “Well, how were those fireworks?” I asked, smiling tiredly. He thought two more fireworks like that and there would be nothing left of the base, but I shook my head and said I had no more power, had shot all my ammunition.

His men surrounded a Darxian fighting machine and with a well-aimed laser shot one paralyzed him. Then they fired at it until it shriveled into a lump of space junk. We got two courtyards ahead with this tactic, but more and more battle robots were coming at us. One by one they fell.

Lena whispered to me to stick to Lauritzen. I clutched him as best I could with my little fingers, trying with mental strength to blow open one door, then the next, until there were two of us standing in a long corridor. Although he struggled valiantly, the pursuers came closer and closer and soon we reached the end of the corridor. Behind us, the last of Lauritzen’s men fell. I was just about to mentally push open the corridor door when it opened and three fighting machines faced us, with two pursuers behind us. There was complete silence for a few seconds, then a well-aimed shot from one of the combat robots swept the laser rifle out of Lauritzen’s hand.

A croaking tape voice from the loudspeaker of a fighting machine announced to us that the fight was over and we were prisoners. We had to go along with them. Lauritzen and I limped along. Lauritzen groaned and gasped because the shot had probably broken his hand. I tried to take the pain away from him as best I could, but I wasn’t really fit myself.

Then we sat in a small, semi-dark room for three days and two nights, getting precisely every three hours two cups of water and a bowl of indefinable porridge. Lauritzen noticed that I could not eat and wanted to feed me. I shook my head and awkwardly took out my small leather pouch, which contained my travel provisions of berries and wild fruits. We slept most of the time; when Lauritzen began to speak, I immediately ordered him to be silent again, since the room was apparently constantly bugged. He understood at once and kept quiet. I regained my strength a little and then tried to heal his aching hand with the laying on of hands. I succeeded only half, nevertheless he felt better now.

On the third day, a combat robot appeared and stopped in the open doorway. Probably ten minutes passed before its loudspeaker began to crackle and an unpleasant voice began to question us. Who and from where and where is our base, where are our fighting machines that destroyed half the fort? Lauritzen was a tough guy and persistently silent; he didn't know too much either. I did babble that we were coming from Neu-München, but where that was exactly, I didn't know. I also didn't know our combat units, because I would have been with the advance guard that had blown up the gate. More was not to be gotten out then also from me, the machine croaked down still another long time their eternally same questions, then it was silent.

We both thought that we would now be locked up again. But after a while the loudspeaker switched on again, and the voice informed us apathetically that we were imprisoned as terrorists and would be taken to the prison island, where we would remain until we were no longer fit for use. I asked what happened to our men. After a pause, the voice replied that only the two of us were fit and were the only ones who could be used. Then the speaker went silent with a final crack.

The battle machine's taped voice ordered us to follow it. So we were taken to a bright room where we were told to put on bright clothing. I protested, saying that I had no arms and could only wear my robe, besides I was a religious monk who had to wear his own

uniform, for life. Not quite great thinking, but I had to avoid being separated from my rosary or Veronica's cross.

The battle machine thought for a long time, then hummed a single "yes" from the loudspeaker. We had to sit down in a narrow elevator, which immediately began to move. Soon it became so fast that we ran out of breath; one by one Lauritzen and I fainted.

While I was awakening, I heard Lena whisper very briefly. "Well done, Jan, station one reached!", then she immediately fell silent again. I was lying on the brightly tiled floor, and two Dreamers were just pulling the unconscious Lauritzen rudely out of the elevator. They woke him rudely and maneuvered us into a large, bright room. We waited and waited, but nothing happened for a long time. Then a Dreamer came in, brought us water and the obligatory porridge. Then she put a form on the table and left.

We drank, Lauritzen ate the porridge and fed me a little. Then he read the note and very thoughtfully put it down for me to read. We were welcomed to Station One, which was for harvesting and exporting genetic material. We were expected to cooperate, and anyone who refused would be eliminated immediately, as would those who failed the medical test be eliminated immediately. If we were women, eggs would be taken from us; if we were men, we would have to provide a sperm sample that would be tested. If the tests were successful, we could count on the good will of the benevolence of the High Council and spend a long, fruitful time in this breeding facility.

Lauritzen looked at me uncertainly. "Rumors do circulate among us in Neu-München about it, but I have always dismissed them as silly gossip. Now I am unsettled — what do you think of it, Jan?"

I considered how much I could tell him. Lena was persistently silent, so I decided to go into detail. "I've known for a long time that these stations exist in space, because there are several. Healthy men and women are held captive on it, their sperm and eggs are exported frozen to the Darx home planet, where they are bred into humans and sold as servants or slaves. This is the real reason why the Darx

invaded Earth. I had hoped never to fall into this captivity, but now we must choose between death or life as captives, as sperm donors!"

Lauritzen bowed his head and thought. "We're probably dead anyway," he reasoned, "because if we fail, they'll throw us out into the black void. Better dead then!" I pretended to think long and hard and then said I would believe in my liberation to my last breath, fight for the liberation of the earth, and if I were condemned to imprisonment I would hold out until I saw a way to escape. Cautiously I ensnared Lauritzen, but I sensed that he was not yet really determined to survive.

And he had no idea of my special rosary.

The Dreamer-sister came back in and placed two round plastic bowls on the table in front of us. Then she kindly told us to pour our semen into the little bowls and she would come later to get it. Then she turned to leave. I called her back.

"Sister, there's a problem!" Astonished, she looked at me and said she was a doctor. "The problem is that I can't do it alone, I don't have arms" I said quietly, bobbing my little fingers a little under the frock. She apparently only now noticed the empty sleeves of my frock. Her face became serious, then she said then I would be unsuitable and unfortunately I would have to be sorted out. "No!" I shouted, "I don't want to be sorted out, I am a good sperm donor, my sperm is very good and healthy! I just need to be helped!" At that time in the forest before Lübeck, Lena had recommended that I choose this tactic, because it might be a better way for me to make contact with the guards. The doctor was silent for a long time. "I want to live!" I begged with all falseness, "I don't want to be sorted out!" Another little push, another little begging, and she was already half softened. I sat down with my legs wide apart and pulled my knees up a little so that the frock slipped up and she saw my cock. With that, half of the mountain had already been climbed.

Without paying attention to Lauritzen, she pulled up a chair and sat down across from me, pushing up my robe and taking my cock in her hand, cradling it in her hand with an expert's eye. Then she nod-

ded as if in affirmation and began rubbing. I said, gasping, “It’s about to come!” whereupon she picked up the small bowl and let my seed into it. Expertly, she stroked and squeezed it all out into the little bowl. Then she grinned and said that it would be seen how good my sperm was.

Lauritzen had watched her jerk off and become aroused. Two souls were fighting in his chest. I begged him to be reasonable after all and think of tomorrow. After some internal struggle, he unbuttoned his pants and released his prisoner. He only had to rub a few times, then he squirted into the bowl and gave it to the doctor who had been standing next to him. Then he turned his face away.

For the next hour we were silent. Then I said to him that this was the right thing to do and that we would find a way to get out of this mess. I understood his shame only too well, but it would be completely out of place here. He should see this as soberly and strategically as if one of the men went into the bushes to pee during a military campaign. What else it was not — at the moment at least. Lauritzen understood me, but he had great inner inhibitions to overcome, I felt.

After about an hour or two, the doctor came back and said we were medically all right and could stay in the ward. We were now led into a large hall, from which many doors led to the individual cells. There were six to eight men in each cell. As we were pushed into our cell, the men nodded, but hardly spoke to each other. Lauritzen briefly introduced himself and me, inquired about the identity of the others, and then everyone fell silent again. There were some newspapers, but of the very dingy variety, with many color pictures, and some of them were browsing through them. Otherwise there was nothing in the cell.

Then I asked my seatmate how this was going. He was an older, strong man and a bit bearish. After a while he thawed, especially since Lauritzen had praised me as a miracle-working monk with extraordinary achievements in the resistance — and he was known to some, at least by name. The man described that every afternoon a Dreamer came in with the ominous little bowls. Since the men had

become somewhat jaded during their long imprisonment, a rule had been introduced that whoever came the fastest would be allowed to fuck the dreamer the next day. That would be a worthwhile incentive for everyone and stimulation enough for everyone else to “donate” as well. The man laughed and said we would learn that quickly enough.

We were given regular water and some porridge, which was apparently very nutritious, because the men were all in very good shape. A few hours later, a Dreamer came to bring us the bowls. She looked around the circle and asked who it was today? One of the men stepped up to her. She let the white gown slide to the floor, lay naked on one of the mattresses and looked up at him. He quickly took off his white robe and lay down next to her. They stroked and aroused each other until he had become quite stiff. Then they began to fuck. The other men watched them, some already masturbating, some still taking their time, then one after the other squirted into his bowl. After that the dreamer got up and put her smock back on, collected the little bowls and went out again.

Then she immediately came back and said that one small bowl was empty, who was resisting? I came forward meekly and said that I had no arms and could not do it myself. Surely she would realize that? She looked at me completely unimpressed and left.

Later she came back with the doctor, who immediately recognized me. They exchanged some words, the doctor left again. Then the dreamer sat down next to me and took my cock out from under the frock. She rubbed it expertly and deftly caught the spurting sperm in the little bowl. The men laughed good-naturedly and muttered something about special service and extra charge for service. We all grinned and I pondered how I was going to make it to the next station.

The days went by very monotonously with no real variety. The men had organized themselves well and divided the fucking brotherly-fair; everyone who wanted, came to it. Lauritzen was soon integrated, only little Jan was not. This did not upset me, because I had an idea. The eight or ten or so Dreamer women who came to the cell day after day for harvesting were mentally influenced and hypnotized

to varying degrees by the drugs of the Darx. I carefully scanned all of them during the harvesting and decided one day to suggest to the weakest one without words that I could not go on like this; I wanted to talk to the doctor. She did not notice anything about my telepathic influence, but after delivering the bowls and the obligatory chemical shower, went to the doctor to give her the message.

It took a few days for the Dreamer to pick me up and take me to the doctor. I waited in her room until she entered with the Dreamer and the "incomplete" crop from our cell. The doctor asked apathetically what was wrong with me. I said it wouldn't be right for me to be masturbated in front of the other men. I was quite offended by it in my religious attitude and wanted it to be done differently. The doctor thought, then asked if I should have the dreamer here do it. I agreed.

Now I was fetched daily into the doctor's room where the respective Dreamerin "treated" me. At the same time, I explored the thoughts of the doctor, who was not often there at first. After a few days, however, she stayed in the room and I felt how, with all the blockage in her bewitched brain, she nevertheless became aroused. Now I changed my tactics.

When it was a weak dreamer's turn, I refused and suggested she stop and ask the doctor (miserably) for assistance. She was astonished at first, but she had to fulfill her top priority, so the doctor sat down with me more and more often and did it herself. As well as it succeeded, I heated her thoughts until she became aroused and lustful. Soon she sent the dreamer away, made them stay away at all. Now I manifested the thought of fucking one of the dreamer-guards in her brain; the desire to fuck really wildly soon became an obsession. But this obviously clashed with other blockades the Darx had erected against the promiscuity of the crews, so she got into true distress.

That left her with little Jan, didn't it?

Day after day I drilled and lured further into her brain, felt one day her momentary weakness and touched her forehead with a little finger. I urged, begged and commanded her to fuck me now, here

and now. Torn by conflicting influences, with a quivering lip and beads of sweat on her forehead, she let go of my cock that she had just been rubbing and sank powerlessly backwards. She turned her head to the side with closed eyes and surrendered, giving in to her desire. Little Jan only had to crawl onto her belly and stick his cock into her little hole, because she had not worn any underwear for a long time. She wore for long no more underwear, because she sometimes still liked to play with herself after the daily harvest game. Like a drowning woman she clung to me and sucked me greedily into her.

My cellmates and Lauritzen initially wondered what was going on, but I asked everyone to let me do it and not ask any questions, I was working on an escape plan. Lauritzen was the first to understand and eagerly helped convince them. My reputation as the leader of the last attack, of which Lauritzen told many and many times, helped not inconsiderably that they asked no further questions. I looked meaningfully at the ceiling and muttered, “Bugs!”

So it came to pass that from now on I pleasurably fucked with the otherwise serious and dismissive female doctor. We solved the harvest problem by letting her gently drip the semen from her vagina into the bowl afterwards. Nevertheless I let her daily afterwards forget everything again until tomorrow, because she had to function as usual during the day in all areas, the Darx expected that from her just as from any other well-oiled machine.

My influence on her grew stronger the more often we fucked. More and more often I found my way to her thoughts, slowly but steadily planting in her mind the thought that would take me to all stations. She took the thought hesitantly at first, but then her desire demanded more and more strongly that she think of a way, find it and in the right place skillfully.

Simply put, she was to make a control trip to all the stations, to be accompanied by two specimens, No. X and Y (Lauritzen and myself, of course) for study purposes. Although the idea met with complete rejection at first, she thought about it more and more often. Two months passed until one day, after our pleasure, she snuggled up with pleasure and said that our trip would probably be approved af-

ter all. She had complicated medical facts to investigate and wanted to do a comparative study of the entire supply chain here. The supervisor, Darx, had already all but agreed.

In the cell I now asked Lauritzen and the men to sing in the choir — not unusual, since singing was frequent not only in the men's wing but also in the women's wing. When they looked, I looked up at the ceiling again and muttered, "Bugs!" Then they understood and had Lauritzen and me in the corner whispering, while they were belting out shanties and other songs merrily and loudly. The Dreamer, who was keeping watch at the hall entrance, came by briefly and checked on us; but he grinned broadly and trolled off again.

In short broad strokes, I informed Lauritzen that we were both going on a long trip with the doctor soon, and that he should please keep playing along; he was enlisted as a soldier of Neu-München. He grinned wryly and said that by now he didn't care if they fiddled with his John. The main thing was that I had a plan and that it would work. I said he could rely on that and then we sang along, because who knows who was watching us.

A few days later, a Dreamer took me to the women's wing to wait for the doctor. I sat on my stool and didn't move. Through the half-open cell doors I could see some of the guards fucking the women. But I did not have the impression that they had to use force. When the doctor came, I asked her directly about it. She said that she would periodically remove the mature eggs from the women. Since the guards needed variety, the women were sometimes given stimulant drugs after the procedure so that they could have fun with the guards. She walked back to the cell with me, and we stopped in the doorway.

The woman, who was lying on the floor mat, was visibly enjoying fucking her Dreamer, while two other Dreamers stood by waiting and the other women squatted impassively on their beds. Then they were finished, the second guard opened his fly and lay down with the woman, who hugged him hornily and fucked him almost without transition. The third guard could not wait any longer with his hard-on in his hand, now also interfered and fucked her asshole. The

woman whooped loudly and I noticed how my doctor was now getting a little restless. When they were done, we left quickly.

In the doctor's office, we immediately got down to business. As we lay next to each other, exhausted and tired, she said that we would be allowed to leave in four days; we would tour all 11 wards. She was so excited about her assignment to do this study that she didn't even think about where this thought had even come from.

Impatiently, Lauritzen and I counted the days. Sure enough, on the fourth morning, the guards escorted us once again to the showers, then we waited for a long time in a transport room until the doctor along with our luggage and prepared for the trip with us. We sat down again in this kind of elevator, which accelerated so furiously that we humans quickly lost our senses.

We were at the next station. The doctor was taking her samples, having men masturbate in droves and collected their semen in small, inconspicuous boxes, which she conscientiously labeled. She made her records of the daily routine and the food situation, how often people were allowed to shower or briefly roam freely in the large hall so that their muscles did not atrophy. In the women's wing, she removed those women who were just carrying a ripe egg, with a long snake-like device whose function she followed through a microscope. Lauritzen and I became a little aroused when we saw the many naked women she was treating throughout the day.

As we retired to our quarters, I again occupied myself with her thoughts and made her so voluptuous that she fucked both me and Lauritzen pleasurably. The stay lasted several days, then we left for the next Station.

Not to forget that in the evening I mentally ordered her and Lauritzen to fuck extensively and for a long time, and after the pleasure to fall fast asleep while I was sneaking out. I looked for the place that Lena had described to me quite precisely and pulled a wooden bead from my rosary. More skillfully than I ever thought possible, I disassembled the device behind the wall paneling that connected the communication wires. I scrupulously examined the material of the wall

paneling and set the fuse, then actuated the activator and inserted the tiny thing into the device. Lena had dealt with the Darx a lot and knew they would never look there. Then I slipped back, to Lauritzen and the sleeping doctor.

On the next stations again the same rituals. Men obediently squirted their sperm in bowls, women to whom eggs were carefully removed. Interview of the men about fucking with the dreamer women. Patiently she noted that many men preferred to just fuck and not deliver their sperm by masturbating. Interviews with the women about fucking with the guards. For this, the women wanted their own rooms, since watching was torturous for the others and embarrassing for themselves afterwards; moreover, relationships or love affairs should be allowed instead of or in addition to the stimulating drugs. Everywhere a flat monotony, altogether little hope and little prospect of deliverance. Questioning of the guard- and technical personnel, as well as medical colleagues, all of whom had been ordered from above to support our mission to the best of their ability. The doctor wrote and wrote whatever she observed while masturbating or fucking, noting and annotating whatever caught her eye. She was really absorbed in her work, even though by the evening she had become numb on the one hand and aroused on the other. Particularly exciting for her were the dreamers who screwed the women. Afterwards, she usually rushed back to her quarters, where she tore off her clothes; now it couldn't go fast enough for her! When Lauritzen was in a real competitive mood and we outdid each other, I postponed forgetting until the morning. She enjoyed the competition of her two cocks very much.

In the evenings then, however, we mostly rested, Lauritzen and I taking turns fucking the doctor, whom I put into a voluptuous daze each time. Lauritzen enjoyed sex with her so much that I often left it to him alone, since I was tired of the nightly sneaking around and tinkering with my little crooked fingers. Lauritzen had sometimes heard me sneaking back; he only raised his eyebrows briefly, but sensibly kept his mouth shut, "Bugs!" I just blinked at him and went to sleep. In the morning, when he put on my cloth and put the rosary on me, he paused, but I looked at him sternly and ordered him to be silent. He lowered his head and thought hard, but didn't say a word.

When we visited the last station after weeks, the doctor heaved a sigh and said that this was the last one. I shook my head vigorously and said, no, there were two more: the one we had started from and the very first one on Earth. She had to think hard, then she had to admit that was right. Nevertheless, she had a problem, she had to argue this extension, still argue upstairs. I let her flounder until the second evening, then I gave her the excuse, which of course I had been carrying around in my head for a long time.

Not only had she collected sperm samples and eggs, conducted interviews and compiled data, but also treated many minor illnesses, since she was a doctor and not every ward had its own doctor. The wards held about eight hundred to a thousand prisoners, so minor medical things did have to occur quite frequently. So, since not only the quality of the sperm and ova in the wards had to be examined, but also the living conditions of the prisoners and the operating staff, she had to get a complete picture of the care of these medical incidents and their care. Complete, however, meant investigating the two initial points to be examined as well. This especially because the initial stations were on or near the ground and could not be as clinically purely compartmentalized as the stations farther out.

In the morning, of course, she had forgotten everything again. But it occurred to her that the higher-ups needed to be informed that she needed to get a full picture of the medical situation, especially on Earth Station, and .... I grinned: won!

Two days later, we were done with this station and traveled back to the starting point. After getting off the elevator, which was probably a very fast space capsule, Lauritzen pulled my robe and cingulum into place; with a meaningful look he looked at the rope, from which only four or five small wooden beads and the large wooden cross dangled. I admonished him to keep his mouth shut and only whispered, “Fireworks!” He widened his eyes, then grinned crookedly and went on his way.

We were greeted in the station with complete apathy, no one seemed to have us missed, no one showed any reaction that we were back. I already believed that I had messed up my mission, when the

doctor showed up at noon and told us to be ready for the next day, when we would go back to Earth and complete the study. At night, when everyone was already asleep, I mentally whispered to Lauritzen that he should prepare himself inwardly for the finale; because we would stay on Earth for good. Tomorrow.

Early in the morning we drank and ate, then the guard picked us up and had us wait in the Doctor's room. The doctor came with her collected notes and went with us to the elevator; a jerk and the fainting: then we were back on earth.

I don't know how long the flight lasted or where we actually landed. I assume it was Earth, where we visited the last station. The prisoner station was just being developed here, there was only the Admissions Office and the medical fitness test, which was still being done here on a grand scale. We had to wait everywhere for a long time until we could go with the doctor to do the examinations.

It ran here, as already x times before. Maybe with the difference that the newcomers still smelled completely different; I closed my eyes and smelled the sea, the forest and the grass, earth and the rain. I definitely knew, now we were on Earth.

Desperately, I tried to contact Lena in my mind. She didn't answer, I felt nothing but emptiness when I thought of her. Not a whisper, not a tentative tug on my sleeve. Lena was not here, or Lena could not make herself known. Only slowly did I allow the thought that perhaps she was no more.

Lena.

Wherever you are, I wait for your sign.

In the evening I lay on the bed, exhausted and panting with a pounding heart, while Lauritzen was lustfully engaged with the doctor. She whooped and bit him a little in the shoulder when the door was burst open and two guard robots with activated weapons entered. We were stiff with fright and dutifully followed as they ordered us to come along. Then all three of us ended up in a cell.

For hours nothing happened until we were called in for interrogation, first together, then individually. One thing had become clear to me after the first conversation over the loudspeaker: Lena had detonated the bead capsules after our arrival on Earth, all space stations had been blown up and destroyed. The Darx on Earth were cut off from their headquarters, and the whole chain of trade that had been painstakingly built up was ruined. I managed to elicit from the Darx that they were abandoning Project Earth and moving on to the next Projects. Only a small unit would remain on Earth for a while.

Lauritzen nodded sadly and said that thousands of people had perished on the stations. I was silent for hours, crying to myself, for I had not considered that, had not consciously thought about it. We had won and yet lost so much. When I regained my speech, I told Lauritzen that the fireworks might have saved the Earth. But we were lost, the Darx would destroy whom they could catch.

We survived the individual interrogations despite all the pain and the recurring torturous questions. The Darx changed tactics and drugged us, locked us in a cell and waited. The drugs stimulated us so much that all three of us almost fucked our souls out, then they separated us into three open cages lined up next to each other, where the lust that this drug ignited almost ate us up, but we could not do it to each other. We endured this torture for several hours, although Lauritzen and the doctor lay naked like wild animals pressed against the iron bars and copulated through them like madmen. I retreated to the last corner of my mind and went in search of Lena.

I tried to jump. I could concentrate as much as I wanted, I couldn't get a millimeter. I wished to be there or thereabouts, but in vain, it didn't work. I tried to make mental contact with Lauritzen and the doctor, but only managed to get the doctor, who was locked in the middle cage, to put her butt against my bars and begged me insanely to finally fuck her. Despite my aching limbs, I crawled over and fucked her while Lauritzen watched us with bloodshot eyes and groaned like a mad gorilla that it was his turn now! I had to keep fucking greedily and insatiably, trying at the same time to concentrate and counteract the drug. The image of the desirous and animal-

istic whimpering doctor, running howling from side to side to be mated here and there, slowly brought me back mentally.

I had to find Lena! I called and called in my mind, but received no response. I lay down concentrated on the floor and fell asleep, frozen in this meditation. I became indifferent to what was going on around me, I dozed off and saw only our cave, the clearing in the forest and the beach where we had sat so many times. I wished more than ever to be there.

I don't know if I was there afterwards or not. I only saw Lena in my imagination. She was sitting on the forest floor, looking at me calmly. "We did it, little Jan! You did!" she said. "The chain is broken, the invasion failed, all the logistics gone to hell! They will not recover from this blow for many, many thousand years!" Then she softened and saddened and said that we would not see each other again because she could not get through the remains of the mental Darx defenses. But one day, our existences would meet again, I promise ....

The image faded. I looked up and caught sight of the doctor lying motionless in her cage, snoring. Lauritzen was sitting by the bars, looking dully over at the two of us. "All right, old fellow?" I asked him mentally, and to my astonishment heard him reply. "Yes, dear Jan, they gave us a good going over there, those ass rats. But we kind of won, although neither of us looks like it now, do we?" I could guess his grim smile in the half-light.

Their chain of commerce is completely shot, I replied, likewise they can't continue the invasion of Earth so easily for some thousand years. But the three of us, we're probably gone too, or pretty soon.

Lauritzen nodded. "When the cataclysm broke out and I lost my family, that's when I first died. Then I became a warrior and died many hundreds of times fighting the Darx and taking refugee stretch after refugee stretch from them. On the wards we both went through hell, no, also through heaven, in both respects. If now our fireworks should have brought the final decision, let them roast me quietly over slow fire; we have won, that will be my last thought!"

Our dialogue grew quieter and soon died away as we both fell asleep from fatigue. The next morning we were able to shower again and were moved to a common cell. A guard robot stood in the door, his loudspeaker continuing the interrogation. I was pleased to find that neither the guard robot nor the loudspeaker was working flawlessly, and the distant cracking and crashing were signs that the Darx must be operating from a very distant base. But they didn't let us think for long; the interrogations began again.

The doctor was herself again, namely a hypnotically altered Dreamer who was completely absorbed in her task and knew nothing about what had happened, swearing highly and sacredly that she had carried out the investigations solely on behalf of the High Council. How she got into the embarrassing situation with these two men, she could not explain. No matter how cleverly the Darx might ask, she did not deviate a hand's breadth from her text. In the end, she even suggested that they had been drugging her all along in order to get her to repeatedly copulate involuntarily with these beasts. Annoyed, her counterpart broke off the interrogation.

Lauritzen admitted everything he knew and everything that had been said out loud. He had taken part in an attack against the fortress near Lübeck, had become a prisoner and had been taken to the breeding farm in space. There he had been taken together with me by the doctor. The carnal procedures, he thought, were part of the rituals on the breeding farm, so he didn't think anything more about it and just did his best with the doctor. (I couldn't help but notice his broad, inward grin). Otherwise he had done nothing wrong and was horrified at the torture he had been subjected to in the last 24 hours. He also said he was now sure he had been drugged into doing all that, as seen yesterday. Again, the voice in the loudspeaker ended the interrogation rumbling and threatening.

He did not interrogate me. He only informed me that I would be transferred to solitary confinement until I got my fair trial. It had been proven that I was the leader of the terrorists and therefore no further interrogation was necessary until the trial. The loudspeaker buzzed for a while longer, then cracked a few times and went silent.

Lauritzen and I sat silently next to each other and chatted. I was careful what I thought, because I couldn't know if the Darx didn't have some way of scanning our thoughts. Nevertheless, I told him a children's story in which little wooden balls played a role, little fireworks and monks who were sneaking around at night. Lauritzen grumbled that he already got that. "You have to understand about the fucking," I said, "because that was the only way I saw to get the doctor to make the round trip." Again he mumbled that he also understood that. And funny it was, hell too! I grinned and said to him, my foster father Kalle would have always said that.

Now I was a bit worried because I couldn't get in touch with my half-sister Lena, the secret mastermind of my fireworks. But she had become the most important person in my life, I said, and that if I died before him, he would please send a message to Lena Ohnehand, as we called each other. Lauritzen nodded and asked me to inform his brother or someone else in Neu-München if he had to be the first to bite the dust. I thought about sending Lena a message over the Net-O-Net. Lauritzen nodded affirmatively, yes, do that, my boy!

The doctor now broke her silence and asked what exactly had happened. I groped for her thoughts and stimulated her very violently. Startled, she retreated to a corner of the cell. I said that the effect of the drug had not worn off and that it was still a danger to us because it made us do this. She shook her head and said that as a medical attendant she was forbidden to approach the prisoners in any way. Every night, however, Lauritzen and I would crawl up to her and have our way with her, even though she was nearly perishing with fear.

It didn't matter, because the three of us were dead anyway.

Epilogue

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

“Memomail as an addendum to: Jan Ohnehand, for his sister Lena Ohnehand.

My name is Franz Lauritzen and I was castle captain in Neu-München when your brother Jan showed up at our house. We joined his venture, which unfortunately failed in Lübeck. We were ambushed, which only Jan and I survived. We were sent to a a breeding colony in orbit, where we lived as prisoners for several months.

After our return to Earth, your brother Jan was accused of being responsible for blowing up the trade chain. I wish it were so, at least then he would be a hero. I don’t know about you guys out there now, but if it’s the way I think it is, then I know it’s good the way it is.

Jan and I were transferred to this wing almost two years ago now, where we live like the other prisoners as penalized people. I came to know Jan as a clear-thinking strategist with excellent skills who showed no fear in battle and became a good friend over the course of his captivity.

After his so-called trial, I did not see him again for several days. One day he was completely broken and transferred to our prison wing. He had been tortured and badly beaten. Obviously, that did a lot of damage to his health, because now he is retarded like a little boy who sometimes babbles to himself and doesn’t always know exactly where and who he is. He mentions you and his wife Veronika often, thinks of you all the time, and I suppose he wants me to say hello to you both. He still wears her cross and your rosary with the three beads and the wooden cross over his robe.

Unfortunately, he has completely regressed mentally to the level of a six-year-old, so I can’t talk to him much anymore. He talks to me like a child and I try to be a good father to him, although that is very difficult in captivity. With his disability, eating, etc. are a bit compli-

cated, but we all stick together here and get him through it together. Thank God he has kept his strong constitution remained, which is of vital importance in a kennel like this one; in that respect, please don't worry.

After the long time I have been imprisoned, I don't have much hope that we will be released. But Jan looks at me sometimes with bright shining eyes and says:

"Lena will come, Lena will come for me!"

Farewell, wherever you are.

Franz Lauritzen, Prisoner 745612, Headquarters Earth.

End memomail."

Pico flies to Mallorca

Pico was afraid of flying. His first flight, when old Mr. Cantor had taken him to Jerusalem, had impressed him very much. Later, when he was learning to sail, he sometimes flew on sailing trips, but he was was scared to death every time, even though he would never, ever have would have admitted it.

Now he was sitting in the waiting lounge of the airport, feeling a deep fatigue and only more subliminally his nervousness. The impatience, it may finally start or be already at the end, astonished him as much as his impatience after the death of Lila, who had been the companion of his quiet and simple life. Even then, when his mother was buried, he could not contain his impatience for it to be over soon, he could not and did not understand. He felt that his life would somehow change again abruptly, suddenly and fundamentally, but it made him very sad that the impatience affected him more than the grief itself. That the uncertainty at his age still made him as nervous as the then thirteen-year-old, filled him once again with deep insecurity.

Insecurity. That was probably it, what had accompanied him all his life. The death of Uncle Rodolfo, his last direct relative took place almost simultaneously with the Disaster that Peter had brought him.

He didn't want to think about it now. He was in his late 50s, was receiving a good pension from the bank which had sent him into pre-retirement, and he had decided to take up his inheritance, his share of Uncle Rodolfo's estate in Mallorca. Nothing held him in Vienna anymore; the shy seclusion of the first decades and the rather clumsy attempts to find a connection thereafter, and the catastrophe with Peter encouraged him even more to leave Vienna. Perhaps he would have wanted to get out earlier. He had sent his luggage days ago, leaving only the large duffel bag made of stiff, dark-blue plastic wax cloth with him on the flight.

The waiting hall of the airport Vienna-Schwechat looked almost deserted, although some nightly Charter flights were being handled. Pico and a young, grumpy-looking musician were the only guests who had Geneva as their flight destination. The young musician listened grimly to his own sometimes fumbling with one hand for his earphones or the knob of his Walkman. Pico glanced at his watch again, he still had at least two hours to wait. He looked around again, perhaps expecting someone from the court or a policeman to show up. But nothing such happened, everything remained quiet.

The waiting rooms were like large glass cubicles lined up, one after the other. The flight to Mallorca via Geneva was written on the board above the exit with 03:25, in addition, the clock displayed the current current time. Pico had to go to the bathroom, so he shouldered his blue duffel bag and scurried into the restroom. When he came back, a dozen or so sleepy-looking people streamed past him, swaying impatiently. Staggered past him, pushing and shoving impatiently into the nearest waiting booth. Pico glanced briefly at the scoreboard. Chisinow 02:10 was there, arrived. He did not know at the moment where this Chisinow was.

A stewardess passed him and quickly followed the crowds. Already, while she approached him, he looked at her body sympathetically and thought, “a beautiful, naked Russian girl in a uniform”, then he had to grin sourly, because this thought sounded very absurd when he whispered it to himself.

The stewardess had no expression because he was whispering to himself, but when he murmured “Kissinau” half aloud, she turned around and approached him with a questioning expression. Pico froze in his soliloquy. The stewardess looked at him questioningly, looked him up and down and raised her eyebrows in a friendly manner. “Kisino?” she asked.

Pico shook his head, then grinned and said, “Kissy now, or kissy later, as you like!” The stewardess only stared for a moment, then she had Pico’s gaze, which scanned her curves with unabashed frankness. With a somewhat haughty gesture, she stroked her hips with the

palm of her hand before turning away snappishly and continuing on her way.

Pico sat back down on his bench in the waiting room for the flight to Geneva, glancing sometimes unobtrusively over to her, but she did not dignify him with a single glance. Pico was inwardly turning more and more into the little boy he had once been and who was now ashamed because he had been a fool quite stupidly to a tall, beautiful and powerful woman. He hated this feeling, but it was a recurrent, almost compulsive experience that he had experience that happened to him when he approached a strong woman. He was painfully aware that he had developed a strange behavior in the past ten years since he had become a widower, quirky and idiosyncratic, and that his demeanor toward women had become even more shy and outlandish as a result of his seclusion. His inadequate attempts to contact women were often of an embarrassing penetrance and aloofness.

After a while, Pico rummaged in his duffel bag and pulled out the cardboard sleeve in which he kept some books; his mother's diaries and Lila's diaries had been with him for years. Lila's had been with him for years now. The bulk of them he had sent ahead, but as always he carried some notebooks with him and read them, rereading them over and over again. He had already read them all, but he read and read again in the yellowed pages, which remained his last and only reference to the past. It did him good to take himself back to the "old days" and to read again how everything had begun, how it had been, back then, back when he was still the little Pico.

...

No Idea about Nothing and Spying Aunt Lila

Little Pico lived godly and for a long time knew virtually nothing about sexuality. Yes yes, of course he knew the miracle of the erection, but he knew nothing to do with it, awkwardly squeezed and palpated his cock.

From an early age, his mother had made it clear to him that it was was not godly, fie! He developed a neat good guilty conscience when he played with his little one, but since nothing else happened, he was left with nothing but a bad conscience. The mother was saintly, and she got also no erection, however closely he looked. Sometimes, when he was allowed to sleep with his mother, he woke up at night and played with himself. When he was sure that she was sound asleep, he would press his little hard-on comfortably against her thighs or her warm buttocks.

He prayed a lot, he prayed often, and he liked to pray. He prayed silently, even when he lay in bed at night and played with his little hard-on. But he also prayed in the little church, had his regular place with his favorite saint, the Saint Teresa of Avila. Of course, he soon knew everything about her life and work, knew all the legends about her by heart. But most of all he liked to kneel at her feet, at the foot of the Statuary group that depicted her with the Crucified.

St. Theresa, was that a beautiful girl! The Artist had taken every pains to portray her with all the respect saintly, but also seductively beautiful to portray. The glowing, adoring look in her eyes with which she looked at the blood-covered Savior, the bouquet of white lilie that she held out to him – that contributed to the deepest piety. But the black tunic or the Order dress she wore was a true perfidy. It seemed to be spun of the finest silk, which fitted her body like a rubber glove — an invisible wind pressed against the girlish body, accentuating the virginally swelling breasts and the soft curves of the

thighs. If he looked long enough and prayed sincerely for it, he could see the gently curved mound under which her most secret part must be, see it clearly.

He prayed as he knelt before that statue, devouring it with the most unchaste looks, and then – still more deeply entangled in his carnality – to ask forgiveness for these terrible sins of gaze. Like the half-naked, bloody man on the cross of this statue group looked like, he did not know later, but he did know what St. Teresa looked like, and what she became his everything from day to day.

His mother — the young widowed Anna Maria Rizzi — saw it that he was developing into a God-fearing boy, and sometimes she would sometimes say, sighing, how wonderful it would be if he would one day become a priest. Aunt Lila, on the other hand, who used to live with them and whom everyone called “Auntie,” although she was probably not related to them at all by blood, often came to visit more often — and not always with the same lover — and scolded Anna Maria that she should not influence Pico so, not to put such papist fleas in his ears. The good widow Rizzi did everything she could to at least bring her son to the Church, even if her elder daughter Monika was not exactly a saint and did not exactly develop saintly.

Pico was glad that his mother knew what he was supposed to do later on ot should do and left it at that; priest was probably not so bad. Praying and being God-fearing was so easy for him, and whether he could believe everything Aunt Lila said, he was very uncertain.

Aunt Lila was anything but God-fearing, although she could hardly be older than 35. When Pico and his mother prayed together, then Aunt Lila unobtrusively withdrew, not to disturb, but also because she never prayed herself. Moreover she was not, like his mother, a shy young widow and a decent mother, but had already had a lot of problems with her husband before they separated and was also not faithful, but brought her lovers with her, at least when her husband was at home and the apartment was not was storm-free. It made his mother kind of embarrassed, but she was soft and yielding and always let Aunt Lila win. Sometimes it seemed to Pico as if the two women had a secret agreement in that regard.

Then the room next to the bathroom, which many years ago was still a kitchen, was cleared for the guests; between the two rooms there was a small pass-through for the Dishes, but it had since become non-functional. From here a few times, he spied Aunt Lila and her lover making love during their hours of lovemaking, pressed his eye to the slit of the wooden sliding Pass-through and watched in the dim light the undulating cuddling, fucking and masturbation games of the two. Only dimly he saw the two bodies, but in his mind everything became colorful and alive. He felt how stiffened his cock was and pushed it a little bit, but then he let it go again, heart pounding. After all he got nothing more than an inkling of what sex was like.

Sometimes the two of them left the bedside lamp burning. Was that a heartbeat furious, when Aunt Lila lasciviously stretched out there and he made his push-ups, only with the cock in her belly sticking! Or when she rubbed her lover's big cock and let it squirt out of him! Or sitting astride his belly and bobbing up and down, back and forth, rocking back and forth until he cramped up. Once she sat straddled on top of him and bobbed up and down for a long time until she paused and Pico could see the lover slide his cock halfway out of Lila's slit and pumped into her from below.

From now on, he knelt on the prayer stool, heart pounding, looking up at St. Theresa and saw her in the spirit with an imaginary lover in bed and immediately regretted these terrible sins of thought. St. Theresa and a lover! Oh my God, he became more and more depraved and sinful, he quickly hasped down the Avemarias and also included Aunt Lila and her lover in his prayers, so that they also would be washed of all guilt, amen! Amen! Reverently he kissed St. Theresa's plaster sandals and implored forgiveness before he went home.

Once again, as he slipped into the bathroom to his observation post his mother was standing in front of the hatch, which was open a little gap wide open, and peered in at the two of them. Pico immediately darted out again, but then stopped defiantly and turned back, wanting to watch, too. His mother watched the two with a reddened face and now looked over at him very fearfully, as he defiantly approached and stood in front of her to peek through the slit just as she

did. The widow Rizzi was perplexed and at first covered Pico's eyes, so he wouldn't see, but he shook his head clear. After that they did not move, the mother holding Pico's shoulders tightly and looked in at the two of them with her heart pounding. The lover was kneeling with his stiff cock in front of Lila, who was One hand stroking between her legs. Pico sensed the terrible insecurity of his mother, while he felt ashamed of his hard-on, and tried desperately to hold it in his pocket with his hand to flatten the unruly little boy so that his mother wouldn't notice. Mother of course nothing of it noticed.

Her hand clenched ironically around his shoulders Lila's lover disappeared with his head between Aunt Lila's thighs. Pico could feel her arousal over that hand until Lila pulled her lover up to her, cooing. As the lover slowly approached Lila, half kneeling with a stiff cock slowly approached Lila and gently inserted it into her, Pico felt his mother rubbing her intimate parts through the fabric cloth. Pico was fascinated as the cock disappeared like a long sausage, disappeared into Lila's belly and was slowly pulled out again, moist and shiny, wet and shiny. The lover made it go faster and faster and the maternal hand tightened around his shoulders. The body of the mother shivered at once very hard, she stopped the rubbing and kissed Picos mop of hair lovingly.

First, as the two lovers wedged themselves into each other, making a great deal of noise as they did the fast nailing, Pico and his mother slipped out quietly and went into the living room. She put a finger to her lips and said that this was a big secret, that he should never talk about it to anyone. These were things for adults and not for little boys. Pico felt that she would rather not come at all to spying and nodded somberly. After that he never sneaked there again to spy on Aunt Lila, when he knew that his mother was standing there.

From that day on, he was certain that the two women had a Secret agreement. Since that day, he distrusted everything, because this all did not fit together, because aunt Lila let his mother watch and because the saint and the sinner had a secret pact.

Maybe, Pico thought bitterly, St. Theresa also had a secret lover.

Pico is Bathed by Aunt Lila

Aunt Lila, who may not have been his real aunt at all, came to visit at least every few weeks. She wanted to separate from her husband (once again), because he had no use for her sexual recklessness and her urge for freedom. Pico thought; she was also not so prudish and naive in matters of life and lovemaking as his mother. Aunt Lila was expecting a lover to arrive the other day and was correspondingly cheerful and exhilarated. Often and often she shook her head when Pico went to church again to pray or knelt beside the bed to pray. She said quite openly that she thought nothing of priests and the like.

His hitherto impartial intercourse with her had changed this year – a year full of exciting events, although he had known Aunt Lila all his life. Pico was now incomprehensibly embarrassed when she hugged and kissed him. Desperately, he tried to hide his excited hard-on. After all, he was already almost 14 and felt big and strong, but he was very embarrassed by the hard-on. She, however, laughed as bright as a bell and grabbed onto his pants, turned to his mother and laughed happily: “Your little one is already becoming a real man!” The next day, when Pico came home after school Lila hugged him again, he pushed her with his body against the door frame and pressed himself firmly against her. She pushed him back with a smile, then wrinkled her nose and said, “You smell awful!” She conferred with his mother that the boy needed to be bathed more often, while Pico stood stubbornly under the door and scowled. His mother and Aunt Lila joked back and forth, then the aunt decided he had to be bathed now, immediately!

The young women shoved him jokingly and laughing into the bathroom, where Pico resisted the aunt for a long time until she vigorously undressed him. With red ears, Pico stood there with red ears, trying to hold his cock, which was stiff and awkwardly from his body, with his overlong arms and big hands, while the hot water ran into the bathtub. Only the blind could miss what a misconstruction the male body as a whole was. Pico knew it and was terribly embar-

rassed. The mother had become somewhat embarrassed because of his hard-on and said sighing to Aunt Lila that Pico was so easily aroused at the moment and told her, to his horror, that he had had a wet dream a few weeks ago, when the Ambuschs were staying with them and he had to sleep in her bed.

Auntie just nodded and went back and forth busily, checking the water temperature, rearranging the bath towels and kept looking furtively at Pico, at his stiff cock and at the whole misconstruction. At last he was able to get into the water and sat there motionless and intimidated, hiding his stiffness with his hands. Pico was completely passive, feeling at the mercy of Aunt Lila and silently prayed to all the saints to forgive him for his emerging carnality, for eternity, Amen!

"He can wash by himself, you don't have to mother him!" said his Mother and went back to the kitchen when she got no answer. Aunt Lila left him to soak in the hot water and went to her room, which was right next to the bathroom. The door remained open, and although Pico sat with his back to her, he could watch in the large bathroom mirror, heart pounding, as in front of the open wardrobe Lila was examining her naked body in the large mirror, turning left and right repeatedly. Twisting and turning, and after a while slipped on a light house dress – with nothing underneath – ... When she returned, he was sitting in the hot water, but his heart was pounding, and he struggled to hide his hard-on. Confused, he rattled off one intermittent prayer one after the other, without thinking long about their meaning: "You saints, forgive me, but I feel so helpless with my hard-on and the flesh is so weak when she posed naked in front of the dressing mirror, Amen!"

Auntie sat down on a stool and chattered and washed his back, shoulders and legs, then she carefully washed the torso around the cock sticking out of the water, ran the washcloth around it in a careful circle, and then down low to wash off the sack as well. Then she let some of the bath water out, so that Pico was just sitting in a hot puddle, stretched out. Lila slipped on the bathing glove again and lathered him once more all over his body. In the meantime, she chattered blithely that the cock would be later cared of.

She asked in a funny chatty tone if his cock would now just stay so stiff all day or whether he would collapse by himself! Pico was speechless and embarrassed and croaked something nonsensical and Aunt Lila thought he was in a bad state of distress. All the going to church and praying would still make him completely twisted; he was a normal man and did not have what it takes to be a priest! Pico shook his head vigorously in denial, but Auntie nodded knowingly and continued to soap him up all over his body with the foam, and now she rubbed the soft foam on his cock and the bag. How should she, Pico asked himself and was confused, because of course he was getting more and more excited. He looked up at her uncertainly, but she looked past him at his lathered cock and he into her Cleavage, at her beautifully curved breast appendages. Oh Holy Theresa, how beautiful her Breasts are!

While Pico stared into her cleavage out of the corner of his eyes, Auntie gently stroked, then more and more vigorously the foam over his cock, his thighs and between his legs. Again and again the slippery, foaming bath glove slid around his sack, cock and everywhere; he was getting hornier and hornier and could do nothing about it. When Pico saw his mother come back in behind her, he wished he were dead, but Auntie was lathering up and rubbing all over his his whole body normally. The mother seemed irritated and remained undecided in the doorway, looking over Aunt Lila's shoulder, who was sitting with her back to the door half-covering Pico; she looked over at him, at his red towering hard-on. Aunt Lila looked up at her only briefly and continued to treat him with the bathing glove, hypocritically rubbing his his chest and belly, toiling more and more with him. He could see through her cleavage sometimes her beautiful breasts, which swayed to the beat and certainly not just by chance danced up and down in front of his face. Pico realized with rising panic that it was about to come to him and blinked at his mother, wondering how she would react. Aunt Lila touched his cock as if by chance, only to realize with satisfaction that the time had come. Her mischievous smile and his panic-stricken look met; his silent prayers went unheard and his passive helplessness amused Lila. The mother looked uncertainly and perplexedly at her boy, whose cock stood stiffly red and bursting hard in the white foam of the bathing glove.

At that moment, in the midst of a routine all-around lathering motion, aunt Lila embraced the cock as if casually with the foamy bath glove and made one swift, firmly stroking up and down motion: Pico immediately exploded and splashed up high. Aunt Lila calmly held his cock, out of from the clasp of her bathing glove only the red glans could be seen and squirted, squirted and squirted. His mother turned turned away for a second with a reddened face, but then furtively looked over again, as his cock in the bathing glove in the bathing glove, how his semen was splashing into the bathwater. Pico sat there panting, trying in vain to overcome his paralysis and helplessness. “Oh you Saints, what a sinful worm I am!”

Aunt Lila’s soft frotté-bathing glove held his cock tightly and only let go when it had stopped spurting. She put on an astonished face and said over her shoulder to his mother, “Well, that must have been a bad emergency!” and the mother murmured, her face flushed, that the boy was really easily excited and how embarrassed she was, that he could not control himself. Had she had not seen through who had caused what? Aunt Lila said lightly that she thought it was quite normal. If a boy was in a state of emergency, then he would splash at the slightest touch, she said a little from above. The mother wanted to say something against it, but Lila said that she didn’t mind, really, she knew about men and their plight! Anna Maria left the scene with her head held high.

Aunt Lila hissed after her, then reached for Pico’s cock again and with gentle fingers carefully and in long, stroking movements pressed the last drops of semen from his glans and casually washed it clean, dried him off and let him go.

Pico later overheard his mother discussing with Aunt Lila what was going on with the boy (the spying boy listened, grinned mutely Pico). The quick Italian of his mother and Aunt Lila caused him some difficulties, but he to understand everything. How about the wet dream when the Ambuschs came to visit, Aunt Lila asked. The Ambuschs stayed with the Rizzis for several days while they waited for the new apartment – they had the misfortune, like many others, that the completion of the publicly subsidized apartment was unexpectedly delayed. His mother responded to Aunt Lila’s questioning hesi-

tantly at first, then more and more briskly, and finally reported everything in detail and in great detail. In the past she had not noticed it right away, but he had crawled half on top of her and had on her the way young dogs scratch at people's legs. She was frightened when he once stuck his small little sting in her frizzy hair; from then on she always lay down on her side, with her back to him. But even if he chafed insanely, she thought he couldn't squirt yet, he was too young, so she didn't do anything about it, even though she didn't like it... she racked her brains whether and how she should do something about it.

But for some time now he has been pressing himself more and more strongly against her in his dreams and rubbing himself against her body. How then, Lila inquired, and his mother answered in an embarrassed evasively, well, in a clear way. Well, tell me Lila urged, and his mother became even more embarrassed. He dreams like a dog and chafes his little sting on me, said his mother, although she gently pushed him away when his penis touched her bottom. Yes, and?, Lila asked curiously further, but the mother remained silent. So he fucks you in the ass, Aunt Lila stated dryly. The mother lowered her head blushing and remained silent for a while. But this time it was different, she continued quietly; he had not let himself be pushed away anymore and had continued until he had splashed all over her nightgown. The nightgown? Lila asked stretched and raised her eyebrows in surprise; then they both laughed, knowing that Anna Maria had never worn a nightgown in her life.

Come on, tell now, how it was, urged Aunt Lila. His mother added after a pause, blushing again, that the little dwarf had kneel down behind her, hold her by the waist, and then he had squirted wildly. Anna Maria paused for a moment and was silent; then she continued, lying about how disgusted she was he had gone wild and squirted everything into her ass.

The women were silent. Aunt Lila, because she could picture it all so well that it was almost like a movie in her mind; and Anna Maria, because she felt ashamed and she recalled it with shame and despair, how it had really been and how guilty she still felt. No, she couldn't

tell Lila the whole truth, she thought, full of shame and fear, or she would never be able to look her in the eye again.

Pico squirmed inwardly, for all of this was immensely embarrassing to him and besides, he could not remember this particular situation at all. He had heart palpitations, but since his mother did not tell anything about his wanking at that time, he later believed for years that that she had forgotten everything. He was glad that she didn't say anything about what had happened back when he slept naked beside his mother for weeks.

She had wondered, his mother cleared her throat loudly, because he was only 14 and she had believed that the squirting would not come for a few years. But now he is no longer a little boy, from now on he may never again sleep with her.

Then the women returned to the original topic, bathing. The Mother wondered if that was right, and she meant no, Aunt Lila should not bathe him anymore. She was obviously convinced, Pico thought that Aunt Lila's foaming had nothing to do with it... because she said she was very embarrassed that the boy had to squirt just when she – Lila – was bathing him. The mother said that since then he had also not been allowed to sleep with her, and she does not bathe her son anymore, just because of that. Lila said she shouldn't make such a fuss about it, it was important for the boy to get used to his body, because only when the need was no longer so great could he control himself like a man. Mother nodded absentmindedly again and again, for she obviously did not know much about these things. Pico realized how fundamentally different they were from the bottom up. His mother murmured that it all reminded her too much of the war and the young women were silent for a time.

Lila thought that sons in puberty were just like that and his mother shouldn't make such a fuss about the ejaculation, after all, that was the healthy normal case and no pathological special case. Pico's mother protested and said that what Lila did with her lovers was her business, but it is simply not appropriate for a mother. She didn't know anyone who did, and that she couldn't do it, she could never do that, she was his mother! Aunt Lila laughed and said that it

didn't matter, then he would just have to find a girlfriend who will do it for him! It was more important that the boy was bathed clean every day. And she would find nothing embarrassing if he ejaculated, it would certainly do the boy good, and she, Lila, thought it was normal for his age. Pico's mother found it all very embarrassing and from now on sometimes stayed ostentatiously in the bathroom door when Aunt Lila dealt with his distress. Pico never knew if his mother ever understood that Lila was simply having fun in doing it. In any case, afterwards he immediately looked up a lexicon what ejaculation, puberty and masturbation meant. What his mother might have meant by the memory of the ass squirting remained to him further a mystery.

These bubble baths were now repeated regularly when Aunt Lila came to visit. Pico was torn between excitement and helpless embarrassment, but Aunt Lila always won – his fears, vaguely related to his mother and Aunt Lila's lover, turned out to be proved to be completely unfounded. His mother disapproved of Aunt Lila's self-sacrificing helpfulness apparently and usually stood indecisively curious in the doorway, while Aunt Lila now proceeded according to plan and purposeful and allowed herself to be disturbed less and less by Anna Maria's presence. When the mother stood under the door and watched them, he could see very clearly that she rubbed herself very quickly under her skirt until she shivered very violently and stopped rubbing. Lila first washed Pico, the skunk, carefully, then drained almost all of the water from the bath and let him sit in the hot puddle for a long time. It was clear that his cock became completely stiff in the process. Then he was lathered with the foamed bath glove, from top to bottom. Aunt Lila gave again plenty of foam on the glove, rubbed the belly, the thighs and the sack, in large circles, until the cock was throbbing and twitching high up towered and he almost burst with horniness. His mother seemed indecisive at this moment, but mostly did not go, but remained under the door and watched bashfully and with red cheeks continued to watch, although from there she could see the essential details, bathing glove and cock, because Auntie Lila sat directly in front of Pico on the bathing stool. When the mother stood under the door and watched them, he could see very clearly that she rubbed herself very quickly under her skirt until she shivered very violently and stopped rubbing. And now the

exciting moment followed: Aunt Lila had patiently soaped him up and soaped it until it twitched, now she grabbed the cock with the foaming glove and made him jump with one or two lightning-fast movements to squirt.

He suspected that his mother never noticed Lila's little tricks: for example, the usually just casually buttoned house dress he stared at. When the finale came and she leaned over to grip his dick more tightly, Aunt Lila's legs opened involuntarily, just a little bit... a very little bit, so that he could see one thigh, some of a thigh, some frizzy hair and sometimes vaguely a little more, which then led to immediate squirting. Not infrequently the house dress gaped wide open when Aunt Lila bent over carelessly just before the main event to grab his cock with the bathing glove. At the same time, Aunt Lila's thighs opened only very briefly. Pico sometimes saw it flashing in her frizzy hair, felt her quick movement and immediately squirted, as if frantic, high into the air. When his mother stopped shivering, Lila's bathing glove slowly massaged the shaft, making him squirt longer and harder.

One afternoon they were alone in the apartment as Aunt Lila bathed him. She had not even bothered to button the house dress at all. As expected, the dress fell apart when she sat down on the stool and exposed the beautiful bosom and the slightly spread thighs, which were ended high up in a black ruffle bush. She soon put the bathing glove aside and masturbated him with her bare hand. With so much bare skin, Pico was instantly ready, so that he was already squirting at the first touches, when she rubbed his cock gently. She paused, smiling, while he looked with wide eyes at her nakedness, at her pubis and squirted, squirted, squirted in her warm hand.

While Aunt Lila patiently washed him, he listened with half an ear to her chatter and dreamed with closed eyes of her body. For a long time Pico in the warm water, resting as she gently washed him. She asked him what he was up to, and bit by bit he reluctantly and hesitantly revealed what he sometimes did, the little and the big onanism, but he said nothing about Mrs. Weber or Monika, nothing. She washed him for a while, then she noticed how his cock stiffened again.

She stopped for a moment and with a swift movement over her shoulders let the housedress fall. Pico held his breath, she was beautiful and completely naked. Then she sat down in such a manner that Pico could see everything and she asked all sorts of questions in the direction, whether he had not already played with girls and so. Hesitantly and half-heartedly he “confessed” to having seen a few times under Monika’s skirt, but there he could see almost nothing. After some time Pico blinked at her again, when she stopped asking, but then he bashfully looked away again. But Aunt Lila said with a smile, “Just look, quietly, you must know what a woman looks like!” If she knew what he had already seen in Mrs. Weber, Monika and Alice! Shyly, Pico looked at her.

Pico looked furtively at her beautiful naked body, which wiggled along as she masturbated him again with bare hand. When she saw that he was surreptitiously staring at her pubic she opened her thighs with infinite slowness, until he could see the entrance to her vagina in the cleft. It flashed through him like a flash, and he had to squirt instantly. She held the cock calmly in her hand, while the squirting slowly subsided and then gently pressed the glans until finally nothing more came.

This one time remained the only time she was so permissive. Pico knew that she had become quite horny herself, because she had locked herself hastily in her room immediately after bathing. For a long time he was still standing in the bathroom drying himself while he listened to her little noises from the neighboring guest room.

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Old Mrs. Weber Seduces Young Pico

Pico's mother, who despite everything still saw in him the innocent child sent him unsuspectingly into the next adventure. She had become quite weary because the Ambuschs had been living with them for weeks and the end of this siege was not in sight. She prayed repentantly, shaken and ashamed, because her house had been degenerated into a veritable sink of sinning. The Ambuschs, that were her friend Sara and her husband, fucked night after night so devotedly and loudly that she almost couldn't go back to sleep. She almost couldn't fall asleep again because of her palpitating heart. Monika had nothing but nonsense in her mind and also worried her ever since Anna Maria knew that she was playing more than just childish games with the two girls, more than just childish games. She had noticed with rising displeasure how Monika had seduced the two girls, aged 11 and 8. She listened at the door to the girls' room in the evenings and heard the giggles when Monika lay with the girls and they all sinned lustfully. Pico, too, had to to get his mind off things, had to work hard during the day, so that he would not suffer so much at night from his excess erections at night. Make yourself useful, she used to say to him, don't just stand there! She thought he could, for example, help out the old Mrs. Weber next door a little bit with the shopping, for example. When he heard that! Shopping, for the 13-year-old a degrading duty.

In fact, in the next few days, the widow Rizzi said to the old woman shuffling by, "My son will be happy to help you gladly to carry your purchase bags, Mrs. Weber!", and already he was paired up. Mrs. Weber was a very old woman, surely already about a hundred years old, Pico was sure of that. She seemed to be very frail and usually walked leaning on her cane, and when she had a lot to carry, she was really poor. At the same time she was a little strange in the mind and giggled with every sentence. Reluctantly, Pico went along and took the parcels from her. Her breath smelled sternly of alcohol

as she nodded delightedly and said she would give him something for it, hihihi; he was happy about the prospect of earning some coins.

So Pico went shopping with the old woman several times a week. She came shuffling down the stairs and through the long hallway to the Rizzi's apartment and knocked on the window with her cane; then Pico went out and accompanied her. It was really not a great accomplishment, but he was glad of the money. When they arrived back at her apartment, he usually stopped in the doorway and handed her the things inside, because her dark apartment was horribly dirty, smelly and frightened him.

Later she offered him cold water, he drank and only saw afterwards how dirty the glass was and felt terribly disgusted. He had to but sit down, the old Weber moved the the porcelain bowl with the 6-month-old Christmas cookies closer and told him this and that, poking and prodding him with her crooked fingers and giggling all the time. Pico contorted his face into a forced smile and took another cookie; the giggling went on endlessly until Pico became restless and she finally gave him the coins.

The next few times it was even worse, the giggling and poking went on again, Mrs. Weber puffing and fetching a bottle of eggnog from the cupboard beside the door and poured two small glasses in. Pico shook his head, so she drank them both, and then later he got his carrying wages.

Each time this procedure repeated itself, and Pico slowly got used to its peculiarities, meanwhile remained almost casually sit. He endured the giggling and being poked with the thought of the pocket money and suppressed his tendencies to flee. Mrs. Weber was a funny old woman, rather twisted and tactless. His panic disappeared with time when she patted him on his thigh or accidentally tapped his fly with her finger. She was just not right in the mind, but harmless and if she had to grab him, then she should just; the main thing was that the cash register was right. Sometimes Pico would get cocky and carefully sip the eggnog. Mrs. Weber also got cocky sometimes and tapped more and more often as if by chance against his fly.

Every day the same, again an eggnog, the giggling and puffing did not stop today at all! It was a hot summer day and Mrs. Weber was sweating terribly under her worn summer dress, which was quite dirty and threadbare and gave an unintentionally generous view of her emaciated breasts, or rather the wrinkled remnants that had once were breasts, offered. While Pico dutifully drank his eggnog, she shuffled into the next room to change her clothes. After a short while, she came back, wearing a similarly scuffed house dress. The two or three buttons that were supposed to hold it together in front were very unreliable and gave the view of her naked, withered body. Now she was not so hot, the old Weber lied, and shuffled back to the table again. Pico sent up a cleansing prayer to St. Theresaand resolved to stop staring under Mrs. Weber's dress.

She sat down opposite him, but not chastely and demurely like most of the women he knew, but grinning and wide-legged, like the market women in old paintings, and left deliberately the dress open a little, enjoying his dismayed and bewildered glances at her wrinkled breasts and at the gray ripples between her emaciated, wrinkled thighs. She giggled confusedly again about the girls and the boys, tapped her cleft with an index finger and then again on his pants, which bulged out unseemly. Pico remained sitting as if nailed and could not take his eyes off her body; he quickly quickly got up and left, ran the last few steps up to the apartment and hid himself in his bed. Prayed sobbing after masturbating, begging God and St. Theresa and all the saints for forgiveness because he was such a weak and sinful man, because he had become so aroused at Mrs. Weber's, because he was constantly looking at her gray dimpled cleft, Amen!

After the next purchase, Mrs. Weber sat down after the third glass of eggnog, moved closer to him on the bench closer, puffing Pico continuously in the thigh and laughed giggling, such a crunchy boy like him would have certainly many girlfriends, giggle giggle giggle! Her ragged dress was front again completely open and attracted his eyes magically. That made him very embarrassed, cookies were also no longer there, only the glass eggnog before his nose. Pico did not know how to hide his stiff little one, where to put his all-too-big hands and played for distraction with the shot glass.

Mrs. Weber giggled and told Pico to drink, he felt incredibly embarrassed because she kept pinching and groping his thighs, pinched and groped, her finger sometimes exactly on his little one and he didn't know if she was provoking his hard-on and his horniness or if it happened purely by chance. Her favorite topic was him and the girls from his street, well, with them you've probably already done I don't know what, giggle, giggle, giggle! Pico could do absolutely nothing against the fact that his cock became even stiffer and his ears burned hot. Maybe drink the eggnog.

It immediately poked him in the brain, at the second sip he had to cough spasmodically and Mrs. Weber patted Pico on the back, giggled endlessly and again felt his thighs, while he desperately tried to hide his hard-on. Mrs. Weber tapped again with a finger on his shorts, giggled and tapped again teasingly against his bulge. Yes, yes, the girls actually only want that, hihihi! Thereby she stroked her emaciated thighs and pointed grinning at her gray-hairy cunt.

Pico remained sitting as if paralyzed, blinking at her nakedness. When she again tapped his hard-on directly, he felt hot Horniness rising in his abdomen. In a reflex of embarrassment he downed the booze, immediately feeling the liberating Dizziness rise. Yes-yes, and the girls want actually that, too, hihihi! she giggled and grinned, running her fingertip across the cleft, and Pico stared at this finger and almost burst with horniness. Mrs. Weber poured again, drank another glass of eggnog and then said, giggling, that boys like him surely had a lot in his pants, hihihi, and again her hand her hand nudged his thigh, his crotch, his hard-on. He drank his eggnog much too quickly and noticed how he was now neatly dizzy from the alcohol.

Even later, Pico would not have been able to say why he had remained stiff as a board at that time and not run away, away from this old hag, who was now pouring him the next glass of eggnog and kept chattering that the boys liked it as well as the girls too, hihihi! Pico was paralyzed; although he wanted to run away, he remained motionless while she continued to giggle her insinuations. All boys have a a stiff dick, hihihi, her hand suddenly slid along his thigh, from down along his thigh, from below into his pants, and with the dickie

they all like to play, hihihi! Panic seized him, when she now completely unexpectedly touched his cock! He wanted to jump up and still remained sitting as if paralyzed. Mrs. Weber pushed up the gym shorts a little, clutched firmly Pico's cock and triumphantly pulled it out of his pants.

Oh God, Holy Theresa, what was he going to do now!?

Pico watched her grin, for an endless thousandth of a second, then she licked her lips and jerked her wrist a few times briefly and deftly from her wrist; almost immediately a hot jet shot up and she quickly withdrew her hand. She laughed, pushed the edge of her pants all the way up and watched unabashedly while Pico spurted his semen into the air and onto his thighs with a racing heartbeat. Mrs. Weber watched his throbbing spasm with a gloating throbbing cramp. Pico would have jumped up, run away, would have preferred to be dead; but it squirted, the semen dripped onto Mrs. Weber's hand, which had seized his cockshaft again. She bent forward greedily and short-sightedly, rubbing it now and then with a firm jerk that it once again squirted horny and giggled, giggled time and time again: "That's fine, hihihi! So is it really fine!".

Pico was still sitting there as if paralyzed, lying half sunk back on the worn out sofa and felt that his cock, which Mrs. Weber was clutching, was still hard and stiff, that he was still very aroused inside and helplessly at her mercy. She pulled and tugged him up by one leg, until he was lying on her thighs, adjusted him until he was lying crosswise on her half-naked lap. She giggled, she knew that all boys like that, hihihi! and continued to masturbate further his dick. She chattered about Fritz and Peter, who had also been with her, hihihi! and liked her to make them squirt... let them squirt, yes yes, those two! Curious horniness conquered his fear, willingly he lay there and allowed everything, wondered about her strength when she pulled his pants down over his knees, giggling.

She squeezed and stroked his cock and testicles, Pico felt the deliciously hot rising arousal and surrendered like a sacrificial lamb, he spread his thighs wide, stretching out his stiff boy against her willingly. Skillfully she rubbed and masturbated him chatting further –

... and then your sister Monika, who was really interested in everything – Mrs. Weber giggled again and murmured, murmured that Monika had often lain like this on her lap! In his imagination a praying Monikatheresa figure appeared who lay naked on Mrs. Weber's lap and immediately his cock twitched steeply upwards. His sister Monika, On Mrs. Weber's lap!

That's right, my little one, hihihi! she giggled and now began to downright to masturbate. Pico stared excitedly at the hand that was masturbating him and felt his naked buttocks rhythmically pressed against her frizzy hair. Hihihi, the old woman went on chattering about Monika, all sorts of things had already happened! And she, the Monika, had wriggled, she didn't want to stop! Giggling and cackling, she let the image of naked Monika in front of his inner eye, chattering about labia and clit and how the Monika squirmed with horniness. When in her murmur Monika wriggled under her jerking hand and against the finger that the old woman pressed into her vagina.

Pico had to squirt instantly.

Mrs. Weber giggled merrily as a few drops splashed onto her hand. She squeezed and squeezed the cock and palpated the glans as the squirting and erection subsided.

Now only was his inner torpor easing as well. Although the cock still throbbed and some drops agonizingly slowly came, he jumped up and ran out, not paying attention to the drops of semen that ran down his thighs and ran hurriedly into the apartment. Pico was almost ashamed to death and never again went shopping with Mrs. Weber. His mother noticed that something was wrong, but Pico kept silent and she did not ask.

When he jerked off at night, he kept seeing Mrs. Weber in front of him, felt her fingers around his cock, felt her hand jerking and saw her greedy eyes watching him squirt. He saw Peter and Fritz and Monika alternately lying on her lap and squirming hornily back and forth – oh God, oh Theresa! She was sinful because she had touched him hornily, and he was sinful because he got horny and squirted

into her hand, twice, Mother of God! Had happily squirted, twice, Mother of God help us poor sinners, Amen!

Only after some time did he stop thinking so intensely about Mrs. Weber.

...

Pico flies to Mallorca

Pico woke up when the stewardess nudged him lightly. Questioningly, he looked up. Quietly she explained to him that a dense fog was hanging over the Alps and that they had now diverted not to Geneva, but to Basel. The plane would land in a few minutes, and that he should please fasten his seat belt. Confused, Pico asked how the connecting flight to Mallorca was, but she only said, about it he should not worry, she would take care of it at Basel airport of course.

Pico looked around and smiled involuntarily at himself – of course, it was the same 5 or 6 passengers with whom they had departed from Vienna. Discomfort and fear rose up in him as he reconsidered the words of the stewardess. Fog, diverted to Basel. He glanced briefly out the window and saw only fog. His fear grew even more, became a throat-tightening panic. Pico called himself to order and held on ironly to the armrests. No, the pilot could surely handle this problem – besides, modern planes were equipped for equipped for flying blind. In Pico's brain, some magazine articles he had seen on television at some point pulled flashed through his mind at high speed: Autopilot, blind flight, radio guidance system. As if to confirm, the on-board loudspeaker was turned on. The pilot or pilots spoke in mumbling, rapid English to the tower. the tower, one could hardly understand one or the other word. But it had a very calming effect.

Half an hour later, Pico stood in the almost deserted hall of the airport and looked around him in a hurry. The other passengers had followed a young woman from the airport company and were probably getting their accommodations; but he was waiting: the stewardess was going to take care of his connecting flight after all! He was about to desperate to go to the information desk, his foot stopped, because the pilots and stewardesses of his flight were walking through the hall through the hall towards one of the side aisles. Pico quickly ran to meet them and waved his ticket from a distance. The stewardess who had awakened him stopped until Pico reached her.

She seemed a little annoyed, probably because a colleague was already probably because a colleague had already taken care of the passengers and she had forgotten all about Pico, who had been waiting for her like a little lost dog. Then she made a phone call with someone, asking Pico in between how he was going to get to town; the passengers had all left. When she saw the desperate look on Pico's face, she covered the phone with one hand and said that here at the airport there was only the was the Swissair Hotel. Should she put him up there? Pico nodded vigorously, because he wanted to get to Mallorca as soon as possible. The stewardess nodded, then she negotiated in fast Schwyzerdütsch. When she hung up, she told Pico he was staying at the same hotel as the crew and could go with them now.

As he walked beside her across the parking lots to the hotel, a thought flashed through his mind briefly; but then he remembered how she had walked the concourse with the pilots; no, she was surely with one of them, he didn't need to get his hopes up.

On arriving at the room, he took a long shower and then sat sleeplessly on the bed; he rummaged through the old diaries for a long time before falling asleep.

Anna Maria Experiences the War in Vienna

Anna Maria Rizzi had come to Vienna with her almost-sister-in-law Lila just months before the end of the war. Riccardo had sent them to the safest place he could think of: to Vienna, to Uncle Aldo and his wife Hermine. Even in the days of the monarchy, Vienna was a place that magically attracted the Rizzis. But poor Riccardo did not know that Vienna was already half bombed at that time. Uncle Aldo, in earlier times a famous concert pianist, had long ago got stuck in Vienna; although he would never have admitted it, it was mainly because of his Hermione. They lived in Elisabethstraße, just a few steps from the opera house, in a large apartment overlooking the leafy, shady courtyard. Aldo gave piano lessons, as long as his fingers still allowed it, because their meager pension was simply not enough at the back and front, and they both resisted putting their hands in their laps and becoming fully impoverished. Recently, Aunt Hermine had passed away, leaving Aldo, their crazy little Aldo, alone. She had been a good ten years older than him, yet he loved her dearly and was was now wasting away mentally and physically since she had passed on. Less reticent people would probably have said that Aldo had simply snapped after she had left him. But of course Riccardo knew none of that at the time.

When Anna Maria gave birth to Giuseppe's daughter, it was nothing unusual, there, in sleepy Parma. No, not the big, historic city of Parma, but the small hamlet of Parma del Rio, located northwest of Trieste, nestled in the mosquito-infested marshes of the Isonzo river which is now part of the eastern municipal area of Monfalcone. Giuseppe was drafted shortly after and they both cried when he said goodbye. For a long time after she had given herself to him, they sat mutely in the meadow, while the autumn sun sank into the dusty horizon. Anna Maria shuddered as she saw, as if through a misty cloud a coffin laid out in the chapel of the small cemetery. Never had

a vision been so real, but all at once she knew that Giuseppe, her Giuseppe, lay there.

It was barely two weeks after Monika's birth when the telegram came. The Colonello was very sorry, also in the name of the Duce and the whole Italian people, that her fiancé Giuseppe had fallen in the service of the fatherland and for the good of all in the defense of Fascist Italy. Anna Maria's heart stiffened, she could not and would not cry. She had known it since that afternoon. She concentrated all her thoughts and all her strength on little Monika and on helping her mother out in the little store. It was much harder now, in the middle of the war, than it had been before, to get them three through with her little general store.

Day in, day out, she stood in the little store, taking turns with her mother to quickly go upstairs in between to check on the baby. Sometimes, when she sat beside the little bed to sing a lullaby or hum softly until little Monika fell asleep, she was overcome by a strong, powerful feeling that this was not all. Since her pregnancy, she had felt quite grown up at the age of 17 and believed that life would continue unchanged and end the same way. But this time she felt great anxiety and the certainty that everything would still change. Everything.

As she went back downstairs, a young soldier stood by her mother, interrupting himself in mid-sentence as she came down the stairs. He looked open-mouthed at Anna Maria, who had stopped on the landing. Anna Maria had to look twice to recognize him: Riccardo! She quickly descended the last steps and walked towards him. Her eyes filled with tears when she saw the pain in Riccardo's eyes. Riccardo Rizzi, Giuseppe's best friend and brother of her best friend, Lila! Sobbing, she threw herself against his chest, clutched his neck like a drowning woman and wept without restraint; letting all the tears that had not been cried in all those weeks run. Riccardo stood firm in this storm of emotion and swallowed dryly, for Anna Maria's sudden outburst of emotion was hitting him hard.

Anna and Riccardo had gone to the bank of the Isonzo to leave Anna's mother alone in the resurgent grief; she had stammered, sob-

bing out, terrible things about God and fate, about the evil in the world that had robbed her and Anna and Monika of their husband, father and breadwinner. Riccardo listened to Anna Maria, waited patiently until her tears dried, and comforted her. Anna Maria could finally talk to someone about her grief and finally, finally cry.

The more she went down to the Isonzo with Riccardo, the more she detached herself from Giuseppe and his death. Once, as she dried her tears and rested her head on his shoulder, Riccardo, that serious and silent boy, began to talk about himself and his feelings toward her. That he had to hide and conceal his love for her back then, when she had chosen Giuseppe, his best friend. Told of the turmoil in his chest when he learned that she was pregnant and Giuseppe had been had been drafted. Of his pain and burning sense of guilt when Giuseppe fell. Of his own wound that sent him to the military hospital and now back to Parma for a few weeks of reconvalescence. Of hope and rekindled love when he was back in her mother's store. Of — but he could not speak further, for Anna had embraced him fiercely and kissed him on his lips, held him fiercely desiring and caressing him.

During the few weeks Riccardo had recuperative leave, they made love incessantly. Riccardo thought further and told her she had to protect herself, Monika and her mother to safety from the turmoil of war, for he believed that soon all of Italy would fall and that Parma, too, would be occupied. The only safe place seemed to him to be Vienna, since the Duce and Hitler both spoke of the Alpine fortress as the last bulwark of the nation. For someone from the province of Trieste, it was not absurd, since Trieste had belonged to the Habsburg Empire for about three hundred years. Riccardo didn't know much about these things, but at the time he thought it best if she went to Vienna, to Uncle Aldo. His older sister Lila would also go with them.

Two days before Riccardo's departure, it seemed as if the Allies would advance into northern Italy. His predictions seemed to come true, so it took only more less words to convince Anna Maria. Her mother did not want to give up her home and the little store at any price, and gruffly waved them off, saying that they should go, that they were still young and had everything ahead of them, but that she

was already much too old to start all over again in a foreign country. Riccardo got the tickets and took Lila, Anna Maria and baby Monika to the train station in Trieste. When the train pulled in, she had that funny feeling again, that vision, just like that time with Giuseppe. She quickly closed the compartment window and huddled on the seat, crying. No, please don't, dear God, not him!

Uncle Aldo had lost Aunt Hermione more than a year ago; since her death he had apparently been out of sorts and let himself go completely, also he probably drank too much when he wasn't playing the piano sentimentally. Nevertheless, he made room in the apartment as best he could. Lila and Anna Maria got a room together and put the crib for Monika, which Aldo had found somewhere, in a corner of the room. For the frizzy old man, it was a relief that the young women could take care of the household together, queue for hours for groceries and, despite their poor knowledge of German, they were able to find some delicacy or other. Little Monika developed well, while Anna Maria waited for her next period with a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach. Then she was sure: she was pregnant again.

Lila and she kept it a secret until one day Uncle Aldo raised his eyebrows in surprise and broke off mid-Debussy; he raised his head and asked Anna Maria directly, who lowered her eyes and nodded slightly. Riccardo, she breathed, Riccardo! But Aldo only laughed and said, yes, yes, that's how we are, the Rizzis! Then he jumped up lightly on his feet, grabbed Lila around the waist and did some elegant dance steps. "Do you remember, mi cuor, back in Abbazia?" asked the mentally confused man, kissing the completely surprised Lila affectionately in the middle of the mouth — probably mistaking her for Aunt Hermi.

Anna Maria and Lila had known each other since childhood, were best and closest friends during their school years, and shared all secrets with each other. Lila, who was a few years older than Anna, had let many boys love her, but she had never gotten pregnant; she never told anyone, but somehow she knew for sure that she could not have children. Curious at the time, she had asked Anna Maria about Giuseppe and making love, wanting to know everything down to the smallest detail. Sometimes she stroked Anna Maria's belly, in which

little Monika was growing, and thought it was terribly exciting. Lila found everything terribly arousing and satisfying her arousal in Anna's presence. Anna Maria was much more reserved on this point, because she had known since her earliest youth that this was one of the worst of all mortal sins and that she was terrified of hellfire. It was only during her pregnancy that she had begun to masturbate again — first hesitantly, then violently and compulsively — presumably because she had been infected by Lila's permissive masturbation habit. Later, when her belly became thicker and thicker and every movement gave her trouble, she stayed tired and let Lila touch her body, abandoning herself to her fearfully and shamefully. It was not the first time that Lila touched her, but she felt even more guilty because she experienced these orgasms stronger and more intense than her Secret ones. She was grateful that Lila had no shyness whatsoever and obviously enjoyed making love to her and making her masturbate.

Lila had not been at all shy about asking her about her lovemaking sessions with Riccardo, either. And Anna Maria, who had a great longing for him, talked about him, about their relationship, about their lovemaking and lust. She confessed to Lila, haltingly, that she had felt no more physical desire for him that she hadn't have for Giuseppe, at least not a physical one. She was in love and full of longing for the creature man and for a family of her own, but physically she felt nothing, almost nothing.

But she knew she felt pleasure, Lila said, alluding to masturbation. Anna Maria remained silent, for in the past she had rarely masturbated and now whispered broodingly that now it was certainly that she had to do it so often and almost compulsively. She said haltingly that her pleasure came mostly from watching, she felt no other pleasure. Lila laughed and said that it didn't matter how, the main thing was to feel pleasure, and that was crucial. From now on, Lila was aware of her role and played it for Anna Maria, but also for herself, because she felt an additional new thrill.

The turmoil of the end of the war was now fully upon Vienna, one had one's hands full to procure the bare necessities for the baby and for oneself, because the same questions had to be solved as the day

before: how do we survive all this? When things got really bad, because Aunt Hermine's carefully hoarded food reserves were running low, Uncle Aldo deliberately looked the other way when Lila took men to get money, alcohol or reference cards for food or clothing for them. Anna Maria usually went for a walk in the courtyard with little Monika in her arms. However, if it was already late in the evening, she stayed with Uncle Aldo in the kitchen and played cards with him until Lila came in to join them again. It was not her idea at all, but Lila's, because one day she casually said that if she wanted to, she could watch from the bathroom through the little crack in the hatch when she was doing it with the man. Anna Maria blushed terribly at first, because that didn't fit in at all with her rural, arch-Catholic upbringing, but then her curiosity won out.

Immediately after the man left, Anna Maria quietly slipped into the room and, heart pounding, lay naked next to Lila's warm body, snuggling close to her and thinking longingly of Riccardo; Riccardo who still hadn't contacted her. She clutched her friend's beautiful body lustfully and only let go when her arousal raged in wild waves. Afterwards she felt terribly ashamed, as always, but she just couldn't help it.

For a while Lila tried to contact her family, but the phone stopped working even at the main post office. The days passed, and Lila was about to drop everything to make her way to Parma, when they received mail from Trieste. Riccardo had already been dead three weeks after their departure. His mother, Aldo's sister and Lila's mother, survived him by only a few weeks and died of a broken heart. The well-meaning neighbor still wrote this and that, but they didn't read it anymore, although he saved to the end the good news that Anna Maria's mother and her store and also the chickens were doing quite well.

Anna Maria felt sadness, pain and an infinite emptiness. But she was not surprised, because she had known it since they had left Trieste. The child would have no father, and she would raise it alone, just like Monika. Lila, who had cried out and then completely collapsed, lay on the bed sobbing to herself. Anna Maria could do nothing but talk to Uncle Aldo or talk to Lila, who had taken hours to re-

gain her senses. Anna gathered all her courage and went to the cellar to steal some bottles from the wine stock of a neighbor who had not been seen for a long time. Uncle Aldo wordlessly accepted the bottle and drank it silently and furiously empty, then fell asleep at the kitchen table, his head on his arms.

Anna Maria gave Lila sip after sip to drink until she slowly calmed down. She stroked her face long and gently until Lila was drunk and fell asleep. The next morning Anna Maria went back to the cellar cellar and now stole all the bottles, stacking them in the kitchen. Lila picked herself up, tried to put the cruel blow of fate and threw herself wildly and doggedly into contributing to the household; doggedly and single-mindedly, she brought in men, one after the other.

Anna Maria had withdrawn silently, sitting for hours at the window with little Monika in her arms, looking out over the shattered city while Lila was away or was fucking a man. Anna provided for her family as best she could during this time, trading household goods for food and spending much time with Uncle Aldo and Lila, who — each in his own way — quietly vegetated. Lila was now often gone for hours, Uncle Aldo often sat naked at the table, and in his drunkenness did not care that Anna looked irritably at his dangling dick. When he touched it playfully and when it became erect, she became even more confused and quickly disappeared into her room, fearing that he would masturbate again.

It had happened for the first time a few days ago: she sat by the kitchen table and gave Monika the breast. Since she thought it was the most natural thing in the world, she didn't mind Aldo watching. She was not at all aware that the short, thin undergarment she wore in the apartment during the summer heat showed more than it hid: he was Lila's uncle after all! She concentrated completely on the sucking child and did not pay attention to the fact that the undergarment, under which she wore nothing, shifted completely. So she did not notice that he was secretly masturbating under the tabletop while he stared at her nakedness and greedily absorbed the image of her full breasts and her exposed cunt. Then, as if to sleep, Uncle Aldo rested his head on the arm that lay on the kitchen table and masturbated with the other without paying any further attention to her.

Only now did he make a telltale movement so that she looked up. Her initial anger immediately dissipated because excitement rose up in her — excitement and curiosity, because it was the first time she saw a man masturbate. Fascinated, she watched as he masturbated and, pointing his cock to the ground, abruptly sprayed in thick jets onto the floor. The blood rushed in her ears as he stroked up and down again thoughtfully, letting the last drops of semen ooze out. She felt the irresistible compulsion again, but she was far too ashamed to do it in front of him and didn't dare until she was lying in her bed later.

Obviously the alcohol and increasing mental confusion caused his strange sexual outbursts. Nevertheless, he was always quite bouncy in his buzz, patting Anna's belly affectionately, muttering drunkenly something about the next Rizzi, and continuing to drink. She, driven by some indefinable inner compulsion, remained standing beside him, unsettled, when he caressed her belly under her dress and nibbled at his cock. Shivering and with a glowing face, Anna allowed herself to be touched, but when he took his erection in his fist, she awoke from her torpor and hurried to get free of him and run to her room.

Left to her own devices, Anna Maria went to the black market to exchange some items from Aunt Hermione's possession for food. The farmer with the sly face grinned deviously when she asked him what he wanted for the small piece of bacon. She blushed as she understood his insolent look and shook her head indignantly: she was pregnant, wasn't she? He nodded, reluctantly and snidely, but then he hinted that she could do it to him with her hand. She thought about it for a moment, but since she was already damned because Don Aldo touched her and because she was in mortal sin every night with Lila, she went after him into the dark entrance of the house. While he greedily groped her hips and thighs with his broad hands, she grabbed his pants, thought of Don Aldo and did it to him, rather clumsily and erratically, but it obviously excited him very much. She went home crying, for her Riccardo in heaven had surely witnessed everything like all the sins she had committed in the last weeks.

Mostly she cried because she was more deeply involved than ever in all those mortal sins she committed alone, with Lila and now with the peasant; the conflict between curiosity and shame regarding Uncle Aldo soon almost always lost the shame, although she kept telling herself it was nothing more than what she was doing with the peasant at the black market.

As time went on, she feared less and less that Don Aldo's cock was erect; to hell with mortal sin! When Monika was asleep in her crib, she would stay devotedly next to Aldo and willingly let him feel her up while he masturbated. The sight of his fist rubbing his cock excited her as much as his groping hand on her fat pregnant belly and buttocks. Soon he moved on, feeling her labia and clit with erratic fingers. Only rarely did he interrupt his masturbation to rub her vigorously and awkwardly with a finger inside her vagina or on her clit, before continuing with himself and squirted. Although she never really dared to surrender to the excitement and he was much rougher than Lila, she did get horny to the point that she had to withdraw immediately afterwards; then she had to think of the peasant at the black market and felt sorry for poor Uncle Aldo.

She was startled out of her reverie when a bullet whistling poisonously in the courtyard struck, hurled the small, carefully nursed garden plants some meters high and brought a balcony to the collapse. Worried, Anna Maria waited a few minutes, but no further attack came. Cautiously, she went down the stairs to take a closer look at the damage. It so happened that a few minutes later she found the body of a young man — obviously a war invalid, for one of his legs had been amputated below the knee and beside him lay almost brand-new cheap crutches. The poor fellow lay shattered under the balcony, looking up at the sky with vacant, astonished eyes. She wanted to get help and turned around, but then she faltered, because something was wrong with this picture.

The young dead man had three arms.

Anna went closer and now saw that the third hand belonged to someone else, someone, who was lying under the dead man. She bent

down and looked at the hand. She heard a soft sigh, as if from far away, and the third hand moved millimeter by millimeter.

In her desperation she called for Aldo, shouting, “Don Aldo, vienivieni, subito!” and called for him again and again until he appeared, drunk with sleep and dressed only in a short shirt. Together they cleared away the rubble and carefully lifted the body. Anna Maria cried out softly, for the person under the dead body was Lila.

Now they hurriedly dug away the remaining rubble, and Anna just shuddered as she touched the corpse of the boy, whose chest and abdomen had been torn apart by the avalanche of stones, and whose intestines had spilled out. Don Aldo cleared away the human remains, grumbling as Anna paused, frozen, to stare at the young dead man’s beautiful and shapely penis. Everything else about him was shattered, the amputated stump of his legs, his chest and abdomen, but his face looked beautiful as did his penis, from which a little ejaculate had squirted. Don Aldo covered the body with some rags, then they carefully lifted Lila out.

She seemed to be barely breathing, but was apparently unharmed. Aldo picked her up in his arms and Anna walked beside him, holding Lila’s hands. Upstairs, they laid Lila on the bed, and Anna washed her face and undressed her to clean her up. After carefully washing Lila with a wet cloth, it was clear that she was unharmed, although she was still unconscious. Uncle Aldo was standing beside the bed, and when Anna finished washing her, she looked up and saw his erection under his shirt, saw his simple-minded, primitive grin. “Get out!” she yelled at Aldo, as he was now also tugged at his erection, “get out now!” and slammed the door behind him furiously.

The hardest weeks of Anna Maria’s life now followed. Lila had been completely apathetic since the bomb blast, dozing off and somewhere far away in another galaxy. She had to be fed and washed like a little child. Anna Maria was really worried about her and tried to wake her up from this eerie lethargy. In her desperation, she once tried to arouse Lila by gentle stroking of the clit, but Lila let the orgasm all wash over her without breaking free from her torpor. Anna felt terribly ashamed later, but she had aroused herself more than

Lila in the process. Afterwards she thought — almost to justify herself — that pregnant women were just very easily aroused. She knew quite simply that this compulsive masturbation could only come from her pregnancy. She wept with despair as Lila remained silent and impassive, lost forever.

In the following weeks Anna Maria followed the farmer again and again into the dark house entrance and did it to him with the hand, became visibly safer. The farmer loved to touch her everywhere and pour himself into her hand. Anna Maria flinched the first time his hand went between her thighs and touched her pubic area, because despite Aldo's touches she still felt great shame towards strangers. But she got used to it because he remained basically harmless and just greedily pushed himself towards her rubbing hand, and then, at the moment of his orgasm, groping her vagina. She only had to wait until he had fully poured himself into her hand, then he let go of her and wordlessly trotted back with her to his stand to give her what she asked for. In retrospect, Anna Maria ruminated in her diary that they had been more fortunate than most during the war months and had suffered far less of a struggle for daily bread or bare survival because their apartment was never bombed and some of Aunt Hermione's supplies lasted until almost the end. At the same time she reasoned that they lived so closely packed together and in constant fear of death that traditional values such as shame, mortal sins and taboos were suspended.

Aldo, formerly the correctness in person, could already become very whimsical: once, when he was sitting quite drunk and naked at the kitchen table, Anna Maria came to check on him after she had taken care of Monika. She kindly stroked his gray head and said that now it was enough, now he could go to bed. When he felt her belly, Anna could see that he already had an erection again, but then he really rose, contrary to her expectations. He went straight to the girl's room room, where Lila was asleep, and dropped crashing onto the bed. Anna got a premonition and ran after him, but the old man had already reached Lila. Although Anna stood behind him and tugged powerlessly at one of his legs, the drunken Aldo pushed Lila's thighs apart and penetrated the impassively lying girl; he immediately began to fuck her.

Anna paused with a sigh of relief, having given up because she thought herself too weak against him. The sight of his cock in Lila's vagina excited her strangely, she felt the compulsion rise in her again. Suddenly it dawned on her that this was not the first time that Aldo was making love to Lila. Of course, because Lila was beautiful and slender slim, but she was ugly, with her thick bloated belly and blotchy skin. It took a few minutes before she she picked herself up, gathered all her strength and pulled him out of Lila, out of the bed. She was relieved to see that the struggling old man still had a strong erection and obviously could not have had an outpouring yet. Then she vigorously maneuvered him out into the kitchen, where she urged him onto the chair.

She was not surprised when the drunken old man immediately reached for her and jokingly pulled her closer to him so that she had to sit astride his thighs. His nakedness didn't bother her, because in the last few weeks he almost only walked around naked or sat naked on his kitchen chair. Nor did she mind his erection; she had seen it many times by now. She looked down at her body, herself still aroused from the scuffle in the bedroom, and stared in fascination at his wet cock, which seconds ago had been in Lila's vagina. Vaguely, the thought trailed far back through her aroused—fogged head that the erections she had known so far always had to end with squirting. She remained waiting and willing on his lap, for of course she expected him to touch and grope her as he usually did while he masturbated. Her arousal grew as he reached under her thin undergarment and lovingly stroked her pregnant belly, while he muttered his old Rizzi stem-holder lyric again and pushed her dress all the way up, over her head and to the floor. They were now both naked. He touched and caressed her more gently than he ever had before.

His hand went gently up and down on her belly, touching lightly again and again her naked pubic area, in front of which his erection stood. His hand so gently and softly caressed the skin of her cunt, touched it so tenderly and lightly that Anna Maria somehow sank inside and with closed eyes enjoyed the unusual caress. Without fear and somehow amazed, she allowed him to delicately feel and delicately caress her most intimate parts; she simply let him and wished more and more to go to bed and masturbate immediately. Aldo had

meanwhile taken the cock in his hand and was stroking the glans up and down her labia, gently and carefully parting her labia. Anna Maria had completely forgotten about him and didn't even register how willingly she opened up and surrendered to him as he penetrated and fucked her on his lap.

Anna Maria was far away in time and space, and a Rizzi, a much younger one than this, was inside her, thrusting back and forth. Gently her vagina embraced his erection, stroking and massaging him, feeling the thrusting and thrusting of his spear for a long time. Willingly she thrust herself toward him, feeling her vagina rubbing him demanding. Her womb held his cock tightly, rubbing and rushing him until she thought she felt his squirting. Only when he jerked to a halt did Anna look up in confusion to see that it was Aldo pumping deep inside her, trying in vain to squirt. Still completely under the spell of what she had dreamed and experienced, she listened inside herself, accepted the numb feeling of defenselessness. Resigned, somehow indifferent and yet devoted, she wanted to let Aldo squirt into her and looked at him while he strained and contorted his face.

She flinched as he roughly pulled his cock out of her vagina with his hand to quickly and wildly rub his old, gray sex. She kept her head low so that he could not see her eyes, so that he could not see that she was watching everything as if under an irresistible compulsion. Anna stared down at herself as if hypnotized to watch him masturbate, then gasped violently as he paused triumphantly and the first semen splashed over her pubic area. She cried out softly as his cock again entered her with a quick, brutal jerk through the veil of semen. She could feel exactly how he poured into her a few times. But but he impatiently pulled his cock out again and continued to masturbate, painstakingly squirting the last drops over her belly and pussy. Only when he had finished and looked at her sadly and helplessly did she disengage and leave the kitchen in shame.

Anna Maria had to look after herself, Lila, feed herself and her babies as best she could. And get enough sleep. She was dead tired sometimes, but the thought of Riccardo's child kept her going. Nothing and no one would stop her from seeing Riccardo in the eyes of the child, rediscovering him, seeing his life resurrected in the child's

life. She had to deal with Lila and the crazy old man somehow, at all costs. She avoided him for days and struggled with herself because she had given herself to him so willingly. Giuseppe and Riccardo, yes — but Uncle Aldo?

Food, good food, was only available on the black market, and she could never afford the prices there. She had no choice but to visit the greasy farmer every few days, who simply shrugged his shoulders and said that if she couldn't pay, she would have to do him another favor. As much as she was ashamed of it, she had to do it. After all, in the weeks before the catastrophe, Lila had supported the family with her body in the weeks before the catastrophe. And Anna Maria had come to understand that that was all men wanted — if nothing else, they at least wanted her to do it to them by hand.

The farmer wasn't her only customer, but they also had to offer everything they needed to survive. If she had previously given the guy all the freedom, she now began to purposefully refuse him part of the time. Now she held back when his hand wanted to wipe her thighs; he could already, she whispered stretched, but he would have to give her something more in return. When he offered something, she was either satisfied or she demanded more until he agreed. Now she relaxed and allowed his hand free access as she quickly masturbated him. She felt nothing but sexual humiliation and the pride of doing everything for her family. Basically, the whole thing was disgusting to her, except when she looked down and watched the seed shoot jerkily into her palm; it excited her strongly, and sometimes the arousal lasted until she was home or excited her again after the fact. Lila lay impassively beside her, oblivious to her secret lust.

Still Anna felt ashamed when she thought of Uncle Aldo; she avoided him and did not look him in the eye. But now Anna hurried back home as fast as she could, because Uncle Aldo was causing her a lot of problems in the meantime. His sexual escapades were becoming more unpleasant every day. When she was out, he would make advances on Lila. Heaven knows how many times he had taken her in the meantime! Anna had noticed it quite by chance and now ran as fast as her fat belly would allow, back home. Of course she caught him on Lila. She stood idly by and watched helplessly, for she

thought herself far too weak to drag the struggling old man off Lila. She thought she had come too late and could only watch Aldo gasp and spurt — she was contrite, frightened and full of guilt. Guilt because, in truth, she watched curiously and excitedly as his cock plunged deep again and again, as he gasped laboriously and squirted into Lila until he fell over exhausted. Never would she have admitted that she watched the two of them breathless with horniness, thinking only secondarily that it was wrong. Surely the pregnancy also makes me so easily aroused, she later wrote in her diary, because she still had to find an excuse for her mortal sins, the quick and secret mortal sins after watching when Aldo had fallen asleep exhausted next to Lila.

Her guilt towards Lila pressed her so much that she tried to get home in time, then she could get him before his orgasm from Lila. She scuffled with him until she got him off Lila and guided his wet cock into her own cunt, letting him fuck her, albeit plagued by intense guilt — she couldn't care less because she was already pregnant, but he wasn't allowed to impregnate his own niece, the old moron! At least that's what she thought at the time, but she still got guilty about letting him screw her.

Once she thought she had found the right trick and willingly let him watch as she undressed Lila and washed the nude girl. Now, as expected, Aldo got an erection, she teasingly slowly undressed and drew his attention, pulling him energetically to her. At first she tried to make him masturbate with her hand or let him to penetrate only when the squirting began. Later, however, he was unstoppable and wanted to ram wildly, so she kept him off her belly as best she could by lying on her side and willingly opening her thighs so he could penetrate from behind. When it was hard for him to come, she helped him squirt with gentle stroking. Slowly she lost her shyness completely and watched him closely while he fucked her. She was terribly ashamed on the one hand, because a grave mortal sin, but on the other hand she comforted herself with the thought of keeping him away from Lila. In truth, she watched him greedily and eagerly got into her horniness when he squirted inside her or pulled out his cock to finish masturbating. He does this often and it especially aroused her, and when he dozed off, she masturbated secretly.

Her fear that Lila might become pregnant grew more and more, so that she seduced Aldo at every opportunity that presented itself. Again and again, she pulled him away from Lila and teased him until he was buck stiff and he was fucking her. Soon she felt that she had best take him from the front and clamp his ass cheeks tightly with her heels, then he couldn't get out of her and lay on top of Lila. Energetically she held him with one hand away from her thick belly away, but at the same time secretly groped for her clit to arouse herself. While he fucked doggedly, she gave herself a tiny little orgasm, so inconspicuously that Aldo could not even notice it. Soon she was able to make this tiny little secret orgasm just long enough to feel his throbbing. Then she cheered him on with her heels like a horse and triumphantly thrust her abdomen at him, making him squirt in the middle of her orgasm. But this trick too did not last long.

She carefully hid her own lust from him, because she was terribly ashamed of this shameful sin and because masturbating was really a mortal sin. Her despair and contrite remorse were as genuine as her prayers of repentance, so she did everything to keep her sinful contradictions secret from him. Nevertheless, Aldo surprised her once. She was masturbating as usual with her eyes closed, pumping her thumb violently in her vagina, and was already completely out of it. She was terribly frightened when he entered her in the middle of her climax. Sobered and full of contempt, she eyed the old man who was struggling inside her, panting and gasping. No, she didn't help him this time and just scowled at him as he had to use his hand to arouse himself before he entered her again before squirting. She was very angry with him for his mugging, but secretly also because he got to squirt so easily with Lila and not with her. It was also the only time she felt disgusted when he poured himself inside her; disgust gripped her when she imagined his semen squirting into her pregnant belly.

She didn't want to let him feel the contempt, but Anna immediately noticed that Uncle Aldo began to refuse in his turn and withheld the squirting, secretly making love to Lila again. He became more and more cavalier, fucking her only briefly and listlessly, without squirting. She should do it herself, he growled gruffly and Anna Maria ducked under this unfair blow. Then he rolled around and mounted Lila despite Anna's powerless defense to fuck the defense-

less beauty. Anna felt as if he had just warmed up to her, only to explode in Lila's vagina shortly after. After that he fucked only Lila at all and completely ignored Anna Maria, who watched them silently and excited herself with her fingers. Now she didn't care if he turned around while fucking and watched her masturbate, the secret wasn't a secret anymore. Anna Maria became angry and jealous, cursing the old man's newly awakened vitality and carefully cleaning Lila's vagina; she cursed his crazy horniness that had no regard for war, struggle for survival, or taboos.

One morning Lila got up earlier than everyone else, tidied up the kitchen and living room, and announced that she was now over her illness. She could remember almost nothing that had happened in the last few weeks, not even how she had gotten under the shell. Anna Maria had told her nothing, but Lila seemed to dimly remember what Aldo had done to her during those weeks. Her sudden and complete recovery seemed miraculous to Anna Maria; gratefully she prayed that evening, thanking God for Lila's salvation.

Lila now became the sustaining force, made the wine bottles disappear again unnoticed, and in a long, serious conversation brought Uncle Aldo halfway back to his senses — Anna knew only that Aldo was drank very little and became much calmer. Nevertheless, Anna was startled when Lila continued to let Uncle Aldo have his way whenever the oats stung him and he lay with the two young women. Lila brushed aside her protests, since, after all, in their dark time anyway, and said that whether it was him or someone else, it didn't matter to her anyway, she wasn't going to have any children anyway, and immediately slapped her hand over her mouth because she had betrayed a secret. Anna tortured herself anyway, still agonized over this mortal sin, for which she blamed herself, and at first remained frozen in a pillar of salt when the two next to her fucked shameless and completely uninhibited.

Once Lila didn't feel like it, she brought wine instead and involved them in the game. Anna Maria had drunk too much with the two, which her weakened Body immediately converted into heavy drunkenness. In the intoxication she lost all inhibitions as Lila stroked her until her last bigoted scruples faded and she writhed with lust and

horniness. Soon she couldn't help but spread her thighs wide and horny from her round towering belly and willingly open herself to Lila's hand. Lila was quite drunk and masturbated her very unfocused, while Anna Maria was almost torn by shame and lust, horniness and mortal sin. Aldo gawked with bulging eyes at the lesbian lovemaking of the two girls, between his thighs greedily stirred his erection. Anna screamed with horniness that he should finally fuck her! The stinking drunk Lila helped him to climb between Anna's thighs and directed his cock, giggling, but she must have done it too well, because he squirted almost immediately, barely having thrust a few times. Lila grinned mockingly and pulled his cock out, slowly rubbing it further and letting the last drops swell on Anna's belly until he let himself fall to the side, panting. Anna thought she was choking on her horniness, and so she would never climax! The two gawked and grinned as she — half out of her mind — drove her thumb wildly into her vagina and fucked herself unrestrained and furiously until the orgasm finally released her rolling up from deep below. Afterwards Anna Maria cried bitterly and was so ashamed, that she wanted never let it get that far again. But she did.

Anna's belly was getting thicker and her compulsion to masturbate had abruptly subsided. She watched the two apathetically, without feeling the compulsive horniness. Nothing stirred in her anymore when Aldo touched her beautiful, thick belly or her labia to get erect before he fucked Lila. Anna Maria didn't feel anything anymore when Lila, who sometimes didn't feel like fucking, used her to get the old man horny. She felt nothing at all when Lila first caressed her provocatively and hornily before she Aldo masturbated with her hand.

Uncle Aldo calmed down again after a while, because he had an acute problem, and that was apparently that after Riccardo's death he was the only Rizzi still alive, and after him the family would die out — about his youngest brother Rodolfo he never thought about because they had quarreled and separated forever. Crazy or not, Lila did not have to think long: Anna Maria's child would have to become a real, recognized Rizzi!

In the weeks that now followed, she and Uncle Aldo spent every minute trying to prove Riccardo's marriage to Anna Maria. Anna Maria, who was struggling already enough with the complaints of her last pregnancy weeks on the neck didn't want to hear about it at first, didn't want to devalue all the beauty she felt for Riccardo and his unborn child. But she was no match for Lila's powers of persuasion, especially since the clever sister-in-law found a priest who was willing to perform the wedding ceremony in this case, even after the fact — according to him, completely in the spirit of the Mother Church, although everyone doubted that except him.

Anna Maria gave birth to Pico in the most intense pain, screamed half the night and gave birth to the little unlucky worm in the early morning. Exhausted and deathly tired, she looked at little Riccardo Rizzi only once, then her strength failed and she fell into a death-like sleep.

But it was months before Uncle Aldo and Lila had all the papers (and perjuries) together and the — perhaps even real — priest performed the strange wedding ceremony in the absence of the groom. Although this was not at all intended, years later Anna Maria Rizzi received an Italian widow's pension after her deceased husband, the Canoniere Riccardo Rizzi from the village of Parma in Monfalcone near Trieste.

...

Lila's Husband

Don Aldo, who remained a little whimsical, although he had given up drinking altogether, still slept in the room with the young women and fucked both of them in turn. The initial pleasure, which made the serious Anna Maria less and less comfortable, slowly wore off, as did Don Aldo's strength. He sometimes still let himself be artfully seduced by Lila, but mostly preferred Anna Maria's quiet manner.

She had become willowy and attractive again after Pico's birth and gave herself shyly to the old man, for he had become very quiet and affectionate. Lila was always touched and moved when she watched night and night Anna Maria and Don Aldo made love shyly and tenderly — it was like a mutual consolation in the pain of the climax that the two reached gently and restrainedly. Lila was considered by connoisseurs as a sinfully expensive noble whore who was really worth her money, and now often lived with her lovers for months at a time; nevertheless, she she actively supported Anna Maria financially from afar, who had remained alone with the two small children and Don Aldo. He now slept only with Anna Maria, even when Lila stayed with them for a night. Lila respected this relationship and was happy for Anna Maria that she had gotten a good man after all.

During the eight years they lived together, Anna experienced a romantic and fulfilling love life with the old man, who, despite his increasing frailty, was better to her than anyone before. Right from the beginning he taught her to increase mutual excitement together, so that the act came almost by itself. Since she came to trust Don Aldo greatly and no longer had to keep secrets from him, she realized that masturbating was her true obsession, her true fulfillment. In his presence she felt free and without sin; her excitement sometimes spilled over to him when she masturbated. Understandingly, he guided her development and honestly encouraged her the more he himself fell. He freed her from the foolishness of waiting for him old man like a self-sacrificing nun and taught her to the desire of her urges as often as she needed it. Anna Maria thanked him and gave him all her love; to the last she gave him him the wonder and warmth

of her orgasms, when all he had left were gentle embraces and astonished excitement as he watched. She held him in her arms all night, warming him like a child as he died.

After Uncle Aldo died, Lila and Anna Maria again shared the large apartment on Elizabeth Street. Lila was about 30, Anna Maria about 28. Anna Maria was reflecting on her skills in sewing, which she had learned from her mother as a young girl, and earned a little money doing it, or at least food or fabric when the clientele had no cash.

Anna Maria had told Lila her decision right after Don Aldo's funeral. She would never marry again, never meet a man again, never fuck with a man again. With Don Aldo she had experienced the most beautiful love of her life and wanted to keep this memory forever. She now belonged only to Riccardo's children, Lila and Uncle Aldo had done everything to make this legal. Now and then, when she felt very lonely, she would scurry into Lila's room at night and snuggle up to her naked, lying aroused and lascivious in the arms of her friend and let Lila, who loved lesbianism above all else, bring her to climax to the point of exhaustion. Now and then she would also stand in the bathroom to watch the girlfriend and her lover make love. But this happened less and less often, because Anna Maria became more and more twisted and bigoted, praying a lot and teaching her children strict faith and deep fear of God — she had completely lost again the freedom she had gained with Don Aldo, and grieved terribly at the compulsiveness of her sin. The estrangement between her and Lila increased, her relapses into voyeurism became more and more infrequent, and she withdrew secretly and dejectedly into her obsessive addiction with masturbating, to which she fell completely into, despite her desperate remorse. The widow Rizzi would never have understood if anyone had suggested that the paradoxical discrepancy between her lustful, sinful addiction and the bigoted popery had, from the beginning, brought Monika and Pico's attitude toward sexuality to a crooked, pinched level on which they would one day slide along as confused and addictively fixated as their mother.

Lila had only sold herself for money since the end of the war, or almost always, but she loved the changing love affairs with women more than anything, and felt freer to come and go when she and did

not have to discuss it with the humorless Anna Maria. So she had her room at the other end of the apartment and lived her own life. No, that's not true, because she took care of little Monika and little Pico just as Anna Maria did, not only sharing the money and the generous gifts she received from her lovers with Anna Maria and the little ones, but also gladly sacrificing her time when Anna Maria went to work. Her evenings, however, belonged to the "Contraband-Dolce-Vita" of Vienna, the nightlife that flourished openly or secretly, where whores, Nazis, and racketeers hung out and Lila, who often fell in love with rich men, gallant black marketeers, and bankers rich as rocks, or their wives. One evening she met her future husband Erich.

She was thunderstruck when she first met this serious war returnee, who seemed completely out of place in the establishment. Whatever might have triggered this love, she would never have been able to name the reason later. For he was so completely different from her that no one but she herself would have thought that these two people were meant for each other. After the misery of the war and the long imprisonment, which had left him wounded in body and soul, he had no zest for life, no sense of humor, no sensuality. All he wanted was to get his job back at the university, but no longer as a minor student assistant, but as a full professor. In the turmoil of the post-war period, it was sometimes enough to have knowledge and a confident demeanor were enough to be appointed. This is how Lila met her university professor and later husband. Lust for life, sensuality and sex slowly returned to his life with Lila.

She had to tell Anna about her infatuation, and this somehow had an infectious effect, and Anna followed her into bed in the evening, hesitantly at first, but full of curiosity, where Lila told her everything in great detail. In particular, she described Erich's fabulous sex in such detail that she herself became highly aroused again and made love to Anna Maria to the point of exhaustion. It may sound crazy, but during this time of engagement Lila loved her Erich during the day, at night she lay with Anna and seduced her, although Anna, contrite the other day because of her sinful actions, prayed down one Avemaria after another. The happy, enamored Lila laughed at the remorseful, bigoted Anna and seduced her again and again. The les-

bian relationships she sometimes secretly entered into when she met and fell in love with a beautiful woman had met and fallen in love, Lila concealed her Erich probably wisely.

With Erich's meager income, moving into his meager apartment was something she never really wanted to do. There was plenty of room in the Rizzis' large apartment. The wedding ceremony took place after a few weeks, and so she lived with her husband in Elisabethstraße. What Erich did not know, of course, was the relationship between Lila and Anna Maria before their marriage and the strange agreement that the two women had made at some point.

Since Erich came to live with them, Anna Maria could not well slip into bed with Lila when she felt lonely or horny. Her inner distress and inability to feel pleasure became so pressing that one day she talked to Lila about it, bashfully and full of qualms. Lila, who loved life and sex, was completely in love with her Erich and loved the whole world; she completely overlooked the fact that it was actually in ruins. Lila laughed brightly and said, "Gee, Anna, that's no problem — the hatch in the bathroom, you do remember?!"

Anna Maria had not expected it, but now she breathed a sigh of relief. Lila helped her immensely with this, and in the following time Anna's distress completely disappeared, although at the same time her religious scruples about her sinful actions grew alarmingly. The course of events might have been different if Anna Maria had not carelessly raised her quiet moaning one night. Erich jumped up as if stung by a tarantula and ran with his stiff hard-on into the adjoining bathroom, where he found Anna Maria lying on the floor next to the hatch, naked and excitedly masturbating. He screamed at her until she was just a blubbering little wretch, and he probably would have kept screaming if Lila hadn't intervened.

Calmly and with iron control, she tried to explain things to him. But Erich was actually not the gentleman who would have understood these things either, but just a nasty little philistine. That his wife should have given permission to her friend, that did not go at all into his brain, not even into his ear, he did not want to hear that! The whore was simply a mean voyeur, a morbid masturbator, fie! and

that was that! He gave Lila the choice of moving into his former pad with him, or breaking up with him. Lila, well, Lila was experienced in many things in life and would certainly have made the right decision if she hadn't been blinded by love for Erich, so she chose him, him and his musty little world. For the time being, at least.

One day she stood again in front of Anna's door, tried to excuse her teary eyes with migraine and asked for admittance. After they had drunk coffee and gossiped a bit of superficial stuff, Lila got to the point. She couldn't stay with Erich any longer, he was such a miserable small-minded person, neglected her because of his career and wouldn't tolerate her going her own way in return. He was a failure in bed, rough and without imagination and constantly threatened with separation, but she had enough now.

But it didn't go quite that easily. Just a few days later, Lila went back to Erich. Shortly thereafter she stood again before Anna Rizzi's door and howled. This went on for several weeks until she came to her very special compromise: she would stay with Erich, but she would take a lover now and then and use her former room in the Rizzis' apartment, if Anna Maria agreed. Anna Maria probably had some scruples, actually it was a grave sin, but then she took pity on Lila and nodded godly. And perhaps also in the hope of escaping her joyless everyday life through a little voyeurism and lustful sinning here and there.

Shortly after that they divorced.

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Pico being bathed by mother

Until he was 13 years old, Pico was allowed to sleep naked in his mother's bed. There was nothing wrong with that, they both slept naked since ever. After switching off the lights, they loved to give each other a hot hug and snuggle up to each other before wishing each other a good night! then she would lie on her side with her back to him. She had pushed him back angrily every time he felt her front, her breasts, her pubic area. That was sinful, she hissed as she vigorously placed his hand on her buttocks, that didn't seem sinful. Still, he groped her front every night. He caressed her bare back and flat, round ass every night as he masturbated and pressed his cock close to her buttocks. He always squirted into her butt crease or into the darkness below. She only said it was a sin during the day, at night she said nothing and would stretch her butt cheeks out for him to cum easily. As he got older, he always masturbated twice or more. At some point, he discovered that she masturbated very quickly after he fell asleep, or sometimes sooner, before he squirted the last time. She never talked about their nocturnal furtive activity.

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Since Pico no longer slept with his mother, the days dragged on, school was no longer the center of his life, rather the afternoons, which regularly alternated between play and prayer, but of course but also obsessive masturbation. On his 13th birthday, he was given his own room, the one that usually functioned as a guest room. guest room. It was the one in which he had spied on Aunt Lila and her lover a few times earlier.

Pico went regularly to church to pray at the feet of his favorite saints, but the sin grew stronger and stronger in him, no matter how long he prayed for it repentantly. At some point, his mother had managed to warn him against this mortal sin.

He came home after school, ate his lunch quickly and greedily, and retreated to his room to satisfy himself immediately — quickly,

hastily, and still half dressed. This he called the little onanism. Often, however, he had appointments for soccer or other games and postponed the big onanism to the evening and the night. Of course, he always had a guilty conscience afterwards, but he prayed diligently and asked God, St. Theresa and all the saints for forgiveness for his carnal sins.

Mostly he took a break in the afternoon to still do the homework — or at least part of it — then he undressed and masturbated as he pleased until he had had enough. A few times he was unlucky, though, because his mother caught him masturbating. Pico was terribly embarrassed and got a red head, but so did she.

The first time his mother stood under the door and watched him, then she came to the bed and carefully wiped the semen from his thighs with the bed sheet. Then she very lovingly told him to ask God to forgive him for his sin, God would understand it well, because we are all just weak people. Pico shivered because he was naked and sinful, and whispered that he was sorry with all his heart and that he would regret it with all his heart and that he would certainly never do it again.

But this was impossible, even though he prayed about it really earnestly and godly. An overpowering force forced him to commit this sin every day, so praying was of little help.

After a few days she again came surprisingly into the room and burst into his afternoon pleasure. He faltered under her stern gaze, stopped masturbating and covered himself bashfully with the sheet. But he became increasingly defiant and said — why did she have to come in, too, when she knew exactly, what he wanted to do? She had almost always been there when Aunt Lila had bathed and masturbated him, so she must know what he was doing? Doesn't she remember, that until 13 he squirted every night into the dark space below her butt crease? And when the Ambuschs lived with them ... He went on, although she blushed terribly and stopped, unsure of what to do. When he had finished, she went quietly out.

She was ashamed of herself for watching him so clumsily, and from then on she only crept quietly into the adjoining bathroom and opened the little hatch a crack, then stood behind it motionless and silently and looked in at him — about the way they had looked at that time had watched Aunt Lila and her lover together. Pico ostentatiously sat down on the bed with his legs apart, pretending not to notice that she was standing there with a flushed face. She had slipped one hand under her skirt and was rubbing herself as she watched. Initially he still felt a vague fear, but it excited him immensely to be naked in front of her; he was mostly already in the middle of masturbating when she crept to the peephole. Sometimes, of course, Pico just imagined she was there. But even when she wasn't there, he listened for any sound and rubbed with relish, getting excited at the thought that she might be watching him. Pico rubbed and rubbed on and on until he had to squirt, deliberately turning as he squirted so that she could see everything, if she was there at all.

Later, he always sat upside down on the bed, at the edge of the bed and his face turned toward the bathroom. He would sit very close to the peephole, completely naked, and masturbate while sitting. Then he blinked and under his eyelashes he glanced furtively at the little sliding door and saw her eyes. He felt that very special horniness again when he showed himself naked to her and always masturbated for a very long time until he imagined or thought he heard that his mother had finished masturbating and went out again quietly.

Never speaking of it again, she forbade nothing and let him. Somehow it seemed that sometimes she really wanted to see it and he really wanted to show himself naked, only that was not allowed to happen completely openly happen; Pico vaguely suspected that it had something to do with that secret when they overheard Aunt Lila and her lover and his mother had rubbed herself to the point of trembling. It drove her, in spite of her prudish embarrassment and godliness to watch him again and again, and he had to be almost compulsively exhibitionistic in masturbating in front of her, although she only from time to time spied on him.

Pico's prayers became more and more desperate, his sins more and more frequent. How could he kneel before the statue of St.

Theresa, when a few minutes before or after he masturbated, indulging in the lowest of all of carnal sins? How could he be God-fearing if he took advantage of his mother's conflict as often as he could? Oh, Saints, forgive me poor sinner, Amen! Pico closed his eyes and thought of the masturbation in his mother's marital bed; of his fantasies of fucking her and of that one time when he was very unsure if it had been just a fantasy...

Days later, as Pico sat in the bathtub, thinking quite longingly of Aunt Lila while he washed himself, he called for his mother to please soap his back. She came, looked sheepishly at his stiff cock and silently soaped his back, rubbing his chest with the washcloth. When she soaped his thighs, unintentionally grazing his cock, Pico immediately had an unprovoked ejaculation; his mother jerked back and looked puzzled at the cock, which spurted of its own accord. Only after a pause did she approach again and finished washing him. At first he wanted to die of shame, but then he said defiantly that in the past Aunt Lila had also bathed and rubbed him. Besides, she knew all about it, since he had been allowed to sleep with her in the past — Pico let the sentence hang loosely in the air, because he did not dare to be more specific and watched the panic-stricken butterflies fleeing in her eyes. The mother nodded as if absent-mindedly and looked very uncertain. "Besides, I so more often do bathe," Pico put cheekily calculating after.

Several days passed before she answered his call from the bathroom again. But she only soaped his back more and avoided any touch that would have aroused him further. Nevertheless, after some time he again almost burst with horniness and now himself spread the foam on his his abdomen, rubbing the cock with foam. Pico's mother immediately dropped the washcloth, went over to his room and fiddled nervously in the linen box. Pico, meanwhile, was almost bursting with excitement and immediately started masturbating after she went into the other room. He paid no attention to the loud splashing he was making and became much more excited because his Mother looked up from her fiddling and looked over. Later, as he sank back wearily and rested his head on the bathtub, she came back in and reminded him to pray after bathing and to ask forgiveness for

this self-abuse. Then she stroked his head and murmured in bigoted despair that he was such a good boy after all.

In the weeks that followed, she usually shook her head vigorously when he called her to soap up; go ahead, she called back, I'm busy! She came less and less often to bathe Pico, for she was ill and sometimes felt so broken and miserable that she only sat down exhaustedly beside him on the stool to soap him in front, on his chest and legs. Pico somehow came to realize that she was afraid of the situation when he looked at her; when he closed his eyes while doing so, she was less afraid and stayed, perhaps because she felt herself less watched.

As time went by, Pico became familiar with the situation and waited until the excitement became almost unbearably strong while being lathered. His ailing mother, who had soaped his chest, exhausted and tired, shook her head in mute exasperation as Pico leaned back with his eyes closed afterwards, began to masturbate slowly and deliberately, thinking of Aunt Lila. Nevertheless, she watched in fascination and absentmindedly ran back and forth with the washcloth on his thigh and stopped abruptly when he squirted. She watched his squirting completely and held her breath until it was completely over. Sometimes she would stroke his head afterwards, "My big, stupid boy!"

A few days passed again until the mother gave in again and came to soap him up. Again Pico waited until she had soaped his whole body, until the excitement had increased to infinity, before he closed his eyes and began to masturbate. Suddenly, his sister burst in just as he was about to squirt. His mother immediately bent over him and covered his cock with both hands. Pico, already deeply immersed in his phantasies, masturbated faster and faster, causing a loud, rapid splashing in the water. Then the mother said said somewhat gruffly over her shoulder to her sister that she should wait outside, that she could see that her brother was being bathed! Monika had grasped the situation with a glance, because Pico was masturbating all the time, completely out of it, and exactly at that moment his cock exploded. The mother remained rigid, he continued to rub violently and squirted into her warm, protective hands. She clenched her lips as it

spilled in bursts into her palm and slowly out between her fingers. Monika turned to go, grumbling; but only after the door had closed completely behind her sister did her mother let go of him and wash the semen from her fingers. “This is going to put me in my grave,” she muttered, “I hope Monika didn’t catch anything!”

Once again, Pico bathed alone for a while because his mother had said she preferred him to bathe alone. Pico simply did not understand why she sometimes as if under compulsion came, and at other times remained steadfastly away. Her ambivalence had been bothering him ever since he caught her watching voyeuristically, ever since he knew that she watched Aunt Lila’s emergency treatments compulsively and curiously, always rubbing herself under the skirt. Pico instinctively sensed that she liked to watch and yet at the same time suspected the lash of bigoted prudery that was mercilessly lashing out at her.

One day, nevertheless, she came again and soaped him up. Pico remained sitting stock-still for a few minutes, between the mixed mills of wanting to exhibit and a diffuse fear, while his mother patiently washed his thighs and legs, looking at him a few times in between. She looked at him a few times, embarrassed; she knew what would happen next. She looked at his hard-on and then back at his face, trying to estimate when it would be so far. After a short while, Pico was so horny that he absolutely had to masturbate. His mother stopped washing his legs and remained sitting stock-still. Her face reflected curiosity and sheer lust, but also insecurity and desperation, while he masturbated. Only, when it finally splashed, her rigidity dissolved.

Pico suffered agony, for he had now become an exhibitionist and onanist through and through, sinful and depraved, although his mother only rarely came up in the afternoon to “catch” him masturbating in the room and also left him alone more and more often when bathing. Sometimes, however, she gave in to the inner compulsion and soaped him up. When he started his act, she wanted to get up and go out, but he held her back by the hand, clutching her hand. She sat down with her back to the door on the stool and covered the view of his monstrosity, but was somehow infected by his arousal

and remained as if hypnotized. She remained silent and restrained until Pico was ready, pressing a hand to her sick, aching heart, because it was pounding so hard. As Pico's arousal rose, he pulled her hand onto his cock, which she was reluctant to allow at first. Then he pulled her warm palm to his testicles to feel the warmth and her gentle stroking while he masturbated; felt the warm touch of her hand, pressed the glans against her palm, and masturbated as fast as he could. When it came, he looked gasping into the face of his Mother's face, which seemed almost forbidding as he squirted it all into her hand and let it spill over her fingers. When he let go and sank back, she would pull her hand back almost in disgust and wash it. She said nothing, though, and just shook her head in exasperation before leaving.

Pico grew bolder each time after Monika told him her mother's secrets during her sneakings and cleverly chose the time to to tell the mother. His horniness stopped at nothing: he blackmailed and forced her to masturbate him by hand. She froze to Stone, but Pico kept talking until he guessed that he had won and she had almost given up her inner resistance. The first time she did it very, very hesitantly, and Pico noticed how hard it was for her. Because it was too slow for him, he pressed his cock into her palm and rubbed very quickly himself. He held her hand vigorously so that she could not pull it away while he squirted into the palm. She didn't like that much though, and she reluctantly let it happen.

Surprisingly, his naughty blackmail worked, and she seemed to find it easier and easier. By no means did she want to repeat Lila's long, seething procedures, but to get it over with as quickly as possible. The procedure, repeated three or four times a week, almost always remained the same: he looked meaningfully at his mother before going into the bathroom and sitting in the tub. She also no longer stood shyly beside him, but sat next to the tub and leaned over him. Still, she seemed impassive, while she rubbed him quickly and skillfully to orgasm in the following months — if she had been curious and excited before, she now seemed serious and matter-of-fact like a workman simply doing his job. The shy, anxious play had become become disillusioned seriousness. She rubbed Pico quickly, who splashed after a short time — it went easier, she thought, than it

ever did with the peasant in the black market or with Don Aldo. It went easier, she thought, when one had sold one's soul to the devil. Every time she had to think back to the time when Pico still had to had to sleep in her bed, masturbating and pressing his cock on her butt crease and squirting from behind on her cunt.

Pico became bolder as time went on and palpated her breast while she masturbated him. Anna Maria involuntarily thought of Don Aldo as he held onto her thighs or her buttocks and made Pico squirt violently while she sighed in thought. Anna Maria closed her eyes and kept thinking about what it had been like with Don Aldo when Pico clawed into her breast in orgasm. When he first reached under her housedress, she resisted silently and futilely and not really seriously, for he remained persistent in his horniness and groped her nakedness, although at first he felt great fear in doing so. Pico, who in the past would never have dared to touch her cunt, now touched her clumsily and erratically. More and more often she let herself be carried away by her fantasies and dreamed that it was Don Aldo who was groping her, while she quickly gave it to Pico. Surrendered, she got used to the fact that in his excitement he touched her completely shamelessly before he squirted and said nothing even when the impudent boy inserted his finger into her vagina. She sat with her legs wide apart so that he would not hurt her and let him. She had finally given up.

Once she murmured that Aunt Lila had probably been right, but Pico didn't understand the connection and was also just too busy with himself.

All this stopped abruptly when his mother became seriously ill and was hospitalized.

Monika and the Thing with Al-ice

After being seduced by the old Weber, he indulged in the new vice as often as he was alone and undisturbed, forgive us poor sinners, Amen! In the fantasies he had while doing so, Monika, the old Weber and the beautiful aunt Lila danced a mad dance; Mother of God, help us poor sinners, Amen! The dark and obscure hints in the religion lessons he could now why God and nature were so contradictory, when the One is supposed to have created everything else? Why the other behaved in such a way, turned openly against the One?

Probably he, Mrs. Weber, and perhaps even his dearly beloved Lila were among those who served the Damned; but his family, his sister were clean and pure; no, they did no such thing! Contrite, his lust ended in desperate prayers and desperate pleas for the Saints to forgive his carnality.

When Aunt Lila came to visit, Pico's room was prepared for her, and since Pico was already too old to sleep with his mother, he slept in the room of his sister Monika, whom, by the way, he thought for a long time was completely innocent. Once, when he had come to her room, she was lying in bed with her head red, sweaty and panting, but he thought nothing of it. Nor did he think anything when once, on entering, he just saw her lying naked under the covers on her stomach, pressing her abdomen rotating against the mattress — as soon as he came in, she immediately stopped and remained lying with eyes closed. As said, he didn't think anything of it, he thought his sister was an innocent angel, after all she had no cock to wank, like him, the depraved subject. Often, however, he would see St. Theresa lying in bed instead of her, and he would cast down his eyes in shame, forgive us poor sinners, Amen! — Only after his experience with Mrs. Weber was his belief in her innocence shaken.

Aunt Lila now stayed with them for a long time, so Pico slept in Monika's room all the time. One morning he woke up he woke up

very early and saw her lying there. The thin sheet of that hot night had been almost entirely pulled aside, one hand was on her chest, her legs were slightly open and one knee bent, she was sleeping deeply and peacefully. He could see between the sparse pubic hairs indistinctly and dimly see the small gap of her cunt between her legs and immediately became horny. Soon the horniness prevailed over the fear of being caught, he quietly flipped back his sheet and quietly jerked away. While he squirted high into the air he stared over at her slit and held his breath. Then he closed his eyes, prayed long and hard for forgiveness, and lay there exhausted.

One morning he was awakened by a soft sound. Pico opened his eyelids a crack and saw her pressing a hand between her tightly clenched thighs, jerking her pelvis wildly back and forth, gasping intermittently, although she was trying very hard to be silent and not to not to wake him. She kept her eyes tightly closed as she continued to thrust her pelvis against her hand in a thrusting manner. For a long time Pico watched her and felt his cock begin to throb, very quietly and carefully he rubbed his cock under the blanket. Immediately he remembered the stories of the old Weber. Lila, Mrs. Weber — and now Monika!

She quickly thrust her hand between her thighs a couple of times, spread them and let the hand circle frantically on the mons pubis, only to immediately slam her thighs together again and contort her face into a wild, excited grimace. Pico didn't know how long she had been doing her orgy now, but now he couldn't stand it anymore with horniness, he didn't care if she saw him or not and flipped back his sheet, spread his legs and squirted high in the air, the semen slapped his belly and Pico jerked and jerked with his eyes closed until nothing more came. When Pico slowly opened his eyes again, he saw that Monika was also lying there panting, covering herself with the sheet and looking at him from wide eyes. Pico got a red head and pulled the sheet in front of his face as well, ashamed.

Monika and he had never talked about it until now; their mother had impressed upon them that one did not talk about such things. Pico suspected that she had often watched him masturbate, but only now protested because she saw herself caught. Moreover, this protest

was completely dishonest, because the very next evening she pretended to be asleep, but bent her legs and spread them slightly. Completely by accident, of course. Pico was still having second thoughts, but when he assumed she was fast asleep, he jerked off firmly, letting it squirt pleasantly high.

Once or twice this was repeated, and Pico soon discovered that after that Monika was just waiting until he was fast asleep to masturbate. So he devised a strategy to fake sleep; now he could sometimes watch Monika quietly and secretly playing her games. He felt it unfair that she in turn provoked him and more or less blatantly watched his eruption; on the other hand, she somehow excluded him because she herself only masturbated secretly. But he was far too afraid of the unknown, of women in general, to approach her outright about it.

It was also at this time that Aunt Lila began to bathe and masturbate him properly, and that Monika burst into the bathroom while his mother was bathing him and rubbing his cock with great practice. Monika, of course, interrogated him afterward through the teeth, and what he obviously concealed she fabulated aloud, musing on it, until she knew everything, or almost everything. Pico tried to defend himself, saying that he also knew something about Mrs. Weber, the crazy old woman. At first Monika didn't hear this little side sentence, but then she asked him what he knew that was so important. Pico was silent at first, then he told what old Weber had told him. Monika was at first angry, then she grinned and said, so what, there's probably nothing to it.

Anyway, that gave their secrecy a new kick. Monika teased him and challenged him openly. But Pico was much too frightened and too accomplished to react, felt agonizing fear because Monika now knew everything, and Monika was obviously annoyed at the failure of her lure. Following a sudden impulse, she slid out of her bed with a catlike movement and sat down at the end of his bed. He froze as she straddled his bed and looked at him unblinkingly. His freeze did not dissolve even when Monika hesitantly and still a little uncertainly ran a hand under the sheet along his leg and felt his cock, his balls. While

he still did not respond, she pushed her thin shirt up to her belly button and slowly pulled the shirt off her body.

Naked Monika whispered that she had heard everything and opened her thighs a little. Pico looked at her cleft in the dim light and choked on the lump that was in his throat, feeling his loins begin to burn. She went on whispering that she had seen him do it in front of his mother in the bathroom and the mother was rubbing his cock and making him squirt. Monika tugged a little on her labia. Once, she whispered further, she had watched him and Aunt Lila bathe through the crack in the little window and stroked her fingertips over his cock inquiringly. Then Monika giggled that she had watched her mother a few times when she retreated to the bedroom to masturbate after bathing him and masturbating him to squirt. Pico suddenly saw these images in front of him and now his cock became so urgently stiff that he secretly jerked off while she continued to tell. No, Pico breathed dully, that mustn't be, not my mother! Yes, whispered Monika, I'm really not lying! Then she continued whispering, telling everything in such detail that Pico had to believe it. A strange, feverish power had taken possession of him, urging him to masturbate without regard for his surroundings. Pico jerked off like a man possessed, and Monika kept talking while she curiously watched him jerk off. She realized abruptly how much Pico was turned on by this story. Now she told everything as it was.

How the mother, after she had bathed Pico and he had jerked off in the process, did it, in the bedroom, on the bed. Pico almost cried out, so wildly he had to jerk off while he squirted in a fountain. As Monika could watch them through the crack in the window from the living room. Pico's loins were on fire and he whispered, no, not our mother! Yes she was, Monika said, I was only 9 or 10 at the time, that's when I first saw it at all, when Aunt Lila was visiting and I slept with my mother. She thought I was already asleep when she came back from her observation post, but I was still awake and saw everything as she did it. Since then, I've been secretly doing it too. I swear it's the truth!

Pico's heart was pounding furiously, he shook his head in denial and kept silent. His cock was still semi-stiff, and as he listened to her,

he became horny again and continued to stroke himself. Then Monika whispered that later her mother had surprised her a couple of times at that, but with time she, Monika, didn't care anymore. Pico began to get stiff again and masturbated; by now he didn't care that Monika was looking at him. Monika wanted to make him horny again and continued in a hoarse whisper: once she even got the devil to ride her, she did it openly before her mother when she came to bed. How did she do it then, Pico pressed out between his teeth, while he continued to jerk violently. She pulled back the covers back and straddled her thighs wide, and then she did it, Monika told him, waiting anxiously to see if Pico squirted again. Her mother looked confused and desperate and didn't know where to look, but she didn't say anything and watched only. Monika now spread her thighs and pretended to play with her clit; that's how I did it, she giggled, and whispered that later she did it again and again on purpose to excite the mother. Pico jerked off wildly, but he couldn't squirt anymore and stopped.

The mother only pretends to be so pious, especially in front of other people, whispered Monika, feeling Pico's cock. She was bent on watching Aunt Lila and her lovers and doing it herself the same time; mendacious that was, yes really, and a fair amount of genuine indignation and contempt resonated in her voice. Pico crowded his cock in her hand because he was getting hornier and hornier. It was not unselfish for the mother to bathe Pico and make him squirt, she whispered. Or, if she allowed it to produce itself in front of her mother to excite her, whispered Monika in a quivering voice, as if only today she understood the deeper meaning of her own words. Pico squirmed sickly with excitement, rubbing his cock in Monika's hand.

Monika watched sometimes kind of haughty and satisfied as he struggled with himself, smiling as she continued to play with her cleft and rubbed the clit a little. She continued to quietly whisper little secrets, which excited him a lot. The best way she could get him excited was by describing meticulously, down to the smallest detail, how the mother masturbated; of course, Monika soon proceeded to make up just about everything freely and to embellish. He squirmed as Monika let go of her clit and pulled her labia apart with her fingers.

Monika reached for him and weighed his cock in her hand with satisfaction, then said that it needed to grow a bit more, then she wanted to try it once. Obediently he masturbated and looked as if hypnotized in the dim light at her cleft and clit. He didn't dare touch it and stared at Monika with calf eyes as she continued to tug at herself. He guessed that this was to excite him, not her. Later, she held his cock tightly, rubbed her clit, and kept talking, and Pico got hornier the more she talked, and the more she talked, the hornier he got, grinding his hard-on impatiently in her hand.

Pico did not know then how the mechanisms of power worked, did not know why he was fearful and lascivious at the same time the moment eagerly awaited the moment, until Monika fell silent and masturbated him completely absorbed. "Faster, harder!" he gasped, and Monika's long hair fell on his balls and tickled him. It took a hell of a long time this time, and her thighs and pubic cleft tightened as she straddled him, rubbing him firmly and vigorously. A couple of times she had to stop and take the other hand, but then she grinned at him with a distorted face as he squirted, tormented and yet somehow liberated. Almost nothing came, but she smiled contentedly and finally let him sleep.

The next time Pico knew from the start how it would go on. Monika practiced her new position of power, and no sooner had they gone to bed than Monika slipped under the covers with him, stripped off her nightgown and lay provocatively next to him. He enjoyed her gentle rubbing and caressing. She wanted to do it to him again, she whispered after a while and squatted down on his thighs. Pico knew how it would go on, because the ritual always remained the same; nevertheless, he was afraid of being discovered and of his big sister in general. Whispering softly, she told about masturbating with the Ambusch girls, that gave material for many evenings. She plucked at her cleft, directly in front of his cock, rubbing her clit teasingly in between and let him watch while his cock grew and soon towered between her thighs like a small tree trunk. She usually stopped before she had an orgasm. Then she slid forward until her cleft touched his sack and pushed the cleft even farther, wedging his cock between her labia. She was not satisfied until his cock was sticking out between her labia.

As she jerked him, she whispered that it looked like it was her own cock she was rubbing. Full of fear and excitement, Pico held his breath, looking only at her small breasts and the pointed teats of her chest, which as she masturbated him trembled and bobbed when she got into it. Pico was afraid of her, not daring to touch her and feeling with amazement at the strangely arousing sensation when his cock touched Monika's wet and warm cleft. She grinned, because when she pressed her cleft against his cock while jerking off, Pico got so excited that he soon squirted. Grinning, she held his cock forward like a fire hose, rubbing and squirting everything on his belly until nothing came. For her, this feeling of power, of dominating her little brother, and the throbbing of his cock that she felt with her clit, was highly arousing. When Pico fell asleep, she would sneak back into her bed to savor this arousal. These orgasms were almost better than the secret ones when she was alone.

"Pico," Monika said one day, "I have to talk to you!". She fussed for some time, then asked him if he knew Alice, with whom she was currently close friends. Pico nodded and said that yes, he had seen her once or twice. Then Monika said that Alice would like to see that too, and if that would that was possible. Pico was a little scared at first, but Monika said she could keep her little secret, couldn't she? How it will be with Alice? asked Pico.

Monika said Alice wanted to see his cock, Pico nodded. And the squirting too. Pico looked at her lurking from below and asked what he would get for it? Monika thought, then she said, "I can make Alice do it, masturbate, all right?", but Pico grumbled and Monika added, "I can make Alice do it, and you can watch. You like, don't you?" Pico thought that this was not a fair business, but Monika pushed him until he agreed.

The next day, Monika took Alice up to the attic. Nothing got going at first, the conversation faltered. Alice, who was only slightly younger than her, was a simple-minded chatterbox, small and round and terribly curious. Monika brought up again the boys who had lain on the lap of the old Weber, and Alice blurted out that Monika and she herself too had also been laying on the lap of the old Weber! Monika was a bit annoyed, but she didn't say anything. Then Alice

said, how does that work, to rub the cock so that it squirts? And whether one could see that times?

Monika brought the “showing himself” into play and said, if he, then you too. Alice shook her head vigorously, and Monika talked at her for a long time. Pico nodded only when Alice said yes after a long palaver. Then all three rather awkwardly took off their pants, sat down opposite each other, and looked at each others nudity. Especially Alice’s cleft fascinated him, for while Monika’s was only a pale line in the sparse tuft of hair, Alice’s vaginal entrance between the two thick bulges appeared to him like a burst open red fruit, had blossomed erotically like languishing lips. Pico could feel the burst fruit, which seemed to be quite reddened and chafed and her bulges in the black curl almost not see enough.

Monika wanted to act strong in front of Alice, as she leaned over and carefully grabbed Pico’s cock. He was at first far too frightened to get horny at Alice’s watching, and stunned, he allowed Monika to turn his best piece, soft and anxiously small, back and forth in her hand, squeezing demandingly. Until now, this had been their secret. Pico winced painfully when she surprisingly and quickly pulled the foreskin down and exposed the glans. Alice could not get out of her amazement and forgetting any fear, looked astonished at her taller girllfriend, who expertly grasped the shaft and again pulled the foreskin down. In his fear, Pico was hardly aroused, Monika naturally produced herself in front of Alice and rubbed faster to make his cock stiffer. Of course, nothing happened at first, nothing at all.

Alice was visibly disappointed. Monika condescendingly said he might not be able to today and let him go. Pico covered him with both hands and said defiantly that of course he could, but only if they did it too. The two looked at each other, Alice shook her head in horror and said, “no way!” Monika hypocritically asked again if he really wanted it? Pico felt the thing under his hands, slowly took it aside and let her see the miracle of the erection again. He swelled and swelled, while he looked between the girls’ legs.

Monika said firmly that would be fine for her. Alice shook her head again and was about to leave, but Monika held her back, talked

at her again. Yes, fine, we'll do it. Alice looked at her very uncertainly and then looked at the floor. Monika said, well, let's get started!

Pico looked fascinated at Monika, who was now licking off a finger and starting to rub her clit. Pico knew that this was just for show, because when she really did it, (and she only did it when she thought she was alone and unwatched), she didn't rub the clit around in such a maniacal way, but pushed the middle finger firmly into the vagina and let it slip out again, letting the fingertip slide over the clit as it slipped out. Not only was Pico watching Monika, but so was Alice. The longer Monika did her mock masturbation, the more restless and aroused Alice became, absentmindedly tugging at her burst fruit. Her bulges were swollen thick and slowly turning deep red, and after pushing her abdomen forward a bit, she spread the bulges with her fingers, pushing them out a bit and letting the clit peek out at the top. Alice looked with half-open mouth at Monika and rhythmically dabbed at her clit, which peeked out from under a hooded fold.

Monika continued her mock masturbation, gesturing to Pico with her eyes and grinning as Alice slowly became truly aroused, rubbing the tiny red tip of her clit as if absent-mindedly. Monika pretended to be God-knows-how much aroused, and gasped mendaciously. Alice contorted her face painfully, for the burning of her clit had not yet been extinguished. Soon the little wretch turned fiery red and became firm, protruding a few millimeters between the bulges. Alice was now obviously really horny, closed her eyes and continued to rub her clit fast and hard, seeming to have forgotten Pico and Monika who were watching her spellbound. Alice had forgotten everything around her and rubbed herself as if out of her mind, her body wiggling to the rhythm of her finger. More and more her thighs opened, more and more the red fruit opened. Suddenly she flinched and, with a distorted face, pressed her hands onto between which the little clit nodded its head thoughtfully. Pico had been watching Alice all along as she watched Monika masturbate along unconsciously, but now his cock throbbed as he watched Alice's clit in orgasm twitching.

This is what Monika had been waiting for. Suddenly she bent over and grabbed Pico's cock in a flash. She began to rub him so violently, as she had done it many times before, that he almost lost his hearing

and sight. It lasted only a few seconds, then Pico squirted in a wide arc, twitching a jet shot out of the glans, which Monika's fist held tightly. Pico tried to hold back the squirting, but jet after jet slapped the floor because Monika kept vigorously pulling back the foreskin.

Pico awoke from his torpor, both girls laughed, and Alice carefully touched his cock, feeling with her fingertip for the semen that had slapped the floor. She was so absorbed in these discoveries that she forgot all sense of shame and Pico stared fascinated into Alice's cleft. Why her vagina was so reddened, he asked suspiciously, and Monika mumbled, that comes from masturbating so much. Alice, the childishly-naive girl, nodded eagerly. She masturbated every day at least ten times, sometimes more, if it drove her to it.

After some time, Monika looked up and Pico gestured with her eyes, now it was her turn to do her part of the business. Monika said to Alice that it was now her turn. When Alice protested that she had just done it before, she angrily drove at Monika. Her commanding tone made Alice wince, obediently spreading her thighs and parting her fruit with her fingers. With childish eagerness, she immediately began to masturbate her clit as she had purposefully done before, but stopped immediately and looked cowardly over at Pico. "I don't want him to watch!" she complained, "I can't do it like this!"

Monika said "you cowardly bitch!", reaching down in a flash to Alice's cleft and letting her finger rotate on her clit. Alice ran turkey red and tried to pull away, but Monika held her down with her other hand like a vice. She hissed to Pico to hold on Alice's kicking legs. Pico knelt down, held Alice's knees and spread them vigorously. Monika continued to rub the girls clit, grinning. Alice took it, though she seemed to resist valiantly at first, but against Pico's strong arms and her own longing for the wonderfulness of being masturbated by Monika, she just couldn't compete. Alice resisted only a little, her resistance flagged and she let it happen now, could do nothing at all against the fact that her legs opened slowly and insistently as if by themselves.

Now Monika pulled the two thick bulges and the pink folds that were underneath apart with her fingers until the clit came out a little.

Then she licked one finger, stuck it deep into Alice's vagina, and continued to vigorously rub Alice's clit with her other hand. Pico held Alice's knee and watched with wide opened eyes.

Monika became more and more obsessed and did not leave it at simple masturbation. Alice was panting with her protruding calf eyes more and more violently, and it seemed as if her pelvis was making pumping movements, as if she was pushing again and against Monika's fingers, who now said with a gasp, "Now it's coming for her!". Monika didn't let go, Pico still pressed Alice's thighs firmly apart, staring in fascination at the throbbing of her clit and her quivering fruit, which flapped silently open and closed like a fish's mouth, seeming to virtually suck itself to Monika's finger. Pico had to grip Alice very tightly until Monika had triggered the orgasm with Alice's clit. Alice had gone pale and was already twitching violently, then screamed "No!" as Monika continued to masturbate her violently throughout her orgasm, wildly humping her vagina with her finger. She didn't let go of Alice until the rolling motions stopped completely and Monika grinningly pulled her finger out of Alice's vagina. Monika laughed dirty as Alice howled in pain, arousal and exhaustion after the orgasm.

What Monika wanted most was to do violence to Alice.

Monika had won, somehow she was actually concerned with that power she herself had experienced with Mrs. Weber. She could let Pico squirt whenever she wanted, and likewise she could masturbate Alice whenever she wanted. She herself only ever masturbated alone and secretly, Pico knew that, often pretending to be asleep to watch her do it. But he was secretly annoyed that Monika knew almost everything about him by now and he knew nothing about her; his feeling demanded compensation.

He was perhaps nastier than she was, for he whispered to Monika a few days later that perhaps one day they could squirt on Alice's bulges while masturbating. Cleverly he manipulated his sister until she — of course of her own accord — came to the conclusion that one could also squirt between the bulges, perhaps even on the cleft between the bulges. Now he pretended to be hypocritical and horrified,

until she promised to thread it cleverly with Alice. As a final trump card to make the recalcitrant compliant, she hinted she vaguely hinted that they would do it to her later, too, the splashing on her cunt, if he would go along with “her” idea. Pico got a fiery red head, because he had imagined that a thousand times.

But everything ended abruptly because the experiment went thoroughly wrong.

However, Monika had thought it all over and winked at Pico that everything was settled with Alice. Mercifully, she left it to Alice to masturbate Pico, but held her back long before he had to squirt. Now Pico had to hold Alice down, and Monika began to masturbate her. Pico had knelt down as usual, but this time with a freshly stiffened cock that was expectantly bursting stiff, and held Alice’s knees. Alice was rapidly approaching orgasm, as Monika masturbated her masterfully. When Alice was already quite greedy for release, Monika surprisingly let go of her and turned to Pico to masturbate him. Alice gasped, because she was already very aroused, and protested loudly that she had not come yet, but Monika just went “Shh!, shh!” and hissed that she was only doing what they had discussed and it was quite all right that way. Slowly Monika pulled him forward until his glans touched Alice’s soft bulge.

Monika groped Alice with her free hand in a gratifying manner. Then she rubbed Alice’s clit until she sighed loudly and began to rotate her pelvis. Monika meanly let off from her again before the orgasm came and now rubbed Pico again, very hard. But Alice was already panting with greed and couldn’t wait any longer. Pico stared at Alice, who rubbed quickly and hastily, trying to trigger her orgasm herself, and felt his squirt coming. Monika pulled him forward so surprisingly that the cock dug deep between Alice’s wet bulges, pressed his exploding cock ironically and deeply into Alice’s pulsating vagina and held it tightly. She wanted to feel it with her fingers, the squirting! Monika rubbed Alice tightly as Pico’s first jet shot into Alice’s vagina. He paused motionless, no more squirting. Monika stared at Alice’s vagina where his cock was sticking in.

Monika's masturbating finger kept touching his hard-on. He suddenly awakened, Monika brought the completely introverted Alice into a trance-like state. Alice contorted her face in the many small orgasms before the big orgasm and he began to frantically fuck inside her red, obscenely open fruit. Monika kept her girlfriend at a high orgasm level as Pico began to squirt.

He thrust, gasping, and squirted a rich jet into Alice's vagina each time. Monika masturbated Alice with firm, long strokes, with her other hand she held Pico's cock very tightly and rubbed each time she felt him squirt, letting his jet of semen shoot deep into Alice's vagina. While he was still thrusting and squirting like crazy, Monika triggered Alice's big orgasm when she felt him squirt. Alice's womb exploded and she calmed down almost instantly. He kept thrusting and squirting for what seemed like an eternity. Alice cried out in horror, "He's squirting in, oh God, he's squirting in!" — She stared in horror at her blood-red swollen cleft and at the cock thrusting in and out frantically. She was paralyzed with horror, she had of course let herself be fucked several times before, but never had she let the boy squirt in!

Pico's squirting ebbed away, but he continued to fuck Alice's obscene little hole unceasingly, though he could squirt out almost nothing. Monika held his cock tightly and concentrated on Alice's clit. She brought the girl to climax in a few minutes, Alice exploded and pulled Pico with her. He squirted into Alice's orgasming vagina in thick, rich jets, jet after jet, with the blissful feeling of giving it all now. Alice faltered and froze in horror, reaching down with her hand where Pico thrust and squirted, thrust and squirted quite hard. It took a very long time for Alice to awaken from her frozen horror. "My God! — He's squirting into me! He's squirting into me!" Alice continued to screech, kicking at him and tearing herself away. He was so perplexed that he forgot he should have been holding her like a vice. Monika let go of his stiff cock in bewilderment and rushed after Alice. Pico looked in amusement at his semen, which oozed out agonizingly slowly, and remained squatting wearily on his heels while the two girls screamed at each other for a while longer and then Alice ran away — forever.

Mrs. Mader helps out

Pico's mother had been in the hospital for several weeks and a neighbor, Mrs. Mader, came to help out around the house. She had two small daughters of her own, her husband had left her, and she got by with cleaning and other unskilled labor for herself and the children; she did not remarry and had no lovers, although she was only in her mid-thirties. She was small, plump, and very industrious; soon the household shined as if a handful of slaves were toiling here.

That Pico was a well-behaved learner, God-fearing, and hardworking initially impressed Mrs. Mader as much as his frequent churchgoing. Of course, Mrs. Mader didn't need to be a clairvoyant to correctly interpret the stains on his bedding and his afternoon activities.

Just a few days after she took office, he heard her quietly sneaking into the bathroom. Pico sat naked on his bed, stopped masturbating and listened. She quietly slipped through the bathroom and pushed the wooden sliding door of the hatch a tiny bit; an eye appeared in the gap. A hot wave went through Pico, he was already very horny and was convulsively thinking whether he dared or not. His cock stood erect as stiff as a poker, he was highly aroused and did not think any further, but masturbated quickly and splashed lustfully high into the air.

Then, unobtrusively, he glanced back at the crack that had closed and heard Frau Mader creep out, quietly, though of course the wooden floor creaked treacherously in familiar places. His racing heartbeat subsided; he had successfully overcome the first fear and now knew that Frau Mader was very curious and would not reproach him. His urge to exhibit had apparently found a new victim.

The following days he spent a lot of time in the room, jerking off as often as he could. The eye, however, appeared only once briefly and disappeared almost immediately. Pico thought excitedly of the eye that might be lurking behind the slit and jerked off several times in a row that afternoon. But all remained silent, the eye did not reap-

pear. Mrs. Maderwar was curious, but she apparently did not need repetitions. The days now passed again in disappointing loneliness.

One of the next days, Pico had a slight fever and stayed home. Mrs. Mader took care of her sick person, brought him breakfast and later a snack. Around noon, she finished cleaning and Pico was already halfway healthy again. He was masturbating under the covers when Mrs. Mader came into his room to check on her patient before going home. Did he need anything else, she asked, and Pico moaned that she should sit with him for a moment. Mrs. Mader apparently suspected nothing and sat down at the edge of the bed with a questioning face. He continued to carefully rub and jerk off under the covers, looking at her from under half-closed eyelids. Mrs. Mader apparently still didn't notice anything and asked what else he needed, but Pico only made a moaning sound and continued to masturbate even more uninhibitedly, regardless of the fact that she was beginning to get suspicious of his she was beginning to get suspicious of his wiggling. But she pretended not to notice and simply remained seated, smiling, waiting to see what would happen now, while he was under under the covers, masturbating more and more violently.

After a while he carefully put a hand on her thigh and tentatively palpated it, but she pretended not to notice his groping hand and looked smilingly at the bedspread, which by now was shaking violently. Pico had now reached the point where there was no shame and no turning back and he flipped back the bedspread. On Mrs. Mader's face appeared briefly the hint of a smile, for she was not at all surprised, neither because of his naked body, nor that he was masturbating. Pico was surprised that she calmly allowed his hand to creep up her skirt, shaky and nervous, as with the other he jerked as hard as he could. Maybe it was just a reflex, as she smiled and relaxed her thighs a little, almost invitingly opening them a bit. While he concentrated on jerking off, feeling her warm pussy through the fabric of her panties, she smiled wryly. Slowly his finger slipped under the fabric and felt the wet and moist. He paused for a moment, pushed the panties aside and palmed her nakedness.

At first, Mrs. Mader was so stunned that she did not move when his finger slipped inside and Pico, electrified by this touch, immedi-

ately squirted violently. She quickly withdrew from the brazenly urging finger and half-heartedly slapped his face, whereupon his squirting immediately stopped. Half-heartedly because she realized that he was still completely out of it and wanted to squirt. She sat down on the stool and watched him for fifteen minutes as he struggled to get his cock hard again. Pico kept his eyes closed and masturbated, but it took too long and just didn't work. As she noticed him getting lamer and lamer, she strangely began to feel sorry for him. Quite uncertainly and fearfully, she pulled his hand onto her thigh and sat down with her legs wide apart. He looked up hesitantly and immediately masturbated more rapidly. She felt a strange sense of power as she gently moved his hand under her panties toward her labia, while she watched his greedy, violent masturbation. Despite her shame and fear making her tremble inside, she continued to pull his hand until his fingertips dipped into the moist gap between her labia. Her eyes sparkled triumphantly as he instantly cum. Slowly, she pulled his hand away again as he continued to onanate, his semen oozing out in small bursts. Only when he was obviously done did she get up and tug her skirt as she stood up.

They looked at each other uncertainly and embarrassed, then Mrs. Mader turned and left the room without a word. But from that day on, she sat by his bed every afternoon, spread her thighs and let him grope her vagina with his fingers. She watched him masturbate and after he blissfully squirted in the air, she left. Mrs. Mader often wondered later what devil had made her go along with it, but she could find no explanation.

Pico, however, prayed even more contritely and desperately, for he was now a mighty great sinner, onanist and exhibitionist. Was he even worthy to serve God after all this? He prayed more fervently than ever, imploring God and St. Theresa to hear his and his mother's prayers and to finally grant him a place at the boarding school.

...

In Boarding School

At boarding school, several weeks passed before Pico figured out that it wasn't only possible to jerk off undisturbed in the bathroom. Sometimes he woke up very early, hours before he was woken up, and felt his friend who was swollen to bursting. Several times he imagined that some boys to his left or right were also secretly doing it. Now and then he thought he heard careful rubbing noises or soft gasps, as if someone was jerking off, but he remained under his blanket. Only after some time did he dare to masturbate silently and secretly in the morning like the others. Mostly, however, he did it in the toilet, like presumably other sophomores.

Sometimes it was already late in the evening when Pico sneaked into the toilet once again and did it quickly and greedily. If he thought he was alone, he often forgot all caution and puffed loudly when it came to him, catching the drops with his hand. Once, however, Pico was unlucky, for the cabin door was pushed open, and the austere Father Anselm stood in front of him with his arms folded behind his back, bobbing on the balls of his feet, while Pico didn't know how to keep the drops of semen in one hand and the red-swollen friend in the other hand should explain.

After long, anxious seconds, Father Anselm growled that Pico would have to come to him in confession tomorrow after class, because that was a very bad sin! Then he turned and went out with loud steps. Pico sat there for a long time dumbfounded and wishing he were dead; for now it was obvious that and what a sinner he was!

Breakfast would not come to an end at all, nor would the morning lessons, which completely passed him by, as he thought of only one thing: the upcoming terrible confession to Father Anselm. Although he was scared to death, he went to the chapel after lunch and knelt in the pew next to the confessional. Shortly thereafter, Father Anselm appeared, entered the wooden confessional, and waited. Pico knelt on the bench as if nailed to it, dying a thousand deaths and asking

again and again St. Theresa and all the Saints to spare him this terrible humiliation.

After some time, Father Anselm pulled back the curtain and waved. “Well, what is it, Pico, come on!” he hissed and pulled back the curtain noisily. Pico gathered all his strength and went into the confession booth, knelt down, and began the and began to recite the formalities. Father Anselm interrupted him and asked:

“Since when have you been doing this?”

Pico pondered for a long time and said, something like three years. Father Anselm thought for a moment, then said that this was a very bad sin, in fact a mortal sin, and that even though Pico was not even 14!

Pico was contrite, because it was a mortal sin and he really wasn’t even 14 yet.The good Lord had probably turned away in horror from his doings as had St. Theresa and all the other saints. Pico began to suspect that he was doomed to death, to hell, and true enough, Father Anselm spoke long and insistently of the torments of hell and the disgusting tortures that the devil and his sub-devils would subject Pico to. He wept for the injustice of being caught and wept for his fate and the torments of hell.

Father Anselm wanted to know when else Pico had done this mortal sin. Usually only in the evening in the bathroom, Pico whispered bashfully and sniffled, then stopped crying, because he had to concentrate on the questions and answers. Yes, then also in the morning, when everyone was asleep, in bed, but always very quietly, so that no one would notice. And when else? the holy man would ask. Sometimes also at noon, before the common learning. No, always alone, not with others. Really not? No. Would others do it too? Pico did not know, no, really not. And what else? Yes, and sometimes in the back of the stable, with the horses; after all, he belonged to the group that made the stable. No, standing up and only quickly and hastily, and really only exceptionally, when it is very urgent and because the lavatories are not always free. No, he would not be afraid, because the horses would not betray him. And the horse at the back, old Seppi, he

already knows him well. And the Seppi, he would also be a small horse, not as high as the others.

Yes, mostly in the very back of the stable, where it's all dark. How. He stands next to the horse, so that he is not seen from the outside, supports himself with one hand on the neck of the animal and then he does it. What does the horse do? Nothing, it stands still and stares a bit. No, otherwise he would not touch the horse. Does he know that it is a great mortal sin to do it with animals? But he doesn't do anything with the horses... — but the horse is standing there watching, that's what the Bible says about animals, Father Anselm hisses sharply.

Wasn't he the horse after all...? No, sobbed Pico, no! But yes, once, there the horse had had its cock hanging out, so half evenly, there he had crouched down and had touched it carefully. What, it? The cock of the horse, because it had come out so half from its black skin fold, but the horse has put up with it, because Pico had only touched it very carefully and because Seppi knows him well. And what else? Yes, Pico admitted, whispering through his tears, he had done it there in the crouch, right next to the horse. And nothing else? No. Did he do anything else? Yes he did, poor Pico whispered, sniffling, he had done it and touched the horse's cock with one hand. And? inquired Father Anselm sternly further. The horse looked backwards, because Pico had rubbed himself quite hard and his cock had swollen in Pico's trembling hand, more and more, until it was quite long, because Pico had wiggled so wildly. It looked similar to a penis, but a very huge big thick one, and all black, Pico whispered. He confessed that he had carefully pushed up the skin to get a good look at the glans, and then it came immediately and splashed on his hooves, but when Pico wanted to wipe it away, the horse suddenly started to pee and Pico jumped back just in time and did not clean it off. Pico now cried contritely, because now he also had a double mortal sin on his conscience, and maybe also the poor horse, because his semen had splashed on its hooves.

"And that was only once?" the man of God inquired further. Pico sobbed and sobbed, and then admitted that he had gone and done the horse many times since. Doing what? Yes, hold it with his hand

and look at its glans and let it splash on the ground. Father Anselm repeated that Pico had gotten horny on a horse's tail and touched himself lewdly, to the point of self-abuse! Pico sobbed and nodded, so many mortal sins at once! And what else? The man of God did not give in and wanted to know everything exactly, said, you must confess everything now, otherwise the whole confession is not valid!

Now Pico had confessed almost everything and it wouldn't have been fair, so much fear and so much crying and then all of a sudden it doesn't count! So he admitted that later he felt and stroked the horse more and more often, so that his tail comes out and then he splashed on the Seppi on it, on purpose. What do you mean Father Anselm asked sternly, you have to list everything exactly in confession! So, sniffed Pico, when he came into the stable... the horse already knows exactly how to go on, and then his tail already grows a little. He stands next to Seppi, takes his tail in his hand and rubs it until it comes out completely. In the meantime he does it with himself, too, because he had to do it urgently, and when Seppi's cock came out completely and he had to squirt himself, he held it so that it squirted on Seppi. Father Anselm cradled his head and kept saying, "No, no!" Pico waited very meekly and then whispered despondently into the silence, "But yes, yes!"

Despite this, the confession was invalid, because Pico, the coward, told Fr. Anselm not everything, of course: "... the Seppi on it." Pico closed his eyes and then thought the rest, maybe the good Lord hears it and then maybe the confession is valid after all: "... I contort myself like an acrobat, because I don't get to do it otherwise, and press my cock right against Seppi's while rubbing, dear God, the whole time over, until it splashes! Old Seppi has a glans like a big, soft peach, only it's black, with pink spots. But it's so fine when I rub my glans against it. Yes, and, dear God, that I rub my light drops on the black peach until you can't see anything anymore, and when his dick gets really long in the process, I rub Seppi's and let him splash in the hay. After that, I notice right away, then old Seppi usually has to grunt, so I jump aside. That's all, dear God, yes, and I only did that when there was no one in the stable, for sure not. Forgive me poor sinner, for eternity, Amen!"

Father Anselm was a good Christian and had long since begun his standard instruction to wanking sophomores: he felt that we priests were there to there to help the fallen, to raise them up again. And no, he would not be called to punish Pico — the three Paternosters and Hail Marys (but in Latin, please) were only to reinforce his repentance — although mortal sins in the Horse stable were difficult to erase, yes-yes! The soul would be pure again after the absolution, the repentance and the three Hail Marys, but his body would have to be punished for his covetousness; Pico would have to come to the 'Pants Tightener' in the evening, before going to bed, together with some other delinquents.

The Pants Tightener, Pico had long since found out, was an ancient ritual at the boarding school. One went in the pyjamas to Father Anselm, had to bare the bottom and got depending on the severity of the offense 10 or 15 light strokes of the cane, it could also be less or more. Relieved, he nodded and slipped out of the confessional, depressed and heartily unconsoled. He did not believe that the confession was valid, for how could he know that God had had time to listen just now? The paternosters and Hail Marys beaded across his lips, he briefly and violently repented of everything, then hurriedly left the chapel and ran to his Comrades, to the security of the flock.

In the evening, the five delinquents gathered outside Father Anselm's room. The others lay as quiet as mice in the large dormitory. As every evening, after an eternity, the door opened, Father Anselm strode massively and fatly to the double door and locked the dormitory. Then he waved his chin, and the delinquents marched dejectedly to his room, which he entered last. The five Pants Tightener candidates had to kneel and wait.

Candidate one and two had incited candidate three to steal corncobs from the farmer's adjacent field. Father Anselm gave a long speech about peasant diligence, property, and cowardly theft; but worse, he said, was inciting theft. Candidate three had to drop his pants a few inches and bend over the chair, Father Anselm gave him 5 light strokes of the cane and let him go. Candidates one and two received 15 strokes of the cane and were also able to walk away as well.

Father Anselm looked at Herbert and Pico for a very long time. They were both the very bad cases, he said, where he was not at all sure that punishing the covetous body would be enough to save them from eternal damnation. Herbert was with Father Anselm almost every week and listened quietly to the admonition; a few times he blinked over at Pico and grinned very briefly to show him what he thought of hellfire and being roasted. Pico was puzzled that the younger boy, who was almost a head shorter than he, was so not at all frightened or impressed by being damned for all eternity.

Then Father Anselm said in conclusion that Herbert was now getting his punishment and Pico should look closely, for he would be punished as well for his covetousness and carnality. Herbert stepped forward, pulled his pajama pants down to his calves and propped himself up on the back of the chair with both hands. His skinny bottom he stuck out, at the same time Pico stated with some confusion that Herbert's little cock was half stiff.

Father Anselm sat down astride the second chair, which he had straightened out had. Then the cane swung forward and slowly traveled up and down on Herbert's cock, then the cane very lightly touched Herbert's butt. The end of the raw cane trembled before he very briefly and hard delivered the first blow. Herbert had his eyes closed, his buttocks tightened, immediately after the blow his cock twitched briefly. Then followed blow after blow, but Father Anselm did not strike him as hard as the other delinquents before, and he struck slowly and with greater pauses.

Pico was terrified, but Herbert seemed to have no fear, for he kept his eyes closed and smiled. His little cock jerked up with each stroke, stiffening more and more and soon standing hard and stiffly forward. With each stroke of the cane his buttocks twitched, his cock twitched with it. Herbert loosened one hand from the back of the chair and held it in front of his cock, from which small droplets now came off with each stroke. The strokes came slower and a little harder. Herbert's glans was by now pointed and red swollen, one stroke and another and at the same rate as the last stroke, Herbert's semen shot into his hand as a thin white stream as he pinched his buttocks shut. Father Anselm stopped and waited. Herbert twitched a bit more, let-

ting the last little squirt soak into his hand. Then he straightened up and wiped his hand down his pants, pulling them up at the same time.

Pico's anxiety and fear were mixed with horniness. Herbert had squirted during the punishment, and Father Anselm had said nothing about it, nothing at all! Herbert looked at him and said, "Now you!". Pico was confused and looked at him and then at the sweaty Father Anselm, who nodded his head gravely. Herbert took him by the arm and pulled him to the punishment chair. Then he gestured for Pico to pull down his pants and knelt down again. Pico obeyed and pulled down his pants a little shakily, because now his cock was flapping out, and it had become quite stiff during Herbert's punishment, and he was very, very sorry about that, and that was very, very embarrassing for him. Now Father Anselm could also see how sinful he was, how desirous his cock had become of Herbert's squirting! Herbert grinned secretly, although he had again folded his hands dutifully in penitent prayer.

Father Anselm said that Pico had to pull his pants down further and then bend over properly, for otherwise he would not be able to cleanse the sinful body. Pico reluctantly obeyed and then stood waiting for the first blow. He felt the rod as it groped and explored along his cock and then brushed across his buttocks. Suddenly and unexpectedly, the first blow hit him. It hurt less than he had feared, and amazed he noted that his tail twitched like Herberts'. At long intervals came the strokes, which he found not at all painful, heat rising in his buttocks and surging forward in waves, making his cock stiffen and stiffen; soon the glans stood out thick and red. Again the cane stroked gropingly back and forth on his cock before the next stroke came.

Father Anselm stroked thoughtfully, slowly, and without hurting him, but his cock just stayed stiff, not twitching or spurting. Pico could hardly stand it any longer with horniness. He strained as hard as he could, but nothing came. The strokes became firmer, but it only increased his horniness, stoked the sinful desire like blazing flames in his loins. Father Anselm whispered something to Herbert, who then left the room.

Before Pico could say anything, Father Anselm struck lightly and told Pico to help himself with his hand. Then came the next blow. When he rubbed his cock and felt this blow on his ass, Pico saw flashes and immediately had to squirt. Father Anselm had stopped, it was over. Pico wiped his hand on his pants like Herbert and pulled them up. Then, embarrassed, he knelt down and stayed on his knees, folding his hands in prayer. Father Anselm let Pico go after a few minutes.

In the weeks that followed, Herbert and Pico were regulars at the Pants Tightener. Father Anselm now made them kneel for a long time before the Pants Tightener, questioned them exactly when, where and how often they had done it, then followed the cleansing ritual that punished their sinful covetousness. Soon Pico began to suspect that Herbert was lying big time when he gave his information. lied when he made his statements; no man could do so many times in succession! But he kept his mouth shut and stuck to his truth, because he didn't want to also go to hell for the mortal sin of lying or the mortal sin of thinking evil of Herbert into the hell! Pico had almost only rare morning sins to confess, and no, he had not been to the horses either since they received the cleansing. Pico was all over the place blushing at confession lies and sometimes irritated by Herbert's grin when Father Anselm wanted to know exactly when and how he had sinned in the morning. The new sins in the stables Pico kept quiet, he would have confessed them only to God, but God knew that he had sinned. confessed, but he knew it anyway already and the old Seppi could not betray him also.

For Herbert, the cleansing ritual worked better than for Pico. He knew how to endure the blows to endure and then, when the cleansing had really got going, he could — without anyone having to touch him. — splash. Pico admired him, for he was quite firmly concentrated on his body and thrust the unholy seed willingly and repentantly in time with the cleansing blows. Pico, however, did not make it, no matter how hard he tried and prayed, repentance was not enough, was obviously not honest enough, or perhaps he should have admitted about the stall. Like Herbert, he closed his eyes and thought only of repentant, cleansing injections, but it did not work until Father Anselm said he could help with his hand. Now a few

light strokes and a light stroking with the hand were enough to come to the end of the cleansing ceremony, now his deadly sinful juice could be knocked out quickly and energetically.

Father Thomas sent them all home one day after questioning all the delinquents, but especially Herbert and Pico, in great detail about the purification ritual and the Pants Tightener. Herbert was an obdurate sinner and admitted nothing, but Pico thought of his salvation and that he should become a priest and told Fr. Thomas everything except that about masturbating Seppi. Then they too were both sent home, as was Father Anselm. Pico didn't quite understand it, but this purification ritual was somehow out of order, as Father Thomas tried to explain to him, frowning.

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In Lila's Bed

Aunt Lila, who had finally separated from her husband, remained in her household even in her household after the death of Pico's mother. Monika had finally come home from the hospital, had finished school, and was now determined to become a dressmaker; she had a good apprenticeship in the town of Baden and was allowed to live with the dressmakers.

Pico stayed at the boarding school because it had been his mother's last wish, so he was very rarely at home and rarely stayed long, because he felt strange when Lila and he sat next to each other on the couch and he thought of the earlier bathing times. It was hard for him to be at home, because her earlier emergency treatments were not and could not get out of his mind, at the same time he struggled with himself, because later as a priest he wanted to live honestly in celibacy, because he wanted to keep his vow of chastity, as Father Thomas had explained it honestly to him. But the longer he stayed at home, the more urgent his desire for Lila's closeness became.

But then there was the matter of Father Anselm, when Pico was sent back home from boarding school. Aunt Lila was emaciated, looking frighteningly old and used up, even though she was only around forty. Pico secretly desired her more and more, but he didn't dare look at her more than amorous glances. He slept in the little cabinet, and knelt for hours praying beside the bed, to to forget his unchaste feelings and impulses in prayer, kept almost ironclad to his vow of chastity, and almost always conquered almost his carnality. As on many other nights, he fought the dancing witches and his stiffness with the thought of St. Augustine, who had held strongly and fearlessly to his chastity — Pico, after all, always looked up Augustine's story in the thick, richly illustrated book of Saints' Legends, where the unchaste temptation was really depicted as so unchaste and tempting that Pico always had to masturbate after contemplating the body of the unchaste temptation. He slept dreamless, until the next day at dawn he heard noises from the bathroom, no, from the

guest room behind it. heard. He heard Aunt Lila groaning and gasping and feared she had fallen ill again.

He crept into the bathroom, was about to open the door to the guest room, when he recognized the gasping and moaning and rustling: no, she was by no means sick, those were lustful, horny noises — heat flashed through him and made his cock instantly swell. Oh my God, Saints, help me stand firm! Don't let my cock get so stiff!

With his heart pounding, he stood there and heard the groans and moans turn after a while changed into pressed, heavy panting and the whole bed was noisy as mad. Pico rummaged desperately for a suitable push-prayer in his bloodless brain and wanted to pull back carefully, but he had already pressed down the door handle before; now he let go of it carefully, but it was too late: the door swung open soundlessly.

Aunt Lila lay naked on the bed, with her legs spread wide and her knees drawn up, holding both hands pressed firmly on and into her pubis, her whole abdomen twitching and rolling like her bosom violently and choppily toward orgasm. She tossed her head back and forth like a galloping horse, then paused and sank back with a long, shuddering sigh. When she opened her eyes again, she saw Pico standing naked and stiff-cocked in the doorway. She was terribly frightened and pulled the sheet over herself, down to under her chin.

Pico covetously followed an animal impulse and took two steps into her room, then stopped indecisively. He silently called out to all the Saints and was still overcome by horniness. Aunt Lila half sat up, holding the sheet in front of her chest, trying to catch her breath, her eyes shining feverishly and her bosom heaving. Pico took two more steps toward her, realizing that she was highly aroused and somehow afraid at the same time. He waved a hand soothingly and rather uncertainly, murmuring that he had heard her and thought she was sick, and that was the only reason he had come. An impulse made him take the last step, then he stood directly before the bed. Aunt Lila looked up at him, looked at his swollen cock and smiled uncertainly and a little bashfully. Pico followed the impulse and lay down beside her with a swift, flowing movement, so quickly that she

couldn't even have said a peep, and covered them both with the sheet.

He was afraid she would throw him out indignantly, but nothing of the sort happened. He felt the heat radiating from her body, heard her loudly beating heart and her rapid breathing. For minutes they lay motionless side by side, his heart pounding up to his throat, fast and hard. An eternity passed, during which he realized in horror that he would not have wanted to pray, be a priest, or remain chaste for anything in the world now, but only to lie with her.

"How much did you see?" she asked with closed eyes. "Everything!" Pico lied, noticing how Aunt Lila winced inwardly. She slowly blushed all over, her breath came violently again, and she whispered that that had not been right of him to watch her "doing it". He would have disturbed her at exactly the wrong time, she would still be completely dazed. His hand crept tentatively along her thighs near her pubic area, he sensed the heat underneath, felt the soft throbbing in the depths. She didn't fight him off, he gently caressed her body, gently stroked her breast and heard her sigh. Again she quietly reprimanded him, complaining that no one should be spied on, that this was really PRIVATE, but at the same time she allowed him to continue caressing her, and she also allowed him to feel her pubic area with clumsy hands, until he accidentally touched her small, but still hard swollen clit.

Instantly she opened her eyes and looked at him. She shook her head in denial and half sat up so that his hand slipped off and she sat next to him with her breasts bare. She pointed with her chin at his hard-on and asked, "Great need?" Pico nodded, wild and firm. "I've never done it with a woman before," he said somewhat meekly and closed his eyes, waiting fearfully for her answer and for the flaming sword of the archangel at this lie.

A few seconds passed, like tough drops of honey they fell into the lake of eternity, while Aunt Lila contorted her face and Pico sent a push prayer "for fucking, especially with favorite aunts" to the sky. Then Aunt Lila resolutely sat up cross-legged, flipped the sheet completely back and pulled him up, laying him across her thighs. "I'll do

you like I used to," she murmured, "you're only fourteen!" She shook her head vigorously. "Fourteen, and already wanting to fuck!" she said with feigned indignation. Somehow Pico was glad that she had so decided; for his indefinable Fear of fucking was still overpowering. Yes, it was better that way. His fear gave way to horniness again.

He lay there, willingly sprawled out like a young dog lying on its back in a posture of surrender to the strongest and spreading its legs wagging its cock. For a split second he thought of how he had watched Lila and her lover earlier, or how he had lain willy-nilly on Frau Weber's lap. The Pietà, but still a little different, Pico thought.

He looked at her, contemplating her naked, scrawny body and her withering breasts. Curious, he looked between her thighs, but could see nothing but black ripples. He moved a little better, put his head on her thigh and looked up close at the thin, lobe-like labia and into her half-open vagina: how big this hole was! He could see exactly that the half-covered clit was dark red and quite swollen; Pico guessed that it was still rubbed so red from masturbating.

Excited and willing, he spread his legs wide apart, already becoming somewhat impatient. Aunt Lila gently ran her fingertips over his body for a long time, then grabbed his cock and masturbated him very quickly from the wrist. After just a few seconds, a tiny drop shot up and landed on her lips. Lila immediately let go of his cock and held her palm in front of it to catch the semen; but inhibited, it stopped and the squirting stopped completely.

For a long time Pico lay there with his eyes closed, distraught and upset because he had not had squirted properly. Lila stroked his belly and asked, almost worriedly, "Isn't it working?" and he nodded, "Yes, it is!"

Lila said after some time a little disappointed and impatient, "Oh, let's leave it!", but he felt the excitement still burning like fire in his abdomen and stretched his semi-stiff toward her. "Please, Lila, please!"

Lila murmured without much conviction, “It’s already squirted!” and stroked his testicles with her fingertips. Pico shivered and begged, “Please, Lila, it didn’t go, not right; please, keep going!”

She caressed his belly, his thighs and testicles. “Do you masturbate much at boarding school?” she asked, continuing to stroke him. “No,” he lied, “I resolved to remain chaste!” Lila smiled pointedly and murmured, “Well, then the need will be great!” and Pico nodded vigorously, for he wanted, he had to squirt now! “And, do you really never do it?” she asked, and Pico hesitated for a long time until he said, “Yes I do, sometimes I just can’t help it, but very rarely!” Shaking her head, Lila smiled and stroked his inner thigh.

The cock stood stiff and firm, slowly her hand came closer and Pico gasped with impatienceand excitement as she rubbed it a little. Sitting became uncomfortable and she paused to squat. She held onto him and masturbated him vigorously, faster and harder. Her breasts jiggled up and down as she did so and Pico felt it rising up inside him. She was jerking off very fast, he could see the effort in her face. “Coming soon?” she asked, and he nodded. As she continued to rub rapidly, she kept pressing and pressing her pubic against her heels, on which she was squatting. Soon she noticed herself how the cock began to throb and a smile glowed in her eyes. Her body now moved along with her brutally jerking hand, so that her cleft opened rhythmically as she rocked it on her heels. Gasping, Pico struggled for air as he felt her cleft and clit — or at least a tiny little inkling of it — dipping against his heels. His cock began to throb in Lila’s hand.

“Well,” she said with satisfaction, “it’s working! Come on, let’s let it all out!” Aunt Lila was truly a sex artist! She squeezed rhythmically with her whole upper body and bent back and forth rocking, the clit disappearing between the flaps of skin and peeking right back out a little. Pico almost went crazy from looking and jerked his whole cock, looking with greedy desire at her pussy as she pushed her clit out rocking and bobbing between the bulges. She rubbed his glans a few more times, then closed her eyes and seemed to have forgotten about him, continuing to rub him unfocused and halting before she finally stopped. She danced back and forth with her pelvis firmly on her heel, rhythmically pushing out her clit. Suddenly she trembled and

pressed a finger to the clit: her entire abdomen quivered, making the clit dart out from between her labia-lips like a tiny, pointed tongue and then disappear again. She shivered a little each time and concentrated inward, listening only to the rhythmic tonguing of her clit. Pico stared at her quivering and felt it coming; twitching and jerking, his semen shot in small, bright streaks into Aunt Lila's hand, who gradually awoke from her orgasmic rapture. He squirted for a long time until the cock became soft and wizened. She had collected almost all of the semen in the hollow of her hand, now she used it to clasp his swollen, sensitive glans and rub it slowly but firmly with his own semen, again causing little twitches and small splashes.

Abruptly she stopped when she realized he was looking directly into her cleft. She turned shamefacedly to the side and wiped it clean with a handkerchief. Then she murmured that they both had no need anymore and that he should leave, but he must not tell anyone; she looked very dejected. Pico wentto his room, weary and tired.

In the weeks that followed, he would sneak into Aunt Lila's room every day early in the morning, press himself against her and not be refused; he had a great need and would blackmail her, childishly threatening to tell everything. Aunt Lila was very angry at first because he talked such nonsense, but she always gave in and masturbated him on her lap. After some time it was quite natural for him to sneak up to her; now he could confess to her that he would never have betrayed her anyway, to whomsoever.

He loved to lie on her lap and have his distress treated; he had dropped the thought of fucking (especially with favorite aunts) altogether. He really loved lying on her lap and letting all the horniness squirt out. Actually this was the form of sexuality he needed.

Once in a while he heard her doing it alone; but he was smart enough by now to wait a few minutes before quietly going in to her and begging for treatment of his distress. She did look strange, this "Pietà." Mostly, Lila took advantage of his rising arousal to quiz him about anything and everything while she masturbated him. In the course of time, she learned almost everything; first about Mrs. Weber and Mrs. Mader, then about Alice, and finally about that with

Monika. Each tale was rewarded with a pleasant splash. Only slowly and reluctantly did he tell the one about Alice as she ran away, but Aunt Lila just grinned wryly and quickly made him squirt. It took him a very long time to his last secret, the squirting with Monika. Aunt Lila kept on investigating, because she suspected that Monika had surely gone on, but he kept silent ironically, that remained his lifelong secret.

After Alice's rape, all inhibitions fell — although Pico was now allowed to watch when masturbating, but otherwise Monika was still cowardly and let him at the beginning only from the outside squirt on her cunt; but promised is promised, said Pico. So far — and only so far — he told Lila, embellishing it over and over again and concealing the rest.

He watched Monika's different techniques and cravings with amazement, and in the pauses they talked in whispers. She said the best way was to do it with her thumb, as she had seen their mother do. Monika's curiosity was insatiable, however; from day to day she experimented further and ordered him to keep still — the most important thing, she murmured, was that nothing squirts in! She wedged his glans between her clenched labia and rubbed madly at his cock. As soon as he squirted, she held her breath and gently spread her labia with her fingers to see the squirting. After that, she carefully pulled his cock out and let the semen run devoutly from the furrow. The next time she clamped his glans firmly in the crease and commanded him to masturbate slowly while she worked her clit. He squirted far too hastily, the glans pressed against the crease with fold pressed, while Monika masturbated. She rubbed the semen on her clit and made herself have a great orgasm. Pico was always afraid when she fucked her vagina with her semen wet thumb. When that too had lost the luster of the new, he learned to wait until it came to her, until she gasped and choppily ordered him to press his cock hard. Pico was out of fear but Monika covered up her fear with the claim that nothing would happen. She had heard somewhere that a woman could not get pregnant if the semen was injected after her orgasm, for sure! As soon as it had come to her, he pressed his glans into the tight, thrusting gap and squirted in with a racing heartbeat, so much did Monika's twitching and wriggling excite him. Of course,

they both sensed how dangerous this was, but they kept going when Monika's vagina, snapping wildly in orgasm against his rubbing and thrusting and he got half stuck while squirting. It was not always easy to withdraw to these games when their mother, who was still alive at the time, only went to work with the other seamstresses on certain days. Then then it was always Monika who gave him a short break and then resumed the experiment. She did not need the break as much as he did and always chatted blithely away, while he usually just listened silently.

Monika increased the experiment even more, although she was sweating and gasping with huge fear the first time. When she was already very aroused, bent over to him and whispered in his ear, so that what was bad and forbidden was only breathed and remained secret from all who might be listening invisibly. Tentatively and haltingly, she whispered that he should put his cock in deep, as far as he could, and looked around again to see if they were really undisturbed. She masturbated quickly with her thumb to get the pregnancy-preventing orgasm only but violently, because so its effectiveness would be better for sure, she said. She pressed Pico's cock in so deep during her orgasm that he had no more room to jerk off with his hand; she wriggled endlessly while he knelt stock-still between her thighs, not moving in fear. Like a strange third party he watched with a fixed gaze as she tried to encourage him with quick, awkward fucking motions while she continued to rub the clit for contraception, wiggling her ass around and struggling to achieve orgasm after orgasm with a distorted expression on her face, and then he felt himself slowly cumming, stiffening, and staring at his sister, inside whose mysterious interior his cock had met resistance somewhere. She had paused in her senseless orgasming and now raised her head to watch very closely, as he did, as he pumped violently and squirted jet after jet very deeply into her vagina. Afterwards she embraced him and kept him inside her until his cock went completely flaccid — at no price in this world would she have been able to look him in the eyes now and held him tightly for what seemed like an eternity, because in the embrace she could hide her face from him with the defiant smile of a sinner.

They whispered for a while longer and he confessed that he didn't so right believe, at least he had never heard of it. She didn't listen to him and whispered in her turn, especially in the beginning it had been so nice when she still felt him in her orgasm (at that time, in the innocent year 1958, they both did not know the word yet and only spoke of "wriggling" and "squirting"). The physical closeness and her gentle caressing not only gave him comfort and the feeling of great familiarity, but it awakened his desire anew. anew. She noticed it, of course, and prepared to repeat it, but she also demanded that he move now (move, because fuck she didn't dare say, but he understood her immediately) and from now on she moved his thrusting further and further forward into her orgasm; soon he had to start fucking already when her orgasm was just announcing itself.

Each time she hit it better and better and squirmed, gasping and beaming at him as she insanely enjoyed the prolongation of her climaxes. He watched her very closely as she masturbated and squirmed in the orgasms, prolonging it with little pointed cries until the end, until he squirted it all in deeply and conscientiously, because that was the way she had wanted it, although sometimes they were both beginning to think and consider that it could be quite dangerous. But precisely because it was so dangerous, they did it again and again. Soon his curiosity to see the squirting was completely satisfied. Now he just looked at his sister's reactions, was fascinated by her excited facial expressions as she masturbated wildly and being fucked at the same time, and his eyes sparkled when she prolonged each orgasm to eternity and gasped for air, suppressing the little pointed cries to the point of inaudibility, and jerked ecstatically until his squirting and subsequent weariness slowly faded the play. The incestuous intoxication lasted only over a year, as Monika, to everyone's horror and out of the blue, suffered a miscarriage. The widow Anna Maria Rizzi, who at first vaguely suspected that her dear little Pico had something to do with it, was at a complete loss because Monika refused to make any confession. Pico and Monika could no longer look each other in the eye and once they were alone in the hospital room, she demanded eternal, iron silence from him until death. Pico timidly stroked her upper arm because he felt like a little boy and because she looked so pale and close to death. We did a terrible thing, he murmured, and was surprised when she said at the

same time that they would have to be much more careful in the future. After returning from the hospital they fucked again and again, however, Monika soon moved to the tailors in the town of Baden to begin her apprenticeship, but all that — and of course also that with his mother — he concealed from Lila, a lifetime.

One morning Lila said that it was very surprising how long these boarding school vacations lasted. Quite soon Pico had become entangled in contradictions and had to tell her everything. The purification rituals really enraged her; snarling, she scolded the Father and the whole papist gang of pigs and explained to him the presumed connections. She laughed out loud when he hesitantly described his strange games in the stable. Her laughter had such a liberating effect that he told her everything about Seppi, down to the smallest detail.

When the conversation faltered, Aunt Lila lay down again and closed her eyes. After some time of silence, she smiled and wanted to hear more about the thing with the horse. She lay there pensively, and Pico noticed how she furtively and carefully stroked herself under the blanket from time to time, while he told her everything in detail about the Seppi thing. He was probably only a hair's breadth away from fucking (with favorite aunts) at that time. When he had told his story, he knew abruptly, what he had done wrong.

After the next emergency treatment, Pico began quite harmlessly to talk again about the Seppi thing. Aunt Lila pulled the blanket up over her chin and listened to him. He moved away a little and turned discreetly to the wall, while he again told everything in great detail. He told the same story, but with little horny embellishments; heard her soft noises behind him now and then. He told and told, varied masterfully and invented situations in which he did it together with some classmates or made Herbert squirt effectively under the cane. Aunt Lila listened mutely, only sometimes he heard her soft rustling or when she bit into the blanket to keep from sighing loudly. Pico, for his part, dared to look a little behind and watch her intensely out of the corner of his eye. After a few days, shyness and inhibitions were already very much reduced, and she let the blanket be a blanket when it slipped a little and was also no longer so anxious to be absolutely silent — so as the blanket moved, he adapted his story and

gave Aunt Lila great pleasure for days. pleasure. Pico told how he had pressed himself against Seppi's cock while masturbating and hit the nail on the head with his details, for Lila became so wild all at once that she almost forgot about him. She closed her eyes but didn't lose control completely and undulated in orgasm under the sheet. Pico told and told day after day and could not get enough of her wild, secret masturbation under the sheet. But before she opened her eyes again, he dutifully turned his back to her again and looked at the wall, just like her lying little dramolet. She loved it!

And then one day it didn't quite want to work out with the emergency treatment, annoyed Pico sat up and fell somberly silent. It happened almost never that he could not squirt, but Lila had only waved it off and said it would come back. She lay there naked and relaxed, her hand resting on her pubic and she dozed a little. It didn't often happen that she lay there fully naked, usually she covered herself after she had treated him; but today it hadn't worked out and she was already tired before she thought of covering herself shamefully. Pico began to talk quietly about Seppi, again about Seppi, of course. Aunt Lila groaned after the first few sentences, closed her eyes and stroked herself, but she had forgotten to cover herself with the sheet. (Had she really forgotten?). Little by little Pico let Seppi get horny and told what he was doing with the big ponytail. Aunt Lila groaned and mewed louder, teased one of her nipples and groped down. Although Pico was watching, she pulled her knees up and rubbed intensely her clit. Seppi's cock grew and so did Lila's arousal. Pico masturbated the animal harder and harder, and Lila became more violent too. When he let the horse squirt fantastically into the hay at the end, Lila's fingers raced feverishly towards the climax.

Pico himself was so aroused in the meantime that he could hardly talk coherently any more was probably talking a lot of nonsense, but when Lila's pelvis started to roll and she didn't notice Pico at all anymore, he knelt between her thighs. Lila threw herself back and forth and looked through him with absent-minded, crazy eyes while he knelt in front of her with his cock throbbing but completely insecure, not daring to do anything more than kneel before her and watch her orgasm approach. Eyes wide and teeth bared, she grabbed his hips and pulled him to her, thrusting his cock roughly into her vagina. She

held his lanky little body by the butt and fucked herself, fucked herself with rapid, erratic movements until her orgasm finally broke free. In a split second, Pico had to squirt, and he happily held on to Lila, who unwaveringly held him by the buttocks and slowly, almost reverently, pushed his cock into her vagina a few more times. The squirting lasted a very long time as she pushed his cock deep into her vagina while her orgasm rolled and rippled painfully and violently. In the waning orgasm she kept fucking herself slowing down even though his cock was already half flaccid.

That morning, the idea of becoming a priest died for good.

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The Accident

15 year old Pico had not seen the cyclist coming, had also overheard the angry ringing because his mind was elsewhere. Lila kept him and herself with occasional piano lessons and many rich lovers to make ends meet until she could give up playing the piano altogether. Pico had to choke down his jealousy of the various friendships, she had told him plainly — they depended on the generosity of their friends. He nodded to retreat silently and bitterly into his shell when Lila had a new benefactor and only thawed out when she graciously and lovingly embraced him again. He soon learned that what connected Lila and him connected was of a very different quality than what she pretended to her lovers.

Although his mental development was still far from keeping pace with his age-appropriate kept pace, he already felt strong and grown up, withdrawing inconspicuously and silently so as not to disturb Lila's turtling. He understood very early on that she was giving herself for money and that it was her body that enabled them to live in modest luxury. Rarely did a suitor get to see him. He he hung out in the former servants' quarters with his thoughts or read exciting or read exciting books by Sven Hedin, Melville and H.G. Wells, or by Chevalier de Seingalt, Marquis de Sade and Giacomo Balsamo. Only rarely did he sneak into the bathroom to watch through the secret crack in the former hatch. Pico was surprised how differently the suitors behaved; most of them could hardly wait to pounce on Lila and cum after a few seconds. and cum after a few seconds. Hardly any took their time and tried to arouse Lila as well. And very few who could make love so long and persistently that Lila sighed and Pico became a little jealous of her orgasm. He found it especially confusing in the beginning that Lila also sold herself to beautiful rich girls and elegant ladies and made exciting love games with them. He couldn't get enough of the lesbian acts and hung excitedly at the spy window. Until Lila explained it to him in great detail when he grew up and asked her. She looked at him very warmly and completely

honestly when she added afterwards that she had always loved lesbianism and that he need not be jealous of the girls anyway.

Only once was he close to tears from jealousy, that time when the young girl-wife of the fat district leader fell in love with the fabulously erotic Lila (his Lila!) fell in love. Pico trembled with excitement as he spied on the women making love, and his excitement turned to bitterness when the two made love over and over again for whole afternoons with a fierceness and devotion he had never seen with Lila before had never seen. Lila, who for hours afterwards was as if absent and seemed to glow from within. These afternoons Pico dreaded because he clearly felt an inexplicable inferiority as never before. When this affair came to an end, Pico tried to do all what he thought he had copied from this girl, but Lila was lovesick and snortingly dismissed him, saying he should not to be so stupid and jealous! Pico hid sulkily in his snail shell and read for probably the hundredth time the bloodthirsty hunt of Melville's Ahab for the white whale. It was a hard time before he could accept that her Male acquaintances served luxury and her Female acquaintances were for pleasure.

Lila, through her connections, had placed him in a good school after all, and now he was eagerly trying to catch up on the missing material, having lost more than a year after his mother's sudden death. In his mind, he went over the last mathematics example once again and tried to find out why he had not succeeded in solving it. He could hardly remember later how the accident happened; in any case, the bicyclist fell and knocked Pico to the ground; the handlebars drilled into his loins and Pico lost consciousness when he hit the sidewalk pavement hard.

The cyclist was already over the hills when compassionate passersby picked him up and called the rescue; a little later he was in the hospital. After initial treatment, he lay in a large room that housed 4 or 5 patients. Lila, his only relative, came rushing in and anxiously questioned him about what had happened. Later, she secretly followed him to the bathroom and looked at the damage. His erection was pressing hard, but even though she was masturbating him very gently, Pico was in so much pain that Lila stopped again.

Pico tried to somehow get through the days in the hospital, although he felt get through them, although he was very uncomfortable there.

He gradually recovered and hoped to be discharged soon. The wound in his pubic symphysis healed quickly, but he still had pain in his right testicle. Lila whispered to the doctor and insisted on further examination. Sighing, the doctor gave in, Pico was x-rayed again, the blood was examined and even the old professor was called in again. Pico turned fiery red when the old man, accompanied by a gaggle of young trainee doctors, pushed up his institutional shirt during the rounds and exposed him to everyone. With pointed, aged fingers, he pushed Pico's small, shriveled penis aside and pointed to the injury to his scrotum, quickly muttering Latin and medicalese. He lifted the scrotum and pointed to the darkly discolored swelling, then pressed lightly on the testicle and Pico cried out softly. The professor touched the cock, and as it slowly rose, the professor pointed to the differently moving testicles. Within seconds, Pico got a huge erection because he had been suffering from the distress for a long time. He was very embarrassed because so many eyes were staring at his bursting erection, which the professor was still holding. Again a quick comment followed with much Latin, then the professor let go of Pico's flagpole disinterestedly, turned and quickly moved on to the next patient room. Incidentally, if the professor had not been so absentminded, he would have been able to explain Pico's badly survived concussion could have been noticed; but so it remained undiscovered forever.

The last in the group, a young medical trainee doctor, stayed behind and once again extensively and curiously palpated his genitals, especially the aching testicle and then his erection. She was obviously still very inexperienced and asked if it hurt a lot and gently pressed on the stiff shaft. Pico shook his head, wanting nothing more than for her to finally masturbate him, but she only exploratively examined his erection and palpated the glans, which was already quite wet. She asked again, clasping the cock and very slowly pulling back the foreskin until the glans stuck out perkily, and did it a few more times. She pulled her hand carefully up and down and asked if it hurt, while she curiously watched the glans disappear and appear under the foreskin. Pico breathed huddled, thinking only of squirting in his ur-

gent need, and made rapid, thrusting pelvic movements. She looked irritated at her fist because it now looked like she was deliberately giving him a hand job, and immediately blushed at the lewd grins of the fellows in the other beds. At the same moment that she felt the twitching and squirting, he squirted into her hand, she let go of his naughty cock in confusion, jumped to the side in horror and ran after the others. Pico covered his squirting cock with his hand and ran dripping into the bathroom, where he finished carefully masturbating, although it still hurt quite a bit. When he came back, he was very ashamed, because the other boys grinned at him impudently.

A few days later, Lila accompanied him to another examination. The doctor pressed a small glass bowl into Pico's hand, pointed to the booth partitioned off with a white plastic curtain, and murmured that he needed some semen for the examination. Pico did not understand a word in his excitement, but obediently went into the booth and sat down. Lila sat at the doctor's desk and whispered to him. Pico wondered vaguely how Lila knew the doctor so well. Pico sat mute and silent, for he did not know what was expected of him. After a while the nurse, a mature, large-breasted woman came to the curtain and asked quietly and kindly if it was not possible? Pico looked up, but he didn't know what to say. Suddenly Lila looked over and surveyed the situation; then, to Pico's astonishment, she made a definite gesture: masturbate! Pico was now completely confused and remained sitting stock-still with red ears. Lila made the hand gesture again, but he couldn't believe she really meant it.

After a while, the fat nurse came back, stuck her head in and muttered, "Well, why don't you start?" Pico looked at her, frightened, and shrugged. "Yes, don't you know how to do it?" she asked, and Pico answered in the negative, not knowing for sure exactly what she meant. The nurse turned and he could hear her whispering softly to the doctor.

"Well, pull up your gown," the nurse said kindly, taking a rubber glove from the table. As she slipped it on and spread a little lubricating ointment on the inside surface, she smiled at Pico and told him again to pull up his gown. Now Pico obeyed, trembling inside. The nurse came into the cubicle and pulled the plastic curtain closed be-

hind her, but it remained open a crack, and Lila peered in at them through the gap. Pico winced and turned fiery red when the nurse put a little cloth on his thigh and grabbed his cock. Smiling, she waited a few seconds until his cock began to swell. Pico could smell her warm, sweaty exhalation and stared at the short, white smock, under which the huge bosom wobbled, and then stared at the slit of the smock, where the fullness of her body made the buttons almost burst. Bashfully and surreptitiously, he glanced from time to time, daring a peek into the slit of her smock.

She massaged the cock only very lightly, as if she did not know how it went, let again and massaged his inner thighs in between. With every movement her body wiggled along, the thick butt wiggled and the curtain wiggled, wiggling also the gap in the curtain opened a bit, as did the gap in her smock. She gently held the foreskin on the glans with her gloved hand and slowly moved it back and forth steadily. Pico's cock quickly lengthened until it was completely stiff. Pico looked up, looked directly into Lila's eyes and became very embarrassed; did it just seem to him, or was she amused? Still, he felt strangely inhibited because the curtain had opened wider and because the doctor and Lila were looking over. Suddenly Lila smiled and winked at him reassuringly. The nurse smiled kindly at him and massaged his cock gently and carefully, then faster and faster, with everything about her beginning to undulate and the gown in front revealing more than it concealed.... Every now and then Pico thought he could see into the side of her bra, even thought he could see a little bit of her bosom. He lowered his eyes and thought he saw a dark shadow between her naked thighs. He looked and looked and couldn't actually see anything, yet he was quite sure that she was wearing nothing but gauzy panties.

When she found that he had now peeked enough, the nurse reached for the small bowl and held it under his cock, then bent over him again him. "Here we go!" she whispered kindly and smiled friendly at him with her beautiful eyes. Pico, despite his arousal, was trepidatious and didn't understand why she wanted to jerk him off now, in front of the others, where he was exposed to their gaze without protection. With two fingers she held the foreskin at the very front and quickly pulled it vibrating back and forth, but only a tiny

bit. Pico concentrated on the huge heaving breasts and felt amazed that it came to him much too quickly with her method, perhaps because he was also suffered from a great distress or because he looked fascinated under her gown. The nurse paused as he squirted and energetically withdrew his foreskin to deftly catch some semen in the small bowl, which she then placed on the table. She grinned with satisfaction, gripped the shaft a little tighter with her fist, and shook it out of her wrist, fast as a propeller. “Is it good?” she asked choppily, and he felt richly stupid, as if she had asked if he liked his lunch. It seemed to Pico that she raced up and down the semen-wet and lube-anointed rubber glove for ages before he felt it coming again, twitching and squirting little jets because her fast rubber rubbing felt so unspeakably good. She gently pulled back the foreskin a couple of times, realizing how much he was enjoying the orgasm, and also to let the rest drip onto the soft cloth. When he was done, she gradually stopped and patted his cheek with a friendly grin before walking out with the small bowl. He felt terribly ashamed when he looked up, for everyone had been watching: Lila, the doctor, and the nurse.

“So innocent and so sweet,” the fat nurse said, shaking her head, “he had no idea yet!” The doctor grinned and teased her, she could have done it a little more matter-of-factly and not so, full of self-sacrificing femininity. She did not notice his mockery and hid her emotion as she walked over to the desk, and loudly murmured, almost inaudibly, that she hoped his first time would be remembered as a wonderful experience. She then placed the small bowl in a container and labeled it before washing her hands. The doctor and Lila whispered for a while longer, then the nurse said he could get dressed and come out. Pico obeyed. Lila jokingly pinched his side as they walked down the Stairwell toward his room.

“Well, that was fun!” whispered Lila excitedly, pinching him again chummy in the forearm, “and she masturbated you twice!”

Pico was sad and whispered back that he had actually only been afraid and that he did not understand at all why she had allowed it. Lila stopped and looked at him in silence for a moment, then she explained seriously that his testicle had been badly injured and she

wanted to be sure if he would recover completely. Oh well, mumbled Pico uncomprehendingly and sadly lowered his head sadly, oh well.

He was allowed to go home with Lila the other day and stayed at home. At night he dreamed of being back at the doctor's office, standing naked next to the desk. The doctor and Lila cuddled and held hands, grinning, while the resolute nurse kept jerking him off at lightning speed and splashing him in soft, warm steaming cloths.

After a few days, Lila went back to the doctor; when she got home, she sat down on the sofa, pale and silent. It was a long time before she jerked away and told Pico in a tearful voice that he would never have children. Pico had to think of poor Monika and wept, wept silently on Lila's bosom.

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In Jerusalem

Pico had only been to Jerusalem once in his life, back in the mid-nineties, when Kantor's Private Bank began to land an increasing number of orders or major clients in Asia Minor. Old Kantor had taken the liberty of conducting the initial negotiations himself and flying to Jerusalem in person, accompanied by his private secretary and his veteran employee, Mrs. Krause and Pico. Kantor appreciated Pico's cleverness and intelligence, who did not let hunches or "gut feelings" distract him from the facts.

As well as Pico might have prepared inwardly for this flight, the reality far exceeded anything he had heard before. Mrs. Krause had been doggedly working at her desk after the meeting and was obviously annoyed. Pico went to see her a little later because he had prepared some documents for the boss and had her read the Krause; of course, he wanted to know why she was so displeased about this, after all, pleasant business trip. Although he knew the rumors that she was the boss's mistress, Pico couldn't quite believe it, because she was over-correct, perceptive and butt-ugly. Her husband had retired years ago, but she remained with the old cantor, whatever her motive, although she had reached the appropriate age years ago. Incessantly this thought occupied his mind, but he could not for the life of him imagine the two of them having sex.

Not until much later did it dawn on him that Mrs. Krause had probably decided to leave because of the old man's failing health and the Strains of the hot Israeli climate, which could become dangerous to the old cantor, worried. Now he made an effort to arrange the documents thematically and to explain to her exactly what was at stake. She listened only with half an ear, then looked directly at him and said, "It will certainly take us hours to check in at the airport, because the Israelis have the most strictest controls in the world!"

Pico smiled and lightly replied that she needn't worry about that, because money makes the world go round (and nervously plucked his ear, because such platitudes surely damaged his image as a

smarty-pants). Money makes the world go round, he continued boldly, and the Israelis would soon realize that they were on a money mission and not on a terrorism mission. Mrs. Krause assumed that there was something humorous hidden in Pico's talk and that she just didn't recognize it right away, so she laughed exaggeratedly loud to cover up her insecurity and gave him a friendly nod. It did her good to know that such a smart, humorous, and energetic man was along for her journey.

At the airport, passengers to Jerusalem were processed in a separate room. The questioning, the opening of the luggage and another questioning by plainclothes security guards lasted almost two hours. It came as a surprise to Pico to be asked about his parents and grandparents, why they had moved to Vienna from Parma and whether he had Jewish ancestors. Who had packed the luggage and who had held it last, whether he had ever left the luggage unattended for even a second, and whether he had acquaintances or friends in or from Israel. He felt quite humiliated because he had to think for a long time about all these unaccustomed questions and at the same time he was afraid of a wrong answer, because the official had pointed out to him several times at the beginning of the examination that this could have fatal consequences for him. Only when he was silent about the reason for his trip and the official repeated the question, Pico pointed to the old cantor who was being interrogated at the next table and said that this was his boss whom he was accompanying to Jerusalem on business in his function as head of finance. Head of finance, that beaded across his lips as if it were true. He did not want to say any more about the purpose of their stay and requested that the official ask his boss, as he was not authorized to give any further information. Although he did not expect it, the officer leaned toward his colleague and whispered with him, then turned back to Pico.

"Pico," the security officer said stretched, "a rare first name!"

Pico explained patiently, probably for the thousandth time in his life, that his mother had greatly admired the legends and life of St. Riccardo, and that the Riccardo had become the lighter Rico, or Pico, at least for Italians. Later he had even officially registered the coseform Pico as a name change. The security officer listened patiently to

Pico's long-winded explanation, then folded the passport shut and handed it to Pico. Time to go and no more long-winded sermon, please — that's what this gesture was supposed to mean. Pico hastily stood up and walked to the other passengers with his half-closed suitcase.

After arriving, Kantor said in the hotel lobby, they were already going ahead, he felt a little uncomfortable in the unexpected heat. Mrs. Krause had insisted that he freshen up and rest a bit, the frizzy still murmured to him and ran behind the old man.

Pico was a bit surprised that Kantor and Krause had a double room. Mrs. Krause, who got senselessly drunk at the bar on one of the following evenings, told him confidentially, purring wetly in his ear, that she had been responsible for Kantor's sexual relaxation for 40 years. Cantor had sent his unfaithful wife packing and taken her by storm. Her husband was gay, the marriage just a cover. At first she had let Kantor fuck her three times a day, but by now nothing worked. Every day she masturbated him in her mouth and let him squirt into her throat, the semen she swallowed. Pico listened politely, but he soon got bored. Fucking, squirting in her mouth — that was all the drunken old woman could tell him. He took the drunk to her room two hours later and stripped her naked. Giggling, she assured him that the old cantor had taken a sleeping pill and wouldn't notice anything. Quietly and a bit repelled from her vagina, which was swollen red from her much masturbation, he fucked the old Krause. He did it slowly so that she could finish her masturbation with a loud sigh, then he let all his pent-up semen shoot into the old vagina in great jets and went to his room, while the old woman uncovered and continued masturbating.

Pico was a little unlucky with his room, because the one he had originally reserved had been given away by mistake and until another one was made up, it would take a little while. The receptionist asked him if he would like to sit in the bar. But Pico was itching to get to his room, so he asked for the key and waved it off when the receptionist

waved down a bellboy to take the luggage. He was relieved to escape the crowded and busy hotel lobby and take the elevator up.

He immediately recognized which was his room, because a trolley with Cleaning utensils stood in front of it. He knocked quietly on the door frame and went in. The floor woman immediately chattered away excitedly and he guessed that she wanted to explain to him that the room was not ready yet. He shook his head and said in English that he just wanted to sit down and could wait patiently, just let her get on with it. Then he sat down and put the suitcase beside him. She looked at him reprovingly as he lit a cigarette, but then she nimbly went on. Pico thought that there might be a higher power that was leading him him into the same situation over and over again. A power that knew he lusted after seducing cleaners, ironers, and kitchen maids.

Through the smoke, he watched her. The first half-black Asian woman, he guessed, he saw, small and plump, middle-aged. Soon he realized that she was not an Israeli, but an African, probably a half-breed, since she did not appear distinctly Negroid. She could have been thirty or fifty, he couldn't have told. In any case, it immediately set him off that the outline of her underwear was clearly visible under the pale pink uniform dress. Pico crossed one leg and lit another cigarette, then rummaged for a handkerchief to wipe his sweat. The cleaning lady saw it and indicated to him that the bathroom was already ready. Since he obviously didn't understand her, she went to the bathroom door and indicated inside that he could wash his face and cool down.

Pico got up and walked slowly to the bathroom, stopped next to her and looked in. Then he gestured that he understood and touched one hand to her forearm as if by accident. She backed away a little, but when Pico pointed to the shower and said some nonsense, she took a step closer and looked in. Pico spoke calmly and of course in German how nice the shower would be now and how much he would like to eat her out. She looked in and looked questioningly at him again.

Now he lightly grabbed her arm and stroked her shoulder lightly with his hand, letting his hand slide lightly over her bosom onto her hip. In addition he looked at her languishingly and threw sinful challenging look. How could he overcome the language barrier, he thought, she would understand him. Again she took a step back, then said something and turned to go. In the doorway, she glanced at him again very briefly, then she was out.

Pico stood in the room for a while, undecided, then he put his suitcase on the little table provided for it and began to undress. A shower would do him good, maybe his quickly arisen lust could be soothed. He just put fresh laundry and a towel, when it knocked quietly on the door and was unlocked at the same time from the outside.

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The cleaning lady let loose a torrent of words at him and then strode resolutely behind the bed, where she pulled out a handheld vacuum cleaner and held it triumphantly aloft. Pico wrapped the towel around his loins and came back into the room. Whether she had had second thoughts, he said with a grin, stepping up to her. Or if it was just about the vacuum cleaner, he continued, although he knew perfectly well that she didn't understand a word of his German. Now she said something quite different, something guttural from a primal language, and looked at him calmly. Again he didn't know how to make the next move, but she had come back and didn't seem to want to leave right away. Again he put a hand on her upper arm and stroked her shoulder lightly. Again she said something that sounded at first low like the growl of a bear and then irritatingly reminiscent of the chirp of small birds. Pico shrugged and said in a soft voice that that was exactly what he meant, the birdlike fucking, and stroked her arm with a winning smile.

It did not surprise him that she wordlessly disengaged herself from him and went to the door, but it surprised him all the more that she locked the door from the inside and again turned around. With two steps he stood before her and looked into her eyes as he placed his hands on her round hips and her buttocks. He cheered inwardly as she released the towel from his waist and let it drop. With erratic

fingers, he began to unbutton her dress, but she grabbed his hand and shook her head. No, nothing will come of it, she seemed to say, and undid the last button he had undone. Pico gently grabbed after her hand and pulled her to the bed, where, to his amazement, she quite easily let herself fall forward onto her stomach, willingly holding her ass cheeks out to him above her spread thighs.

Pico nervously nibbled at her dress and finally pushed it up, nibbling at her panties that he wanted to take off her, but she shook her head and pulled the panties aside only enough to expose her jet-black hair bush. Pico then tried to swindle his only three-quarters stiff cock past the rubber of the panties, but didn't get very far and touched with the glans tip barely more than the outer pubic fold. No, he just wasn't stiff enough yet. The woman turned around after some time and looked up at him questioningly. She said something and grabbed his cock. Pico nodded helplessly, but was still surprised when she took him in her hand and then in her mouth. He stood wide-legged in front of her while she sucked him firmly and practiced sucking on him, stroking his balls and inner thighs. When he came, she took his cock in her hand and rubbed it quickly, all the while opening her mouth wide and letting him cum inside. To his amazement she was one of those women who swallowed it all quite easily and continued sucking and sucking until he was completely flaccid.

She came back from the bathroom and stood waiting. Pico felt dull and miserable and did not immediately understand what she wanted. Then he winced and hastily searched for his wallet in his suit jacket. He didn't recognize the bills without his glasses, but she wordlessly took the first one he held out to her from his hand and left the room.

The next day, the crowd in the hotel lobby raved and cheered, for Benjamin Netanyahu would surely win this election and become prime minister. Sobered, Pico noted that the hotel seemed to be the campaign headquarters of the right-wing conservatives. The masses of fanatically chattering supporters of the future prime minister were even more exalted than usual, because there were many journalists and camera teams present. Pico made that he came back to the room after breakfast. In the corridor he saw the trolley of the cleaning crew already from afar, went on heart-beating and recognized that the

older Asian woman from yesterday and a pretty younger one were cleaning one of the other rooms. His gaze quickly slid from the younger one and sucked in the roundish older one. She glanced up briefly, then continued working unblinkingly. Pico unlocked his room and stood indecisive for a moment, then she looked up and their eyes met for a moment. Pico used this moment to put all his wooing into his gaze, then he went into the room. It seemed to him that she nodded to him almost imperceptibly.

It was nearly half an hour, however, before she knocked and came in. Pico immediately stubbed out his cigarette and quickly rose. The woman gestured chummily toward the bed. He nodded and led her back to the bed. As he dropped his towel, she could see that he was better prepared today than yesterday. Again she lay down on her stomach and held her ass cheeks out to him willingly, again pulling her panties just a little to the side so he could penetrate. Pico lifted her a little and pulled her higher until she was kneeling on the bed, then he knelt behind her. With one tug he pulled her panties down to her knees. She was completely dry and started masturbating, so Pico had quite a bit of trouble getting his cock into her vagina. She seemed to be protesting about something the whole time, but he paid no attention. Completely by surprise, he squirted in rich, firm jets after only a few moments. She turned around so that his cock immediately flapped out again. She looked at him out of dark, glowing eyes. Then she said something and seemed rather annoyed; seeing his uncomprehending look, she pointed a finger at her vagina and shook her head in denial, then she pointed to her asshole and nodded vigorously. Aha, said Pico, aha!Red-headed and a little humiliated, he groped for her butthole, slowly tortured his cock inside, and quickly humped it. She masturbated very fast and got to orgasm twice. It was not pleasant for him, because ass-fucking he did not like so much, nevertheless he had to squirt after her second orgasm. It was enough.

For the next seven days, before they flew back to Vienna, she came daily after breakfast to earn some pocket money. Pico was intimidated because she immediately pointed out to him what he was allowed to do and what he wasn’t. He nodded affirmatively and fucked her first in the black wet vagina, which really turned out to be a very pleasant one. He squirted in firmly and greedily while she mastur-

bated rapidly from the first moment on. She got a slight orgasm right after he finished squirting, then her protest again and he obediently fucked her ass while she masturbated. He obeyed and fucked her in the ass, which was not much fun and where he also found the squirting much less satisfying.

On the last morning — he was already sitting like on hot coals, because he was packed ready and she took her time until she came to him — he gave her by signs to understand that she should do it to him with her mouth. Patiently she sat on the edge of the bed while he stood impatiently wriggling in front of her, waiting to finally cum. She had to rub him endlessly, sucking and sucking his stalk again and again in between. He enjoyed the caress of her tongue and held her head, her mouth pressed tightly against him, pressing his cock deep inside as he poured into her mouth. He squirted so deep in her throat that she almost puked, but he paid no attention and squirted. She pulled his ravenous cock out a little and grinned again, then continued to suck and swallow it all like the first time, licking and smacking until his cock was just small and gooey on her tongue. He paid her hastily as always and ran hurriedly with his suitcase to the elevator.

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Vesna, the cleaning lady

Pico Rizzi rarely thought about whether he was a pig or not. He had spent his entire life in the bed of his aunt Lila and had never seriously looked for a wife after her death, let alone thought about getting married. He was fully occupied during the day busy with his work and read in the evening or watched television until his eyes closed. For his sexual satisfaction, masturbation seemed to be sufficient. Notoriously, he would go to town on his concubine, but he never thought he was a pig because of it — he had a pact with her, and that was that! When he went on a sailing trip with a gentleman's party or stayed in hotels on his travels, he sought to seduce the floor women in the hotels — those servant spirits who cleaned the rooms —. Chambermaids, kitchen maids, cleaning women: in his experience, it was 3 to 7 that he succeeded. This success rate was enough for him to try again and again.

His cleaning lady was called Vesna and came from Yugoslavia. In the early nineties, a terrible fighting tore apart the former Yugoslavia, and refugees poured north. Pico had lived in his apartment without the slightest thought of cleanliness, but when the refugees came with the Yugoslav wars and, apart from the obligatory appeals for donations, refugees were increasingly looking for work, someone well-meaning from the bank put him in touch with Mrs. Vesna so that she could spruce up his bachelor pad. Later, he would not have been able to say whether it was old Krause who urgently recommended to take a cleaning woman recommended, or the fat Gabi, with which he put away the archive and with which he had hastily slept some dozen times.

He was very uncertain at first when Mrs. Vesna came to clean and tried in vain to strike up a conversation with her, but she spoke no language except her own. Her scraps of words were just enough to find out that she had fled together with her terminally ill husband after their house and village had been destroyed. What her husband did, he could not find out, nor whether they had children. It seemed to him that she could certainly be a grandmother by now, but that

didn't stop him from thinking about nothing but how to get hold of her from day one.

The masturbation had become too monotonous for him sometimes, he was looking for variety, but did not dare, like other men to approach women in pubs or bars. The old fear, the fear that he had since childhood of women, sat deep. Never he would have dared to go so simply on bride search; to address women directly seemed to him incomprehensibly difficult. Only when an opportunity offered itself — or like the fat Gabi, who imposed herself — then he grabbed quickly. Often he thought to himself that he was not a hunter, but a scavenger — the hunting and killing had to be done by others. Now that Vesna came to his apartment once a week and was thus available in a certain way, he needed her only once a week. Available in a way, he only had to get her around. It didn't matter to him whether he could talk to her or not, whether she was fat or thin. It also didn't matter to him that she might be older than he was. Yes, she was probably several years older, Pico thought. He waited several weeks to see if an opportunity would arise of its own accord, hoping in vain that she would make advances on him and pondering cagily how to go about it.

Thursday after Thursday he waited with hot coffee for her to appear, drank one-two cups with her. With hand signals and gestures they tried to make themselves understood. Mrs. Vesna's family name Pico did not know for a long time — she learned a few more words week after week, and despite her taciturn manner she tried to tell him about herself and her family. That her husband was seriously ill at home and could hardly move (Pico was sure that she no longer had sex with the bedridden man). That their only son had been living in Canada for many years and was helping them out with a little money on an irregular basis. He, for his part, tried to make her understand that he was a bachelor, worked in a bank and was 53 years old. She calculated half aloud in her language and said that he was 12 years younger than her. After coffee, he put on his jacket and went to work. Later, he took Thursday morning off to have time for her (and himself).

She didn't seem to have understood at first when, on one of the following Thursdays, he stood in the shower and called out for her to soap his back. She got as far as the bathroom door, but she didn't go in and asked through the half-open door what Mr. Rizzi wanted. She had understood him very well, because the next Thursday she brought a shower brush with a long wooden handle and handed it to him with a friendly, winning smile. Pico thanked her with a false grin and ate his disappointment inside. That he sometimes patted her arm had become natural over the course of the last few weeks, but he knew that more was not in it at the moment.

It wasn't until she told him about massaging her husband on a case-by-case basis so that his muscles didn't completely atrophy that a plan matured in him. He had even given her a few bottles of massage oil, because he assumed that she did not afford this expensive luxury. But now he remembered the damned massage came back to him daily, even hourly. He feverishly awaited Thursday morning and let Mrs. Vesna in. She was not a bit surprised that he was wearing only a bathrobe. Then, as every Thursday, they sat down at the kitchen table and drank coffee. Pico told her how bad his witch's foot was today; witch's foot, that is like sciatica, as he tried to explain. He put a bottle of massage oil on the table and pointed to his aching back; "yes, yes, it hurts a lot, it needs to be massaged urgently." Mrs. Vesna did not understand him and wanted to put the bottle in her handbag, presumably for her husband. Pico shook his head and said, no, massage him, massage Mr. Rizzi! "Mrs. Vesna Massage Pico," he said with a hypocritical pain-distorted face, pointing his thumb at his poor aching back. Sensing that this was his chance, he quickly stood up, grabbed the vial and Vesna's hand. Then, with her in tow, he limped to his bed.

Mrs. Vesna stopped indecisively as he let the bathrobe slide to the floor and lay naked on his stomach, not without groaning painfully, of course. Then, with his face averted, he beckoned to Mrs. Vesna and impatiently patted the mattress so that she would sit down. Mrs. Vesna hesitated for a while, but then she sat down next to him and took the bottle. He closed his eyes while she skillfully massaged his supposedly aching back. Pico was a fucking pig, a real bastard.

He grunted pleasantly, because that really did feel good, even if there was no witch's foot far and wide. She uncramped herself a bit and was pleased that it was so obviously doing him good; soon she was chattering away blithely in her gibberish and massaged his back while his cock, on which he was lying, began to throb. When she stopped and said, "Now finish!" he turned over on his back. Mrs. Vesna stared speechlessly at his erect cock and raised her oil-smeared hands defensively.

"Please, Mrs. Vesna, please!" said Pico urgently, "please!"

"Not good," said Mrs. Vesna defensively, "Yessasmarja, not good at all!"

Pico held her knee as she tried to get up, repeating, "yes, yes, it had to be," and pulled her closer to him; actually he wanted to pull her on top of him, but she was too heavy for him. Mrs. Vesna, staring at his cock as if hypnotized, mumbled something in her language, shaking her head languidly. Pico's voice grew more urgent, closer and closer he pushed his pelvis and steeply towering cock toward her until he was only inches from her breast. It became increasingly clear to him that her resistance was beginning to flag, and he tried to make her finally compliant by grabbing her hands and placing them on his cock. Ms. Vesna jerked as she touched him, but his hands were on hers and hers on his cock.

They must have sat like that for several endless seconds, when it became too long for Pico and he stirred, moving to pull her onto himself, he really wanted to fuck her now. But Vesna had apparently been thinking about something else the whole time, because she kept breathing tonelessly, "Yessasarya, don't do it!" as she vigorously strove to get free of him. The oil from Vesna's hand burned like hell on his glans, and the magical moment was over. Vesna quickly got up and went to the bathroom to wash her hands. Then he was left alone while she started working loudly and roughly. He could hear her anger.

Pico remained lying, absent-mindedly wiping himself with the bed sheet and thinking about how he could still get to the goal. He pon-

dered throughout the morning while listening to Vesna tinker in the living room, bathroom and kitchen. At some point the desire came again, and Pico stroked his cock a little under the covers. No, he did not want to masturbate now, because he felt a disappointing emptiness inside because he hadn't fucked her. Around noon he was still in bed, and Mrs. Vesna was a bit displeased because he was blocking the bedroom and therefore she didn't get to clean there, until she gave herself a jolt and came in determinedly.

"Me now cleaning, must be!" she said with some annoyance in her voice. "Sorry, but I now finish!" she added energetically and began sweeping the floor. Pico watched her from snake eyes, looking at her roundish corpulence as she stooped or knelt to wetly mop the floor. She was old, unattractive and fat, but nevertheless horniness stirred in him when her thin cleaning dress bulged over her underpants. With feverish eyes he followed the lines of her body as she knelt again to damply mop the wooden floor. The dress kept sliding up to reveal the edge of her panties, greedily watching her as she firmly preened and wiggled her ass, giving him a glimpse of the black gloom between her thighs. She rubbed the bottom with all her body so that he couldn't look at her wiggling ass any other way than the big, wiggling ass of a woman who was fucking. When she got too close to the bed, he surprisingly grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her into bed with him. It happened way too fast for Ms. Vesna as Pico laid her on her back. She lay there out of breath for a few seconds as he quickly lay on top of her, rubbing his naked abdomen on hers.

"Jessas!" gasped Vesna as Pico undid the lowest buttons of her dress, "Jessas!" She seemed rigid with horror as he grabbed the waistband of her panties and pulled it down with a jerk, over her thighs and knees and legs, and then tossed it carelessly to the floor. She made a frightened face as he pushed her down and hugged her, rubbing his horny body against hers. Her "Yessas!" repeated over and over again, but Pico realized she was not even beginning to resist his attack. "I got man," Vesna stuttered fearfully, "I got husband, that .... not good!", but at the same time her thighs spoke a language of their own when he touched them lightly. The thick, firm thighs slid apart as if moved by magic, Mrs. Vesna murmured one "Yessas" after another and turned her head away shamefully as she pushed herself

wide open towards him. “I won’t hurt you,” Pico grumbled and Mrs. Vesna moaned at the same time, “Jessas, must not do, I good woman, have man!”

“Jessasmarja” moaned Mrs. Vesna as Pico searched her vagina with his hand, for his hormone program was already running at full speed. He was amazed at how wet she already was, gently stroking her labia and intensitively rubbing the clit. She put an arm over her eyes and moaned in time with his rubbing, stammering over and over that it wasn’t good because she had a husband, punctuating all of this with lots of ah’s and ah’s and yesses, but Pico felt her straining against him. Pico continued to excite her until she was dripping wet, hot and highly horny, then he quickly penetrated her.

Instantly, Ms. Vesna fell silent. For a split second he wondered how soft her tight vagina was. She held her breath, clutching his back with both hands staring at him with wide, reproachful eyes. Her vagina claimed otherwise, however; he felt it immediately. She was towards him even though he wasn’t fucking her yet, like a greedy mouth her vagina was devouring his cock. Before he could even stir, she thrust her hips up and down quickly and rhythmically, fucking him from below. He was kind of shocked because she seemed so unexpectedly horny. She rubbed herself against him, rubbing her clit urgently against his cock, then all at once she stopped and shuddered in orgasm.

Tears slowly filled her eyes as he began to fuck her now, and from time to time she shook her head. He was not particularly aroused yet and was fucking her fast and hard when she suddenly closed her eyes and tensed up violently. Pico thought to himself, no, that can’t be, no woman gets an orgasm that fast! Vesna after orgasm lay still and smiling softly as he continued to fuck her. Pico was surprised that Vesna opened her eyes again, obviously sensing his coming. “Ready!” she whispered, opening herself softly, squeezing him tightly and invitingly inside her. Pico poured into her almost painfully as she looked at him with her mouth open in amazement, perhaps a little curiosity, as he squirted in little waves. He sank down on top of her and slowly slid off, laying beside her, panting.

They lay motionless next to each other for several minutes. Ms. Vesna's hand rested lightly on his thigh as his breathing slowly calmed. He lit a cigarette and smoked in silence. Vesna sighed sadly and said very softly, "Twelve years already. Haven't done this with a man, twelve years." They were both silent. Vesna cried a little and whispered that her husband was a poor, sick man. She cried louder and said that it was not good, her poor husband and what she did now.

Pico was silent. He was not ashamed and certainly not interested in thinking for more than a fraction of a second about the cripple who could no longer fuck with his wife. It had done him good, that was the important thing first, then perhaps his curiosity as to whether or not she had really had an orgasm. Or not, he quickly judged, not a single woman had ever had an orgasm with him, not just like that while fucking.

Vesna mumbled, twelve years and she was still sick to her stomach, because she had already lived like an old matka and nothing with man in bed, twelve years no man. He's a nice man, Mr. Rizzi, she said, stroking his chest hair lightly, but she could no longer come to clean because her husband was so ill and she could not come to bed with Mr. Rizzi. Vesna was very sad, but she doesn't want to do it because her poor husband doesn't know all that and that's not good for her to do when she has a husband.

Pico was still exhausted and let her continue whispering for some time, then he laconically said if she would agree if he paid her more, — he quickly calculated it quickly in his head — about twice as much if she kept coming to clean. He said she should just clean his apartment, normally, and she needn't think about the rest, it just happened, as sometimes happens. He would understand that she was worried about her husband, and she was a good woman to think so fondly of her husband, but she should just just forget everything. To fuck a man did her good.

Mrs. Vesna was silent for a long time, then she said that it was good about the money and that she would come again on Thursday

to clean, she really needed the money really, also for husband. Pico finished his cigarette, then he quickly dressed and went to town.

Naturally, Pico kept the pact as he interpreted it. On the first Thursday he still feigned cowardly an important appointment and disappeared right after the first cup of coffee, because he couldn't stand it from sheer excitement, but from then on he took it as he pleased. She endured his advances bluntly and without resistance. advances, let him take her in the bathroom, in the kitchen and in all positions. He never knew what she thought about it, because if he came from behind, she lowered her head like an ox and waited for him to fuck her until he was done. If he pulled her onto the sofa and lay on top of her, then she remained willing but closed off, staring fixedly into his face. Even when sometimes in the spring the devil rode him and after the first time in the morning he approached her again ruthlessly around noon, she looked stony-faced in front of her until he poured out the jets stamping and panting. She orgasmed very lightly when he fucked her, her orgasm was always quiet without any fuss. She never let him touch her clit. When he once groped with his finger for her clit, she screamed at him completely hysterically in her language, and there he let it be.

He cynically gloated over her astonishment when, still completely exhausted — from a surprise morning orgasm, he couldn't do it at all on Thursday morning. Looking bedraggled, she sat on the edge of the bed and tried to get him stiff with her hand to get him stiff, until he gruffly waved it off because it just wasn't working. He wondered at her consternation and her obvious guilt. She had resigned herself to it — but had not grown accustomed — to performing part of her obligations in the form of fucking and couldn't understand why he was too dull to do it today. She had probably done everything wrong and slipped out, embarrassed, to clean.

He pushed away the thought that she was somehow very similar to Lila. She wasn't, definitely! Vesna's age and figure had always been indifferent to him; what mattered to him was her availability, her full, heaving breasts and her fine plumpness as well as her orgasmic fucking. She could often orgasm twice or three times and it was obvious that she loved this. Her wrinkles and folds, her flesh growing

older with the years could no more inhibit his greed than the thought of her age. He became accustomed over the years to her dull, animalistic devotion as well as to her simple way of coming straight to sex and surrender herself willingly to it. Willingly was probably an exaggeration, actually she tolerated his assaults only to keep her part of the pact. Probably — if she had found the right words — probably she despised him for it. If he — which was increasingly common — was not fully aroused, then she worked him immobile and silent until he stiffened and fucked her. She was going to hold up her end of the bargain even after her husband died, and she was going to do it more faithfully than he ever thought possible.

When her husband died, he gave her so much money in an envelope that she could transfer the dead man to Bosnia and give him a proper burial. This was the only way he could silence the bad conscience he had towards the unknown dead man. She was very shy as she accepted the money almost reluctantly, and Pico was almost ashamed to death because she surprisingly took his hand and kissed it. “Mr. Rizzi is good man,” Vesna whispered, then she disappeared for several weeks.

After her husband’s death, he became very aware that she was already approaching seventy. Nevertheless, he stubbornly insisted on his pact, but he wanted to be kinder, perhaps more tender with her. It no longer occurred to him to jump her on the kitchen floor or in the bathroom.

When she came back a few weeks after the funeral, he pulled her by the hand into the bedroom, hugged her tenderly before slowly stripping her completely naked (which caused her a lot of trouble at first), and fucked her in bed as if she were his wife. She had overcome her contempt for him in those weeks and let him love her — it amazed him himself, but he would sometimes say “Come, let’s make love” to her and marvel at how soft she became at those words.

Who knows how it would have gone on had not the thing happened with Peter.

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Gabi's Lust

The misfortune probably began much earlier, but Pico didn't realize it until, when the course was set. Old Mr. Kantor, who had been a friend of Auntie Lila, slowly withdrew from the banking business and left everything to his son, the young Dr. Kantor. The Kantor Private Bank was an efficient, well-managed small bank where Pico had begun his banking apprenticeship at 17, after Aunt Lila had asked old Kantor for this favor. Pico, who of course witnessed Lila's changing love affairs firsthand, had learned from her to suppress his jealousy; she did the fucking for him. Kantor had promised to take care of her nephew and did, until his death. Pico had developed, under the watchful eye of the old banker, into an efficient, quiet employee, whose function in the bank was not quite clear to anyone. He was something like the old man's assistant and at the same time a kind of auditor. None of these functions corresponded to a clearly circumscribed banking career. However, he was a brilliant mental arithmetician and a cool, calculating realist, whom the old cantor knew how to use purposefully.

When the son took over the business, he asked Pico to come to his office one day and consulted with him on how to proceed. He made it clear that the Kantor Privatbank would have to evolve, and that the processes and structures of the family business to become a powerful financial services provider. Mr. Rizzi would certainly understand that, said Dr. Kantor, but the next generation of employees would all be professional bankers, most of them academically educated, and they would have to come up with something new for him, Pico Rizzi. Pico nodded dazedly and waited. He knew precisely what Young Kantor would say.

He had never worked in the counter business anyway, said Dr. Kantor, who was leafing through the documents, but to his father had always been known for his precision, his reliability and his sense of good or bad deals, but also praised his cautious way of evaluating things realistically. His father had always thought highly of him, even though he had not finished school, as Dr. Kantor regrettably noted.

Here, Dr. Kantor said looking up, a note in the file, according to which Pico's perceptive assessment of the loan application of the Pulkauer Pulvermühle (which soon afterwards went went bankrupt) had saved the bank from a great loss. Dr. Kantor read aloud from his father's note. The point of view, which apparently only Pico had. The reasons that weeks later came true. The presumed amount of loss that Pico had saved the bank. The bonus that Pico received in addition to the balance sheet money. Dr. Kantor paused and looked up.

"You have worked faithfully and honestly for our bank all your life, Mr. Rizzi, and it is not my place to unfairly eliminate you shortly before retirement. However, the fact that I have to adjust the employee structure to the changed economic circumstances, I'm sure you understand." Dr. Kantor paused and and tried to hide the fact that he did not feel very comfortable in his own skin. Pico thought about the fact that he had known young Kantor since he was born and that they had only known each other. He nodded as if he understood everything and waited further.

"My suggestion is that by the end of the year you should be fully engaged in reorganizing our filing system, to set up our new archive. At the end of the year, I will accept you as a pro forma member of the Board of Directors on full pay — I am sure this will be a very fair solution until you take your well-deserved retirement." Dr. Kantor looked at him and waited. Pico was still frozen, but realized he had to say something.

"Yes, doctor," Pico said, clearing his throat, "this is really very generous of you, thank you! I have already prepared a proposal for Mr. Herzog from the accounting department a proposal for how the new filing system might look like" — Dr. Kantor nodded — "and I would like to put that into practice. I just need someone in addition, because for one alone it is plenty of work." Pico was silent, the blood rushed in his ears. He was quite dazed and thought casually, so that's how it ends here.

Dr. Kantor did not let on his delight that it had gone so smoothly and without discussion and was busily leafing through his his documents. He was still quite young and wanted to celebrate his success

in getting rid of old Rizzi as easily as possible by talking unnecessarily. Not jeopardize it by unnecessary talk — it was best that he should finalized the matter as quickly as he could. After he had long leafing, he pulled out a sheet. “Mrs. Knizek,” said Dr. Kantor, stretching and brooding, “the Knizek would be disposable — do you think it would go with her?” Fat Gabi, thought Pico, nodding with a sigh, for she was very simple-minded and generally considered not very bright.

“Yes, doctor, thank you,” said Pico obsequiously, and waited until Dr. Kantor had made a little handwritten note. Dr. Kantor stood up and shook Pico’s hand. “Well, good luck with your new assignment, Mr. Rizzi!” Dr. Kantor said with false cordiality and escorted him to the door. Pico stood motionless in the hallway for a few more seconds after the door closed behind him. The end of my work, he thought wistfully, I have never thought about what it would be like when it ended until now. So there you go.

Pico then went to Herzog and told him the result.

Pico had always been taciturn at the bank, never joining in on general gossip and seemed to most of his colleagues like a silent recluse hermit. He made friends with no one. With no one, except except for fat Gabi, with whom he was now beginning to set up and with whom he now began to set up and put away the archive. He did not need to be a clairvoyant to guess that she was the old man’s latest miscast and that she was not last very long with the young doctor. He filled all the positions with dynamic and bank-educated young people. Gabi was neither one nor the the other. She sweated terribly behind her thick glasses, when Pico explained the task to her, because she was not very quick in thinking. On the other hand, she was cordial and very helpful, which impressed him very much, because he did not care for other people.

We are both miscasts of the old man, thought Pico. A hermit without a high school diploma, who was only in the Bank, because the old man had promised Lila; secretly the old man’s admission that Lila had been too willing for him. But Gabi? Had she also been too much for the old man’s liking? Had he hired her because of that? Pico squirmed at this uncomfortable thought.

The work went on well, and the archive, when he handed it over after it was finished, was and clear as the Prussian state library. Gabi admired him for the way he could, with just a few words, explain the next steps and then work silently for hours. Secretly, she adored him, she, the jilted twenty-five-year-old who had become pregnant and unhappy at 17. — The excess weight had remained after the birth of her child, but Pico didn't even know what the child's name was or whether it was a boy or a girl. Gabi told him that she has given her child to adoption but he had forgotten it after 5 seconds. He did his work and looked neither to the left nor to the right. At the beginning of July, it became oppressively humid, and Gabi was sweating terribly under her blouse. "You can put on wear something lighter," Pico said, looking up. "You're sweating yourself to death!" That was one of the longest sentences he uttered at work.

Fat Gabi had only understood half of it, turned hot red in the face and worked on, lifting a heavy cardboard box and stacking it on the shelf. "Do you mean really?" she asked after a while, and Pico, who had his mind was somewhere else, didn't know what she meant at first. He nodded vaguely and thrust his chin forward, as he always did when he waited indecisively and fatalistically to see what was in store for him. Gabi interpreted that as a yes, sweated even more and became even redder, then she resolutely unbuttoned her blouse, slipped it over her shoulders and then and awkwardly unfastened her brassiere. The breasts sank down like heavy melons, and to Pico's astonishment her nipples were a very light pink. Gabi blinked excitedly because he was staring at her breasts with impertinent directness.

Seconds, long seconds she remained motionless, then slipped the blouse back on and buttoned it up. "Thank you," Gabi said, holding up the brassiere before putting it aside. Then she turned back to the shelf. They continued their work in silence until she tiptoed over and tried to file a box quite high up. Pico stepped behind her and helped her push the heavy box into the shelf. When it had succeeded, she leaned back with a sigh and touched Pico. His arm slid across the shelf and touched her shoulders. He heard her sigh again, he let his hands slide from her shoulders to her upper arms until they lightly touched Gabi's breasts on the side. Although he couldn't see her face,

he thought he thought he saw her close her eyes. Heavy and surrendered, she leaned against him.

A switch went “Click!” in Pico’s head, and he gingerly turned her around and looked at her. She had blushed deeply and kept her eyes closed; behind the thick glasses, her blond eyelashes appeared oversized. Spotty blushes stretched flamingly across her neck to the base of her breast. He put his arm around her waist and pressed her gently; now he could feel her willingness, as clearly as if she had said it aloud. He gently stroked her back and upper arms, her hips, and felt his way forward. Slowly he pushed up her light summer skirt, touched her sweaty thighs.

Gabi took another deep breath, then leaned against the stack of boxes. Pico slowly pulled up the hem of the dress, felt for the elastic of her underpants; then he paused. After a second of waiting, she decisively reached for it herself and quickly took off her panties. Only for a second she opened her eyes and looked at him; then she closed her eyes again and supported herself backwards with both arms. Pico pushed her skirt up to her navel.

He palpated her feisty buttocks, the flabby flesh and the blonde ripples between her thick thighs. With a gentle hand he massaged her labia, feeling power and pleasure as he looked at her closed eyelids, under which the eyeballs vibrated slightly and twitched when he touched the clit. He stroked her until her labia swelled red like bulging sacks. Underneath her sweaty blouse, the pointing teats were clearly visible, her lips were soft and moist. Pico nibbled at his fly and brought the Impatient into position. She angled one leg to meet him as he slowly approached, searching for the crevice in the ripples and quickly slid his companion into her vagina. She sucked in the air so deeply that Pico was almost frightened.

Although he made only very slow movements, Pico felt that his cock was stiff to the burst. Every time he entered her deeply, she sighed. Her womb milked him smackingly and demandingly, she thrust faster and faster, so that he began to squirt much too soon. He closed his eyes and pumped everything into her, letting his cock be rolled through by her vaginal muscles. She didn’t notice that he was

squirting and continued to thrust against him, but all at once her eyes snapped open as she realized that his cock had gone soft. “Did you, have you,” she asked, gasping, “have you cum yet?” Pico felt uncomfortable and nodded.

“You just squirted into me, you don’t do that!” muttered the simple-minded Gabi plaintively and looked at him from below, without making the slightest the slightest effort to remove the dangerous syringe from herself. “I could get pregnant!” Then she paused and looked at him unblinkingly, slowly her eyes filled with tears. Then she thought for a long time, calculated and said, “Oh, I don’t think so, today is not a risky day.”

He stood in front of Gabi in a completely ridiculous position, his soft cock still poking inside her, and he felt her vaginal muscles moving again. Disappointed, she said, “Oh!” and began to wiggling her ass again, “I don’t want to stop yet!” But Pico could take no more and looked her silently. “Do it again, fuck really hard!” Gabi pushed and shoved and wiggled, feeling a bit of the half-soft cock, but it wasn’t the same. Energetically she held his hips and rubbed rhythmically against him, he felt his tired cock slide softly back and forth in her vagina. Gabi rubbed and chafed against him, but it was actually over, though she didn’t accept it and didn’t let up.

Gabi stopped after a while, and agonizingly slowly his cock slid out, dangling down wetly. “I want one more time”, she bleated plaintively, looking down at his cock, “I wantit one more time, really long and hard, or I won’t cum!” He hunched his shoulders regretfully and dropped her again.

“Oh, maybe we can do it again later” Gabi said, but Pico shook his head.

“I’m too old for that,” he said coldly, not looking at her.

Thick Gabi had really had a lot of bad luck in life. She had never been pretty enough to seduce the men who took her fancy; at the age of 17, she had been quickly and hastily seduced behind the beer tent of a firefighter’s, hastily deflowered by her drunken companion. It

was the first and only time she had fucked before she became pregnant. When she realized that she was pregnant, she went to see the man, but he acted as if they had never fucked and and chased her away. She was alone with her child and ate the pain inside. Desperate, she fucked anyone in the neighborhood she could get around, and there were a lot of them, but mostly it was just a quick, hasty fuck that didn't satisfy her. After a long search she found work at the bank.

She had applied for the job, although with her education it was completely hopeless. Her luck was that the old man, Kantor, on that day was love-struck and stared the whole time only under the skirt. Gabi was completely confused and taken by surprise when he abruptly became clear and surrendered childlike-submissive. Bravely she took off her panties and lay on her stomach over the coffee table. The old man flipped up her skirt and squirted even at the penetration. Over the next few weeks, he called her into the boss's office a few more times and fucked her as best he could. When it didn't work at all anymore, she had to give him a blowjob. but she didn't like that very much because he squirted in her mouth. When she told him, he made her kneel upside down and kneel down and touched her naked, fleshy ass. She was not allowed to not to turn around while he jerked off and let the heavy, tired drops onto her ass cheeks; but even that soon stopped completely.

After that she was very lonely and flirted unsuccessfully with one or another young banker, had made it in her fantasies already thousand times with this or that but no one paid any attention to her. It became more and more difficult to catch a guy for a quick fuck. She stayed alone on the sofa with her longing, masturbating for hours at night in front of borrowed porn movies... trying to fantasize herself into the lying stories. Soon she began to believe more and more that all the things shown there were happening in real life. She had been in love with Pico Pico from the first day, but that he was a lame old man and not one of the young, vigorous porn actors, she didn't think about that at all.

Gabi, simple-minded Gabi, had tears in her eyes again and let herself fall backwards. In the porn movies it was also in such a way that

it immediately went on again! She spread her thick thighs as wide as she could and pulled him to her by the arm. “I want to be fucked hard!” she said stubbornly and grabbed his his soft cock, trying to stuff it between the swollen labia into her vagina. Pico was perplexed and tired, his hand felt its way over her thighs.

“I can do it to you with my fingers, it’s the same thing” murmured Pico languidly and felt his way between the thick bulges, then he rubbed her clit. Immediately Gabi sat up and pushed his hand energetically away. “No, don’t! That’s not the same thing! With a man I want to fuck!” she ruled him firmly and Pico pulled his shoulders in. No, he didn’t like that word, it was not nice, it did not suit him at all. Gabi had very clear distinctions in her imagination; as foreplay, yes, he was allowed to touch her, that wasn’t masturbation, it was the increase of anticipation. Masturbating was something one did only secretly, alone and with the feeling of doing something forbidden.

Pico was tired and worn out, it seemed to him that he was expressing himself in a ridiculous way to expose himself to her. Determined, he tucked his cock away and pulled the zipper vigorously. He was annoyed that she didn’t let him do it, that she was denying him her orgasm, although he felt he had a certain right to it. He was annoyed, especially because he could not do it a second time. Took it upon himself to remember being annoyed — something that Pico had always been good at: remembering to be angry remember, if he had to, even for years. Pointless and unproductive, but he did it. It was his decision, and it built himself up. His power to maintain anger.

They continued to work silently for some time, they continued to talk and he made another attempt, although she certainly would not have refused, on the contrary. But his annoyance was his own. Gabi soon tried to animate him again, wore a bra only rarely and swayed her breasts under the translucent blouse in front of his eyes, sometimes even letting her skirt fly to tease him; indeed, for a time she wore no underpants underneath, so that he inevitably had to see everything when he looked up at her on the ladder, for example. Pico did not long persist in his annoyance, and touched her again; shrewd by the first time he allowed himself much Time for the foreplay. Gabi, who never let herself be touched after being fucked let herself

be touched, however, obviously enjoyed his foreplay and Pico regularly brought her to the brink of orgasm, before he penetrated her. In response to her tentative question whether he didn't want to do anything for contraception, he had only growled discontentedly to himself, so that Gabi only gave herself to him when she thought she was having a good period. More and more often she protested against being masturbated by him during foreplay. Instead of being content with that, she soon and quickly pulled him on top of her instead of letting him do the timing. Pico also became annoyed as time went by, as his rash squirting increased again.

He did not like the situation; these secretly, silently and hastily in an archive room amidst stacked boxes and half-filled shelves were rather daunting. Whatever, his journeyman didn't play along and either didn't squirt at all or did so after a few seconds. He fucked with her in a strange mixture of excitement and annoyance; never before had his cock let him down so regularly and thoroughly. Gabi was disappointed every time, until he switched to to bring her to climax with his fingers already during foreplay and only squirt during her orgasm. Although she always wanted to end the foreplay earlier and fuck, Pico skillfully brought her past the point of no return. There was no turning back. She went soft and forgot all her resolutions; she sighed because it felt so good and because he could do it so well. Like she squirmed back and forth, her thick thighs twitching convulsively while she clawed her breasts with both hands and rubbed the nipples. He would surely have ended all this long ago, had him not been fascinated by the game for Gabi's orgasm. She was just feverishly more to the fucking and pushed her abdomen forward in greedy horniness; the approaching orgasm swept her brain empty and all inhibitions aside. Pico found it wonderful to deliberately hesitating until she greedily reached down and triggered the orgasm herself to penetrate the defenseless at that moment and squirt to her heart's content.

During the winter their escapades became less and less frequent, they worked silently and doggedly side by side and fucked only once a day. Pico had told her of his infertality and they could fuck every day. Sometimes did she still lean brusquely against him in the after-

noon and seduced him with this gesture to a quick masturbation orgasm and a fuck during her second orgasm.

After they finished the new archive he visited her sometimes in the evening after his retirement to have fun with her. He watched her masturbate the whole night until she gave up, exhausted and a painfully red swollen clit.

The thing slowly fell asleep.

...

Sonja

No, actually everything had been harmless. Vesna had left at noon after fucking and Pico remained alone in the apartment, reading the newspaper a second time, sitting in his bathrobe at the kitchen table and leafing through a porn magazine. The afternoons began to seem unbearably long to him. He thought he heard a noise outside the door and got up quietly to look.

When he quickly opened the door, the neighbor's little brat was sitting on the landing opposite his door, grinning at him. The neighbor had only recently moved in, had a toddler, and this brat, about 13 or 14 years old, Pico guessed. He always felt uncomfortable when she sat on the landing and watched him bluntly. No, this was no longer a child, but a calculating, aloof brat. Unlike other kids, she kept sitting on the landing when he came or went and grinning at him. Grinned, presumably, because she enjoyed his furtive and embarrassed glances up her skirt. Deliberately sitting so that he had to see her bare thighs and panties, sometimes she moved one knee back and forth so that the eye-catching movement magically attracted his gaze like a spider trap moved by the wind.

"What is it!" he ruled her, glaring sternly. Grinning, she asked if his name was Rizzi's and if he'd lived there long. She dangled her leg nervously again and Pico's gaze involuntarily darted to her underpants.

"I'm Mr. Rizzi, yes," Pico barked morosely, "what do you want?" She jumped up giggling and ran down the stairs. Pico closed the door and sat down angrily at the kitchen table again, listlessly leafing through the color magazine. But after a few minutes, he heard another noise and looked out into the hallway. The brat was standing there again, grinning cheekily at him.

"Well, what is it?" asked Pico, trying not to scowl quite so much. She looked past him curiously into his apartment and asked again if he had been living there for a long time. He nodded and mumbled,

“Since the war.” then imperceptibly stepped aside. She was thin and tall for her age, stepped half a step closer and looked around unabashedly.

“Ah, so this is your anteroom!” she said, now taking another half step closer. Pico was taken aback, for as a child he would never have dared to enter a stranger’s home so readily. But she wasn’t a child, she was in that strange no man’s land between being a child and growing up. The girl looked around curiously and looked straight ahead into the kitchen. “And there’s the kitchen!” she said firmly, and went in. Like a stray cat, she went around once, looking at everything. Pico was inwardly startled, because in the middle of the kitchen table was the porn magazine he had just been leafing through; the pictures on the open page left no questions unanswered. She barely looked, then had finished her tour and came back into the outer office. Pico’s thoughts tumbled, trepidatiously thinking that she was a small, young thing and that he was alone with her in his apartment. He wanted to get rid of her as quickly as possible, and stepping sideways to the apartment door, pointed at it and wanted to say something, but she beat him to it.

“And where does the apartment go on?” she asked, and, without waiting for his answer, went into the large living room. She turned once on her axis while looking in amazement at everything, the shelves full of books, the TV including the VCR and the music system, then Aunt Lila’s old piano, which Pico had not touched since her death. She stepped in front of the piano and flipped it open. “Oh,” she said, “a piano!” and pressed some keys. Pico shut the apartment door and went into the living room.

“No, please, don’t touch the piano!” he said, closing the lid so slowly that she could pull her fingers back in time.

“I have to go now,” she said, and walked to the apartment door.

“What’s your name?” asked Pico, waiting. The girl was halfway down the hall when she called over her shoulder, “Sonja!” and ran down the stairs. Pico remained sitting in the kitchen all afternoon, irritated and inexplicably nervous.

For days he pondered what kind of child this might be, who was so aloof with him, a Stranger, handled. In his fantasies, she grew older and more desirous, making him do this and that as she twisted and turned in the living room. Pico ran with his camera around the vineyards of Nussdorf, taking pictures of the City of Vienna. When he came home at noon, Sonja met him on the stairs. “Oh, you’re taking pictures!” she noted with satisfaction, while he hurriedly continued to climb. She walked further down first, then turned and followed him. He heard her and left his door open.

He thoughtfully and pedantically hung up his jacket while Sonja stood under the doorway stood and looked into the anteroom. He took the camera and put it on the little table next to the TV. Sonja closed the door and came into the living room as well. “What were you photographing?” she asked, looking at him from below, almost lurking. Pico said nothing but sat down in his armchair and began to smoke. The girl in the much too short dress walked up and down, looked around curiously, and said in a high-pitched singing voice, “You sure have a lot of books,” then went to the shelves and ran her fingers over the spines of the books. “Have you read all these yet?” she asked.

Pico nodded grumpily, but said nothing. Sonja sat down on the little stool where he always put his feet up while watching TV, and took some magazines from the shelf under the tabletop. She blushed a little, because he had his erotic magazines there, which she quickly closed at first. Pico took a deep breath as she leaned far over for another magazine and slid her dress up even more. Dress slid up even further. She flipped through a few pages in the porn magazine, then put it away again. “I’m leaving now” she announced, and when Pico didn’t budge, she actually left. Pico was very excited, because her closeness, her brief blush as she flipped through the porn magazine, completely upset him. He had caught a glimpse of the hem of her panties as her dress had ridden up.

The day after next, she was again sitting on the landing opposite his door when he came home from shopping. He nodded silently at her as he unlocked. “Can I?” she asked in a half-sentence typical of her age, squeezing past him into the living room. After Pico had emp-

tied the shopping bag in the kitchen and hung his jacket neatly on the hook in the front room he went into the living room. Sonja was sitting in his comfortable armchair, flipping through one of the color magazines with red cheeks. “Can I sit down?” asked Pico impatiently, until Sonja looked up irritated and made room for him. She sat back down on the stool, her little dress bobbing, and Pico blinked. Unconcerned, she flipped through page after page, looking at the posing, the naked, the masturbating, the copulating. Only her ears turned red, otherwise nothing of her lust was noticed, at least outwardly. Again Pico thought how aloof, unabashed and direct she was. He took an album from the shelf, in which he had pasted some cut-out treasures, and leafed through it as well. She looked over at him as she continued to leaf through without looking.

After some time, Pico mumbled incoherently, “Sometimes I can sell a picture,” leaving the rest in limbo as to whether or not the pictures in his album were his own work. Sonja seemed to have understood immediately and looked at the picture, then after a while, without looking up from the magazine, asked, “Do you get money for it?”

Inwardly, Pico rejoiced. This was the track on which it was inexorably going; he felt it. Only for a split second did he think she was far too young and not pretty at all; she was thin and towering, had pimply skin, ears far too big, and teeth that grew unevenly. Her long, thin arms reinforced the impression of angularity that she radiated. The widely protruding kneecaps seemed irritating, confusing in contrast to the already rounding thighs that disappeared under the hem of the dress that had become much too short. But all that was almost indifferent to him. What mattered was the hard throbbing in his chest.

Pico kept turning the pages and blinked out of the corner of his eye at Sonja, who was sitting on the stool and studying the picture of a copulating couple for a very long time. “I wonder if you get money for that?” she asked again, looking up at him.

Pico swallowed, then said hoarsely, “Yes, sometimes you get money for it.” After a pause, he added, “They don’t buy all the paint-

ings, but sometimes one or two they like, then I have to throw the rest away." Lying came easier to him than ever.

Sonja looked at him now, unblinking. "Can I have some money too?" Pico sat frozen. It irritated him that she was directing the conversation and he, who might well have been her grandfather, was trailing behind.

"Well," he said a bit hesitantly for appearances' sake, "you're still quite young, you know that? And besides, they only pay for bare facts!" He was silent and relieved that he had now taken the reins a bit. The minutes passed sluggishly in the silence. Sonja looked at him from below and said with a wry smile, "I'm not a child anymore, I'll soon be 15," which Pico couldn't believe her, "and I'm already getting breasts!" Defiantly, Sonja sat on the stool and looked at him expectantly.

Pico said almost immediately, "I don't believe it!" and put the album aside. He got up and went to the bathroom. After he peed, he undressed and came back to the living room in his bathrobe. Sonja was still on the stool and looked at him from dark eyes when he came in. "Yes, I am, I'm already getting boobs!" she said defiantly.

He shrugged and sat back in his recliner. He knew that he only had to wait until she took the initiative. He saw out of the corner of his eye how she was already giving herself a jerk and then paused again. "Yes, look!" she said all at once, pulling her dress up to her shoulders. Pico saw that she had tiny, flat breasts, but she looked at him defiantly. The tiny nipples stuck out oddly pointedly from the small, soft mounds. Pico's gaze slid down over her belly. Her panties were not quite clean and frayed at the sides, gave him a dim glimpse of the secret. Then she lowered her dress again.

Pico's heart was pounding in his throat. "Yes, well," he said vaguely, "one can see something. But they only pay for naked facts, you know that." He put a hand on a porno magazine that lay on the little table. "They don't pay only for breasts" he added, looking out the window. Sonja pondered and tugged her dress into place.

“I’m going now”,she said and stood up. Pico glared at her. “Money they pay only for naked facts” he repeated, looking at her uncertainly. He couldn’t get any more direct than that!

Sonja had already taken two steps towards the door, now she stopped and turned back to him. “And,” she searched for words, “what are they paying for it?” Pico said as if shot from a pistol “Fifty or a hundred!”. Sonja nodded and continued to look at the floor. Then she muttered, “I get five a month,” and kept calculating in her head, “but fifty buys quite a lot!”

Pico remained sitting motionless. He guessed that now came the moment when she decided for or against him. If she walked out, then it was all over. Secretly he even hoped she would go, because he suspected that there would be that there would be trouble at some point, he suspected. He stared, unmoving, at the cover of the magazine that lay on the table. Sonja took a step toward him and grinned at him a little sheepishly, “Will you give me 50?” She bit her lips and looked at him expectantly. Pico suddenly remembered that he still hadn’t picked up the video camera from the repair shop and at most could only take a few pictures with the camera. He made a sideways gesture with his hand, as he always did always when he wanted to think, but she understood it differently. With a single hand movement she slipped her dress over her head and let it slide carelessly to the floor. Then she stopped expectantly.

Pico stared at her. It surprised him again how quickly and without his actual intervention it happened. Her small breasts stood out pointedly, her panties hung askew on her hips, and her socks curled on her shoes. “Everything,” Pico said hoarsely, “you have to take it all off!” Heart pounding, he watched her as, after a long minute of hesitation, she slid the panties carelessly down and then took off her shoes and socks with a jerk. Then she straightened up and looked at him expectantly.

Involuntarily he had to think of the awkward, but very erotically depicted girls of Egon Schiele. What surprised him most was that she already had a dark down, a small patch of dark hairs curled between her legs, yet he could clearly see her labia. The long, skinny arms and

the legs, which were not much different, made a contrast that was irritating and arousing at the same time. Pico told her to lie down on the sofa, then he got up and went to the closet, took out his camera and walked over to the sofa. Not for a second did he think about the fact that he was about to get himself or her into trouble.

Sonja lay there awkwardly and completely unerotic. Maybe she had become afraid of her own courage by now, because she covered her small breasts with her hands. There was not only curiosity but also a little fearfulness in her gaze as she looked up at him. Pico murmured that she should be relaxed, it would be all right. He gave her instructions on how to place the leg or arm, looked through the viewfinder and touched her very gently when he wanted a pose so as not to frighten her. After a few minutes, she had her cheeky laugh back on her face. Pico always looked very long and thoughtfully through the viewfinder before pulling the trigger.

He had touched her skin, it was cool and yet somehow velvety. When she lay on her side, she didn't look so scrawny and bony anymore, he told her to put one leg up and bend her knee. She was a little startled when his hand brushed her fuzz for the first time. She swallowed and looked at him out of wide eyes, when he said soothingly, "The jungle has to move a little to the side so you can see everything well!" Then he gave her a chummy grin until she smiled, too. Carefully he pushed the pubic hair apart and looked at her small cleft, heart pounding. The slight inner reddening upset his imagination again, his thoughts somersaulted, for he was sure he knew where the redness came from.

Pico didn't take many pictures, because he wanted to use this first session to reduce their mutual anxiety and relieve the tension. He also wanted to find out how far she was even cooperating. His hand gently ran caressingly over her skin when he got her into a pose. He knelt with one leg on the the sofa, took some close-ups of her cleft and was secretly amused, for his bathrobe was now gaping open at the front and Sonja was looking curiously and a little embarrassedly at his half-stiff cock, even if only out of the corner of her eye, but still. She tensed again as he palpated her cleft and tried to pull the bulges

apart, so he immediately let it go and went back to his chair. “Done!” he said, taking his wallet out of his pants that hung over the chair.

Sonja had dressed again in a few seconds and accepted the bill with a flushed face. She looked at it closely and nodded with satisfaction, “50!” Pico could hardly control the trembling of his hands and whispered that if she wanted to, she could visit him again tomorrow, no better yet, the day after tomorrow; tomorrow he would perhaps already be able to sell an Image. Sonja pranced out with the bill in her hand and closed the door behind her. Pico immediately masturbated wildly until he could take no more.

Sonja, of course, could not wait and was already sitting on the landing when he was the next day coming back from the photo dealer. Wordlessly, he let her in and pointed to the living room where she should wait for him. Then he went into the bathroom and put on his bathrobe. When he went into the living room with his bag in his hand, in which the video camera was, Sonja was already lying naked on the sofa, leafing through a porn magazine. He had, after all, already thought ahead and had some notebooks, in in which mainly posing and masturbating girls were pictured, were left on the table. Sonja leafed through quite excitedly and hardly looked up when he came in.

It took him a few minutes to get the video camera ready; in between, he kept glancing over at Sonja, who seemed to be getting aroused by these masturbation pictures. He could see it in her movements, in her breathing. Slowly he rose and sat down next to her on the sofa. He put a hand on her hip and stroked her very lightly until she looked up.

“That’s a different camera,” she noted, glancing at him. “Fifty again?”

Pico pretended to think back and forth, then said, “Suit yourself, That one,” pointing with his chin at the picture he had just opened, where a girl was working intensely on her cleft, “that one gets a hundred!” He didn’t look at her and let the bait work slowly. The little red flashing light on the camera lit up on as he pressed the button.

Sonja said nothing and chewed on her lower lip as she looked at the picture intently and thoughtfully. He stroked the curve of her hip and buttock with a gentle hand, let his hand slide to her Fluff and trailed the tip of his finger up and down her pubic cleft. He was glad that she was looking at the picture so intently and thinking hard, because that way she didn't hinder him when he touched her. Gently he stroked her cleft, slowly, up and down. It was getting too long for him, though, and he inquired, "Well, what is it?"

Sonja searched for words, but couldn't find the right ones, and kept silent.

"Can't you do it, like that one?" asked Pico, looking at her curiously.

She immediately said, "Yes, I can!" but immediately bit her lips again and looked bashfully at the picture.

"If you can do it, what's the problem?" asked Pico hypocritically, for he guessed what was bothering her. "Don't you dare?" he asked jovially, and Sonja nodded mutely. Pico knew that he had won. He just had to help it along a little. He turned off the camera and turned his full attention to Sonja. He put the camera next to him and turned her onto her back. His hands touched her belly, her hips, then he bent her thighs slightly apart. With one hand he held her knee, with the other he touched her pubic fold. He smiled at her until she relaxed.

"For fifty you don't have to do anything," said Pico, "but for a hundred you have to do it, like this!" and slowly he let his Hand on her cleft circling. She looked at him fixedly and tensed up again.

"You don't have to worry," said Pico, "everyone does it for a hundred. You can just close your eyes and imagine you're alone, at home, under the covers. Forget about me and the camera!" His hand circled very slowly, and gradually he felt Sonja relax again.

"Come, close your eyes and imagine you're at home," he urged her, and she obediently closed her eyes.

“Now imagine you are lying under the covers, no one is there, and you slowly feel a nice feeling coming up, here!” he said, annoyed at his awkward speech. He gently grabbed her hand, slowly dragging it across her belly onto her pubic.

“So go ahead, do it!” he said, pressing the button, the flashing red light illuminated.

Sonja lay motionless. She blinked at him a few more times, but then closed her eyes. He had taken her hand and was circling it. After a few seconds, he noticed her change. She settled better, spreading her knees farther apart and feeling herself with her fingers, tentatively stroking herself and circling her hand. He held his breath and filmed. She circled and circled, her breathing shallower and her small chest rising and falling. After a few minutes, she stopped and looked at him. “It’s not working!” she wailed, looking at him unhappily.

He was about to say something angry, but then he remembered he had to get to the bottom of it. “But at home, it works, right?” he asked, and she hesitated before nodding. “So what’s the problem now then?”

Sonja didn’t answer right away, after a short silence she whispered, “It doesn’t — go like that.” Pico asked in amazement, “What, it doesn’t go like this!? It does go like this!” but Sonja shook her head. She lay motionless again and looked at him. “It goes differently!”

Pico was electrified. “Well, how?” he asked, but Sonja shook her head and remained silent. Then she had an idea and took the porn book in her hand, flipping back and forward again until she showed him a picture: “This is how it works!”

Pico looked at the picture; the girl had stuck a finger in her vagina. “Okay,” he said, “okay! Just like you want!” and moved back a little, holding the camera ready.

Sonja closed her eyes. Again they opened, but now she pushed her index finger slowly between the small bulges. She blinked to see if he was watching too and seemed curious to see how he was taking it,

but then she closed her eyes and began pumping her finger faster. He held the camera closer and closer until it was right in front of her pumping hand, then watched as she fingered herself. It took a very, very long time, as she lightly pushed her index finger in and out, touching her clit only occasionally with the pad of her finger, shuddering over and over. Then she pumped the finger deep and slowly into the vagina, perhaps also to delay the stimulus. After half an eternity, she put the finger into the vagina only case by case and unfocused, but she touched the clit again and again jerking and twitching, shuddering a bit when she rubbed too fast. She continued to perform this spectacle for a while, then stopped abruptly, looked at him full on and asked, “Was it right?”

Pico nodded and swallowed hard. Even though she had only given him a little show, he was quite aroused. He turned off the camera and set it aside. Sonja looked through the half-open bathrobe at his erect cock, but said nothing. Pico stood up and picked up his wallet. When he turned around, she was already dressed and took the bill from his hand. “A hundred,” she said dazedly, “A hundred!” She twisted and turned the bill. “What do you get for it?” she asked as she walked out, but she didn’t seem to have expected an answer. She had barely scurried out before Pico was masturbating again as if his life depended on it. He watched the video over and over and had to masturbate again and again.

On two or three afternoons it went similarly. Pico asked her once, when she had just finished, how it came about that she was no longer a virgin. She grinned crookedly at him again from below, then told she that she had played in former times with Susi (a neighbor child, assumed Pico) “that” often and there it had happened, but it had not hurt at all, also not Susi.

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Pico began to choreograph a little on the next days and showed Sonja exactly what he wanted to film. Relieved, he realized that it had been right to let her do the little deception, because it was obviously still too intimate for her to really masturbate in front of him. Even though she had not yet gone all the way to climax, it seemed that she

no longer felt any shyness about being filmed while masturbating. Pico suggested she try doing it with her thumb. She looked at him in amazement, but then tried it. He showed her that she had to spread the five fingers apart and insert the thumb; then she had to fan it, getting faster, until she was done. But Sonja stopped again long before orgasm when it became too strong for her. Pico waited for one more day of shooting, then he said he would he would do it to her with his thumb, she should just concentrate on the clit.

He had turned the camera on to the shelf and pointed it at Sonja. Then he sat down next to her hip and gently palpated her pubic area, commanding her to concentrate on the clit with one finger. He caressed her breasts and belly until he noticed that she was becoming a little more frisky. Slowly his hand slid up her up her inner thighs, fingers touching her vagina, opening the bulges of her labia. Then very slowly his thumb crept into her tight little vagina. Rhythmically he pushed his thumb inside, whispering that she should concentrate only on the clit and not to let go of it for a moment. She became erratic and twitched a bit, wanting to stop, but he whispered that it would go further today, much further, that she should concentrate on the clit again. Imperceptibly she began to stiffen again, after a few minutes her pelvis began to contract violently, and Pico now let his thumb whiz firmly back and forth inside her vagina. With a wail her body jerked up, she clutched his waist and buried her face against his belly under the bathrobe as the contractions tossed her back and forth. He held his thumb still and unmoving in her vagina until the contractions subsided. She looked up at him uncertainly, sort of shaken and meek, then looked down, for his stiffening cock was poking into her side. She grinned and touched it with two fingers, palming it carefully.

For minutes they sat in silent embrace. Then Pico wanted to break away to give her the hundred she deserved. But Sonja still held his cock, very carefully between two fingers, and asked, “And for that there’s more?”

Pico shook his head and cleared himself. No, that wouldn’t do, he said energetically, she was definitely too young, no one would buy those pictures, besides, he’d have one foot in jail for that. She wanted

to say something, blinking at his cock, which she still held with her fingers. He energetically freed himself and looked for his wallet.

Some times he filmed this scene at length. Sonja, meanwhile, had given up the initial pretense and was greedily masturbating to climax as soon as she was horny. She had obviously gotten used to his presence. He sat close beside her and only rarely helped with his thumb until she orgasmed. She held on to him until her panting subsided and her breathing returned to normal.

She grabbed his hard-on with her hand, which pressed firmly against her ribs, then palmed his cock and looked up at him. “Go on, do it too!” she whispered hoarsely, pushing his cock back and forth. She’d seen that many times before, she lied (though it was rare, seldom happened that the drunk guy sat down on the bed next to the two girls and masturbated with a grin), her mother’s boyfriend sometimes did it too and that he didn’t care whether she watched or not — in the small one-room apartment he had nowhere to go, Pico thought. Sonja noticed that Pico sighed and puffed excitedly at these words, so she lied some more and invented all sorts of things about how and when her mother’s boyfriend does it, that he is completely unconcerned, even when her little sister is still awake. Only when the mother was there, he didn’t do it, but then he lay on top of the mother and fucked her. Although Pico did not like this rough language, it excited him.

Sonja was silent for a moment, for it was for the most part true and terrible, and she feared to tell the whole truth. The alcohol that her mother and her boyfriend begged for, the morbid arguments and their fucking, which they did without restraint without regard for the girls — though not so often anymore, because the alcohol, which quite excited their mother, at the same time dulled his potency. The mother, who always then, when he could not, satisfied him with her hand, who was completely in bondage to the fellow and did everything he demanded; whom he sometimes forced to masturbate in front of her daughters while the guy watched the three of them greedily and hornily. The silent crying of her little sister, who didn’t understand all this and was afraid of her mother’s orgasm-distorted face. The slow understanding of the power hidden in it, because af-

terwards he regularly pounced on the mother and fucked. The incessant talk of the house boyfriend to finally send Sonja on the hustle, they needed the money urgently.

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Sonja gave herself a jolt, it didn't matter anyway, why shouldn't she tell Pico everything. He does it to her like dogs, Sonja said, pulling on Pico's foreskin, he rams her for a long time, Sonja said, and they both pant loudly because they are stinking drunk. When he gets it, Sonja said, he pulls it out and squirts all the sauce all over her ass. Or he makes her do it to herself; meanwhile she holds her little sister close, Sonja said, because she's still very afraid of it, but the fear goes away when they hold each other. In the meantime, Pico didn't know how much of this might have been true, but he was now so horny that he could hardly control himself. Sonja was wiggling his cock back and forth the whole time in a richly clumsy way.

It had to be done. Now. He pressed Sonja against him with his left hand and masturbated with his right, very quickly. He pressed his glans against the side of her small bosom and she stared at it as it wiggled along to the beat. She winced as he squirted all over her bosom from the side, his seed slowly spilling over her ribs. He continued to squirt, rubbing his seed over her breast with the glans.

Pico felt terribly ashamed and said nothing, but he took it upon himself to control himself in the future. She grinned conspiratorially at him and wiped it all away with her palm, wiping her hand on the back of the sofa. Probably every word was a lie, he thought, besides, it can't go on like this, she's totally dragging me down, I can't control myself at all. Later he said to her that he couldn't sell this film, he was in it. In general, Pico said, he could no longer pay so much, only more 50 or maybe only 20, his meager pension ... the rest he left in limbo.

A few times Sonja still allowed herself to be filmed and teased him each time to masturbate and watched him squirt curiously, but over time she stayed away longer and at some point did not come at all. She was mainly attracted by the money and after it dried up, she was

not interested in playing any more games. Pico kept watching his videos and carefully hiding them on the shelf behind the TV.

After a few months, she came again, walked in front of him into the living room, sat down on the sofa and asked him for a hundred. For two hundred he could do it quite right with her, her mother's boyfriend had already done it with her, she lied, but her red ears betrayed her. Pico, of course, didn't believe a word she said and stuttered about that that his money was not enough and that he could not pay anything. At first she looked serious and worried, but then she grinned and said good-naturedly, well, then we do it just so and lolling horny on the sofa. He sat down next to her and mumbled that he couldn't do it, because it says prison, with such a young girl ... And felt terribly ashamed because he couldn't get the bad word out.

She quickly brushed off her dress and threw it on the floor, then snuggled up to him. He caressed her and felt her small, pointed breasts, sliding his hand down and fondling her cleft. "It's really true," Sonja continued in a whisper, "he really fucked me!" Whispering softly, she told what she had been thinking for days; that her drunk mother had watched impassively as the boyfriend took hold of her and fucked, and from that day on, fucked again and again, again and again. Sonja knew how much she teased Pico with her words and whispered everything conspiratorially into his ear down to the smallest detail — she had seen it often enough.

She reached under his bathrobe, because he had become horny at her whispering, and "He is already quite stiff — you like it, don't you?" she whispered enticingly, but Pico made no reply and shook his head in denial. She pulled his foreskin quickly over the glans a couple of times, then she whispered in a conspiratorial tone, "Come on, do it to me!" and pulled him onto the sofa. There was a roar in his head and his heart skipped a beat as she pulled him on top of her. Though he silently screamed that he didn't want it, his cock immediately found its way, sliding in between her labia, plunging deep into her vagina. With a wild, desperate jerk, he withdrew, hearing her disappointed sigh. In fact, she seemed close to crying as she murmured that she really wanted to do it for once.

“Please,” Sonja whispered in a half-stifled voice, “please love me!” Again she reached for him and tried to push him in. But he resisted, even though Sonja tried vigorously to pull him on top of her. He knelt between her spread thighs and stared with wide-open eyes at the forbidden fruit in which he had almost sinned. She thought she could make him compliant by wanking him violently. He was losing his temper more and more as he knelt in front of her, his cock aimed at her slit. It seemed to him more and more as if it was Monika who was jerking him and slowly pulling his cock to her cleft. When Sonja felt his cock stiffen to bursting and begin to throb, she grabbed his ass cheeks and pulled him tightly to her. But she had excited him too much, because even during the penetration Pico squirted. He saw her eyes widen in fear as his seed squirted deep inside her, but still in the act of penetration he knew that this was not real squirting — he felt it stop immediately. She moved under him and he thrust again, as hard as he could — damn, now she had taken him so far after all! Wild and furious, he humped her, not giving a damn about her frightened gasps and tentative wails because everything about her was still tight and small and because she suddenly couldn’t breathe. She stared at him out of big child’s eyes when he didn’t stop fucking her like an animal, even though it was already going black before her eyes. On the verge of fainting, while he kept fucking like a steam engine, she tensed up in agony and was suddenly shaken by a violent orgasm. Then she orgasmed and orgasmed and orgasmed until the end. He stared into her wide-open eyes as he poured out, roaring loudly. Sonja painfully felt her own contractions in orgasming and his violent, throbbing spurting and gasped desperately. Hecontinued to churn for a few moments until he went limp. His thinking came back and at the same time nameless horror; child molester, child molester, prison, prison! For seconds he remained motionless, then he slid off her and fell silently to the side.

Unbearably slowly, one drop after another fell into the lake of eternity.

In a completely unexpected gesture of tenderness, she embraced him and snuggled against him. “Thank you,” she whispered in his ear and kissed him awkwardly on the cheek. Later she got up, dressed and left without a word, leaving him in despair and misery.

She never came again.

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The Funeral

Pico, completely shaken, got off the train that had brought him to Trieste and took a cab that took him to Parma del Riva. The young cab driver wondered because he did not know Parma at all, but Pico instructed him to go in the direction of Monfalcone Centro and then, after the city limits, go back east, towards Gorizia the first exit. So Monfalcone, growled the cab driver stubbornly, shaking his head at the Austrian with the outdated Italian.

The Rizzis had even had Uncle Rodolfo and his wife Olivia come from Mallorca to bury Aunt Lila. Lila had left a short and clear will in which she directed, on the one hand, that she be buried in Parma and, on the other, that all her belongings should pass to Pico. To Pico, the last Rizzi. Everyone knew that Uncle Rodolfo had to give up his inheritance rights when he wanted to marry the filthy rich Olivia. His father, Don Anselmo Rizzi, had an incomprehensible prejudice against anything Spanish and refused to accept Olivia as his daughter-in-law. Pico found it strange to be considered the last Rizzi, even though Don Rodolfo was still alive.

The formalities for Lila's funeral had been surprisingly simple, the transfer not exactly cheap, however, the funeral home had everything well in hand and completed the task professionally and without bothering him too much. Perhaps it also played a role that he paid generously and in cash in advance. As the cab turned the last corner, he saw the first mourners, tried to remember this and that name. The neighbor, who had taken over the organization, ran around excitedly cackling like a frightened chicken, trying to make up for poor management by loud and intrusive reorganization and improvisation. Pico was far too tired to get involved and waited devotedly until he was offered accommodation a few houses away, in the now almost bankrupt boarding house of the old widow Colonna. It was the last and only accommodation that Parma del Riva offered; otherwise he would have had to drive the eight kilometers to Monfalcone or Duino.

The widow Colonna was a resolute, plump and typically Italian matron who greeted him under the front door with a pinched face and offered her condolences. She was cagey, only becoming a touch more friendly when offering condolences. Even as she climbed the stairs, she said in her quick Italian that in bad times like these she could not do without any of her boarding house rooms and therefore had to charge him the full room rate, as he was only staying two days; the laundry and so on, he would understand. The room into which she led him panting for breath, was clean but unadorned and good for nothing other than spending the night. Pico nodded and said in his heavy accent that he was dead tired and about to go to sleep. The widow Colonna left, not without once again expressing her condolences to him about Donna Aurelia.

It did seem strange to Pico to hear Aunt Lila's full first name Aurelia — even though he knew her full name was Aurelia Laetizia Rizzi. He had become so used to Lila that he had never used to wonder where Lila even came from. On the other hand, he also never wondered why he was called Pico and not Rico or Riccardo. He unpacked his travel bag and undressed to wash. In the crooked mirror hanging over the sink, he saw himself, from chest down to knee. His cock hung down small and unsightly, he palpated it a little and promptly it began to stir. Determined, he washed his face and chest, looked again at his cock in the mirror. For a split second he thought about the fact that he had been under stress for days and had not had time for an orgasm. As he toweled himself off, his cock throbbed demandingly. He checked with a quick glance that the window curtain was closed, then stroked his cock with relish before quickly jerking off. Fascinated, he watched himself in the mirror as he squirted into the sink.

The next day he woke up very late. A vacuum cleaner was purring in the hallway. Pico was as if he had been slain, for he had only been superficial and restless sleep. He had to pull himself together, the death of Lila was almost a week ago, he could not just cry like he did on the first day. Thanks God, Lila did not suffer long. The same breast cancer that falled his mother years ago took Lila away in the third week in hospital. Pico visited her daily and read all local newspapers aloud. He had paid the extra fee for a single bed room. He stopped reading as he noticed, that Lila had stopped breathing. An

exiting smile in her face she looked with eyes wide open into a wonderful future in the heavens.

Half past nine, my God, he had overslept thoroughly! He quickly slipped into his robes and opened the door. The woman who was handling the vacuum cleaner looked up. It was a younger woman, in her late thirties, maybe younger, but in any case much younger than he. She was not a beauty, but somehow pretty, like most of the girls from Parma.

Good morning, Pico said, asking if he could still get breakfast at this hour. The woman nodded and gestured with her hand down to the ground floor. Pico apologized for his poor Italian, but he had been born in Vienna and had had little opportunity to speak Italian. She smiled for a moment, then turned the vacuum cleaner back on and continued her work.

Later, Pico stood in front of the sink and washed quickly. It excited him to know a young woman outside the door, who was indeed was going about her work, but he was standing here, naked, and she was outside, pretty and young. No, he couldn't do that, he scolded himself, now that Lila had just died. He almost cut himself with the razor, so much did the thought preoccupy him, assail him again and again. He wiped the shaving foam from his face and felt the erection, the urgent erection. He rubbed a little and thought about squirting into the sink again, but he stopped right away. It roared in his ears because it still made him think of Lila, then he put on his robe but deliberately left it open a little and went back to the door. It was a good thing he had rubbed his cock a bit, because it remained firm and semi-stiff, even though it was hanging down.

The young woman was already working a few doors down and looked up when he opened the door. He knew she couldn't see much of him in this lighting, but he had to try. He always tried, after all. Could he get a bigger towel, please, he wanted to take a shower. Puzzled, she looked down at his cock and nodded after he repeated his request, then vanished in a flash behind a door. Pico wondered if perhaps she was mute. Immediately she came toward him with a large bath towel in her hand. Pico was still standing in the open

doorway, looking at her. As she approached, she could at first only guess at his nakedness under the robe but she immediately lowered her eyes when her gaze fell on his naked body, on his dangling cock. In any case, she stopped abruptly and handed him the cloth from afar, making him lean far over. All the time she was looking at his cock, secretly, under her lashes. He put all his charm into the look with which he gazed at her, put his excitement into that one look like an invitation. Her gaze wandered off as he touched his cock with his hand touched it, she blinked once more bashfully under his robe and quickly went down the stairs.

Pico was disappointed. Sometimes his magic worked, but not always. Actually, he admitted to himself, it rarely worked, but he tried again and again, because 3 out of 10, that was not a bad statistic. At the same time, he was also realistic enough to know that if he tried it a hundred times, that could mean thirty percent, but it could also mean only three percent. Too bad, because the young woman was really attractive. At the same time as he was disappointed, he lost interest, quickly showered and dressed. Breakfast was waiting.

It was a rural funeral, as expected. The service went on interminably. Pico turned around once, but the silent cleaning woman from the boarding house he could not discover anywhere. The way from the church to the cemetery was long, because one left the church, behind which the cemetery lay, through the front door and circled the whole area widely in a slow, consecrated procession, to take the entrance to the cemetery again at the back of the church. The small brass band, handpicked by the parish priest, played so pathetically that it brought tears to one's eyes, not only from the sadness but also from the howling discords. Pico felt very strange, could hardly cope with the rituals and, confused, followed the signs that the relatives eagerly gave him: dipping the small brushwood broom in the holy water and making three crosses over the grave, later picking up a little earth with the small hand spade and throwing it into the grave, on the coffin, and then into the grave. Throwing the roses, which he had been holding convulsively in his hand all this time, onto the coffin, hissed to him an elderly woman standing next to him, whom he did not know if she was related to him. Stepping in front of the priest and kissing the air to the left and right of his face.

To stand afterwards in the long line of Rizzi-s relatives, right next to Uncle Rodolfo. Shaking hands with all the attendees who filed past them in a long line and muttering something, anything. The aged Rodolfo saw him only for the second time, but he guessed Pico's thoughts and murmured softly that as the last Rizzi he must stand here, proud and firm as an oak. Pico nodded devotedly, "si, si, Don Rodolfo!" Nevertheless, he was embarrassed and touched, because Don Rodolfo also acted as if he himself were no Rizzi.

The church service and the funeral itself, which ended shortly before noon, were now followed by a long lunch, which began seriously and silently, but gradually the mood relaxed. In the afternoon they sat in the good parlor of the old Rizzi-house, which now belonged formally to Pico but was owned by a distant Rizzi-relatives along with family, to whom Pico had granted the right of residence for life. Everyone had expected this from him. He lived in Vienna and could do nothing with the house anyway. Uncle Rodolfo had explained to him in detail how he himself had renounced his rights to the house many years ago because he lived in Mallorca and therefore could not do anything with the house either (and that he was practically disinherited, but Rodolfo never mentioned that). That one not so easily sent impoverished relatives on the street, if one had a good home, that would probably be understood by itself. That the house (and here the old man leaned close to his ear and whispered: "My boy, the house is completely run down and should really be torn down, so you're really losing out.") Pico had gone immediately that morning to see Don Vicenzo, who was mayor, notary, and municipal administrator all in one, when he wasn't selling hardware and building materials, which he actually did for a living. Don Vicenzo seemed to be clairvoyant because, as he addressed Pico, he offered Don Riccardo a homemade grappa as a welcome drink and presented him with the deed of gift he had drawn up after talking to Don Rodolfo. Somewhere in the back of Pico's mind there was Lila's reminder to address everyone who owned property as Don or Donna, which was the custom and duty in the old Upper Italy if one did not want to be considered a dumb barbarian — in the meantime this custom had long since given way to the modern, only the parish priest was addressed as Don, but the people of Parma expressed their excitement about the high visitor with a throwback to the stilted past. Nevertheless, he felt very

strange to be addressed as Don Riccardo and found it unusual every time. Every attempt to use his legally prescribed call sign Pico resulted in the understanding remark that the Germans addressed everyone disrespectfully by their children's names, those uneducated barbarians! Discussions, why he considered himself as an Austrian and never as a German, he could spare himself.

Pico was not used to the good Italian cuisine and got a stomach ache after eating; moreover, many things he had read in his mother's diary and Lila's could not get out of his mind. Lila had told him in the hospital, when she already knew that it was going to end with her, that he should take his mother's diaries and hers and burn them — there is nothing important in them, Lila had said. But Pico had read the diaries immediately and began to understand his mother's story and Lila's better. Much that had been incomprehensible to him cleared up. He devoured page after page and finally understood how things became the way they were. He had read the diaries several times, again and again, read and cried, because now he loved both women even more than ever before.

Uncle Rodolfo asked him about his stomach and ordered a stomach liquor for Pico; slowly Rodolfo learned all about his great-nephew. On the subject of sailing, his eyes lit up; he and his German business partner had a large sailing ship in Mallorca and said that if Pico could make it, he should visit him and maybe join a cruise on the TITANIA. Rodolfo was quite taken with Pico, because Pico had worked his way up in a bank and had become a respected man in Vienna. Lila had always emphasized that when she wrote or when they talked on the phone. Later, Rodolfo alluded again to the fact that Pico was the last Rizzi (the last male Rizzi entitled to inherit, added Pico silently), and one day everything would be his. Pico nodded absent-mindedly, for more than usual was soon drunk, and the alcohol was rapidly rising within him.

He didn't remember later exactly when he lost control, mumbling and slurring his words with the old, hard-of-hearing Rodolfo about sailing, about the good old days, about his mother and Aunt Lila, and about Rodolfo's oldest stepbrother, Don Aldo, whom he had remembered as a small child but whom he could hardly remember. Don

Rodolfo raised his glass solemnly, toasted Lila, and embraced him fraternally, whispering in Pico's ear with a heavy tongue that not only he, Pico, was a grieving lover of Lila, but also he himself, for he had also been her lover when Lila had been perhaps 14 or even younger. When Pico tried to sit up again, Uncle Rodolfo pulled him back down to him and continued his confession to his ears: almost exhibitionistically, he told Pico all the little details that connected him to Lila and also how his brother Aldo had caused the scandal at their summer resort in Abbazia on the now Yugoslavian coast, and how he was threatened with a shotgun by their father, Don Anselmo, when he caught Aldo and Lila in flagranti. Aldo, who had dishonored his cousin Lila — although he, Rodolfo, had also already slept with Lila — was chased out of the village with shame by his own father, and in the course of his wanderings found himself in Vienna, where he fell in love with Aunt Hermine.

Pico, on the one hand, had problems with the fact that Rodolfo mumbled very wetly during this ear confession; on the other hand, they cried together when Rodolfo talked about how well Lila could fuck, even as a young thing, and how much he had indulged in nonsensical hopes of being able to marry her one day. And how much it pained him that at the same time she was also fucking with Aldo. Pico struggled not only with the alcohol, but also with Rodolfo's Italian, which was a mixture of old Mallorcan, Arabic and Portuguese; only in the course of confessing in his ears did he understand that Rodolfo meant "fudar" actually meant "fuck". Pico's thoughts spilled sluggishly through his cerebral convolutions and laboriously hit snags, for as a child he had sometimes imagined that Don Aldo was his father, for he slept with his mother until he died when Pico was 7 years old.

That evening, Pico drank much more than he could handle. He sobbed and cried when he thought of Lila, kept raising his glass and drinking to her. She was so far gone, so irretrievably gone, and would never make love with him again. He raised his glass again and drank to her until he could hardly sit. Don Rodolfo had departed when he was greatly fatigued and drank with Pico, standing, another grappa to Lila, who had given them the loveliest hours of their lives.

They brought Pico, the senselessly drunk Pico, hooked left and right under to the house of the widow Colonna. It was the middle of the night, the mournful carousing had lasted into the early morning, and the two lads dragging Pico underhooked through the streets were also quite drunk themselves. Nevertheless, Uncle Rodolfo had insisted that Pico be escorted to his quarters. The two young boys, whom Pico did not know, leaned against the front door, panting, and knocked vigorously until the hall light was turned on. After some time, the widow Colonna opened sullenly, for she had already slept very deeply, only quickly slipped on a robe over her nudity and let her long gray braid dangle open over her back. Sleepily she muttered and let the two of them enter, along with Pico hanging between them. She was really very tired already and plodded along half dreaming as she led the way up the stairs for the two laughing and gurgling boys. The boys giggled and made teasing and piggy remarks when they glanced on the stairs at her nudity under the robe. The widow Colonna blushed deep red as the guys didn't stop making remarks to fuck the old one. She unlocked Pico's room while the boys went in a very comical procession, threatening to fall several times; the boys threw Pico on the bed crashing onto the bed and staggering, trying to straighten him out halfway on the bed. She screamed angrily as one of them opened her robe and groped at her cunt.

The widow Colonna — small, broad and resolute — angrily shooed the two out, the rest she would already do and the two should only look that they themselves came home safely. When the two had noisily departed, she began to undress the fully drunk Pico. Pico had been unconscious, but now, as he lay still and felt nimble fingers undressing him, his spirits were reviving, as much as is possible in someone so drunk. He did not know where he was, nor who she was; at any rate a woman was undressing him. He thought that it was Lila who undressed him so lovingly and immediately began to cry again, for his Lila was no more.

The widow Colonna murmured that it was all right and that he did not need to cry anymore. She had to turn him groaning back and forth to take off his jacket, shirt and pants, then she took off his shoes and socks until he was lying on the bed in only his underpants. As hard as she tried, she couldn't get the blanket he was lying on free.

So she knelt beside him, pulling and tugging at it until she could get it partially free. The sobbing Pico, meanwhile, had one arm wrapped around her waist, and she let go of the blanket and murmured soothing words as he cried himself out against her chest. She held him for minutes, stroking his hair soothingly and letting him cry it out.

The widow Colonna became somewhat embarrassed when she realized that his underpants were already wet and bulging mightily. She hesitated for a long time, because it was certainly not right and decent what went through her mind. Only after a long hesitation did she give in to her curiosity and bend down to slowly remove his underpants. Her heart gave a small, anxious jump, as she pulled the pants down over his cock. It was not quite stiff, but the glans was sticking out of the foreskin and had stained into the underpants; there was still a thin, slimy thread hanging from its tip. She was still somewhat dazed from sleep and waited a long time before she gently stroked the glans with her finger and wiped the thread away. With a light, gentle touch, her hand slid down his cock, which slowly straightened at that gentle touch. She daydreamed half awake, her past adventures haunting her mind; her hand slid over the cock, touching its glans delicately again and again. She stroked the cock as if dreaming, but woke up again immediately and let go, startled. Madonna, which had become hard as a board in the meantime, the glans protruded thick and red in front! Her thoughts were doing somersaults. She was no longer up to the situation, all this was decades behind her. Nevertheless, she held her breath.

Pico cried and continued to hold onto her, pressing his head between her heavy breasts and howling. She looked unblinkingly at his cock, stroking his hair and murmuring that everything would be all right, but Pico continued to cry fiercely and hugged her even tighter, clawing into her breasts. Startled, she leaned back so that Pico came to lie half on top of her. The widow Colonna, whose long gray braid reached far below her hips when she wasn't wearing it wound into a wreath, was startled when his spear bored against her bare thigh.

Madonna, thought the widow Colonna terrified, in a moment he will rape me! At this thought she gasped with excitement and stroked his head, murmuring that everything would be all right and that he

should finally sleep. Her eyes fluttered like two little birds that kept straying to his cock. At the same time, thoughts whirred in her head, all the way back to the time when she was young, desired and fucked excitingly. With old Beppo, who had been her her secret lover for thirty years, she had not slept with him for years, since he had been partially paralyzed after his stroke. He had become partially paralyzed and completely lame in the loins. Only out of pity did she sometimes do him the favor of and rubbed a little on his shriveled, soft noodle, because he was no longer capable of anything more. Pico leaned even more against her, dismaying her even more with his hard-on, which pressed against her in a demanding manner. He wants to rape me, thought the widow Colonna in confusion, not knowing what to do. It would have been easy for her to slip out from under him, but she was paralyzed by the thought of being raped by Pico. Oh Saints, oh Madonna, what is happening to me? the widow thought, holding Pico tightly. Her sleepiness as well as the deceptive thought of being raped by him, completely disappeared from her. Suddenly she was wide awake. It's about to happen, she thought, in a moment Pico would fuck her, rape her, an old woman! She almost couldn't remember the last time. Madonna, thrusting and squirting inside!

Pico imagined himself on top of Lila, pressing his head between the big breasts and crying, at the same time holding on to her breasts with both hands and caressing them awkwardly. He was so happy that Lila was back and at the same time it was horrible that Lila was no longer alive. He cried and squeezed the breasts, pressing and squeezing them to evoke Lila's presence. The widow Colonna gasped and swallowed hard as he worked her thick, matronly breasts clumsily.

She felt his cock against her bare thigh and groped for it with her hand. First defensively, then curiously. She sighed, for she hadn't held such a strong and young cock in her hand for a long time. No, he wouldn't be able to take her like that, her robe was in his way. She thought an impulse prayer, sighed hypocritically "you Saints and oh, Madonna, let him fuck me then" and with a jerk undid the belt of her robe. Pico's sobs subsided and eased somewhat when he felt her hand on his cock; yes, that was Lila, still touching him as before. His

thoughts derailed and chased over the roller coaster of the past. Lila, who had always been present, who had never let him down. Pico stirred a little, half-crawled on her thigh. Where his cock had previously encountered scratchy terrycloth, there was now a naked woman's thigh. Lila, howled Pico blissfully, Lila!

The widow Colonna remained motionless, heart pounding, waiting for Pico to finally fuck her. She felt him move a tiny bit and come to rest on her thigh. He stirred languidly, wetly sliding his cock over her thigh and sliding lower. Her hand held his cock tightly, and she shuddered a little as the tip of the glans touched her thinning gray pubic hair. Jesus, Jesus, she gasped silently to herself, he's about to fuck me! She blushed a little as she suddenly remembered that it was not he who was raping her, but she who was raping him.

Suddenly she had to think that she rarely felt this tugging in her loins anymore, indeed often she held this tension for a long time, only to hastily find the lonely, quick release in a short, secret moment. Only very rarely did she allow herself the pleasure of preparing everything long and with relish and of taking the candle out of the nightstand; it was not right, it was not decent, and it was a terrible mortal sin, but she just had to do it sometimes. Pico did not stir. He was apparently dozed off or unconscious, the widow Colonna wasn't sure about that but he continued to cry in his dreams. Her thoughts had already galloped far ahead, conjuring up Beppo and masturbation within reach, spinning in lustful images in her mind.

And now Pico lay on top of her with a stiff cock, probably about to mount her. But the way he was lying now, he certainly could not. The widow Colonna gently pulled him further on top of her, opening her thighs with a sigh, waiting for him to do it, for he would do it in a moment, she knew, for it had always been so. One lay there slightly open and waited only a little moment, then he would lunge forward, ramming his cock into her raw cunt and thrusting hard until he squirted. But Pico remained lying motionless and only cried sadly.

She gently grasped his cock again with her hand. He was still magnificently stiff, but in this position he couldn't possibly fuck her, she realized immediately. She settled herself even better under him, di-

recting his cock to her cleft. Briefly she thought about how old she was and that this should have been over long ago, but then she placed the glans against her vagina, pressing it gently against it. It didn't go in, because the widow Colonna's vagina had become so narrow over the years that two fingers could hardly fit inside, as her late husband and all her lovers could have confirmed. She slowly pressed Pico's ass against her to insert his cock. She did it slowly and deliberately, for she now determined how fast he entered her — unlike before, when the man's greed ruled her. A heart pounding hot feeling as the glans entered, as the cock made its way in and slowly widened her vagina.

She paused, sighing. Memories came flooding back, but not Pico, who was apparently still dozing. She waited some more time, enjoying the pressure of his warm cock. Candles were always so cold, she thought, taking a long time to reach body temperature. A cock was nice and warm when it penetrated, and it was nice the way her vagina closed tightly around it. As she tried to move under him, she realized that he was much too heavy for her.

She groped for his ass with both hands, grasping the cheeks of his ass and pulling, sliding him back and forth on her belly. Like a wet sack of potatoes, Pico was rocked back and forth on her belly. It was working, it was working! Finally, that strange feeling again that she always got when she was being fucked. The strong friction turned her insides inside out. Pico was lying on top of her like a doll, and now it was her, just her, doing it. She pushed him, back and forth, feeling his hard-on deep inside her, and smiled. I old carrion screwing a young lover one more time! The tugging in her abdomen that she had felt for days glowed again. It was a soft and warm tugging, not as demanding and violent as in her youth. She closed her eyes and fantasized that she was masturbating lustfully as she pushed Pico's cock rhythmically inside her as she usually did the candle. She gave herself over to dreams in which she was alternately being fucked by Beppo or masturbating with arousal; the mists of the past cleared.

Her husband, old Colonna, had laid on top of her once a month without a word, quickly fucked and quickly cummed. It was to him no matter whether she felt pleasure or not. He didn't know any bet-

ter, probably had no idea about women and sex, although he was almost thirty years older than her, born in the Habsburg Empire. Maybe he never noticed, maybe he didn't care that she brought her former lover into the marriage. Beppo was quite different, much more sweet and considerate. He could hold back his greed for a long time and then ram hard like a stallion, at least in his younger years. In the course of time, he too became tired and lame in the loins, but she secretly had lovers again and again, pension guests who were exciting and unspent. Only when she was approaching fiftyfive, men were no longer interested in her; it took her quite a long time to admit it to herself. The once beloved vice of her youth revived once more dull and weary — it was the frequent masturbation for the young girl still new, exciting and sparking, it now became for her a lonely, joyless acting out every night.

Old Colonna, after his stroke, lay almost completely paralyzed in their marriage bed for another two years before he passed away. She and Beppo barely had a way out and couldn't help but fuck quietly and carefully next to the mute, motionless old man. Beppo was the first to notice that old Colonna was getting an erection while they were fucking. Grinning, he flipped back the bedspread, winking at his pale lover. She was quite amazed at the time at how casually and practiced Beppo subsequently masturbated the old man, and later she realized that he was just enjoying it.

Beppo, the natural man of pleasure, soon got her to mount the old man as well after their shepherding session, when he had an erection. Although at first she was almost scared to death of the paralyzed man's stare, she squatted over him and slowly and carefully inserted his cock. Patiently she bobbed on his cock until he squirted, even if it took a very, very long time. Beppo lay lasciviously stretched out next to her, watching and groping her, which sometimes aroused him so much that she had to serve her lover again right after her husband.

She soon saw her husband's erections with different eyes and began to pity him. It surprised her completely how often the paralyzed invalid became erect and she complained reproachfully: why only now, when he was high in his seventies and she was approaching fifty

and not earlier, when they were both younger? When she wasn't needed elsewhere and Beppo wasn't there, she quickly flipped up her skirt and squatted over him, freeing him from his oppressive longing. Sometimes she did it by hand like Beppo, but it didn't go easily; it went much better when she rode him.

When she bedded and washed old Colonna together with deaf-mute Cora, she tried to ignore his erection. Cora had come to her as an orphan at 15 and had worked as a maid in her small boarding house ever since; she was a bit retarded because she had learned nothing and could hardly communicate with the world around her. Cora was like a child, still completely untouched and thought nothing of washing the naked old man together with her boss, overlooking the old man's erections just as she did. She had never seen a cock up close before and guessed that this was how it was supposed to be, so stiffly erect. Once the old man began to squirt when Cora eagerly washed his cock with the washcloth; puzzled, she paused and stared at the spurting, then looked at her in disbelief, then looked uncertainly and embarrassed at Mrs. Colonna. She gave a jerk and acted as if nothing was wrong; she took the washcloth from Cora's hand and cleaned the splatter away. Cora, who understood nothing, kept a respectful distance from him from now on, so Mrs. Colonna always had to wash him herself from then on.

Cora burst into the room once, just as the Colonna was squatting over the old man with her skirt gathered. With her back to the door she had not heard Cora, bobbed her wide butt up and down and gave him a hard time. Cora stopped, flabbergasted and startled; so that was how it was with the erection! She began to understand the connections when she saw that the cock was somewhere in the bobbing butt of her boss. Panting, she put her ass over the cock again and again, and it disappeared completely. All at once she slowed down, lifted her skirt and looked down, looked between her thighs. Cora became quite curious, also bent down a bit and tried to catch a glimpse of it, and now she realized that the cock was not in the ass at all, but in the front hole. The boss pulled her thick ass cheeks apart and now moved quickly up and down again. Carefully she paused in between and lifted her ass up to obviously check for the cock. Then she

plugged it with the hand again in and chafed again completely fast up and down.

All of a sudden she lifted her ass all the way up, so that the cock fell out of her hole, wet as he squirt, and sank stiffly to the side. Cora was all astonished because he was still squirting a little. Then Mrs. Colonna grabbed with both hands between her thighs and spread her labia to let his semen drip out of her and then wipe her vagina. It was only when she was cleaning the cock that she noticed Cora under the door. She scolded her angrily, though she hoped Cora hadn't been able to see much, and the poor thing also disappeared immediately with her head down. Cora thought what her boss was doing to the bedridden old man was kind of dirty; but she guessed it was out of loving pity. She couldn't well ask what it was like, the hole thing, though she would have loved to know.

After that, Mrs. Colonna found, she no longer needed to be shy in front of Cora and was no longer embarrassed to masturbate him with her hand at the next washing. Cora kept inconspicuously in the background, pretending to continue cleaning, but Mrs. Colonna could tell by her blushing that she was secretly watching. Mrs. Colonna, in a fit of parenting good will, gestured for her to come over and stop, just watch. Cora swallowed unsteadily a few times as the Colonna pushed the foreskin down a few times and the red glans came out. Ms. Colonna twisted and turned it back and forth, trying to explain that inside the small, wizened sac were the balls with semen squirting out of the hole in front. Cora didn't understand a word, but then watched intently as the boss masturbated the old man. When the moment came, she took Cora's hand and let her feel the throbbing cock. She grinned encouragingly at Cora, but when she made no move, she clasped Cora's hand tightly and ran it up and down as it squirted. That was probably wrong, she thought later, because Cora gasped in fright as it splashed onto her hand. She didn't know anything about Cora, although she was very curious and would have liked to know if she had a lover yet, she was turning seventeen soon after all. She sometimes puzzled over whether Cora secretly masturbated; but actually she was convinced that Cora had never had sex.

She would certainly have thought differently if she had known that her dear Beppo, to whom she told everything with a sexy grin, had pushed the frightened Cora into the laundry room a short time later and, despite her reluctance, had quickly deflowered and fucked her quickly and hastily, despite her reluctance. Ever since Cora had been in the house, she had been secretly in love with Beppo, without knowing what that meant in concrete terms. She couldn't avoid him for long, because he always managed to intercept her in the laundry room; besides, she was beginning to like it. He was always rushed and in a hurry, pushing her onto a laundry basket and quickly pushing up her skirt. Then he fucked her wordlessly and as fast as he could — thirty years of age difference obviously made him younger. Except that she lay under him and his seed stayed inside her, that didn't seem right to Cora. If he let her, she would resolutely turn him on his back to ride him, as she had seen her boss do. Beppo was not a little surprised when she then flipped up her skirt and spread her labia to watch curiously as the semen flowed out of her again. For her everything was done with it; about contraception or pregnancy Cora knew of course nothing at all.

Her boss was amazed when, some time later, Cora took the old man's cock in her hand, completely unaffected, when it became erect again while she was washing it; as if it were a matter of course, Cora masturbated him and let it squirt. Mrs. Colonna thought her old husband was now and in good hands wanted more from Beppo; understandably, he had hardly any time for Cora, who was sad about it, and besides, she missed the nice tingling feeling she had got with Beppo. Mrs. Colonna would probably have been struck dead if she had known what was going on behind her back. Cora had no other choice but to sneak up to the old man and squat over him instead of doing it to him with her hand, as Mrs. Colonna thought. But oh, she didn't realize that her boss had given old Colonna at least ten days or a week to recover; far too often she would sneak up to the old man. When the young girl lifted her skirt and her naked cunt touched him, he sighed deeply. She watched patiently as the miracle of the erection slowly occurred, then she plugged him in and bobbed away. She liked that, and sidled up to the old man as often as she could. The good guy did his best, but one day it was just too much. On this day she suppressed all inhibitions, because it tingled so nicely with her be-

fore. She had to increase the nice tingling by rubbing her clit — and when it came to her, he gurgled. Cora let shuddering, let her orgasm fade away and then quickly bounced her ass to give it to him hard; that's why she had come to him. He squirted one last time, slowly and haltingly, then his old heart gave out. She conscientiously wiped him and herself before going down, not realizing that the old man had finally and forever done squirting.

Because Mrs. Colonna took mourning very seriously at first, Beppo clung to Cora again. He didn't think much of her riding position, much preferring to fuck her raid-like on a laundry basket. Cora took it devotedly, especially since she was still very intimidated by the old man's passing. Later she pulled him more and more often in the laundry room, because it tingled so nicely when she was fucked. But also the old Colonna didn't want to let her beloved rust and pulled him more and more often into her bed; secretly of course, because of the year of mourning. This double burden probably became Beppo's undoing, and Mrs. Colonna felt it was a judgment from heaven when, barely a year after her old man's death, he suffered a severe stroke and thereafter needed her pity. She ruefully ducked under this whiplash of Heaven and from that day on lived as chastely as she could. It was only right for her that Cora should willingly take care of poor Beppo, as she had done with old Colonna, although it sometimes stung her when the deaf-mute rode obliviously on Beppo's lap.

The widow Colonna squeezed Pico tighter against her, trying to open herself wider so his cock would stay inside. She rocked Pico rhythmically up and down on her belly, listening inside. She squeezed his cock tightly inside her, because it was the same nice feeling she felt when masturbating and she hoped that she would reach her climax soon. It had taken a very long time for Pico's cock to start throbbing; she adjusted the rhythm in which she pushed his ass back and forth, increasing it.

She was completely surprised when her orgasm broke loose and she almost lost Pico's cock in her twitching. My God, it had been ages since she had orgasmed while being fucked! An eternity! Startled, she guided Pico's cock back in. She smiled contentedly as Pico's

breathing became shorter and the throbbing became more violent. She remembered that well. Sometimes when she shared secrets with other women, she wondered because most didn't notice the coming of his orgasm, some didn't even notice when he squirted. She, on the other hand, could feel everything, as if she had her own sense of touch for it.

She panted excitedly, because now, yes, now she felt his first, violent squirt and had to smile, because she always felt that as a victory over the man. Energetically she pressed Pico's butt on her abdomen and felt him squirting intermittently. The boy squirted and squirted and squirted, no one had ever squirted inside her for so long! As it slowly ebbed, she slowed down a bit too, but she kept thrusting him inside her, pulling and pushing him back and forth rapidly with satisfaction, while it was still somewhat usable. Pico's cock subsided after minutes, however, and slipped out. Greedily, she groped for it, but it had become too soft and would not allow itself to be pushed in. She carefully took the glans between her fingers and ran it up and down her bud, feeling that gentle tug that came before great arousal. While she enjoyed the tugging in her abdomen, she brushed her bud with the glans faster and faster, but the big excitement wouldn't rise.

Pico's cock had completely slackened, the widow Colonna sobered to realize, and let go. Disappointed, she remained lying there, feeling the small, wet piece of flesh at her crevice entrance to cool. It hadn't worked, even though she had been so close. Her heart pounded louder, more demanding, until she reached her hand between both their bodies and felt for the bud. But she stopped again after a moment, for the all inhibiting shame of masturbating in the presence of a man made the pleasure finally subside. But not completely. The pulling and throbbing in her abdomen remained — she would do it, right afterwards, when she was alone again. Carefully, she rolled him off her, slid out of bed beside him, and covered him up before going down to her room to masturbate with the candle in pleasure.

Pico, who actually wanted to stay one more day in Parma, drove to Graz with Monika the next day. She had long since divorced again, and Pico could not even remember her husband's name at the moment. He had known from the first time they met that he was an ass-

hole and told that to Monika, who married the guy anyway. Even as her marriage began to go wrong, she took a job as a publishing assistant, which took her to Vienna again and again. When Lila was not there, she would sometimes secretly lay with him, because she knew about his accident and no longer had to worry about getting pregnant. Pico was ashamed that he was cheating on Lila with her, even though it happened very rarely at first, he was ashamed because he was cheating on Lila's age and her frailty. Gradually, like him, Monika was graying and rarely found lovers when she felt like it. And she felt like it more and more often, she was afraid of aging and the loss of desire.

Pico was afraid at the way she drove, because she handled the Lancia, a beautiful vintage car, not exactly hesitant. She, on the other hand, loved the speeding and sporty chassis of the Flavia, which, with its 200-plus horses, just shot up the narrow country road in the Canale Valley. Pico held on convulsively and sweated.

They had actually planned to spend three days in Graz, but her ex-husband kept calling and the ensuing argument moved them to drive on to Vienna. Pico could finally sleep it off and cry on his sister's chest. She knew, as did Rodolfo, how strong his sexual relationship with Lila had been and comforted him as best she could. She soon fell silent, for talking only brought him sorrow and made him cry. Sex, on the other hand, distracted him completely, and he could doze off afterwards and fall deeply asleep.

They rarely talked about her divorce disaster or his early retirement from the bank. When he retreated into his lonely shell after Lila's funeral Monika arranged their agendas so that she could spend at least every other weekend with him in Vienna. It was only comfort and a trip down memory lane, she knew, and smiled. She had had many lovers in her life and knew exactly how to arouse and love Pico. They were both over fifty and no longer needed frenzied, grueling sex.

Monika let him fuck as often as he wanted, once or five times was fine with her. She had become a very sexually experienced woman, had learned from hundreds of lovers to fuck with radiant skill. She

guessed with unerring certainty what was right now. Young-girl shy fucking or the dirty harbor whore or wild growling fucking like an animal. She was a perfect master of that. Pico, when he had worked himself to exhaustion, wanted to see Monika masturbate. She had masturbated a lot all her life and let him watch with a smile. She loved Pico more than anything and gave him all the sex he wanted and needed. — Monika never talked to Pico about it, but she could have done without sex altogether. Comfort, security and warmth, that was what she wanted to give him above all, because Pico was suffering like a dog after Lila's death and first had to find his life again.

Pico, the fool, would have been well advised to be content with the gentle life at his sister Monika's side, instead of getting involved in the foolish adventure with Peter and the evil money.

Catastrophes Always Comes on Silent Soles

Several times a year, meetings were held to which Pico was invited. Dr. Kantor made it clear to him that he did not have to participate because he had expressly waived his right to vote and was therefore only allowed to sit was only allowed to sit there silently. But Dr. Kantor understood that Pico continued to come and listen. Actually, he rarely really listened; in truth, he wanted to interrupt his monotonous daily routine, to be among known people from time to time.

Dr. Kantor had once asked him to join him in the office during a break in the meeting and asked for his opinion on a case. While Pico was giving his impressions, Dr. Kantor was playing with a ballpoint pen, drumming it impatiently on a color magazine, because he was annoyed that old Pico was pointing out some little things that he himself had not yet thought of. The old Italian might be a crotchety fellow, but he was by no means stupid, and he could pick out the subtlest nuances as he listened. They smoked in silence when Pico had finished, and Dr. Kantor reminded himself inwardly to be fair. Good old Rizzi had been paying close attention and had observed some details where it was worthwhile to follow up. He thanked Pico for his assessment and asserted that their opinions were in agreement; he would therefore follow up the matter closely. He considered the conversation over, but Pico stared at the color magazine lying on Dr. Kantor's table.

Dr. Kantor saw the curiosity in Pico's eyes and handed him the magazine, a sailor's magazine. He said Pico was welcome to have it; he had already leafed through it. As Pico left, Dr. Kantor had no idea that this was the beginning of a new era in Pico's life. Pico, already in his fifties, fell instantly and madly in love with these beautiful creatures that plowed sleekly through the waves and seas. Within a few days, he bought everything he could get on the subject of sailing in the bookstores and read deep into the night.

He took a sailing course, studied seriously and doggedly for the exam, and to everyone's amazement passed it as the best. After that, he signed up for practical training in an Italian sailing school and sailed on a training ship for several weeks, learned all the moves required for the exam, and began to love the sea. For the first time in his life, a real passion had taken possession of him.

On one of these training trips he met Peter Weichsler. Pico, who had never never had a friend in his life and in truth had led a bizarrely isolated life, felt something like friendship for the first time. Peter, who was more than ten years younger, joined him without saying much, was also from Vienna, as were most of the participants, and after the first trip together they decided (or Peter decided, to be precise) to book the next training trip together again. After passing the exam, they met several times in Vienna, mostly in coffee houses or wine bars. Their Topics circled for the time being only around sailing.

As the months went by, they got to know each other better. Pico, who was very keenly observant, was inwardly moving further and further away from Peter, because he didn't like his way of clinging relentlessly to a victim like a limpet. Peter's curriculum vitae even less. And, if Pico had known that Peter had only approached him because Pico had told him that he worked at a bank, he would have avoided him like the plague. But Pico didn't know anything at first.

Peter had a picture-perfect career ahead of him after graduating from high school, studying economics and working in his first job at a federal tax office. There he, who liked to get rich, rich and rich quickly, was soon unpopular and when he was caught for the first time accepting money without permission, his career as a civil servant was over. He knew enough about the dirty laundry within his department that he could blackmail the department head: a clean report card and not a peep about the illicit money acceptance. Or else.

At this "or else" at the latest, Pico would have liked to run away, but he literally couldn't get rid of Peter. Again and again this showed up, again and again Pico gave in, if Peter suggested a meeting. No, Pico could not go on the next sailing trip, not by any stretch of the

imagination, he was pretending bank appointments. When Peter went away for a few weeks, Pico dared to rush to book a sailing trip and enjoyed the beauty of the sea.

Of course, Peter was sorry that Pico had to sail alone, but Pico deftly evaded skillfully evaded new cruise proposals. In the course of time, when Pico asked about Peter's work, Peter revealed piece by piece another knavery: he had, after the inglorious departure from the tax office, he had worked for an international financial services provider, whose specialty was for artists and other celebrities to launder dirty money and managed it. Peter, who wanted nothing more than to become rich, rich and rich again, began to quietly and secretly move money aside. Money that belonged to the clients. Then wrote to the clients — anonymously, of course — that they should not complain, otherwise he would reveal their true identities. Of course, one or the other of the defrauded had then described the situation to the boss of the house and so it did not take long until Peter was suspected.

Before the trap could snap shut, Peter had packed the most intimate documents into his car and fled. For months, he moved through half of Europe, now procured the money directly from his former company. The blackmail became a lucrative business. The company was not willing to make a big fuss about everything and struggled with him for months to find a solution. Peter Weichsler was sneaky and cunning enough to take on his company's lawyers and actually reached a gentleman's agreement: he would return the documents and receive an exculpatory declaration of honor and a multi-digit sum in return.

The deal was struck. Step by step, the declaration of honor, the money and the ominous documents were exchanged. Everything would have been in order, had not the lawyers after some years discovered that Peter Weichsler had still kept some documents and, after he had run out of money again, had gone back to collecting directly from the clients black money accounts.

Of course, Peter Weichsler only told Pico this because he was up to something. Pico, who wanted to end the conversation as quickly as

possible because he wanted nothing to do with such a defraudant, he who had worked in the bank all his life and had a clean slate. But Peter Weichsler had a sophistication and a criminal cunning that Pico was no match for. Peter Weichsler's chess moves had it all.

Peter didn't know very much about Pico, but it was enough for him to use him as a perfect straw man if he had to, even against his will. Peter somehow had a magical-criminal sense of where to start. He had to know more about Pico, had to rummage through his private sphere, perhaps seduce him into an impure act or otherwise make him susceptible to blackmail. Peter Weichsler's most obvious thought was called Angel.

His former lover Angel was actually named Angelika, but called herself Angel because it was just fashionable to Americanize first names. Angel was in her early thirties, quite good-looking and got the money for dope and booze by bodyly work, as Peter described it with a grin. She couldn't get away from her addiction, and it was also to blame for Peter had broken up with her a time ago. Even if he was a criminal, he was not stupid and he knew that the money he could get by blackmailing could never permanently satisfy her drug use. So now Peter sought out Angel again, gave her money and tenderness and refreshed their relationship; of course, Angel didn't find out what it was all about at first.

The logical next step was that Peter, who had not bothered Pico for several weeks, showed up at his place again. Pico was about to turn him away when Peter described his predicament. He had had just fallen in love, or to be more precise, had fallen in love again with his former girlfriend; now he wanted to take on a decent job and to separate from his previous life. But he had no apartment, was searching hard and had to find shelter with Angel, the name of his flame, for a few days, until he found a place to live. (Angel he told that he had a goldfish on the hook and that they would both gut him with Sex, Love and Rock-n-Roll, yeah!).

Pico had had no friendships, he had no idea how crooked sometimes relationships can go, and his sharp eyes, prized at the bank, apparently failed him completely in private. He was touched that Peter

had fallen in love. What Pico knew nothing about love, he only knew about sex! He was touched that Peter wanted to fundamentally improve himself, to rearrange and completely clean up his life for this love. What did Pico know about love, except that love could turn your whole life upside down. He was moved, because his timid criticism of Peter's blackmail was apparently bearing fruit, because for the first time in his life he was able to give someone support and direction. Perhaps he, Pico Rizzi, had ended Peter's criminal career.

Pico, the jerk, was really deeply touched.

His apartment, which had remained to him from his mother, consisted only of the bedroom, the huge living room, the kitchen and the bathroom. He expressed to Peter that he had no room for all three, but if they all made themselves small, then it would work for a few days, like on a sailing trip, where you also have to make yourself small and get along with each other in the smallest space. Peter surfed intoxicated on his wave of success and wheedled Pico until he moved into the bedroom with Angel and Pico was content with the the living room sofa. Pico was immediately deeply impressed by Angel's erotic charisma and lascivious demeanor. He had never met a woman like her; she was surprisingly tall, certainly twenty inches taller than Pico, and very pretty. Her tight blouse and skimpy skirt accentuated her curves. Peter grinned because Pico's mouth literally fell open when he saw her for the first time, and his eyes could not detach themselves from her breast, which was exactly at eye level.

Angel smiled.

Won!

Peter and Angel stayed with Pico for five days. On the fifth day, Peter "found" an Apartment (the one he had been staying in for years unannounced). During these five days they partied as if the world would end on the fifth day. Perhaps with the restriction that only Peter and Angel knew that and how they would celebrate, day by day; but Pico had no idea what each day would bring.

Peter and Angel arrived with two small suitcases, then together they went to the supermarket and bought lots of alcohol. Pico was no slouch when it came to alcohol, for when Aunt Lila was alive they had always drunk copiously, but even more so since she had left him for heaven. Where Angel got her drugs from, Pico didn't know, but she always had some with her.

Initially, Pico always withdrew when they had drunk a lot and the two began to cuddle. But Peter waved it off and told him not to be a frog. Sex and Love and Rock-n-Roll. They drank and drank, smoked and looked at pictures of sailing. Peter had discovered Pico's color magazines with a sure grip, they leafed through the porn magazines together and giggled like teenagers, because their heads were already fogged by alcohol.

Pico kept looking curiously at Angel. She was certainly a beautiful woman, but Alcohol and drugs had already left deep marks on her face. A few days earlier, Peter had remarked in an aside that Angel was already quite dulled and lethargic by the drugs, but now he could see for himself. She really had stopped mentally in some strange way, was dull and slow in thinking. She barely spoke, sometimes breathing a "yes" or "okay," but hardly ever spoke, certainly not in complete sentences. To Pico, she sometimes seemed like a hard-of-hearing toddler who often had to think about words over and over again for seconds when spoken to directly. In stark contrast, she was horny and sex-obsessed, had a beautiful, enormous bosom and beautifully curved hips. All in all, a beautiful giantess who bubbled with sex and eroticism. And — what surprised Pico the most — she had not the slightest inhibitions, was extremely exhibitionistic and knew no shame at all.

Angel knew Peter was up to something with this little dago. He was the goldfish, Peter had told her, who would solve her financial worries forever. She had to be, Peter had impressed upon her, erotic, sexy and seductive. She had to do everything, but really everything, with him and the goldfish. Above all, she had to do everything so provocatively that her little goldfish would get very, very horny and could hardly stand it any longer; only then would she be allowed to grab him and eat him up. And, Peter added with a conspiratorial

wink, Pico is an addict voyeur; so let him watch and do it to you as often as you like, and do it even if you don't like it. The main thing was that Pico's eyes fell out of his head. Angel had smiled at Peter and nodded. She had it all figured out, the goldfish would get the full, big show, and she and Peter would never have any more money worries. She had taken her whole battery of pills with her, she especially needed those red pills that made her horny because without those pills she didn't like sex at all anymore, that was long gone. She knew, despite the fog in her brain that she needed Peter's money urgently and didn't think long. She was going to get horny, so she swallowed lots of lot of pills, red pills, until she was really horny.

So sometimes she would sit down in the corner of the living room, tie a rubber tube around the crook of her arm and give herself a shot. Then she was quiet for a few minutes and silent, only to join the two men as if reborn. In between, she swallowed pills or took powders, which she washed down with wine or whiskey. If she was in a good mood afterwards, she got immense desire for sex.

When she and Peter got going while cuddling, Pico would go out to the kitchen. The kitchen door, which was completely warped and had not been able to close for a long time, allowed him a view of the sofa where the two of them were wrestling and making love. Pico pretended to just sit in the kitchen, but he watched them make love as long as he thought he was unobserved. Almost always Angel rode Peter, getting rid of her clothes piece by piece, until Pico saw her bare buttocks bouncing up and down. She orgasmed, and how she orgasmed! As if wracked with pain, she writhed forward and threw her head back into her neck, slowly raising and lowering her ass over Peter's hard-on. Pico could see exactly how her labia closed around his shaft and devoured the wet prey. He was shaken as if by fever shivers as the giantess writhed — feigning an orgasm on Peter's cock.

Pico remained seated at the kitchen table, engrossed in the newspaper, for he imagined that the two were watching him after their fucking. He was very aroused, but he didn't dare go into the bathroom, because then they would have known that he was jerking off right now, and that thought inhibited him. Peter came in with his stallion dangling down and told him to come back in and not to be

embarrassed, finally they were all adults. Pico hesitantly got up and followed him.

Neither Angel nor Peter minded their nakedness. Pico felt uncomfortable because he didn't know where to put his eyes. But he sat down dutifully and grabbed his glass. "To the young lovers!" he said for the x-th time and drank after they had toasted each other.

The drinking and sex repeated loosely, in endless succession. Pico admired Peter, who did fuck Angel two and three times a day — the boy really had stamina! Pico waited impatiently for night to fall; if he was in the dark, he would slowly masturbate and pensively reenact their acts in his imagination. At night, Peter flicked on the bedside lamp once more and Pico could watch the two of them through the half-open bedroom door. He fell asleep wearily.

Angel, who had sat down half-naked on the rug in the corner of the living room, was busying herself with her syringe when Peter jovially leaned toward Pico bent and whispered, he could also fuck her, if he had desire to it. Pico startled and shook his head. Of course he wanted to, but he didn't dare; he never did it when someone else was around. Fucking was for him something dirty, something worth hiding, and he would have dropped dead of embarrassment if someone had watched him — especially not her newly loving fiancé!

Immediately after, he would have loved to sink into the floor, because Angel, enjoying the effect of the red pills and the syringe with her eyes closed, cared neither for him nor for Peter in her hotly rising horniness. The latter just grinned and nudged Pico with his elbow; Angel masturbated completely absorbed and the men watched her. Pico's palpitations only subsided when Angel leaned her head against the wall and dozed off after her wild orgasm.

Pico turned over on the sofa, resting his head at the foot of it when the light came on in the bedroom and peered furtively through the crack of the half-open door. Angel's ass looked wide and massive when she settled down on Peter's cock, riding him slowly at first, then faster and faster. Pico masturbated while he watched the two of them and when he had cum, he masturbated again after a while be-

cause they were far from finished. He almost jumped in arousal almost out of his skin when Angel slowed down and devoutly lowered herself onto Peter's cock. She she kneaded a breast or slapped Peter's thighs as she came. Peter, who had been straining mightily and holding back, was not allowed to squirt only when Angel had calmed down after her orgasm and licked his cock and jerked it. Then they turned out the light.

At some point, in the middle of this day-long orgy, Pico was too intoxicated to keep a proper grip on himself. All at once he was sitting between the two of them on the Sofa; they were drinking and the half-naked Angel kept bending over Pico to cuddle with Peter. Her breasts tickled Pico's belly, her upper arm touched the bulge of his pants as if by accident; she half sat up and pulled his pants zip open, very slowly. Pico grinned fatuously in his drunkenness, for he could not have guessed that it was a precisely rehearsed choreography. Then she reached in and slowly pulled his cock out.

Pico was still grinning, his befuddled brain reacting far too slowly, and he felt somehow light and elated. Angel bent over and took his cock in her mouth. She sucked and licked him, stroking his balls gently and rubbing the shaft ever so lightly. Pico closed his eyes and enjoyed the rocking sensation of being drunk; he barely noticed that he was squirting, squirting into Angel's mouth and she immediately took her mouth off his cock. Pico did not see her smile, the only expression of her victory and power. She simply held his cock until he stopped squirting. Then they continued drinking without restraint.

Pico's fear gave way from that moment on. Peter had watched their goings-on with amusement and had not slain him. He drank some more and covered his initial fear with daredevil drinking. This could not go well, he slumped away and slept before hitting the carpet. When he woke up again, he made himself a strong black coffee and tried to clear his head. Late in the afternoon, the two woke up, and together they drank coffee in silence. Pico stared continuously into his cup, for his eyes were magnetically drawn to Angel's breasts, which were bare.

Peter went to check on the apartment, as he said. Angel and he remained alone, sitting across from each other in silence, and Pico didn't dare address her. She had opened a bottle of cheap white wine and poured it. The wine tasted sour at first after the sweet, strong coffee. After he had drunk a second glass slowly and sipped, his breathing calmed. He felt again the gentle indifference he got from the white wine. Angel left him alone, and after a while took her rubber hose and injected in the crook of her arm. Pico watched her in silence, watching her peacefully smiling face as she leaned back and listened to herself with her eyes closed, feeling the effects of the drug. Then Angel took a few more pills and leaned back. She smiled as if in a dream and ran a hand over her chest. Pico saw that she touched her pubis very lightly, again and again playfully over the cleft. Just a very little bit, but Pico noticed that she was very aroused. After a few moments she stood up smiling and sat down beneath him. The shirt, which actually belonged to Peter, was open, hiding nothing. She smelled of vanilla.

Before Pico knew it, Angel had laid him out on the sofa and was undressing him. He was still terribly hungover and wanted to protest, but her kisses stifled any such emotion. Passively, he lay there and let her. He thought about the fact that Peter's cock was thick and quite crooked, while his was a bit thinner but quite straight. He wondered if Angel liked his thinner cock as much as Peter's thick one. Angel stroked his testicles and cock, licking and kissing it until it stiffened. Suddenly she swung one leg up and mounted him. He enjoyed the moment when her vagina engulfed his cock. Although he was unaccustomed to the position, he liked it that way, seeing her large, beautiful breasts above him and feeling the tightness and wetness enveloping his cock.

She loomed high above him, and he groped for her nipples as she began to rock. She slid her vagina low down and then way up again. Pico was afraid his cock wold slide out of her vagina, but Angel stopped in time and sank back down low, swallowing him whole again completely. She caressed her breasts and belly, slipping her hand into her black thicket again and again. He could feel feel her vaginal muscles contracting in tiny contractions as her fingertips slid one by one over her clit. She rode him rhythmically, as if driven by an

excenter she stood almost still at the climax of her riding motion, to let herself slide heavily low down over slide down over his cock. Smiling, she leaned back, forgetting him completely. Pico felt her fingers rubbing fast circles over her clit, fingertips touching his cock, over and over. Tirelessly, her outstretched fingers circled her clit, and he marveled again at her introverted arousal as she masturbated. She threw her head back and quickly fanned her clit with one finger until the orgasm came. The giantess slumped over him, burying his face beneath her breasts. Her grinding vaginal muscles worked the cock, flexing and rubbing it; he felt the intangible inner workings of her vagina throbbing urgently against the tip of his glans; the vaginal muscles tightened rhythmically, literally milking him. He gave a short roar like a deer and had to squirt.

Angel straightened up immediately as he squirted, looking up at him with wide eyes smiling; she slowly slid up and down on him so that his cock kept rising up and drilling into her while load after load squirted up into her vagina. When he was done, she sank down over him. She had buried him under her, buried and almost smothered him as she lay on top of him, rubbing her clit with tiny movements, only to stop immediately as she convulsed in orgasm. Pico already thought it was over, but she groped the clit again and took only seconds to orgasm again. Pico lay there panting and paused while she continued quietly. She rubbed her clit to a dozen orgasms and at the end she masturbated very violently and screamed aloud in excitement, orgasming passionate and hard. After some time, Angel straightened up and gasped, “Whew, that was good!”

It was hard for Pico when Peter came back; he had thought back and forth about how to confess it to Peter; but somehow there was a silent communication going on between Peter and Angel, for Peter knew it apparently already. He gave Pico a friendly tap on the shoulder and said that was okay, that he had been afraid that Pico was gay or that he was not good with women. It was all right for his relationship with Angel, he pretended, and he didn’t mind at all if they fucked each other.

Parallel to the resulting reduction of inhibitions was Peter’s announcement that the other apartment (the one he already lived in

anyway) would soon be taken care of, that he and Angel would not be on Pico's heels for no longer on the pellet squat. Pico didn't know it yet, but Peter had now everything he needed for his further strategy.

That night, all three of them slept in the bedroom. Ever since Peter's return that afternoon, the unspoken question had been lingering in the room about who was going to get it on with Angel. Like in a cheaply made porn movie, they took turns teasing Angel, trying to bring her to orgasm with their fingers, although neither Peter nor Pico succeeded. Angel laughed and made a good face at this game, took red pills again and again and got very horny from it. She teased them both more and more until she had both men so worked up that they both wanted it at the same time. Peter laughed when he told Pico to take Angel from behind and Pico shook his head violently protesting. Angel could hardly wait for Pico to quickly slip under her, get his cock in position with his hand and start fucking her vagina quickly. "That's right," Peter grumbled, "let's get it on then!" and drilled his cock into Angel's ass.

Pico wondered how clearly he could feel Peter's cock. Peter seemed to be able to feel it as well, and grinning, pushed through the soft skin against Pico's glans. Pico felt Angel lying all soft and relaxed on top of him and Peter was actually fucking him. He pushed his hard-on deep inside Angel while Peter was going at it like a steam engine. This was so horny that Pico soon squirted. He stayed soft and gooey inside Angel while Peter kept pounding. Pico licked one of Angel's nipples and teased the other with his hand. Angel became very aroused by his touch and Peter's hammering and panted loudly as Peter squirted; Pico could feel his squirting quite clearly.

The next morning, Pico was the first to get up and he made coffee. When he came into the bedroom with the three cups, they were still sound asleep. Pico went back into the kitchen and put the cups down. A considerable time later he quietly went into the bedroom to the two sleeping, lay down next to Angel and touched her delicately without waking Peter. He guessed that this had been their last night together, and he felt soft and sensitive. Angel woke up and followed him to the living room couch. For a while their mutual touches remained soft and gentle, but then she felt his cock become firm and swung herself

over him. She humped him gently and slowly, then paused for seconds on the glans tip before lowering her hips again. Pico closed his eyes because it just wasn't working. He only looked up when Angel squatted down beside him to pleasure him with her hand. She did it very quickly and looked away as his semen splashed onto her hand.

They drank coffee in silence afterwards. Pico thought he might be able to help them move, but Peter shook his head vigorously and said the two or three bags with their belongings they could easily carry alone. The time passed infinitely slowly until Peter said they should leave now. Pico continued to look after them from the landing for a long time as they went down the stairwell.

In the last few days and hours, Pico thought, touched, he had come closer to the two of them as hardly anyone before. This closeness, this feigned familiarity, made him shiver. He didn't think for a split second that he might be just a bishop or a pawn in Peter's criminal chess game.

Pico, the poor fool, was once again deeply moved.

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The Blackmail

Pico was beside himself when Peter told him what to do. He was to set up, through his bank — through a chain of numbered accounts at other banks — a clean, not easily traceable path for the money Peter expected from his victims. Creditors. Pico understood perfectly well that Peter had started extorting again and was now enlisting him to do the same.

They sat across from each other in Peter's "new" pad and argued. Peter had inserted a video tape at the beginning of their conversation; with growing horror, Pico realized that it was one of his hoarded treasures. Sonja in action. Peter interrupted his demonstration after a few moments and stopped the tape. With his finger Peter pointed to the upper right corner of the picture, where the wall mirror had slowly slid into view. Pico's portrait in the mirror. Clear and plain. Grinning, Peter asked Pico if he wanted to see more or if that was enough for him. Pico was stunned and nodded sheepishly; if this became known, he would go to jail for the rest of his life! He muttered it half aloud to himself, and Peter affirmed loudly. He had no choice, that much was clear. "The little bitch is not 14, more like 13 years old," Peter grinned insinuatingly.

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The still image flickered uneasily on the screen; the cheap electronics failed to hold the still image and the distorted image kept breaking up; it almost seemed as if Sonja was being torn into pieces again and again. Pico nervously asked Peter to turn it off. Peter took out the tape and put it on the shelf. "I copied all your tapes," he said lightly, "besides, I made several copies so you wouldn't get any stupid ideas!" Peter smiled smugly and sat back. Pico almost screamed aloud in anger and indignation until he realized the futility of his protest. Now he sat slumped in his chair, turning the half-empty wine glass with his fingers. The thought that there were only videos of Sonja flashed through his mind; he had never filmed himself in action. Had he? Was the camera rolling the last time when he had

fucked Sonja? He stared into the glass, waiting silently, mortified, to see what Peter actually wanted.

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Peter explained his idea and Pico woke up from his lethargy, listening wide awake. He struggled with himself for a moment about whether to point out the small but crucial mistakes to Peter, then decided to do so: it was also about his fate. He told Peter that there were still at least two remittances and some remittances to numbered accounts at Swiss banks would have to be made, so that the trail would be lost in a circle that outwardly appeared to be meaningless. In reality, the money would go on in two tranches, and this could be done covertly. Peter thought for a long time, then nodded. Besides, he said, he wanted to run a test first, perhaps with five thousand dollars to start with, then they would see.

Once again, Pico rebelled, trying to dissuade Peter from his plan. Besides, he wanted his tapes back, all of them. Peter nodded, that's fine. At the same time, Pico knew that he could never be sure that there were not still copies somewhere and it was clear to him that he had Peter on his back for life. Peter poured more wine and once again described how the the blackmail was to be carried out. At least he wanted to find out in this first round whether the blackmailed man, a Stuttgart dentist, complained to his financial partner (he probably did) and whether he called the police (this was very unlikely). The financial partner, however, would do his own investigation — and find out nothing. Peter said that if they waited two weeks and there were no complications, then things had gone well, he would start the operation big. How big, Pico inquired. Peter looked at him in amazement and then grinned, "Well, about a Million dollars, that's how much it will be."

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Pico whistled through his teeth, sipping his wine thoughtfully. "That's quite a lot!" he said to Peter, "they'll use their best people to find your trail!" Peter laughed. "Why mine? That's your lead, isn't it!" He poured another glass of wine and told Pico that everything would work out. And it shouldn't be his loss, after all, if he was careful

enough, nothing would come of it, and Pico would get a share of ten percent.

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Pico finished his glass and shook his head. The test thing was nonsense, he said. Probably the thing does not work, and if, then at most only once. It was a case of hop or drop, and it would be extremely unwise to give the opponent two or more weeks to investigate. The whole thing would have to be done abruptly, quickly and without delay, and after that there should not be a single action, not another trace. The inquiries would certainly lead to him after two or three weeks, he was sure, because Peter's former employers employed excellent people. And last, ten percent was lousy. They disputed like bazaar salesmen and finished with 25 percent. Pico's mind worked on a solution, the struggle for 25 percent was to buy him time to think.

They discussed back and forth for a long time, talking to the wine, and Pico calmed down a bit as he thought intently about his own plan. If he didn't make a mistake, he would remain visible but invisible as a person to everyone; how Peter was going to hide from his employer's bloodhounds later was something he thought about only briefly; let him see how he coped. Peter promised to hand over all the videotapes to him after the action and seemed to mean it sincerely; Pico knew he had to trust Peter whether he wanted to or not. Nevertheless, Pico wanted to proceed as prudently as possible and not to let Peter in on all the details. That he was also cooking his own soup to get out of Peter's stranglehold, only he and the wind knew.

First he discussed with Herzog, later also with Dr. Kantor, that an important customer, a trustworthy appearing sailing partner named Peter Weichsler, had asked for a secret numbered account through which he wanted to handle some transactions. He invented a little inheritance story in which Weichsler had diverted undeclared money from the estate before the executor accessed it. This money would have to be deposited and later paid out in cash to Weichsler. Pico had cleverly chosen a time when Dr. Kantor had little time and listened only half-heartedly to his drivel. Then Dr. Kantor rushed on, to his

next appointment; before that, he instructed Herzog to do it for Pico for once. Behind Pico's back, he still gestured to Herzog with his hand that old Pico probably was a little bit crazy before he left.

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Pico rummaged awkwardly in his leather bag, then handed Herzog 120,000 shillings as the first deposit in Peter Weichsler's secret numbered account. Herzog raised his eyebrows in astonishment, but Pico explained that this was only the first tranche, the cash, so to speak, that would be withheld from the community of heirs. The total would certainly amount to several Million. Herzog whistled through his teeth and muttered that the Weichsler was a sly dog and that he did not want to be his brother! Pico did not take off his mask of simpletonism until he stood on the street again and took a deep breath. One, he thought to himself, that was One. Now came Two, and Two was the more difficult part.

He took the night train to Zurich and duly identified himself at four banks as a member of the board of Kantor-Bank. Naturally, all four immediately made inquiries and received confirmation from the Kantor-Bank that everything was legal — Herzog had been prepared by Pico for the inquiries. He then set up numbered accounts for his client Peter Weichsler, each time showing the bank receipt he had prefabricated, stating that Peter Weichsler wanted to transfer through Kantor-Bank some one and a half Million Dollars via the Kantor&ash;Bank. Herzog had been easily duped into not only countersigning the 120,000 shillings. Herzog, who thought he was dealing with a simpleton and could hardly be restrained in his arrogance — Dr. Kantor had signaled to him that Pico was not all there in the mind! Now all accounts pointed to Herzog and Peter, let the two of them themselves cope with the consequences.

When he called on Peter again in Vienna, he told him an account number to which the blackmailed victims would have to pay in. Then he revealed to Peter two more accounts, because those were the ones to which the money would be sent in the circle. The fourth account he concealed, as well as the account at the Kantor-Bank.

The next few days he hardly slept, so excited was he. Every day he met with Peter, gradually memorizing the names of the extortioned victims and the amounts, while Peter was already in a buying frenzy. They drank a lot and argued again and again, because Pico was afraid they would be found out. He didn't even have to pretend to be afraid. In truth, he was in a hopeless situation and hoped to somehow get out of it. Peter had scraped together what was left of his savings while he was away, borrowed money from others and borrowed money from others and gave it to Angel. At the same time, he instructed Angel to go into hiding in Amsterdam for at least two months until the coast was clear and he would follow. Which, of course, he never intended to do.

Pico's call to Zurich brought clarity: much of Peter's demands had been had been received. He forced himself to remain calm and concealed it from Peter, or more precisely, he only laconically informed Peter that it was not yet time. In the evening, when Peter was on his pub crawl, as he did every evening, he drove straight to Zurich, left the money in Peter's name as planned and the next day withdrew all the cash in the fourth account — about half — under Peter's name again, of course; Peter's ID and Herzog's power of attorney did their part. With the valise full of dollar bills he drove to Vienna. A short visit to Herzog, during which he complained bitterly about Peter Weichsler's hesitant and procrastinating behavior and withdrew all the money, the 120,000 shillings. Weichsler had now got cold feet and wanted his money back, he complained. Herzog found that both Pico and Weichsler had a screw loose in their brains and closed the file grumblingly.

Pico went to Peter and told him that they could now go to Zurich to pick up the loot; with not a word he mentioned that he had just come from Zurich and had already taken much of the loot to safety. Peter nodded absent-mindedly and fetched a bottle of wine, which they drank down slowly before hurrying to the night train.

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Pico really was crazy enough to want to cheat Peter.

The Deadly Controversy

Pico and Peter traveled to Zurich to pick up the money, which Peter put in his travel bag and then never let it out of his hand. They strolled around in the city, sat in the coffee houses, and fed the swans on the lakeshore. Peter pondered and mused half aloud to himself why so little had arrived; he went through his list in his head to pick out those who had resisted his threats. Pico remained silent, while Peter raged inwardly, seething against his victims. Evening gradually fell again; they hurried to catch the night train to Vienna.

The wine makes everything worse, Pico thought as they sat drinking in Peter's apartment. He drank carefully and wait, Peter immediately began to evaluate the booty and carelessly downed the wine. He studied the bank statement in detail and checked off the names on his list. With some names he made question marks, underlined them angrily or drew squiggles around the names. He just couldn't believe that this one or that one had resisted. Pico stayed silently in the background until Peter finished.

"I think that's all of them" said Pico, "there can be a few stragglers at most, but nothing major. We should get out of here now!" Peter shook stubbornly his head. "They'll pay, all of them!" he hissed obstinately, half-reading aloud the names of the outstanding payments. Pico was dog-tired from the long drive, he was tired from the red wine and he didn't have a good feeling about the whole thing. He told Peter that, too.

For a while he listened to Peter's lecturing, who was getting more and more into the fantasy of doing the thing again, with much higher amounts, with much larger sums. The wine made Peter more and more megalomaniac. Pico shook his head and interjected again and again that something like this only happen once and only if you leave immediately, preferably to Argentina or somewhere else in South America or the Far East. He thought about the third and most difficult part, the release of the videos. He was sure that Peter, when he

was sobered up and come to his senses, would then immediately leave for Amsterdam, to Angel. He was to be wrong.

Peter had drunk far too much in the meantime and was getting deeper and deeper into his thoughts of revenge. There was no turning back, and what was that stupid Pico babbling about stopping and running away?! No, he would not leave until everyone had paid, everyone! He rummaged in a drawer and took out a heavy automatic pistol, slamming it down on the table in front of Pico, whose eyes widened in horror. “They Pay! all of them!” he thundered, slamming with the gun again on the tabletop. Pico was frozen in shock and could not take his eyes off the gun. He had never touched a gun before.

“What do you need that for?” he asked after a while, whispering so as not to wake the evil that lurked somewhere in the room.

Peter enjoyed his new position of power, which his drunkenness made him believe. Nonchalantly he waved the heavy pistol in his hand and said with a heavy tongue: “Actually, I had planned everything differently. Angel has already left for Amsterdam, and if everything works out with the money, I will drive to the Danube at night, deposit shoes, clothes and a farewell letter on a bank, which will make it easy for the police to declare me dead. Stay with Angel for a while before moving on. Out, to golden freedom!” Peter reached for his wine glass briskly and toasted an imaginary counterpart before putting the red wine to his lips with a sweeping gesture and drank it down greedily.

Pico had become more and more uncomfortable at these words, because either Peter in his steam didn’t know at all anymore where was up and where was down, or he considered him totally naive. Of course, Peter knew as well as he did that without a corpse one would hardly declare someone dead without a body. And where was Peter supposed to get a corpse? It became all too clear to Pico that Peter had only to hold his automatic close enough to his head to have a corpse with a totally mangled face, and that could probably be done quite easily. He was also already slightly drunk and panicked, al-

though he should have told himself that there was no acute danger yet. But Pico panicked easily, had to gain time to be able to run away.

"The suicide note," he gasped, "the suicide note — surely it doesn't exist yet, does it?!" He hoped to bring Peter back down to earth by mentioning such trivial facts. But again he was mistaken. Peter casually stood up and picked up an envelope that had been inconspicuously wedged between two books. He almost seemed a little annoyed. "There!" he barked, "the suicide note!" As if under compulsion, Pico glanced at the sheet and read: "I can't go on, I can't stand it any longer. I have gone too far! Forgive me!" Peter's handwriting. Peter's signature.

So short and sweet — but it would do. Pico ran over the situation in his head, suspecting that the police might be more likely to assume the truth in such a simple yet confused-looking suicide note than in a highly complicated, beautifully drafted text that would indicate cool calculation rather than confusion and desperation. Peter carefully tucked the suicide note back on the shelf and came over to the table. Resolutely he downed the red wine and muttered, "Why should they investigate at any length — all the indications of a suicide and a suicide note: stamp under it, file closed! Bang! Case closed! Just no unnecessary work!"

Probably everything would have turned out differently if Pico had not expressed his doubts. His doubts that a suicide without a body does not disappear so easily in the drawer. They would certainly search with divers, fire department and water police to search the entire banks of the Danube. For days, maybe weeks. And without a body ...

He immediately fell silent as he felt the cold, hard muzzle of the pistol against his temple felt. In the seemingly endless seconds, panic-stricken thoughts rolled over in Pico's brain.

The end, the real end!

But nothing happened. Pico felt the hard thing on his temple wobble slightly as Peter drank. Then he wiped his mouth with the back of

his hand and said, “If you need a body, then that’s not a problem, isnt’it?”

Probably everything would really have been different if Pico hadn’t been under such a stress and had he noticed in time that Peter had only made a bad joke. So he was really full of mortal fear and uttered a shrill, animalistic scream. The speed with which he jumped up took Peter completely by surprise. Pico clawed with both hands at the first thing he saw in front of him, clutched Peter’s hand with the gun and pushed it away from him. Almost as if in a trance, he saw the muzzle bore into Peter’s chest, then only heard the bright, muffled bang.

Like two dancers, they faced each other, frozen in a strangely twisted choreography. Pico slowly let go of Peter. Peter, with a puzzled expression on his face, slowly spun on his axis and sank in a slow pirouette onto the chair. His hand with the pistol dropped powerlessly, and the pistol rumbled to the floor. He reached with an astonished expression for his chest, from which the blood was beginning to flow slowly, over his shirt onto the belt buckle and then onto the seat between his thighs. Astonished, he looked at Pico and wanted to say something, but his mouth remained open. He exhaled, the last time, and the air escaped with a ghastly sound, then his head fell on his chest.

Pico stood rigid and silent. What had happened? How could this have happened? His head, in which until a split second ago the thoughts had been racing full of panic had rolled over, was suddenly as empty swept. He couldn’t think of anything, just stared at Peter, who had just died within a fraction of a second. He just stared at Peter, who had just died within fractions of a second, stared at the blood that was now slowly dripping onto the floor. He did not dare to touch Peter and determine whether he was perhaps still alive — no, Peter was surely dead. Pico stood undecided and stared at the pool of blood that was gradually growing larger under the chair.

He did not know later how much time had passed before he woke up from this torpor. His first thought was of the video, he quickly stepped to the shelf and found it immediately, then rummaged through the shelves for a few more minutes and found another tape.

There was no other video tape anywhere to be found. When he turned around again, he saw that Peter's body was slowly turning to the side. He feared Peter would fall to the floor, but the body remained bent over, hanging bent over the armrest. He picked up Peter's victims list, jammed it in his pocket. In a wild panic, Pico raced out of Peter's apartment and ran out into the night.

He didn't stop running until he had almost reached home. He had to stop for a few seconds to catch his breath, and tried to get a grip on his thoughts, or rather to get a clear thought out of his head. Peter was dead, and he was to blame. He would be locked up, and if he ever get out, he would be a very, very old man. Pico shuddered at the thought. It was an accident, a real accident, but only Peter and he knew that.

Slowly he walked to his apartment, then made himself a strong tea and smoked in silence. There was probably nothing he could do, nothing but sit there and wait for them to come. At least he had taken the videotapes with him, he would have been embarrassed if they had found them at Peter's.

Suddenly a thought popped into his head. First vague, then bright and clear. Quickly he got dressed again, put the large orange envelope in his coat pocket and rushed back to Peter's apartment. At the apartment door, which was only ajar, he stopped and waited until his heart stopped its fearful galloping thump. No, it was dead silent, nothing stirred. Apparently no one had been there in the meantime.

Peter was still lying over the armrest, the pool of blood under the chair seemed to have grown darker. Peter pulled the envelope with the 120,000 shillings out of his coat pocket and slid it between the books on the shelf, then he took Peter's suicide note out of the envelope and put it on the table. He searched all the cupboards and the big shelf again, but he couldn't find any more videotapes. He stared at Peter for ten minutes, but he was dead, dead as a doornail. He looked around again carefully, took Peter's travel bag with all the Dollars and went home again. This time he pulled Peter's door shut behind him after making sure the apartment key was inside.

Naturally, he immediately checked what was on the tapes. He was initially reassured that they were his originals. He hadn't found any copies, so Peter must have lied to him. Most of them, he noted with satisfaction, only depicted Sonja alone masturbating and having orgasms. She could do it better every time. But there were also some sequences where he masturbated Sonja's vagina with his thumb. He was annoyed, because he was clearly recognizable. And then the most embarrassing shot of him fucking her, fucking her mercilessly. He watched it several times. Sonja coming to a violent orgasm, an orgasm that lasted until the end of the fucking, for a good ten minutes. It was really insanely exciting, but at the same time terrifying, how the girl's body was torn apart by the orgasms again and again. How she desperately tried to stop the fucking. Him and his cock whipping the little girl relentlessly from orgasm to orgasm. The little girl kept fainting, it was too much for her body. She was really passed out when he finally came to squirt. His balls danced excitedly as he squirted into the little virgin for what seemed like an eternity. Only after the 14th squirt inside did he roll to the side. Sonja woke up and hastily got dressed. Pico had to watch this rape a dozen times before he hid the tapes.

Under the false tiled stove in the small room was a cavity where Uncle Aldo had already hidden his treasures during the war. Pico crawled around the stove on all fours until he found the right tile. He had to squeeze the pornographic pictures he had hoarded and the videotapes very tightly, because otherwise he wouldn't have been able to stow everything in there. But after a few minutes, all the compromising material was gone, for the time being. Later he would certainly have to think of something else. He stacked the money in a smaller travel bag and hid it in the anteroom, behind the suitcases and bags in the coat closet.

He could hardly sleep, just nodding off for minutes at a time, then drinking tea again, smoking. Only when the morning began to gray did his head sink onto his forearms. It was almost noon when the doorbell rang.

He was almost relieved when he invited the two detectives in. They gave their names, showed their IDs, and looked around the

rooms first before sitting down at the kitchen table. Pico was dead tired, but composed and surprisingly calm. He stood next to the officers with a questioning face as they looked around wordlessly. He looked at them again as they sat down and then asked, because it seemed the most natural question, “What is this about, please?”

The two looked at each other, then the older one nodded. Did he know a certain Peter Weichsler, to which he replied in the affirmative. Where he knew him from, the older one asked, and immediately followed up by asking if they could smoke. But the question seemed to come from pure routine, because the ashtray, full to the brim, was still on the table. Pico nodded, and they all three smoked, silently. Did they want a drink, Pico asked, but they declined. So, the older one asked, again, how he knew Peter. Why, what about Weichsler? Pico asked dully, and when the two were silent, he said he knew Peter from sailing trips. They had met on the exam cruise, done six or seven cruises together after that and would meet casually once-twice a month, mostly in the surrounding pubs.

Pico asked again what was wrong with Peter, nothing had happened to him!? The officers were silent at first, then the older one said that Weichsler had apparently taken his own life. Peter flinched and half stood up, shaking his head. But, said the officer, Weichsler probably shot himself in the early hours of the morning. “I don’t believe it!” exclaimed Pico, genuinely startled, for now they were in the midst of disaster, in the midst of the most dangerous area. He slumped back on the chair and shook his head repeatedly. “Last night, we drank together for a long time” said Pico shaking his head, knowing that he had to stay very close to the truth if he wanted to have even the slightest chance.

“Yes, we know,” said the younger man, and this was the first thing he said that morning. “The neighbors told us right away that you had been there until almost midnight and that it had been pretty noisy too!” The younger one didn’t seem as jovial as the other, perhaps he also knew more. Pico suddenly felt he had to be very careful.

Actually, they hadn’t been loud at all, Pico said, or not particularly. One had presumably no longer paid attention after some glasses of

wine whether one disturbed the neighbors. Then the older one asked if he had noticed anything about Weichsler. Pico wiggled his head and said vaguely, not really. He asked if he knew Peter's gun, but he could calmly answer no. He had never touched the devil's thing, so he lied. No, they didn't know each other that well, he didn't know very much about Peter, he said and pretended to think about how little he knew Peter. The younger man inquired and wanted to know what exactly it had been about yesterday.

Peter knew he had to lie now, and cleverly too. He stammered something about "this and that," then said that on these long evenings they would reminisce about old memories of sailing trips they had taken together, but the range extended to the political issues of the day. Actually, they chatted the whole evening, without a specific topic, but just about everything. Whether they talked about money, the younger one asked, looking at him somberly.

Oh, the money, said Pico. No, that would have been the day before yesterday or two days ago. He was embarrassed to talk about it, he said. "There's nothing embarrassing there," the younger man growled, "you have to tell us everything, everything!" Pico said that he had retired, but that he was not allowed to talk to anyone about the bank or bank customers to anyone, it was like keeping the confessional secret. The younger man looked at him sternly, very sternly. Pico looked at him for a few seconds until he felt uncomfortable, then he told the two of them the same story with which he had already lured Dr. Kantor and the stupid Herzog. And that he could not, of course, give any exact information about the alleged inheritance Peter had always kept a very low profile and had avoided any details.

So, what about the money now, the younger official asked, visibly impatient. Peter explained that, as a good friend, he had wanted to do him a kindness and opened an anonymous account at the Kantor-Bank for Peter. Then Peter behaved more and more strangely and just two days ago, he demanded that he get his money back. So he took the money back from the bank and gave it to Peter. He also reproached Peter that evening (and Pico cleverly wove in that it might have been the noisy evening that the neighbors had mentioned), because that evening he had once said loud and clear that he had made

a completely fool of himself at the bank. First he told the bank how trustworthy Peter was, and two days later the account was closed again because Peter was acting like a moody prima ballerina and no longer knew what he wanted to do with his savings.

And you can prove all that, the official checked to see if he had anything. He thinks so, said Pico, because in the bank would be the receipts and possibly also a conversation note to find; that was so usual. He had given the money to Peter right away, it must be in the apartment, perhaps still in an envelope from the Kantor-Bank, 120,000 shillings. The older nodded and confirmed that they had secured the envelope and the same amount.

The younger one glanced at him, almost a little incensed, for apparently he was pursuing a different strategy. He turned back to Pico and asked if he had a letter from Peter, something handwritten. Pico at first denied it, they had never written letters to each other, but then he said, “Just a moment!”, went to the bookshelf and picked out a beautiful coffee-table book about historic Windjammers and Old Ships. Peter had given it to him once for Christmas, he explained, and there was a handwritten dedication on the front page. The official looked at it closely, then asked if he could take it, to which Pico shrugged and said yes. Would he get the book back? The officer said as soon as the investigation was over, then he tore a sheet from his notepad, wrote “Weichsler/Rizzi” and Pico’s address on it, and put the sheet into the coffee table book. They sat in silence and smoked.

He would hear from them again, the younger man said, perhaps he would also have to go to the police station for further questioning, but then he would receive a written summons. They stood up. Pico nodded, his throat tightening. In a moment the officer would say he could not leave town without his permission, but nothing of the sort happened. At the door, the officer turned again and looked inquiringly at Pico. “You really noticed nothing about Weichsler last night?” Pico froze, then shook his head. No, it was business as usual, Peter had been drinking heavily, as usual, and, of course, gloating over everyone, because that’s what he always did. Peter always blamed “them” and “they” for his professional downfall, as well as for all other misery. Peter always blamed “them” and “they,” but that he

would kill himself right away, no, he never thought that, Pico said. He would never have believed that Peter could get so carried away with his tirades.

"I was just talking to my wife again today at breakfast about the fact that suicides always announce their deed beforehand — it will probably be no different with Weichsler, I said", said the older. Pico noticed only now that the official seemed to be rather clumsily imitating the television hero Inspector Columbo. But perhaps he was again only deceived by his nerves, which were stretched to breaking point.

No, Peter had not announced anything, not to him. Otherwise he would not have calmly gone home, yesterday evening, but would have sat with him all night, if it had to be, to talk him out of the nonsense. Pico paused and pretended to think for a long time. "I'd do that for any friend or buddy, that's the way it should be!" groaned Pico. The older man nodded in agreement. The thought that they might take him away and find out by some technical method that there were traces of gunpowder on his hand choked his throat. It would be over, Pico thought, and the sudden self-pity brought water to his eyes.

"Damn it," he said in an angry undertone, "how can you be so stupid!"

The officers looked at each other meaningfully, the older one jovially put his hand on Pico's shoulder and shook it chummily, then they nodded goodbye and left. Pico remained standing motionless for a few seconds, then he sat down. His nerves were shot, he wanted an acquittal, right now, but there was nothing he could do. He could only wait and hope they found nothing and closed the case.

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The Chaser

Henri Moret drummed his fingers on the desk top as he always did when he was angry or nervous. He had picked up the phone and listened expressionlessly to what Devenaz on the other end of the line. After the first few sentences, he knew that Devenaz was right and that Weichsler, that complete idiot, had taken action again. They both knew that it could only be Weichsler. Moret thanked Devenaz with a nod of his head, though the other couldn't see that, and hung up.

His gaze slid to the silver-plated picture frame on his desk. What might have prompted his father years ago to enter into such an uncertain standstill agreement with Weichsler? Well, he certainly had every intention of not backing down this time. On the contrary. Weichsler deserved a severe punishment — and the more insiders learned about it, the more he could chalk it up as a success for himself. No one should believe that he would let anyone off cheaply. Irritated, he stopped drumming his fingers when he became aware of it and picked up the phone.

Another day, Wimmer and the one in the floppy hat were sitting in his office. Moret walked over to the closet and looked inquiringly to see if they wanted a drink, too. Wimmer nodded, the one with the floppy hat remained silent. Henri Moret was annoyed that he never took off his hat, not even in the directors office, but so what? Moret poured two glasses and used the time to think about Wimmer and his Wimmer and his shadow. Wimmer and Partners, the best hunters in western Switzerland and always responsible for cleaning up the Moret-s empire. They worked quickly and discreetly, and were well worth the big bucks they charged. Wimmer had been in the private sector long enough to understand complexities — no, thugs they were not. They were both licensed private detectives, Moret knew, although Wimmer ran a tiny photography business in Lausanne as a cover, but why Wimmer didn't officially run a detective agency was

beyond him. He took the drinks and went to the table, where he handed Wimmer a glass before sitting down.

The one in the floppy hat suddenly pointed his index finger at one of the documents Wimmer was looking through. Wimmer nodded and looked up. “It’s the second one, the” he glanced briefly at the papers, searching for the name, “the Rizzi, P. Rizzi, the one from the Vienna Bank,” Wimmer looked again at the papers spread out before him, “Kantor Privatbank.”

“Weichsler has found a clever companion, that’s quite clear!” he said again, and glanced at Moret. “What do you expect?”

Henri Moret felt uncomfortable in his skin. Devenaz had meticulously gathered and neatly noted down. Of course, when he read the reports, it was immediately clear to him and later to Moret how the deal had gone down. The only new thing was that Weichsler had a partner with banking experience. That made him even more dangerous. Moret gave himself a jolt before replying, “I want all the money back, and I want Weichsler just as much. Unharmed,” he continued with a shy sidelong glance at Wimmer’s somber-looking partner.

What about Rizzi, Wimmer asked. But Moret shook his head. “I want Weichsler and the money. I don’t care about Rizzi — probably Weichsler has used him so cleverly that he doesn’t even know the true story at all.” Wimmer looked at him doubtfully, and objected that Weichsler would never be able to make such a complicated merry-go-round, but Moret could not go back; he had already made up his mind with Devenaz beforehand and insisted on his opinion, although Wimmer’s objections seemed to him quite right.

Wimmer drank his glass empty in one go. Before setting the glass down on the tabletop, his gaze slid for a moment to the man in the floppy hat. Then he said simply, “All right, Mr. Moret, as you wish!” Both rose and took their leave with a brief nod of the head. Moret called Devenaz to tell him that the two bloodhounds were on their way.

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The Beautiful Olivia

The cab driver grumbled grumpily when Pico told him Aunt Olivia's address. Pico felt hurt, for the fare would surely cost quite a bit. Later, as they drove along the coastal road toward Porto Andraitx, the mood lightened and the chauffeur nodded with satisfaction when he realized that Pico was not Spanish. He enlightened Pico that only the Catalans said San Telmo, because the place is really called Sant Elmo. He didn't love them, the Catalans, really!

A good half hour later, Pico was standing in front of Aunt Olivia's house. He was here for the first time, because Uncle Rodolfo's funeral more than half a year ago had been held in silence, only among the closest relatives, as Rodolfo had stipulated in his will. When he later received the letter from Aunt Olivia informing him that he had inherited Uncle Rodolfo's ship, the TITANIA, he was at first bitter. Uncle Rodolfo had earned enough money from the bar in Palma to afford the ship's cost. Pico could not handle that, he could not be happy at first with the thought of owning such a large ship. But months later, when Peter was dead and the elderly detective had asked him to come and give him back the coffee-table book, when the file marked "Suicide" in the cellar archive, when Pico had his money and also Peter's money in his second bank account, he was able to get something out of the affair with the ship after all. Also because it no longer suffered him in Vienna.

Olivia received him very graciously; she embraced him warmly and kissed him on both cheeks. They had not seen each other since Lila's funeral, and Olivia had aged quite a bit by now. Nevertheless, Pico noticed that she was blooming and cheerful despite her age. Pico knew she must be in her early or mid-sixties — there was something radiant, enthusiastic about her. She was small, slender and petite, for the years had apparently done little to her slender, girlish body. The deep wrinkles in her dark brown face gave her something gnome-like and interesting, her gray-blond hair was cut in pageboy fashion, but stood recalcitrantly off to the left and right. Pico knew

that she was of Mallorcan descent and still had quite a bit of Moorish blood in her veins, but was surprised anew that Olivia was blonde. Only later, when she was leafing through old photo albums with him, did it occur to him that she naturally had black hair, which she had always dyed blond.

Olivia had never been involved with Rodolfo's bar in Palma, even though the bar was Rodolfo's Life's work, his one and everything. She had defied him and had become more and more involved with esotericism, astrology, and then later with herbs and her garden plants. In the past decades they had drifted further and further apart; he often stayed in Palma for days at a time, as after the nightly curfew the drive home probably became more and more arduous for the old man. But perhaps also because they no longer had a shared bedroom and Rodolfo — although increasingly rare, still — grabbed the opportunity of the evening when it presented itself. Olivia was completely absorbed in her herbs, the essences and the witchcraft, she did not miss the sex for a long time...

Pico had no idea about esotericism, astrology or medicinal herbs. Patiently he listened to Olivia, who immediately led him into the garden and showed him her plants. Cautiously, he nodded to feign interest until she laughed and said she didn't want to bore him with her whims, then they went into the house. They drank spicy tea from her garden, then she told him about the funeral, which I'm sure Uncle Rodolfo would have enjoyed, with all the good or not so good friends and acquaintances who had come to the funeral. All the dignitaries of the surrounding towns were present, after all, Uncle Rodolfo was one of the most famous men in the area. Olivia asked him what had kept him in Vienna when the funeral took place, because all the living relatives had come, and now Pico would have to tell her about Peter's suicide and the subsequent criminological investigations. Olivia expressed her sympathy, since he had had lost a friend so tragically, but showed little sympathy for the sheriff, who would not have let Pico leave town, even for a funeral.

Already on the third day, Olivia asked what the two suitcases full of dollar bills were all about. Pico got a red head because she had gone through his things, but he answered, it was black money that he

had diverted in the bank, some 1,8 Million Dollars. No problem, she said, and made a phone call to her bank. She opened an account in her name where he could deposit the money and be authorized to sign for it. Problem solved. Olivia thought no more about it just a day later.

Pico felt comfortable in the guest room, showered and slept for an hour. In the evening Olivia led him through the small town and walked with him along the beach to the small natural cove where some fishing boats and the TITANIA were moored. He couldn't see much in the dusk, but he knew her from photos: a fifteen-meter wooden yacht that had been built in Taiwan. They discussed that they wanted to clean up the yacht, because in two months they were expecting Heinz, the son and heir of Uncle Rodolfo's business partner from Germany, who wanted to buy himself out of both the bar and the TITANIA — only the ship, he wanted to see a last time. Olivia had been born rich and with Rodolfos management she had become even richer, but it was against her nature to show off the bar or the ship in an unkempt state, let alone hand it over. In the evenings, he would sit with Olivia on the terrace and drink her homemade herbal liqueur, which contained quite a lot of alcohol.

Their conversation was odd; Olivia talked very fast in a mixture of Italian, Spanish, and Mallorcan; he spoke only a few scraps of Spanish, but struggled to keep up with her. Her Italian sounded strange to his ears, but probably his rusty Italian was also strange to her. Nevertheless, they understood each other. Their conversation was essentially about kinship, about the TITANIA, and about Olivia's witchcraft skills. Pico smiled when Olivia told them how she had treated some of the locals had removed warts with herbal decoctions or treated other troublesome things like rheumatism, cramps, or headaches. Olivia must have been a very busy woman, for the large house was in excellent condition and shone with cleanliness, although the two servants whom Rodolfo had employed in the past had taken well-deserved retirement and she was currently taking care of the house alone.

Pico lay restless in his bed, tossing and turning sleeplessly. He had been with Olivia for the third day with Olivia and could not escape

her spell, her erotic attraction. He couldn't get it out of his head that he had repeatedly looked covetously at Olivia's body on the terrace; she might be a lot older than he was, but she looked interesting and somehow beautiful and desirable. Again and again his gaze had slid to her small bosom, which shimmered through the thin nothing of a dress, again and again he had looked at her body, which was clearly visible under the gauzy fabric. She wore neither bra nor panties, he could hardly take his eyes off her beautiful nudity. If he looked very closely, it could be seen that she had shaved away her pubic hair. He couldn't help but think that regardless of her real age, her young girl's body had a very special erotic appeal. His desire was growing by the minute. Now he was turning restlessly in bed, trying to fall asleep despite all the tormenting thoughts and not think about her anymore. The burning in his abdomen grew stronger and stronger, desperately he rumpled the bedclothes until he could stand it no longer. He got up quietly and knocked softly on Olivia's door.

Sleepily she murmured what was the matter. He opened the door a crack wide and said quietly that he couldn't sleep, he couldn't fall asleep alone, he wasn't used to sleeping alone. His voice betrayed well-played, genuine desperation, which Olivia interpreted differently than it was, because he was desperate to have to use that rotten old trick. He repeated it two or three times until Olivia mumbled sleepily, yes, yes, it was good, he should finally go to sleep. Pico stepped into her bedroom and crawled naked into bed beside her. Olivia protested powerlessly, because she was still deep in her dream, and mumbled sleepily what he wanted from her, she was an old woman, and then she fell asleep again. Pico lay tensely under the blanket and waited until his heart calmed down.

Olivia awoke speechless. Pico had been infinitely careful to push up her gauzy nightgown and press his erection into it from behind, but she had become instantly wide awake. She smiled at the first moment she felt Pico's impatience and his wildly beating heart pounding in his cock. Overwhelmingly clear, she sensed that he was about to do her and penetrate; but she felt no pleasure at the moment, and in no way wanted to fuck him. She withdrew from him, gently pushed him back and sat up. Stupid boy, she muttered, what do you

want? He faltered for a moment, after a while he put a hand upon his cunt and masturbated.

No, she didn't really want that either, but she didn't want to offend him either. She tried one last time to talk him into it, but then she gave up, because there was obviously no point in trying to reason with him. She snorted and went into the next room to the Sofa to sleep on, and heard Pico moaning and groaning for a long time.

She closed her eyes and remembered, remembered things that were very far back. Rodolfo had never done it before her, but she remembered that when she was a little girl, she had sneaked to the bathroom after her father to the bathroom, often and often, for years. Curious and heart pounding, she had pressed one eye to the tiny little hole in the bathroom door and watched her father wash and shave naked. Her heart beat like mad when he stood wide-legged in front of the washstand and masturbated. Clearly she remembered his big, hairy hand rubbing his cock quickly. She held her breath when she saw in the mirror above the washstand how the bright jets pulsed out. When he afterwards humming contentedly, cleaned the washing shell, she hastily retreated to her children's room. From then on, her childish masturbation fantasies revolved around the bathroom mirror and her squirting father. Quite soon she found out that her father accepted the rejection by her cold mother good-naturedly and was content to masturbate daily for years. In her mind she competed with him, loved him fiercely in her obsession. These deeply buried memories came up again all at once. But also memories of Rodolfo.

Olivia heard the typical sounds through the open door as Pico masturbated like mad in the next room and cum with a loud yip. She had sat up and watched Pico's masturbation and violent cuming from close by.

Rodolfo and she rarely slept together soon after their wedding. She was only 18 and a real virgin when the dashing forty-year-old widower courted her, but when she slept with him, she was disappointed because she felt nothing during sex. Soon he was staying in town more and more often to take care of his new bar. The rumors

that he also took care of one or another pretty waitress, she did not believe.

Until her fourtyeth birthday she had some hundred young lovers to fuck, when she fell in love with a girlfriend. It was a shock to her then to discover that she loved this woman. When she was finally in bed with her, she knew that this was her destiny. The girlfriend had more experience than she did in all these things and taught her everything, because Olivia had grown up very sheltered and had only vague ideas about sex. Since she was a little child she masturbated every night feverishly until she fell asleep. Blissfully, she experienced orgasm in the arms of her friend and learned to make her equally happy.

It hurt her terribly when her girlfriend turned to someone else and left her. For months she mourned, letting Rodolfo fuck her silently and apathetically when he felt like it, and when she was alone again, she cried over the lost love. One day she woke up thinking the pain was over, but she felt nothing but emptiness. There followed a period in which she sought to replace the lost happiness with obsessive masturbation and fucking a lot of boys. She only stopped this obsession when she fell in love again.

And it was years before she fell in love again. But it was very different this time; not a fierce, insane love, but a fierce, purely physical desire and lust to go to bed with this girl. Olivia was ashamed at first, because her lover was still a young virgin, an inexperienced girl. Her own feelings confused her, but she still did everything she could to seduce the girl. Irritated, she admitted to herself that she was unconsciously taking the place of the lost lover by taking such a young lover.

It was a long time before Rodolfo spoke to her about it, and she felt in this conversation like a little lost bird that did not know its way in and out — she suffered from the vague fear of how Rodolfo would react to lesbian love. But he listened gently and empathetically, soothing her with soft words until her palpitations subsided. Rodolfo made her feel loved no matter who she took to bed. She believed that

she loved him, too, more than ever, even though she still couldn't feel anything during her daily sex with him.

A strange situation was developing. Physically, she felt climax only in the arms of her lover, but she still loved her husband, who discreetly stayed in the background, like a good friend and waited patiently to the night to fuck her. Sometimes she noticed his covetous glances, but it still took a a very long time before she found out what he craved, what consumed him. At some point, late in the evening, as they sat on the porch drinking heavy wine after fucking, he confessed how much he wanted to be there to watch, how much he wanted to be with her when she made lesbian love. Olivia was startled, for this seemed to her like betrayal of her beloved. She froze in the middle of the conversation, and the last spark of her love for Rodolfo was buried deep under indignation and jealousy.

Some time later, Rodolfo surprised her and her lover in bed. They had neither of them heard him coming; now he stood drunkenly swaying naked under the door, watching them. Olivia was caressing the girl just and was pleased with her horniness, when she looked up and noticed him. Immediately she let go of the girl, who let herself sink back, mewling and languid. Rodolfo came closer and lay down with them. Uncertainty and fear filled Olivia as Rodolfo approached the girl and began to caress her; she had a dark suspicion of what he was really up to. The girl, however, smiled carelessly and closed her eyes in pleasure at drunken Rodolfo's pleasant masturbation of her. Olivia stared with her throat tightened at his erection approaching menacingly and screamed silently in horror when Rodolfo took the girl all of a sudden and deflowered her brutally. Her protest choked in her throat and when she tried to pull the girl from him, Rodolfo brutally pushed her back and continued fucking the girl. They fought with each other, but she got the girl free only when he became erratic because he had started to squirt inside the poor girl. Wild as a bull, Rodolfo pounced on Olivia, driving his wet behemoth into her and immediately continuing to squirt. Howling helplessly, Olivia freed herself from him as he went limp, then she wrapped the weeping girl in her arms and tried to comfort her.

The hatred and anger of that night never left Olivia. She and her lover could not get over that night, though together they tried to forget it. It destroyed their love; and when the girl left her for good, Olivia remained lonely and mostly renounced new relationships. Rodolfo regretted what he had done, but he could never make it up to her. Olivia refused completely and only allowed herself to be taken from him by force. He never knew that she had discovered how much sexual pleasure his violence secretly gave her. But this happened less and less often, for Rodolfo had aged rapidly and, when he passed sixty-five, soon had no desire at all. Olivia, though a good twenty years younger than he, did not miss it. She also felt something like revenge as she indulged in her obsessive masturbation night after night while he lay beside her, witnessing her rapture dull and impotent. Rodolfo had died two years ago, he was 74 then, she 53.

Olivia turned restlessly in bed, trying to fall back asleep. She was disappointed in Pico, she thought at first, how could he have made such an unworthy pass at her! The next morning, at breakfast, she wanted to make it clear to Pico that he could either go to a hotel or spend the night on the TITANIA. But then she admitted to herself that the disappointment was her own, since she had herself, since she had so lightly let him into bed with her — how could Pico have known that she was a lesbian and did not enjoy pleasure in screwing? No, Pico had even aroused her arousal a little, even if she had felt nothing at first. It came back to her that Rodolfo had told her about Lila and Pico in great detail and salaciously, because it hit him hard that his childhood sweetheart had been in Pico's bed for nearly 30 years. Olivia masturbated quietly, thinking of Rodolfo, who had taken fatherly care of the unfortunate Pico and who always drank a toast to Lila with him. Olivia was impressed by Pico's stiff cock, it was bigger than she would have expected. It surprised her a little, she had certainly fucked some hundred lovers and most of them had much smaller dicks and the fucking was mostly disappointing too. Olivia took off her thin nightgown and continued masturbating naked as she was used to. She hadn't masturbated for a couple of days and had to have it now urgently. She remembered the young Pico who had been so shaken by his grief for Lila that she had instantly had taken him to her heart. She pressed her lips together so as not to make a sound in orgasm as she rubbed her G-spot and trig-

gered the orgasm. She lay there for a long time and got up, went back into her bedroom and lay naked next to Pico. She had forgiven him and felt an unusual pleasure after her orgasm. She knew that she wanted to fuck Pico eventually. She put one arm under his neck, snuggled close to him and put her other hand on Pico's big cock. Then she fell asleep smiling.

The other day Pico was very contrite and clumsily tried to apologize. Olivia let him fidget for a while and listened to his stammering with amusement, then she laughed kindly and said it wasn't that bad and kissed him on the mouth.

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Olivia Loves Fucking

Pico's embarrassed reaction and boyish embarrassment greatly appealed to Olivia. Perhaps her loneliness had lasted too long, or perhaps she just wanted to just find out how much power her eroticism still had? That she found Pico, who was a few years younger, sexually very attractive, she would never, ever have admitted.

Their game began harmlessly and ended after two days with Pico's abandonment; but she was a little sad when she won the game, for later she sometimes wished she had rather lost it.

Olivia began the game innocuously, raising the stakes each time. She knew that her figure had remained remarkably youthful for her age. Makeup and see-through negligees were the first things she opened the game with. She teased him with her lasciviously displayed nudity, confusing him with the crackling of her eroticism. Whenever the opportunity arose, she gave him a deep insight into her cunt and smiled when he gawked and squirmed like a carp on dry land. She upped the ante, calling him out when she sat in front of the makeup mirror and painted her nipples with red paint made from mashed petals according to an ancient Egyptian recipe. Pico stared mesmerized at the fine brush and her blood-red nipples. She looked at him mockingly and asked him to bring her (a liqueur, a compact or whatever) from the living room. The poor guy almost tripped over his own feet when he set off.

Olivia knew how to move deftly enough in a negligee that it didn't look vulgar. Likewise, there were little tricks to tie the somewhat sagging breasts a little higher, more aggressively, without the trick being immediately visible. In the thin silk cape she flew and pranced around the house like a naked elf and laughed as bright as a bell when he gaped at her with his mouth open. One could think that she was getting years younger during this time until Pico's seduction. She called him when she was in the bathtub and needed nonsensical nothings; like a well-bred poodle he retrieved everything she asked

for and tried to avert his gaze embarrassedly from her cleverly half-concealed nakedness as soon as she looked directly at him and he felt caught. She let him hand her the bath towel and rub her dry; she smiled at him like a sphinx when she directed his hands to exactly where the butterflies began to flutter in his eyes. She loved those butterflies and let him rub her long and hard with the bath towel. Later she lay down on the massage bed next to the tub and ordered him, rub oil or skin milk on her body under the terry cloth bath towel, “but don’t peek!”. She surreptitiously squinted at his shorts, which were bulging violently, and told him to rub her everywhere — even there, just there! — with warm oils. Sometimes the minutes became half hours, because she gave him almost all freedom in the protection of the terry cloth bath towel. She posed daydreaming and dozing as his fingers reached regions that were otherwise off-limits, stimulating them to the limit where she became afraid of her own arousal and put a stop to him.

At night, when she heard his mattress creak, she would wait for the right moment and flitted into his room, then stood in her diaphanous nightgown under the door in the backlight of the outer room lamp and engaged him into a discussion about the disturbing erotic dreams she pretended she had just had. She grinned because he had been close to climaxing and could not finish, and that the erotic details of her dreams, with which she was not stingy, now made him squirm like a fish on a hook. Step by step she became braver and left out more and more textiles, sometimes running into his bedroom completely naked and in tears, holding onto him because she had dreamed she was being raped. She allowed herself to be comforted and caressed, “but not touched!” She especially loved sitting cross-legged naked on the porch and very, very slowly painting her toenails red. Then he would sit across from her, fidgeting on the bench and peeking his eyes out.

The more he fidgeted, the more daring her game became. When they had a glass of wine in the evening, she had only a sheer silk chiffon tied around her hips and would instigate a discussion on mostly erotic topics. She let him tell her all about the sex with Lila and questioned him about what he knew about Rodolfo’s flirtation with Lila. Then she leaned back on the couch to sometimes feel, as if absently,

the clit under the nothingness of silk cloth, but that was all her sense of shame simply would not allow yet. One evening she overcame even this barrier during a discussion about female masturbation. Even as they discussed, she pulled her legs up cross-legged and played with her clit; unspecifically and as if in passing at first, while sipping her Rioja more often than usual and building up her courage. The red wine inflamed her cheeks; gradually she managed to clear the hurdle of her sense of shame. Pico told in all frankness about Lila's masturbation, the silk chiffon fluttered to the floor. Permissive as a palace whore, she let him gape while she played with herself at his descriptions, and the more he stared, the more aroused she became. It was only a tiny step after that to close her eyes and enjoy the swaying, misty sensation of being immersed in the buzz as she masturbated gently. Pico crept greedily and impatiently closer, but she brittly and forcefully rejected his overt sexual advances as always, which he didn't understand. Of course, he would never understand, for she exercised power over him and over his horniness, perhaps somehow over Don Rodolfo, at the expense of her sense of shame.

After that, it was as if a dam had broken. Olivia now knew no shyness at all anymore, if she let herself massage now after the bath. He was allowed to do everything under the bath towel, really everything, but only with his hands, and only under the protection of the bath towel. His hands were gentle and knowing, but she usually shied away from going all out and tried to suppress her arousal as much as she could. Only when she closed her eyes and dreamed of her last beloved, she was flooded with her feelings, with her excitement, and writhed ecstatically under his stimulating hands, which could excite her as tenderly as those of her lover. Long since the bath towel had fluttered to the floor, long since she did not care that she was completely naked at his mercy, but she was stingy with the climax, because that was still part of her game. As often as she succeeded, she kept full control and broke off before climaxing. They both knew it was about power and control, about being and not being, about up and down, and they both tried to win. More and more, she seemingly lost control and squirmed blissfully in orgasm, letting him think he was gaining ground. He was almost losing it as she vigorously and coldly rejected him whenever he wanted more.

She was drunk with the power she now had over him and sneaked back to him at night. She knew full well that he was still in a frenzy and had not reached his climax by any means when she lay down beside him; for it was part of her game to interrupt him minutes before. She caressed his chest, his arms and his body and felt, when her hand touched him like a breeze, that his hard-on almost burst; playfully she started the retreat millimeter by millimeter. She let him caress her body, stimulate her breasts and nipples, felt the arousal rising inside her and felt the greedy emptiness because he defiantly did not touch her abdomen. At some point, yes, at some point in the middle of it, she seemed to have given up the game or had been overcome by her arousal and masturbated. She cried out when at that very moment, in the orgasm, he pounced on her irritably and strongly like a bull and fucked her so hard she couldn't hear or see. She screamed her head off because her orgasm would not and would not, would not and would not end, and when he squirted out hot and heavy, she screamed triumphantly in the fading orgasm because she had won the game! For the next five weeks they fucked obsessively at all hours of the day- and night. She masturbated just before he cum and made him cum in the middle of her orgasm, that both of them liked. More and more freely she masturbated in his presence and after telling him her life story and sexual history truthfully and with all the piggish details, she unapologetically admitted her lesbian tendencies. It offended him greatly that she much preferred masturbating to fucking him. He took her by force and fucked her one by one. It was his farewell to her beguilingly seductive body.

The next morning when she awoke, he was no longer there, with only a note to explain. Pico had banished himself to the TITANIA of his own free will, as he simply could not stand to be near her at night, always in fear of either raping her or going mad. If he could have looked into her soul, he would have understood that the banishment had become unnecessary after her victory, but he felt the injustice in his actions overwhelming and lived alone on the yacht for the following weeks.

In the ship's salon, in the dim, cozy light of the kerosene lamp, he read over and over again what his mother had confided to her diary more than forty years ago, about that time and those events that

sometimes wafted like Fog billowed through his memory. *He was ashamed to read some of the lines, because at that time he had thought that in the dim light of the small writing lamp his mother could not have seen anything on the bed lying in the dark, otherwise he would not have exposed himself nude before her. However, he remembered very well that at that time he gazed between her thighs, feverish and horny at her cunt, when she absent-mindedly felt herself while writing. Sometimes he cried, because she had only turned 34 and he still missed her very much.*

He really got goosebumps while reading, because he had really never gotten any of her shenanigans get along. When he first read about it, he was so horrified at his memory lapses that that for a long time he still firmly believed that Anna Maria had only invented all this. He felt uncomfortable when he read these diary passages, because he had completely forgotten all of this, suppressed and erased from his memory. Pico knew that Lila learned all this from Anna Maria's diary only after his mother's death — nevertheless, he shuddered to think that Lila knew all this and didn't breathe a word about it for decades, even though they had lived together for almost 30 years. He read these lines over and over again, because it was only here that his mother had been able to express herself so openly.

Her most secret, intimate confession was his most precious treasure.

...

Anna Maria's secret - what Lila never learned

Anna Maria suffered greatly in her bigoted little world and had her secrets hidden even from Lila. Some things seemed so embarrassing to her that she couldn't tell even her best friend. For example, she had never told Lila that she often fucked herself in the asshole during her reveries — already as a little girl she had discovered this zone of excitement, quite by accident. When the little girl sensed that orgasm was beginning, she would fuck herself wildly with a finger in her asshole, prolonging the orgasm by minutes. Later she fucked herself in orgasm with a finger in her asshole and a finger in her vagina. She loved the explosions that lasted for minutes. It was only while she was growing up in the petty village stuff that she realized how ugh it was. No, a man had never taken her from behind, but she had heard many a thing and explored herself, coyly groping. Later, still in orgasm, she teased herself with a finger in her asshole, feeling terribly ashamed afterwards, but still finding it very arousing.

Anna Maria devoted only a few pages to Pico's distress treatment by Lila, but Pico understood that she was fully aware of everything. But there were also things there that she was hiding from Lila; and Anna Maria had written them down as clearly as someone, who needed to talk to someone out — her diary — perhaps to free herself from some inner pressure.

It had started — months before Lila's emergency treatments — with the Ambuschs wanting to move into a new apartment, but it hadn't been ready in time, so Anna Maria had to put them up in Pico's room and the small servants' quarters. Monika slept with the girls in the small chamber; Pico had to sleep with her, naked as she was too. Night after night Pico had woken up to chafe himself and listened fearfully into the darkness to see if she was really asleep. Then he again pressed himself against her body from behind and pressed his thing firmly between her butt cheeks, while he continued to rub

carefully. As hard as he rubbed, he had never squirted before. Breathlessly she had listened more to her rising arousal than to her guardian angel, who bitterly begged her to finally put an end to it. How awake was Pico, and had he noticed that she had become horny? While the little one rubbed in her butt crease, she dreamed in a thousand variations what it would be like, if. Then she scolded herself again and resolved to talk to him seriously about it for once, because it just couldn't go on like this! Ugh!

Her hand moved involuntarily protectively and gently on the clit until the little dreamer had stopped chafing and had fallen asleep. The urgent, earnest admonitions of her guardian angel grew quieter and quieter the longer she stroked her clit in honeyed pain; the angel with the black wings won all the inner battles. Gradually the horniness overcame her fear; she reached a hand between her thighs and tried to push him gently into her bottom. The little one flinched when she touched him, she faltered and did not move again until he fell asleep again. In the following nights she anxiously made several new attempts, but always recoiled.

Anna Maria was very scared during her experiments. She wished she could get his cock inside her butthole. She was quite clumsy at first, Pico half woke up and she stopped startled, the movement froze in the middle. She waited until Pico was asleep, certainly asleep again. She kept making attempts, experimenting to see if his penis wouldn't — just a little bit — went into her butt hole. Of course it didn't. After all, it couldn't go, because her asshole was too tight and she was too tense. It could not go, not without his cooperation. But she did not even dare to imagine the impossible and unimaginable; she soon saw that it was not possible. If the touches became concrete, he would inevitably wake up.

As soon as he fell asleep, she touched the small erect penis, touched and groped him. One day he squirted, and she watched Pico smile in his dreams as he did so. The discovery that he kept getting strong erections throughout the night astonished her greatly. Tentatively and with the utmost care, she directed the little one, more and more frequently directing him to her cleft and touching her labia. When she was very aroused, she rubbed the tip of his cock with the

greatest care on her clit; nevertheless Pico almost always had to squirt now. She reproached herself most violently afterwards, and endured the greatest fears that he might wake up and catch her sinning. The unchastity simply had to stop!

Practically, that didn't work right away, because the Ambuschs still had to stay until they could finally move. Night after night Anna Maria delayed going to bed, but of course noticed that Pico was secretly watching her undress and rubbing his erection under the covers. She guessed that Pico must have discovered only recently that he could squirt. Of course, she pretended not to notice for days and remained the busy mom who soon got up and went to bed. She had intended to talk to him seriously about these deadly sins, but she simply found no opportunity to do so. On the contrary, the dark angel kept whispering in her ear that there was nothing wrong with her sitting there naked, for example, and Pico a little bit with her nakedness. Of course, at first she indignantly dismissed this abominable thought, but her imagination did somersaults. Indecisively she suffered the duel of her two angels while she undressed, and this time, just this once, she gave in to the dark whispers and remained sitting tantalizingly, turning her head to the side and secretly looking at him in the mirror. Pico stared at her bare thighs, her breasts and her pubic cleft, and carefully masturbated under the covers.

Anna Maria secretly admired her little one's courage, taking her time and his; in this dim lighting he could not see anything anyway, she calmed her fears. Pico stared spellbound between her thighs, pushed the blanket aside and rubbed gently at first, then faster and faster. When she thought he was ready, she overcame her fear, bent far back and pretended to look for something behind her on the dresser. Her heart thumped furiously as her thighs opened slightly as she leaned back, revealing her most secret cunt. She looked in the mirror at Pico's wide eyes as she exposed her slit to his gaze and he immediately squirted violently. Suddenly, her exhibitionist frenzy subsided, leaving nothing but a rueful emptiness. Dazed by the clubbing of conscience, she pressed her knees together, for she was ashamed, felt dirty and disgusted with herself. She handled her cosmetics for a while longer to buy time and give Pico time to curl up in the blanket.

On the following evenings she quickly lay down next to Pico, who lay motionless and pretended to be asleep, although he secretly watched his mother undress as he did every evening and was aroused by her nakedness. She soon felt sorry for her brusqueness again, however, so that after some time she again succumbed to the inner whispers and remained sitting naked while she wrote in her diary for a long time. It was incomprehensible to her that he kept having strong erections all night long, although he masturbated several times in a row until he tired, while she sat naked by the little table and wrote her diary.

As long as she did not sleep alone in the room, she had to suppress her own sinful addiction; she felt far too inhibited to masturbate in his presence. Only very rarely, when she was awakened early in the morning by her body's urgent desire, did she quietly let herself slide onto the carpet beside the bed. In her pent-up horniness, she felt pleasure in describing all the details in her diary on the one hand, but she also discovered with amazement her own desire to be naked. The longer she had to postpone the release, the more aroused she posed in front of Pico and opened her thighs. The longer she feverishly awaited her next release, the more often she caught herself carelessly fingering her clit while writing. Finger finger play with her clit and stopped, startled. She cast a tentative glance over at Pico, but he was so busy with himself that he certainly hadn't noticed anything.

She was terribly ashamed and scolded herself for thinking about her actions during the day, yet night after night she sat naked in front of the dresser and wrote in her diary. Innocent little Pico gawked at her nakedness and seemed to think nothing of pushing aside the blanket and masturbating. Anna Maria paused in her writing, watching him from under her thick lashes; soon she learned to control his arousal by spreading her thighs so wide that her vaginal cleft opened a little. Now, when she deftly positioned herself in the narrow cone of light from the table lamp, he could see everything, went wild and squirted instantly. My God, how horny and miserable at the same time she felt posing and watching! Again and again she took to talk him out of jerking off, or at least to make it clear that it was a very private thing — but she never found the courage. She tried

to think of the arguments, but she didn't get far; why was it so private? why did it have to be hidden? what made her feel guilty and ashamed? Her conscience pressed her harder and harder the longer she sat naked writing her diary, provoking him more and more shamelessly, as if mindlessly stroking her cleft or groping herself while Pico stared at her slit and masturbated. Every time she watched him masturbate, her conscience pounded: Unchaste, Fornication, Unclean! She meant to escape the inner pressure and abruptly stopped writing — and no, masturbating naked —

.

One night, as he began to wretch in his dreams, his small penis could be seen under her buttfold to advance unimpeded from behind, because she was already fantasizing fiercely and lying on her side with her knee drawn up and devotedly masturbating. She thought of how much she had dreaded it and how much it had excited her at the same time then she guided his little cock with one finger until his little glans — not for the first time — penetrated into her wet vagina, just a little bit, but it felt good. When the little one — smiled in his dream — darted off again, she lifted her leg higher, stretched her bottom far back and opened it wide. By now, in her horniness, she didn't care that he had penetrated her vagina, and since his little penis didn't reach deep at all, she pressed her ass cheeks toward him, hoping and fearing at the same time what would happen. How good that did, his grinding!

The honeyed pain became burning hot. Her pulse throbbed painfully up into her throat as she overcame her shyness once again and felt for him with her hand. Gently she pulled and pushed the cock back and forth in her vagina and and almost forgot to breathe — it felt so good to push the little prick rhythmically into herself. Her heart was beating hard as she tried to bob along a bit, but it was better to thrust her abdomen rhythmically against him. Only when she had triggered her orgasm and felt his throbbing did she startle. He was squirting, completely unexpectedly! Her abdomen continued to undulate and roll in orgasm as the little guy squirted, for heaven's sake, deep inside her! Insane fear went up mute and hot in her throat, taking her breath away; paralyzed with horror, she paused

and left her leg, still spread wide like a frog's leg, twitched in the air in orgasmic rhythm, making sure that her pelvis greedily sucked in his squirting in unison.

She felt his throbbing and squirting and only when her own arousal began to subside did she awaken from her paralysis and gently pushed him back until the little glans slipped out of her and came to rest on her moss. Once more it squirted slightly, making her wince. She pressed her hand firmly on her vagina and froze in shock: for heaven's sake, he had really squirted inside her! The maddening palpitations subsided only when she told herself that he was much too young to impregnate her. She moved away from him anyway and groped herself helplessly, then sighed sadly, feeling disgusted for a moment by the sticky stuff in her pubic hair.

She was scared out of her wits because Pico had squirted inside for the first time during their play; with a quick sideways glance, she made sure he was still — or again? — sleeping soundly. Thank God he was sound asleep and had not consciously witnessed her terrible mortal sin. Horniness and greed had instantly subsided, and Anna Maria bit her lips full of shame and self-loathing, because of course she had to expect him to squirt; nevertheless, she was ashamed of the insane feeling of happiness she had experienced. She could not breathe for a moment when the image of the aged Don Benedetto, the old village priest, flashed in her mind; how often he had warned her in the confessional of the dangers of unchastity, although at that time she did not understand a word of it all! It was a terrible mortal sin, Anna Maria knew that, so the little one was never allowed to sleep with her again, who knows what else might have happened!

The whetting from before had stopped abruptly since Pico had discovered the squirting. But now he tried again to push himself against her. Gently but forcefully she pushed him and his stiff prick back and rolled all the way to the edge of the bed, staying on her side and turning her back on him. At night she woke up when he masturbated violently; usually she stayed awake for a long time while he started again after a short break. It was difficult for her to pretend to be asleep when she felt his touch on the skin of her buttock — it disgusted and excited her at the same time. Silently she lay on her side

and felt the quick movements on her skin, felt the tickling of his wet cock. Only rarely did he dare push against her buttocks as he squirted. She held her breath involuntarily when she felt his orgasm approaching; and though she clenched her butt cheeks firmly he squeezed his glans between them. Full of fear and secret excitement, she continued to pretend to be asleep, not daring to “wake up” and indignantly stop him; usually he slipped off and splattered his load everywhere. But when he — stuck in the crease — squirted deep inside, she bit her lips lips tightly together, while eerily-beautiful thought fragments flashed through her head. How good that he couldn—t impregnate her because he was still so young!

For days it rumbled within her, while the unchaste, the lewd, and the unimaginable spread within her; she fought hard with herself and the threatening beating of her conscience. The pressure grew stronger and stronger, the desire to sin and her addictive delusion became indescribably strong. Almost as if in a trance, she obtained strong sleeping pills, cleverly taking the opportunity to dissolve the sleeping pill in his vitamin juice, which he drank every night before falling asleep.

As soon as he fell asleep, she turned on the small light and began to feel and play with the sleeper’s erection. Pico dreamed beautiful things and stirred in the dream, but continued to sleep deeply. She wanted to find out how soundly he was sleeping, so the first time she went to work very carefully and masturbated him. He didn’t wake up and as his semen gushed out, her horniness grew. She did not dare to make the last step yet and watched with lust and bad conscience that after some time he had an erection again and groped himself awkwardly in the dream. Her sick heart beat hard as she masturbated him again, this time faster and more violently.

Despite all the fear and the awareness of committing one of the most heinous mortal sins, her greed grew because she was now sure that he was not waking up, and threw all misgivings overboard. In the following nights she opened wide, as wide as she could, and steered the little one as deep as she could. It worked best when she laid him on his side, approached him at right angles with her buttocks to his tail and held his arm. Half crazy with horniness, she

pressed herself against the little one, masturbating and bobbing, rocking and fucking greedily until she had made him squirt all the way into her vagina. Possessed by lust and greed, she kept plugging him into herself as often as he became erect, stopping only when he was completely drained. She had given her soul to the devil and now nothing mattered; night after night she fucked the little one as if possessed and greedily absorbed his seed — a drowning woman dying of thirst in the ocean of lust. Pico was always exhausted in the morning and was bashfully silent about his piggish dreams.

Evening after evening, she drugged the little one with the vitamin juice, no longer sat teasingly while writing his diary, and he stopped masturbating. Lila bathed him twice a week and masturbated him without the bathing glove, Anna Maria stood at her spy post and quite soon had learned to masturbate standing up while watching, something she had done extremely rarely before. Usually Anna Maria stood under the door, held her skirt up and masturbated standing up. Lila couldn't see her because she was busy masturbating Pico, but Pico could always see her doing it. Lila had unbuttoned her house dress slowly at the beginning and as soon as he could look at her nakedness he squirted joyfully. Later, Lila proceeded to let him squirt into her open mouth. Eventually she took Pico's cock in her mouth and let him squirt deep into her throat, he liked that the most. Anna Maria orgasmed at the latest when Lila swallowed the semen.

Anna Maria finished writing her diary and went to bed. He was dreaming and mostly already had an erection. She let him enter her vagina from behind and began to masturbate with pleasure. He had already learned to fuck without her help after a few nights. The dreamer always fucked immediately after his cock entered her vagina. She usually let him cum three or four times in her vagina, then she was exhausted from masturbating and orgasms and wanted to sleep. He never woke up and could usually fuck again after a 10 or 15 minute break.

They often talked about his "piggish dreams" after he shamefully opened up to her. He described his dreams of fucking in such detail and salaciousness that it got hot in her vagina. She reassured him that it was not a sin to dream of fucking. He usually dreamed of fuck-

ing with his classmates or teachers. Sometimes with Monika, Aunt Lila — or with her. She then grabbed his hands, that would be okay, she was a female and not a statue of a saint. He lowered his head and admitted that he had also fucked his Saint Theresa in his dreams before.

She took refuge in delusion and silenced the admonishing conscience, she lapsed inwardly more and more, until one day she reflected. To be more precise, when she once discussed with Lila whether he perhaps already had a girlfriend to fuck and she interjected that he was still too young to impregnate anyone, Lila laughed at her. Of course he could already procreate now! Anna Maria was scared to death. She suffered in agony in her fear of becoming pregnant by him after all; she suffered terribly in the consciousness of having lost her soul forever with this mortal sin; and she suffered because she was afraid that Pico would discover it.

The madness had only lasted a short time, a little over a year, but now the fear of being impregnated by Pico and her guilty conscience snapped her back to normal. She was so ashamed of her sin that she immediately let go of Pico and took refuge in her masturbation fantasies again at night. Only now did she realize with horror that she had drugged her own son night after night for the sake of her lust, like the daughters of Lot had drugged their father. She got more and more pains in her heart area and often cried for hours until she calmed down.

Often she fantasized later during his masturbation, so that quite soon she was already gently helping and making it easy for him by willingly stretching herself open to him, while burying her face in the pillow, excited and guilty, she confessed to her diary, ashamed. But, she continued to write, excusing her fantasies, only because she herself was already in great distress, yet she enjoyed, in spite of all her remorse, her strong excitement when she imagined him fucking her and pouring himself deep inside her vagina. All the while, Anna Maria pretended and let Pico believe she was fast asleep while he masturbated.

She would have to talk to him about it soon, she thought to herself, because he was apparently rampantly weakened if he did it twice or even more in a row. It was too frequent, she thought, and it seemed to her that he masturbated even more furiously when it didn't go easily. It was certainly bad for his health, she thought; besides, someone had told her that it could make you blind or give you spinal curvature, which she didn't really want to believe; but she was too cowardly and remained mute in her inhibition. Pico was never allowed to know that she always watched him masturbate. She only breathed a sigh of relief when the Ambuschs were finally able to move into their new apartment and Pico was once again sleeping in his own room.

Over the next few months, Pico developed his bathing ceremony, to which Lila had inspired him and which Anna Maria now had to continue. She went through a roller coaster of emotions, because wrong was wrong and lust was lust. Anna Maria felt the weakness taking hold of her physically and kept giving in to Pico until he made her masturbate him. It had long been clear to her that the path in this direction must lead her further and further — and to what disaster exactly — but she was too weak to stop him. It was only logical that Pico should become even more intimate, groping her shame as she masturbated him.

One day she collapsed, and now began her tour of suffering in the hospital. When she had recovered, she was allowed to go home again, but usually she could only stay at home for a few weeks, until she was so bad again that she had to go to the hospital again. During this time she did not want to be alone with her heartache and asked Pico to sleep in her bed; he understood that she wanted her rest and tried to hold back, but most of the time he couldn't help it, the rascal!

Pico stayed on his side, trying even harder to remain undetected. While she slept or feigned sleep with deep breaths, he carefully pushed the blanket aside after only a few minutes. Anna Maria, for all her weakness, could never suppress her curiosity and raised her eyelids to watch him surreptitiously in the pale light of the of the street lights. She had long since accepted his love for her bottom and as a rule turned to the side, if she was not already lying on her side.

She held out her buttocks to him — let him if he wanted! Her aching heart beat to bursting when she felt his quick rubbing, with which he approached the orgasm.

Pico turned to her and slid his cock between her buttocks. Then, when he tensed and squirted, she held her breath, too. As time went on, he became even more determined; the weaker she felt, the less she could resist him pushing his cock in deeper and deeper. As she pressed her knees together, he could only penetrate between her outer pubic ridges, but no deeper. She had a lustful, horny fear of the twitching, squirting glans that was spraying its load everywhere, not only on her outer labia, but also inside her vagina. She was too tired and weary to resist when Pico's seed shot hot and sticky inside her.

On the evening of a really darned day, when she was not at all well and everything had gone wrong, she had first fled from Pico to the edge of the bed. She became quite annoyed when she half woke up, although she was dead tired and feverish, because Pico was fidgeting erotically dreaming and chafed deep in her frizzy hair. Roughly he held her by her waist, and the feverish half-dream made her think of Giuseppe, who had taken her hard and brutally when he begat Monika. She was frightened terribly, because she felt, how he pushed himself deeper and deeper between her labia, felt him squirt deep inside her vagina. Or was it a delirium of fever? She thought she could still feel Pico's wet glans and angrily withdrew from him, then, dog-tired and feverish, she slept on. Further her dream slid to Riccardo, who had fucked her gently and in love. It was a beautiful dream, she was lying on her stomach in the grass, Riccardo had her skirt up and caressed her ass cheeks while he fucked her from behind in his gentle way. Stealthily her hand slipped under her belly and rubbed her clit.

And dreamed that Don Aldo, with whom she had fucked more often than with anyone else, began tentatively and hastily grinding in her vagina. Don Aldo was usually rarely behind her and he didn't act so amazingly stupid, so she stretched her ass out to him and opened her vagina invitingly wide. She sighed in the dream, but she had to distract the foolish old man from his necrophiliac perversion of fucking the comatose Lila, and involuntarily thrust her pelvis towards the old man, pulling and sucking him greedily inside her. The old man

fucked her quickly and hastily. Anna Maria carefully groped for her clit and made herself a secret little orgasm, as always. She whooped because it felt so good to be fucked further in orgasm. She felt the old man's thrusting for a long time afterwards and was satisfied when he abruptly squirted away, because now he would leave Lila alone. It dawned on her at the same time that something was wrong, since Don Aldo usually fucked and squirted languidly and slowly and not in that powerful way. Something could not be right, because she felt his hot jets deep and strong as never before inside her vagina — gradually it dawned on her that Lila was no longer in a coma and that Don Aldo had been gone for a long time, and now began to "the sleeper" vigorously and terrified — resisted panic-stricken to think of Pico's seed inside her. He slipped out and squirted the last of it on her pubis, and as the juice also ran sickeningly along her inner thigh down her inner thigh and cooled, she half-turned with a sleepy "Hey, what are you doing!!!" and angrily pushed him back, yet somehow maintaining the camouflage of the half-asleep. Pico, very startled, woke up from his doze and let go of her, but she too was frightened to death — for God's sake, he'd already put again squirted everything into her vagina!

Pico kept reading her account of this event, for he remembered it quite differently. He was surprised at that time by the early death of his mother; downright paralyzed he watched himself and his his environment, how they dealt with it, how they reacted to it. He hid his insane pain as best he could. He thought about her a lot when he was alone, recalling the past in his memory so he could think about her. When he was alone, he allowed his tears. Gradually the pain subsided a bit, gradually he could remember her without panicking and hurting. Gradually he also allowed his memories again. God was punishing him for the second time because of his sins, and he almost lost his mind because he could not escape this thought.

His mother was in the hospital several times in a row, and then at home for short weeks or days before she was again so bad that she came to the hospital again. She was always very weak and could hardly take care of the household; long ago they had given up the bathing procedure. She lay on her bed and wrote for hours in her diary when she was not sleeping. Monika immersed herself in her

schoolwork and kept the household in order; silently she worked like an adult, not letting on that she was struggling with big problems at the same time. Unlike Pico, she sensed exactly that her mother was coming to an end and withdrew, hiding in the shelter of solitude, crying. Pico took care of his mother as best he could and slept with her; it had been her wish. He saw how dull and feverish she was at times, and controlled himself as best he could; but the primal forces in his loins made their way.

Thankfully, he later remembered that she never told anyone anything about his then squirting. Memories of the events surfaced as if from a deep, black lake, until he remembered with minute accuracy his secret jerking off next to her, his constant approach to his sleeping mother, and the many times he had thrust his cock into her vagina. She was sick and dead tired and tolerated him squeezing himself from behind between her buttocks and put the glans in the pubic fold and vagina when he rubbed. The sleeping patient never woke up, neither to his vigorous rubbing, nor when he squirted deep into her vagina. Until that night, when, after his squirting, she apparently continued to lustfully dream of fucking.

Pico had withdrawn, but she was glowing with fever, breathing shallow and choppy like a little bird. She turned over on her stomach in the dream, laying on the crumpled blanket as if on top of a lover, churning up and down excitedly. He was confused and at first did not know what exactly she was doing, for that she was asleep he could still see clearly in spite of the dim darkness. She made strangely-lustful sounds and crumpled the blanket more and more into a dumpling. She stretched up the two hemispheres of her buttocks and darted back and forth, at the same time spreading her knees as far as she could. Now she rubbed her pubic mound firmly on the hand she had slid between herself and the blanket. Pico straightened up irritated and watched her from behind. In the pale twilight he could only guess at the outlines, but the bobbing of the buttocks and the hand in the pubic fold, only dimly visible underneath, fascinated him, made his little one stiffen again in no time.

He was confused and unsure if he should do it, but he got great desire and wanted to jerk off again. Slowly he approached her from

behind and sharpened his prick, pressing it gently against her butt crease and feeling the glowing fever inside her. Deeper, to where her most intimate was, her dear vagina, he was in principle not allowed, he knew that. He rubbed himself as he mostly did, keeping his cock pressed against her buttocks, trying to hold his position even though she kept moving. No, no, he wasn't allowed down there, but to his amazement, the dreamer willingly opened her sanctum and pushed herself towards him, demanding again and again, until he tentatively ventured even further and pushed himself from behind between her buttocks pushed forward until he stuck a little bit inside her vagina. Excited and with his heart pounding, he paused, for it was strictly forbidden, what he was doing, but she pressed against him even harder, even more demanding.

The sweet dream seemed to fool her, for she opened her vagina invitingly and pushed it towards him, her feverishly hot hand grasping from below and gently pulling his cock forward until it had penetrated quite deeply. A flicker of thoughts of copulating dogs swept through his brain as he began to move like the male dog, unfamiliar and unsure. It seemed to him that she was somehow awake, for she knelt up quite deliberately and let herself be thrust and fucked, sighing comfortably. Pico was goaded by her sounds, her sighs and whoops and fucked her as fast as he could. He was completely confused as to what was happening and why it was happening today; he didn't understand what was going on with her and why she was letting it happen. She was suffering from her lust in a completely different way than he had known before; she was thrusting rhythmically towards him, thrusting toward her climax. Her abdomen rolled like waves in the surf as the orgasm came with a loud sigh, a sound that sounded pleasurably painful and incited him so that he went into a frenzy and poured himself inside her vagina. The seconds fell silently into the black ocean. Only now she seemed to wake up and hissed angrily at him; he was terribly frightened and pretended to be half asleep and rolled to the side muttering. Since then he was afraid of doing something wrong again and from now on did nothing at all. In the nights he waited silently until she slept, before he sought the lonely redemption.

Pico was not immediately clear about it, but after the next longer hospital stay everything had changed. Anna Maria spent the whole day passive and silent in bed, was weakened by the cancer disease and visibly deteriorated. She was completely distraught, because she knew that she would only live a few more weeks. Pico only noticed that she no longer snarled at him and did not mind that he snuggled up, cuddled up to her — he took courage and resumed his former habits again. He began, after masturbating again between her buttocks from behind and inserting the glans into the pubic fold, thrusting his cock in orgasm deep inside her sweet vagina. Anna Maria was very weak, feverish and tired; she tolerated his impetuosity, for she was already addicted to mortal sin anyway; so it did not matter what happened now. She had lost her soul, and this lostness completely paralyzed her, made her completely passively and patiently let everything pass over her.

Anna Maria, finding this sideways position uncomfortable, approached him and lifted lifted one leg, made a hollow cross and stretched her buttocks compliantly towards him. Pico did not dare to fuck her, as he was afraid of it, but he took her passive acquiescence as consent for everything else. Consent for everything else. She was sick and tired to death and tolerated everything, but he didn't dare to fuck her regularly — squirt in, yes, but not fuck. He touched her while he masturbated and only stopped when he felt it coming. Now he slowly penetrated deep into her vagina, as deep as he could, and let it squirt pleasantly.

Anna Maria did not want after some time also this strength-sapping side position any longer. She turned on her belly, tightened her knees and stretched her buttocks up. Pico stared at her buttocks, at the beautiful mound that curved underneath. He turned on the little night light and looked at the densely hairy pubic area, where her most sacred cunt shining wetly like an opened fruit. He was fascinated, because up to now he had seen mainly the vaginas of young girls. What fascinated him especially was the large, bag-like fold of skin, under which her clitoris was hidden. Carefully, he pulled this hood-like fold of skin all the way back to see the clitoris. Like the rest of a tiny finger or of a tiny penis growing half out of her pubic mound, it peeked out, a fingernail-sized fruit within a fruit. He pal-

pated it very carefully, but did not dare to stimulate her regularly because it twitched every time he touched the clit. He masturbated all agitated and splashed his white juice on the red fruit. The next time he came even closer because her silent forbearance encouraged him. He stared at the glorious fruit and palpated it as he masturbated, slid closer on his knees, and when he sensed that it was coming, he put his cock in her vagina and waited until it squirted of its own accord. From now on he knelt again and again behind herand looked horny and greedy at the densely hairy mound under her round buttocks, looked at her cleft, before he put his cock lightly and gently into her vagina. So he had both hands free and held her bottom with both of them. masturbated. When it came to him, he let himself sink in very deep and poured out pleasantly, twitching and throbbing, squirting his hot semen into the vagina. He could only do it because she was not looking at him, because he was still afraid of fucking his mother. Always earlier, more and more impatiently he put it in her vagina, but it did not come as easily as before; and because the orgasm didn't come right away, he moved back and forth a bit.., fucking until it squirted. No, he scrupulously avoided making it look like fucking, but he experimented, penetrating at different angles and trying to find the best position to squirting. Anna Maria understood that he only dared to thrust a little when he didn't feel observed and because she was not looking at him in that position.

At this point in her diary she recalled how it was the first time she did it with him completely consciously; everything up to then had taken place hidden and secretly. It was after her first hospital stay, when she had learned her diagnosis and was completely distraught about the near end. Pico was shy and completely frightened, looking down when they saw each other again. In bed at night, he whispered that it was all his fault. He believed his little impertinences in the bathroom, his blackmailing her into making him masturbate, his groping: all this would have ruined her. He was afraid to her and felt deeply guilty about her illness. She tried to calm him down, to make him understand the the nonsense of his fear, it was the cancer and nothing and nobody else! but Pico seemed frozen in his fear. Anna Maria, who at first had felt only a leaden indifference, was only overcome by an almost feverish horniness. She wanted an end to the secrecy, she wanted to give herself to him while she still could. This

thought clung to her brain, did not let go of it the whole night. The more anxious Pico was, the more she wanted it, wanted it desperately, wanted it now and wanted to help him overcome the fear.

She was waiting for him the other day in the afternoon when he came home from school and she threw back the blanket under which she was completely naked. She held out both arms to him; “Come, my little one, come to me!” He stood frightened in front of her bed and stared at her nakedness, couldn’t take his eyes off her, while his erection grew violently; then he crawled obediently to her on the bed and snuggled up. She quickly undressed him and embraced him. She knew how unfamiliar it was for both of them as she half sat up and pressed him to her chest, but she was determined to fight his fear. Her body was glowing, she had been masturbating in anticipation during the day... increased.

Slowly she pulled him onto her lap and caressed him, stroking his back and bottom. Pico felt very clumsy, but he also embraced her, burying his face frightened against her neck. He was confused because it was so unaccustomed the way she had called him to bed, the way she held him, and the way she was stroking him now. From the stroking he quickly became horny, soon his prick was firm and stiff. She held him tightly pressed against her and after a while grabbed with one hand between her thighs; gently and carefully she inserted his cock in. Pico clung even more tightly to her and hid his his face against her shoulder, murmuring his fear into her ear, hazily remembering his foster father, Don Aldo. Never he had lain on top of her like that, with her aged ass tucking the tip in her black, densely hairy forest slowly pumping up and down. She continued stroking him and soothing him murmuring softly, stai zito, my little one, be quiet!

He was afraid and wept, for he felt that it was wrong what they were doing and because it was only her husband’s place to lie on top of her in front. At the same time it was very pleasant and he did not need to be afraid, because it was she who wanted it now. Anna Maria sank back into the pillows and held him tightly against her; she waited for a few eternally long minutes to see if he would overcome his fear of fucking would overcome itself; but Pico did not dare. Motionless they lay there, only Anna Maria’s hands moved, gently ca-

ressing Pico's back and buttocks, then his lower legs and his testicles. She could clearly feel Pico's reaction to the stroking of his testicles; she gently continued stroking him, sometimes touching the lowest part of his cock, where it grows out above the testicles. He lay motionless on top of her and felt how this delicate caressing made him hornier and hornier, but he always had to remember that he was lying on top of his mother and was inside her vagina like a man, and he was not really allowed to do that. It was something completely different when he sneaked up behind her in the dark or when he lay on top of her like a man in full daylight; it was wrong. She teased his testicles and the shaft of his cock more and more intensely and his face as she felt him slowly begin to throb. Throbbing. Pico's eyes filled with tears again and he whispered that she shouldn't look at him, no, please don't look at me!

Anna Maria's hands, caressing his buttocks and sex, felt the squirting still coming before him. Crying, he tensed up and whispered that she should not look at him, and held on to her neck tightly while she continued to caress him lovingly. His pomus muscles tensed violently as he squirted in short, powerful jets. Anna Maria felt the hard cock inside her twitching, feeling his semen spurt. She hugged him even more gently and stroked his buttocks, pressing him into her vagina energetically. Pico held her neck, heart pounding, wearily crying. He listened inside himself, feeling for his squirting, which lasted for a long time and was somehow agonizingly wonderful. Anna Maria held him embraced, for quite a while longer while he happily cried softly and whispered once again that she must not look at him. He lay completely on top of her and felt her innermost being with inconceivable clarity, as if his cock had eyes or feelers. How and fine it felt around his cock, how protected and sheltered he was in her warm, wet womb! He was safe! He had already fallen asleep against her shoulder when she later gently laid him down and covered him with the blanket.

Many weeks passed, during which she was alternately at home or in the hospital. Pico was still scared, and she was far too sick and too tired to think of sex on her own, but his agility was sometimes contagious. During the nights when she felt his urging, she thought, yes, she would probably die soon, but she wanted to experience it one

more time, one very last time perhaps, even though she was deathly ill. She knelt up, arched her buttocks high and spread her thighs wide apart. He was much too young to understand right away that this was the most clearest invitation he had ever received. She buried her face deep into the pillow, to make him feel that he was unobserved and could do what he wanted. He understood the invitation, but in the end he still needed the final call, whispered his question shyly and huskily into her neck. Anna Maria waited not a single second before nodding slightly her head.

"Yes, Pico, yes," she cried, thinking with dismay what her guardian angel might think of her, "Yes, I want it!" Pico looked at her hairy pubic mound and vagina for a long time, before he carefully penetrated. He held her hips with both hands and fucked her gently and infinitely softly. Anna Maria sighed and cried into her pillow, she kept thinking of her lost soul, but then she secretly masturbated as she felt unbridled desire for it while being fucked. Pico watched her in spite of her secrecy and when he felt her orgasm approaching, he suddenly had to fuck very animalistically fast. He felt exactly how she masturbated the clitoris furiously; he was getting more and more aroused by her suffering moans and could no longer hold back and squirted violently, squirting in the middle of her gasping, moaning masturbation's orgasm. Anna Maria was grateful that he was behind her and not looking at her, for she had to continue masturbating compulsively. He sank languidly back on his heels and watched her fascinated, even though she was feeling the vehemence with which she frantically drove herself to climax terribly ashamed despite her lack of strength.

They never spoke of it, for during the next few weeks Anna Maria became increasingly weaker, so that he did not dare to fuck her again. It was a kind of slow decay that his mother steadily and inexorably took away from him. Stunned, he accompanied her in the ambulance to the hospital. Weeks later she came home, pale and thin, fragile transparent emaciated to the bone.

He was very young and unfamiliar with death; dismayed, he approached Monika, who looked at him for a long and then nodded silently. "Yes, she will die soon, and we must love her, embrace her,

and be there for her until to the last minute." Pico threw his arms around her neck and cried without restraint. Monika held him silently crying, for she was like him deadly sad.

Pico was strong, although he felt tiny and powerless. But his mother needed him, needed someone to be there at night when she was afraid. He, the small, lanky Pico, held his tall, frighteningly feathery mother tightly in his arms and cradled her gently like a little child until she fell asleep. He was filled with concern and compassion and watched over her restless dreams; he no longer thought for a second about sex. On the contrary, he thought a lot about the events of the last weeks and his share in their sins, but after her death Pico repressed all this thoroughly and when he remembered it later, it seemed to him that it was all this had only been dreamed and had never actually happened — he told these secrets to no one, neither to Monika nor to Lila.

The last pages of her diary revolved around the thought that she had corrupted Pico a year long and through her fault had dragged him down into the abyss of mortal sin. Pico always wept when he read her last lines.

"God bless you, my son," she had written, "I have hurt you so! I pray that you forgive me someday!"

...

The chasers are getting closer

Wimmer looked steadily at Henri Moret while he reported that Weichsler had to all appearances committed suicide and that there was nothing left of the money — except for about twenty thousand francs, which the police had confiscated.

It would be well now, thought Henri Moret, if old Devenaz were here. Devenaz had worked with his father long enough and would certainly know what to do now. Henri Moret had only come into the business since his father's illness and had heard only fragments of all these things that had to be done quietly and unobtrusively, only fragmentarily. Weichsler was dead, that much was certain, but one did not know whether Rizzi had taken his explosive documents or not. And one did not know, above all, whether Rizzi was an accomplice or a tool; whether, in the former case, he was content with this heist or whether he would follow in Weichsler's footsteps.

The silence was getting too long for him, so he told Wimmer to say what was on his mind. Wimmer looked up briefly and seemed surprised for a moment then he recapped the facts. At the end, he mentioned that Rizzi had been living in Mallorca at his widowed great-aunt's hacienda for over a month and was otherwise completely inconspicuous. He took a copy of a fax from the table and looked at it again carefully. No, there was no doubt about it, six hundred thousand francs, though that would be about what Rizzi had lying in the Kantor-private bank. Wimmer looked in his sheets and said that the six hundred thousand, according to the bank statements, had been saved up over many years or were demonstrably justly paid out premiums and balance-sheet money from the bank, so it could not be Weichsler's money. Another point in favor of Rizzi would be that he had worked inconspicuously and above all for Kantor Privatbank, that his retirement was entirely in line with the bank's practices and that the owner, Dr. Kantor could only say the best about him. What remained unclear was what connected him and Weichsler, how they stood to each other. The one with the floppy hat pulled out the detec-

tive's report from the pile of documents and put a finger on a spot. Aha, the two met in sailing school and did 8 sailing trips together. Wimmer nodded, oh yeah, sure.

"Over nine hundred thousand francs are missing," Moret mused half aloud, while thinking that it might have been quite a bit more because surely not all the clients had contacted him, "so much can't just disappear like that!"

Wimmer nodded. "I don't believe in the suicide-theory, although it sounds plausible," he said. "Not just because of the money," he followed up, "but because only the two together make a round whole." Wimmer waited to see if Moret would say anything in response, but Moret looked down at the tabletop with a serious face and remained silent. Wimmer waited another moment, then said, "We are both convinced that Rizzi committed the murder and made off with Weichsler's money!" Moret looked up in surprise, for Wimmer usually spoke in the singular, but now he used the "we" to express the unanimity of their opinion, of their common professional assessment. Moret looked closely at Wimmer's face, which he had known since he was a child, but he could detect no sign of uncertainty. No, Wimmer said what he thought, and there was no reason not to believe him. He looked for a split second into the eyes of the man in the floppy hat, into those terrible eyes in which he saw not only murder and treachery but also high intelligence. The one with the floppy hat looked at him stonily and then nodded his head in affirmation: he would be of the opinion of Wimmer, it might mean.

Henri Moret was undecided. He did not like the murder option because the money was was still missing. If Rizzi had had the money, he would have gone along with Wimmer's opinion. But it could just as well have been that he had no idea of Weichsler's machinations and had only unwittingly participated in the crime. It could also be true that he retired to his uncle's country estate after his uncle's death. This was supported by the fact that he had only savings from Vienna and that he obviously did not possess Weichsler's money. But what if .... Moret winced with a sigh.

“We must assume the suicide-variant, confirmed by the Kriminalpolizei” he said, “at least until you prove me wrong. Murder or suicide, I don’t care for the moment!” He paused for a moment before continuing, “Personally, I think Rizzi is innocent, a tool that Weichsler simply used deceitfully. Both the Kantor-Bank and the Swiss banks have confirmed Rizzi’s story. He did not have the loot either. But maybe he can know or guess where the loot is or who Weichsler’s friends are.” He paused for a long moment.

“Weichsler was an orphan and has not a single relative. Okay. Who were his friends, girlfriends? Was there an accomplice or someone who hid the loot? The criminal police searched his apartment only superficially, without any findings. What a shame! You have to do a proper search in the apartment, there will be correspondences to be found, even the documents for his robberies are not mentioned. This stinks!” He paused again and looked questioningly at Wimmer. The man nodded, they would get right behind it. Moret continued. “Wherever the money is, that’s where the solution is, leave Rizzi alone. Get the money back first!”

...

The Bitter End

The cab stopped in front of the Hotel Del Rey, where Heinz was staying and where they had arranged to have dinner. Just as Pico was awkwardly rummaging in his wallet to pay the cab driver, Melanie rushed out of the hotel lobby crying. Confused, she ran through the door and looked around, tear-blind. Pico looked up in surprise, because he would have expected anything here but Melanie. At the same moment she caught sight of him, ran towards his cab and yanked open the door.

"Please, take me with you, I have to get out of here!" she shouted unrestrainedly, wiping the tears from her eyes with the back of her hand, smudging the wet mascara on her tear-stained cheek. Pico couldn't make a sound, Melanie dropped down on the bench next to him. Although she tried to pull herself together, her tears flowed again.

The driver was still counting out the change awkwardly when Pico asked her where she was going. Melanie couldn't think straight and sobbed that she didn't care where. Pico reviewed the situation in a flash in his head and came to the conclusion that the cozy dinner with Heinz and Elsa was invalid; obviously there had been a quarrel between Heinz and Melanie, and it was probably wiser to write off the evening. "To San Telmo!" ordered Pico to the driver, and retreated to the rear of the Car back.

Melanie was still fighting tears. In everyday life, she was a woman who knew how to "stand her ground," as she sometimes mocked. She just hadn't been prepared to catch Heinz in flagrante delicto with the blonde Dane bitch. Desperately, she scolded herself and her stupid jealousy. "You knew about Heinz and Elsa all along, didn't you?" she asked accusingly, and Pico squirmed. No, he had assumed until now that Elsa was Heinz's wife, and only the day before yesterday had he learned to his surprise that there was a wife, Melanie. Heinz had been completely flummoxed when he received Melanie's call. While they were driving to the airport to Melanie, Heinz had begged him

not to breathe a word about Elsa to her. No, Pico lied, he didn't know anything.

Melanie wrapped herself in bitter silence. She dabbed the last tears from her eyes and muttered crossly, "Men!" No, she didn't want to go to the old witch Olivia, and she told Pico so. He thought for a moment, then said they could go to his ship and have a drink if she wanted. Melanie stumbled: "Why — your ship? I thought it belonged to Heinz?" Pico squirmed uncomfortably and kept silent. Heinz had asked him not to reveal anything about their deal — he would give Pico the ship if Pico would give him Rodolfo's share of the bar cheaply. Pico, who had no interest in the bar, agreed. They had agreed on the sum after a long, bitter struggle, without Pico suspecting what Heinz had lied to Elsa: that the ship was now his and that they would have a wonderful honeymoon — Heinz, in his scatterbrainedness, had of course also forgotten to inform Melanie about the state of the negotiations. Pico also had no idea exactly how the drama had played out in the hotel; the frantic Melanie, who cried tear-blind, and the equally crying Elsa, who sniffled defiantly that Heinz was now hers and they would go on Heinz's ship for their honeymoon! Melanie thought of the bank receipt she had seen at Heinz's and found that Pico's silence convicted him of lying. Men!

The cab waited until they had crossed the gangway onto the TITANIA in the headlights. Pico kept pouring wine, listening to Melanie's nasty tirades about Heinz and keeping silent about it all. He loved the gentle rocking of the ship and only listened with half an ear to what Melanie was saying. Whenever she started to cry, he stroked her hand and poured more wine. It will be all right, he thought, the world doesn't end every time a man exchanges his wife for a younger one. Soothingly, he put an arm around her shoulders and let her cry, let her lean her head against him, there she could cry unobserved.

Melanie was slow to calm down. The red wine exuded a comforting warmth, slowly her tears dried up and she saw things only bitterly, even if they were no longer as fatally hurtful as they had been in the first moment. She disentangled herself from Pico again; she didn't need a strong shoulder to cry on! The little Danish whore would find out soon enough how unreliable love, youth, and even

men were. Hastily she drank the red wine that Pico patiently refilled. She became more and more silent, for she was no longer just tipsy, but already heavily drunk. The thoughts in her head flowed incoherently and as if through a fog. No, she would not take it so easily! Surely Heinz was now lying in the hotel bed with his blond Danish girl and — oh, what did she fret about it?! With a blurry gaze she looked at Pico, whom she thought was at least sixty, but a good-looking man, he was nevertheless! And Heinz, that bastard, he should still be surprised! No, she would not take it so easily! Although she was already heavily drunk, she had to laugh at the thought of how stupidly Heinz would stare at her when he saw that she was looking at Pico — with a quick movement she embraced Pico's neck. she clasped Pico's neck, pulled him to her and kissed him, right on the mouth.

Pico froze. Melanie, the wife of Heinz — no! But he felt her warm lips and her demanding tongue play, her urging and her demanding body, which pressed vehemently against him. The wine had also gone to his head a little, but even if he was not drunk yet, he could not resist the urge of this woman. Never in his life had he refused the offer of a woman, certainly not of a dashing and elegant woman in her late forties, by God, no! Inwardly exultant, he returned her kiss.

Tightly embraced they lay on the bench. They had hastily and greedily rid themselves of their clothes, and Pico wanted to fuck Melanie without transition. But the situation and the red wine put a spoke in his wheel. Confused, he noticed how his cock tiredly refused to serve. Groaning and snorting, he tried everything, but it didn't help. Tightly entwined, they lay on the bench. Melanie laughed cooing, reached over to the table and drank from the bottle.

Melanie had had few lovers before Heinz, and since they were married she had been faithful to him, more or less. Except for a few dozen fleeting adventures she had slipped into during her travels, only to forget them right away. Violent sexual excitement followed by fleeting union, hasty and without love; disillusionment and embarrassment, — there was nothing more to say about it. With a mixture of misery and curiosity she looked at Pico's body, her eye sliding down his belly that had become handsome; no, a beauty he certainly

wasn't, but his cock was fine, although at the moment he didn't seem to want it. She didn't know why he couldn't, but she didn't care; she insisted with the best of drunkenness on getting even with Heinz. She finished the wine quickly and put the glass back down. Although she was nauseous and felt like she was wrapped in soft absorbent cotton, she grinned wryly and touched Pico's cock. She wanted badly to fuck now!

Despite her drunkenness, Melanie was uncomfortable when Pico shifted his center of gravity a bit and also groped her with the freed hand. No, she didn't like that, never let anyone touch her like that! But Pico remained unperturbed and Melanie shot through her mind that she would not have an orgasm like that; because even if she masturbated, which happened every night, it was very difficult. Annoyed, she moved away a little and paid more attention to his cock. To distract him, she slowly lowered her head and took it between her lips. Pico let out a sigh and paused paused for a moment, then continued stroking her. Melanie sucked and sucked his cock and felt herself getting even more nauseous, even though she felt a slight sensation, a familiar tugging in her abdomen. Confused, she tried to escape his fingers and at the same time felt his thing growing and getting hard in her mouth. She sucked and sucked as well as she could — and after all, Heinz kept affirming that she was good at it!

She marveled at how good Pico was doing her clit; the alcohol completely loosened her inhibitions; she was like she was on clouds, staggering from snippet to snippet in her horny drunkenness; she winced just a little when Pico rubbed once too hard. Melanie held his cock deep in her mouth and sucked hard, because Heinz liked it that way. Suddenly she imagined that he was about to cum and took it out of her mouth. A bright drop came off the glans and Melanie thought she was mistaken. She licked the glans with her tongue and took it back into her mouth, letting it slide in deeply. Almost immediately a thick jet deep into her throat. Grinning, she pulled it out quickly and held the glans to her lips, as Heinz liked it so much, but it failed to materialize, he didn't squirt any further. Melanie was now completely confused, because at that very moment Pico's finger triggered her orgasm and this wonderful, powerful orgasm almost tore her apart. They lay still until she could breathe calmly again.

Humming, Pico let go of her and lay heavily on top of her. With one hand he reached down and controlled his cock, slowly penetrating her, smiling silently at her apparent unfamiliarity with his technique. Melanie was confused; had he squirted or not? If Heinz had squirted, it was over; but why was Pico continuing to fuck? She fumbled with one hand on the table for the red wine bottle, put it to her mouth and drank, gurgling, rinsing her mouth, while Pico kept fucking her. She giggled to herself at being rocked along with the red wine bottle at her mouth. She didn't like his strained, contorted face, nor was his thrusting as pleasurable as his finger play earlier. She set the bottle back down and placed it unsteadily on the table; almost knocking the bottle over in the process. Pico fucked her as long as she had ever been fucked, but he still wasn't finished.

Pico grunted and straightened up. Melanie didn't know what hit her when he suddenly reached under her pelvis with both hands and turned her onto her stomach with a jerk. No, she didn't want that, she had never liked that! She struggled and resisted, but he was stronger. To her relief, he didn't penetrate her asshole like Heinz, but her vagina again. She relaxed again and supported herself with both arms. Pico fucked faster and faster, rocking Melanie back and forth and driving his spear as deep as he could. As if absentminded, Melanie felt the heat slowly coming and rhythmically braced herself against Pico, hoping to finally orgasm while fucking. She cheered inwardly because she felt for sure her orgasm rising, a wonderful first fuck-orgasm breaking loose with full force! But from the rocking she had become more and more nauseous, and all at once it choked and gagged her, just as her orgasm began. Her whole body stiffened, but Pico didn't seem to have noticed anything, on the contrary, he mistook her spasm for a God-knows-what-orgasm and spurted loudly panting as she vomited and orgasmed. Melanie squirmed in the spasm of vomiting, in the midst of the convulsions of her orgasm, feeling his twitching endless squirting at the same time. Pico gasped heavily and slumped to the side, utterly exhausted to the side. Gentlemen, he thought, did she have a fabulous orgasm! Melanie awkwardly covered the vomit with a sofa cushion and dozed off next to him.

She sat shivering in the cockpit and stared out to sea. She drank red wine again and smoked; despite the wine, she sobered up abruptly. What on earth had she done! In her unrestrained rage, which she had never openly directed at Heinz before, she had given herself to a complete stranger. Annoyed, she remembered that she had asked Pico like a bitch in heat to attack her. Her annoyance turned to disgust when she thought of humping. Yes, she had been humped like a bitch, and then he had also squirted at the very moment she was throwing up! But both orgasms were top, she grinned, they were all worth it! Melanie drank another sip of red wine and howled again, anew, flicked the cigarette into the water and thought bitterly that Pico had squirted inside her without a second thought — what the hell, she hadn't thought of a condom either! The red wine comforted her in her misery, exuded pleasant warmth again, spreading inside her. She drank the wine in small sips and felt the warmth in her abdomen gradually turn into horny heat. She put down the bottle and lit a cigarette. Gently she stroked her pubic area, where the heat was gathering, and giggled as she realized that she was not only quite drunk, but inexplicably horny again. Almost a little astonished she noticed how hard and hot her clit still felt after this eternally long fuck!

She leaned back with a sigh and drank the wine bottle in small gulps. The wine had loosened her tension a little; the thought of getting back at Heinz was just so silly and asinine that she had to giggle. She finished the cigarette and threw the butt resolutely overboard. She lay soft and relaxed on the seat cushion and felt the probing, demanding heat in her abdomen. With a glance she made sure that Pico was asleep down in the salon, breathing loudly, and that the pitch darkness protected her, then she put one leg up. No, she had to lean back more and support the bent leg. With her eyes closed, she lifted her leg and felt her way to the open hatch. Her sole felt a resistance, hard and soft at the same time; a rubber hose!

Melanie awoke naked and shivering in the dawn. She glanced at the empty cigarette pack and at the nearly empty bottle of red wine. It all came back to her; she quickly glanced around to see if anyone could have been watching her pleasurably masturbate. But Pico was still sound asleep in the salon, and all was quiet ashore. Melanie qui-

etly descended, picked up her dress and handbag and quietly walked down the gangway. She staggered for a second because the mainland made no ship's movements, then she pulled herself together and headed for the shore road; she'd find a phone and a cab yet!

She didn't have to go far, because at the end of the village a rental car overtook her and stopped. It was two friendly Swiss men who took her all the way to the center of Palma and graciously dropped her off right in front of her hotel in Porto Pi. The driver conversed suavely and eloquently with her, but the other one in the back, who was wearing a floppy hat, didn't speak a word.

Wimmer and his companion in the floppy hat had spent half the night watching outside Olivia's windows, but she was alone; Rizzi did not come. The one in the floppy hat took dozens of shots as Olivia masturbated for over two hours, then turned out the lights to sleep. They scurried out of Olivia's backyard and drove back to Palma. They took a drunken hitchhiker all the way to Porto Pi and listened with disinterest to her web of lies.

Pico's first thought upon awakening was how stern it smelled in the cabin. He looked at the brimming ashtray on the floor, the red wine stains on the table, and the overturned wine bottle rolling around on the carpet — clearly the place stank like a cesspool. Melanie was nowhere. When he sat up and pushed the head cushion aside, he discovered the vomit. Disgusted, he got up and walked to the companionway. No, Melanie wasn't in the cockpit either. He turned and looked for her dress, her handbag. Then it slowly dawned on him that she must have left in the middle of the night. He grinned as he looked for his cigarettes, because it had been a really good fuck! After all the lonely days on the TITANIA, Melanie had blown into his good room like a gift. He knew he would give Heinz a hot Negotiation round offer.

Pico lifted the match to the cigarette, shielding it with the hollow palm of his hand, squinting his eyes as he always did. His gaze slid over the small flame out into the cockpit, falling on the half-empty bottle of red wine and the empty pack of cigarettes that Melanie must have left lying around. His eyes fell on the open hatch and the open

hose end of the gas line. Pico dropped the match into the ashtray on the floor as it began to singe his finger.

The last thing Pico saw of this world was the glare of the flash of the explosion that tore him and the TITANIA to pieces.

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The Valley of the Frogs

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Maybe in a few years I'll be glad, I think as I pack, to be living at ground level and in a smaller, less expensive apartment - climbing stairs is getting harder every year. Behind this catchy claim, I hide my real fears of poverty, old age and illness. The last check-up had ended on a depressing note; the mammogram had to be repeated to be sure. I tried not to think about what it would be like after the surgery.

I sat on the floor of the nearly empty apartment, massaging my aching knees and taking an occasional sip of cold tea in the slanting, cool light of the October sun as I looked at my boxes. Conscientiously and thoughtfully I have packed everything; the desk, the bookshelves, the boxes are almost all empty. My God, what all has accumulated over the years! With every memento, with every piece of paper, with every letter or postcard, scraps of thoughts fly through my head, reminding me of this or that excursion, of many a beautiful trip, or of friends and lovers from a distant past.

Unconsciously I have worked my way from the present layer by layer into the past. At the very, very bottom - the blond braids I had cut off when I was 16, and my old diary notebooks. With a certain inexplicable shyness, I pick up the old, worn notebooks, flip through them briefly before putting them away. Slowly, inexorably and insistently, the resurrection of the past takes place, slowly images form from a time that already lies over half a century in the past. The war, towards the end of which I was born. The youth I spent in the small town in the foothills of the Alps. The friends and playmates, our adventures and secret games. My father, my beloved father, and my mother. The bravest mother in this world.

And - the disaster.

I am strangely confused, am unfocused at my work in the library, avoid the old diary notebooks for weeks, and keep pushing the urgent

thoughts aside. I have already written enough, everything has already been written once; nevertheless: my story, my very own story, has not yet been written. Not this story.

A walk with my father on the shore of the Chiemsee. At that time, after the end of the terrible war, the long bus ride to Chiemsee was certainly a great luxury, but my father wanted to spend Sunday with me - so I thought at the time, not suspecting that these beautiful Sundays were in fact visiting days after the end of their relationship. In any case, I ran, hopped and dallied along in the sunshine on the lakeside path next to my father and asked him (presumably) holes in the ears, as children just do.

My father grins and scratches the back of his head. That's about it, he says, that's about it, but actually the aunt is only joking. The children get dad and mom, they weren't brought by the stork. But, I insist stubbornly, she said it! He laughs and says that it's just an old children's tale, but when you're older you'll understand everything. Today they tell you that the stork pokes in the frog pond with his long beak until he finds a little baby among all the frogs, then he rises majestically and brings the child in his beak to the mother - and when he puts the child in her lap, it can happen that he pinches her a little with his long, pointed beak. Father laughs and strokes my blond head with his wonderful, warm hand. We are all fished out of the pond in the valley of the frogs by the stork, as children, and only when we have left this valley are we adults.

Suddenly a warm wave full of fond memories of him washes over me, clenching around my heart and making my tears well up, sticking in my throat as an ugly scratchy lump. During the long time we spent together waiting for Mother's return, it took a long time before I began to sense how her love was dying. What did I understand about what he must feel as a war returnee when people in the village called my mother a soldier's sweetheart and a French whore behind closed doors? What did I understand about how desperate she must have been after my birth, when father did not return home after the end of the war and she thought he was dead. What did I understand even then about the ambiguous morality and the people who liked to

pretend to be chaste bourgeois, but in truth they acted out their share of horniness and sex at every opportunity....

No, don't say anything now! I write, write with a heavy heart about the time when I was still swimming in the frog pond and the stork fished me out to let me fall rather ungently into the lap of this world. It is a strange mixture of longing, sadness, anger and desire with which I write about my beginnings in the valley of the frogs.

Uncle Erich

For the life of me, I can't remember when or how my childhood sexuality awakened. Or maybe I do; there was the matter of Uncle Erich. I must say in advance that I hardly remember back today, because I was about 6, maybe already 7.

Father had had to give up work on the farm and hire himself out as a truck driver, he was often on the road for weeks at a time. Mother was alone with me - as father sometimes joked - "in the valley of the frogs". One day Uncle Erich was suddenly there; obviously a war invalid, who besides his stiff leg and empty dangling shirt sleeve was also a bit strange in the head and never talked. Mother took in the completely starved and terribly emaciated uncle, although we had to be very frugal ourselves. He wasn't really an uncle, but we all called him that.

Day in and day out, he sat in the tool shed behind the big woodpile and stared out at the field. When the meal was fixed, Mother would send me to call him, and I would run off exulting, only to drag him out by his still hand and foolishly skip and dally to the kitchen. I think I missed Dad a lot then.

When I ran off to him like that, his buzzing and mysterious nesting stopped, and my curiosity was never satisfied as to what he was nesting about. Day by day I became more and more curious about what Uncle Erich was doing in the mornings and afternoons; for whenever I approached, he looked out at the field with a smile and did nothing, until one day I had the idea of sneaking up on him through the cellar, bravely biting off my fear. So I came to the last little cellar window through which I could look up. Uncle Erich was sitting there quietly, had his hand tucked into the front of his pants, and was playing with his tippet.

Yes, with his corner, because I had seen with Andi, the neighboring boy, that boys have such a small, dangling corner instead of the slit. And it was now sticking out of Uncle Erich's fly, and he was play-

ing with it, slowly rubbing it back and forth, and that was really all. I trolled myself again and then got doubts again, whether that was already everything. I now spent every free minute sneaking up to the basement window and watching him, but all I saw was a long, long time of nothing and then a bit of tip playing and then nothing again.

Curious as I was, however, I wanted to see everything in more detail. So I climbed one day very, very carefully on the wood pile, which was under the cellar window, and waited anxiously for the cock game. Now I could see much more clearly that Uncle Erich was gripping the tip tightly with his hand and slowly rubbing it up and down. I saw something small and red dancing up and down the front tip, between Uncle Erich's fingers. I stretched higher to see it more closely, kicking loose a few logs as I did so.

Uncle Erich paused, let the cock slide into his pants and looked me straight in the eye. I was stiff with fright and was about to start crying, when he smiled very kindly and shook his head reassuringly that I shouldn't cry. I looked at him with wide eyes, and suddenly he beckoned me to come to him. After some hesitation, his harmless smile convinced me, and I climbed out through the basement window. I sat down next to him and we looked out at the field together.

This went on for a few days, I began to find it monotonous and boring. One day I had to pee now urgently and went to the elder bush, squatted down and let it run. I looked around and saw Uncle Erich unbuttoning his pants and rubbing the top while he watched me pee. When I finished, I stood up, undecided; but Uncle Erich beckoned me to join him. Then he told me to climb onto the little table and told me to squat there. When I understood, I followed guilelessly and now squatted in front of him, while he looked up my skirt and stared at my slit; in summer, we girls in the country rarely wore panties. He looked and looked and got a very red head, only now I noticed how bright his blond hair and eyebrows were. I was a bit scared and embarrassed, but he whispered that I shouldn't be scared and then I wasn't; on the contrary, I got a very exciting feeling. And while he looked at the slit between my spread legs, he quickly pulled out his little tip and rubbed it, up and down, until a few white, sticky droplets squirted out.

After that, he tucked the little tip away again and we looked back at the field and kept silent, because Uncle Erich practically never wanted to talk. The strong, burning palpitations were always stronger than my fear to show him my little slit. Heart pounding, I squatted in front of him, because he liked to look at my little slit, and so the days went by with the same ritual; looking at the field for a long time, squatting on the little table and letting him look at the slit, then taking out the tip, rubbing it and squirting a few drops, then looking at the field again. Probably would have gone on until the end of the summer if Mother hadn't surprised us one day.

When she, rubbing her wet hands dry with a towel, came through the tool shed towards us, saw me squatting on the table with my legs spread, and in front of me poor Uncle Erich, who was rubbing his cock, she shrieked loudly and hit him several times over the head with the towel, tore me from the table and dragged me into the kitchen, yammering and moaning madly. I understood nothing except that I was a poor, seduced girl and how bad this Erich was and that father would not bear this terrible disgrace. In the midst of all her wailing and lamenting, I began to cry and sob, because I believed her threats that she would "cut off this Erich's cock". Mother took me, still sobbing and crying, to the neighbor's house, where I was locked in the empty bedroom and heard the two women scolding and clamoring in the living room. I heard loud screaming again when Mr. Moser, the neighbor, came home and now also rumbled and scolded loudly.

What happened next, I no longer remember, only that Uncle Erich was suddenly gone and never came back.

The Kabunkes

In the summer, Andrea came from Berlin to our neighbors for a vacation. She was half-orphan and lived with her stepmother, Mrs. Kabunke; Mr. Kabunke, however, had stayed in Berlin. Mrs. Kabunke -- she was probably in her mid-thirties - was, in Andrea's words, a "very horny babe of Berlins'" (whatever that might be) and had taken her father, a wealthy widower - I nodded with an expert's eye, but didn't understand a word. Andrea was already almost 14 and thus two years older than me, a bit chubby and already had a bit of bosom. To be more precise, she already had quite noticeable curves and carried them proudly in front of her. She knew everything, could do everything and dared to do everything. When I say everything, I mean everything. Her stepbrother Karli was short and stocky, although he was almost 15.

I still have to smile today when I think of those first days: how we were out and about like the whirlwind, making noise and racket for ten and getting up to all sorts of harmless mischief. Of course Andrea wanted to be let in on everything, get to know all the secret places and stick her nose in everywhere. Karli sometimes trotted dutifully behind us, but mostly he was with the other village boys and left us two wifeys alone.

When I showed her the riverside and all the hiding places there and also the place where we always changed clothes, she tried to squeeze me out, with which guys we would be around and how that would happen when changing clothes or bathing; naively I dodged and helplessly shrugged my shoulders at most of the questions. So Andrea soon got the upper hand and casually said that she had already fucked at the age of 11 ("screwed", she said, and it was certainly a lie, because she always wanted to be better than me, the twelve-year-old, in everything). When I looked at her uncomprehendingly, she made a circle with her thumb and index finger and drove her other index finger in and out. I began to vaguely guess what she meant, and said that in our house only the animals would "screw". "I

had already seen when the boar mounted the sow or the dogs mated." Andrea laughed me outright and found, "there had to be learned but still very much, my little babe". And already she took the lead, said, we get it already and smiled mysteriously to himself.

Only a little later she pulled me, putting her index finger mysteriously on her lips, quietly and secretly up the stairs in Moser's house. Arrived in the upper floor she pulled me into the storeroom beside Mrs. Kabunkes room and meant, we must be now quiet and wait. I was curious to see what was coming, but Andrea still acted mysterious and only told me to be as quiet as a mouse. It took ages until Mrs. Kabunke came into the room. We heard her fiddling and rustling in her room. Andrea tugged at my sleeve and told me to look through the slit in the wooden wall like she did. So I pressed myself against the board wall and peered through the gap. There lay Mrs. Kabunke in her nightgown on the bed, fixing her hair and looking at her face in a small hand mirror. I shrugged and gestured to Andrea, "So what?" but she put her index finger to her lips again and indicated that we should wait patiently. So we waited an eternity, it was bland and dull, but then we heard the stairs groan and creak, and Sepp, the Moser's servant, stepped into Frau Kabunke's room.

To me this seemed irregular and not right, what has a servant to be in the chamber of a summer guest, but Mrs. Kabunke didn't seem surprised at all, not even when Sepp stripped off his suspenders and unbuttoned the front of his trousers. His cock flapped out thick and chunky. To my utter amazement, Sepp now lay down on top of Mrs. Kabunke, fidgeted a bit between his and her thighs, and then bobbed up and down on top of her like a gymnast doing push-ups. I looked at Andrea in bewilderment, but she only gestured "keep looking, keep looking!" and pressed her eyes to her board wall gap again.

Mrs. Kabunke now made most strange sounds, moaning and groaning with every thrust of Sepp's abdomen and seemed to cheer him on at the same time. From Sepp I saw only the bare ass cheeks bobbing up and down over the half lowered pants, then he paused panting, shook himself and snorted like a horse. Mrs. Kabunke pushed him aside and pulled her nightgown back into place. Then she whispered briefly to him, Sepp pulled his pants back up, and

then trudged out more or less quietly. When she was now alone, Frau Kabunke, for her part, smoothed out her nightgown again several times, then ecstatically stroked both breasts in turn and put a hand between her legs. After some time of stroking her breasts, she jerked violently between her legs with the other hand, rolled back and forth, and lay down to sleep with a sigh. Sleep, in broad daylight!

It had become quiet, I looked at Andrea and she looked at me expectantly. I still didn't understand anything and shrugged my shoulders. Andrea pulled me out now, we quietly slipped out of the house like cats and walked to our gossip spot in the attic of our house. Andrea asked if I had now seen everything? I nodded rather uncertainly, until she blurted out that Kabunke (she always said Kabunke, never mother or stepmother) had just been "fucked" by Sepp. I asked, the up and down where the Sepp had a naked ass, that? Andrea affirmed and continued: "and then the Old Kabunke has still masturbated!" Now I was completely irritated and she had to explain everything to me in detail: that Sepp sometimes sneaks up to the Kabunke in the afternoon, that he then takes out his dick and puts in her slit in the Kabunke. The up and down, yes, that's the "fucking", the same thing that animals do, but Sepp does it like people do it from the front, not like dogs do it from behind, she continued with a grin. And then he would squirt with his noodle into the Kabunke (a vague memory of Uncle Erich suddenly awakens in me), and then he's done, the Sepp, with fucking.

I said, now I'd got it, more or less, but what the "Oldie masturbated" meant, I did not understand. Andrea looked at me puzzled and asked, "What, do you never jerk off?" and I answered cowardly, no, I don't know that. Then she laughed up and said, we have that in a moment and quickly took off her underpants and said I had to take off my clothes too. While I slowly and hesitantly took off my underpants, Andrea leaned back and spread her legs so that I could see her sparse dark pubic hair and labia. She said I must now imitate her everything, so I also leaned back and spread my legs. Andrea now moistened her index finger with her tongue and placed it on the labia, pulled them apart a bit with her other hand and jerked the wet finger back and forth on the slit. I was embarrassed at first and did it too half-heartedly, but I was very careful and pressed only lightly, be-

cause I knew from my secret nighttime shenanigans that I then got such a mad need to pee when I rubbed the slit too hard and too long.

Andrea rubbed and jerked her finger back and forth, then winced slightly and stopped abruptly. With a sweaty face, she asked me if I was coming yet too, but I shook my head and stopped too. That's when she leaned over and started rubbing my slit. I was taken aback, looked down my body at Andrea's hand moving back and forth between my legs, felt a gentle tugging and burning, then the pee-pee sensation, and all at once it shot through me like lightning. I squirmed under her caress and felt my pelvis thrust and twitch towards her hand as my legs locked together in spasm.

Andrea let go of me and remained silent for a while. Then she said that was the wank and that the Kabunke had made after the fuck when Sepp had gone. I felt dull and soft at the same time, felt a deep stillness inside me, and was taken away by all these new things. I thought that Mrs. Kabunke's invention was somehow quite great.

From now on Andrea concentrated on teaching me all these things. Only rarely did we sweep through the house or the garden anymore, staying away from all the usual places and constantly holed up in our attic where we could play our little games undisturbed. Andrea kept letting me feel her vagina, showing me exactly where the clit was and how it worked when you gently blew on it or gently stroked it with a wet finger and it stiffened with a soft throb. I had to feel her labia, put a finger in her vagina and report back to her what I was feeling. We also stroked each other's breasts, although mine was almost not there yet, yet I felt a fierce pulling and burning in my abdomen when Andrea moistened my nipples or pulled and tugged on them.

I let her tell me more and more often how it was with fucking and sometimes we both stripped completely naked and then one laid on the other and we fucked a little, but I felt nothing special about it. If we thereby acrobatically straddled vagina to vagina and rubbed and tried to rub the clits against each other, then we already got into violent flushes, which were only released when we immediately jerked off firmly afterwards. We increased from day to day and jerked off to-

gether like the savages, often also around the bet, who could faster and more often. In the breaks, we constantly chatted about Kabunke or Sepp and fucking, until we again got a desire to jerk off.

Naturally, we also jerked off silently and secretly, when we watched Sepp and the Kabunke fucking. Andrea knew the habits of the Kabunke pretty well, so that we spied on her not only during the afternoon fuck with Sepp and the subsequent masturbation. The Kabunke wanked namely every afternoon, even if Sepp had no time to fuck, until she fell asleep.

That our boys also jerked off with each other, Andrea told me on that memorable day when she decided to form a gang.

Andrea

Of course I hadn't told Andrea about my secret shenanigans, I was far too ashamed to tell her everything.

After Uncle Erich had disappeared, I felt outcast, felt like a rotten, ungrateful child, and felt shunned by the others like a leper. I curled up in my bed, cuddled up to myself, and held on shakily. If no one loved me anymore, at least I loved myself. I took my old bear, squeezed him very sweetly and enclosed his body with my thighs, feeling the scratchy fur. Don't scratch like that, little bear, I said to him, protecting my split with one hand from his scratching. As always, the palm of my hand gave me a comforting, warm feeling. I rubbed that wet slit a bit until I fell asleep. From now on, I loved to stroke myself in the evening until I fell asleep.

Initially, I still went over to mother's bedroom every morning, but that changed, because mother only wanted to let me come over on Sunday mornings, you're already a big girl! So I lay in my bed, quietly playing my games and listening for Mother's sounds through the thin wall. Yes, sometimes I heard her groaning or snorting and instinctively wanted to go to her, but I knew she didn't want me to and I stayed lying there lonely. So I fumbled with my hand at my cleft and stroked it, tenderly and gently, until I almost had to wet the bed. Then I stopped for a few moments until the pee feeling subsided, then I stroked myself again.

Andrea had laughed at me when I told her our version of Father's long travels. "Nonsense," she said with an expert's eye, "your Old man is eloped!" Patiently she explained to me that father had run away, that is, he had gone away and would not come back. I argued with her, but strangely enough she was right. Once, when we were returning from the Kabunke spying point to our attic hiding place, she said that Sepp was also going to my mother, but I just cried and didn't believe it. Although it was true.

Once, in the afternoon, I heard Sepp creeping quietly and carefully into mother's bedroom. Heart pounding, I lay down in my bed and covered myself, pulling the covers over my head, not wanting to hear anything. But I heard her, heard his gasping, and later, when Sepp had gone away again, I heard her gasping and moaning once more. I remember that the first time I felt a violent stab in my heart, that I felt mother betraying me, betraying father. And Sepp, he was dumb and stupid, but he betrayed me too, somehow. I hated them, hated them both, because they betrayed me. Later, I got used to his rare visits and lay under the covers, ashamed, listening to the bed groaning under his pounding and holding my hand protectively over my little slit until it was over. When he had gone and mother was still groaning and sighing, I also rubbed myself a little and wanted to love her very, very much, because she was my mother. Earlier I had heard nothing from her bedroom, now I heard Sepp or her; I didn't know whether I just hadn't noticed or whether something had actually changed in my mother's behavior.

Every Sunday morning I would slip on my long nightgown and sneak into her bedroom, as I used to do in childhood days, lie down next to her under the warm blanket and snuggle up close to her. She usually slept lightly and smiled sweetly when I came in, then we fell asleep. No, I would never betray her, I felt that and told Andrea so; I would never watch when Sepp was with her. Andrea snorted that I was a bitch, a very stupid bitch, but she left me alone.

But now everything had changed. Andrea had shown me everything, had turned my gentle, tentative stroking games after bedtime into vigorous, purposeful masturbation. I knew now that the pee-pee feeling was just the beginning of the end, so I continued carefully until I felt the strange urgent excitement that almost made me forget everything else. I pressed my lips together and held my breath, because beyond the paper-thin board wall, my mother was asleep; she wasn't supposed to hear, wasn't supposed to know what her little girl was doing. Held my breath at that, couldn't stand it any longer, and rubbed very quickly until I found fierce release, gasping softly when I was in danger of suffocating, but I knew that this gasp betrayed me, because I knew that telltale sound of the pressed exhalation that I

sometimes heard through the wall. I usually fell asleep immediately afterward.

The visits from Sepp became rarer, not only because he had enough to do with the Kabunke, but also because my mother had taken a part-time job in the city and only came home late in the evening. So I spent most of my time with Andrea in my room, and we rarely went up to the attic anymore. Eavesdropping on the Kabunke was getting stale, we were looking for something new. I had said to Andrea at some point that I wanted to see a cock, exactly how it was, because we had not seen anything specific when we watched Sepp at the Kabunke.

One day she brought Karli, her stepbrother, with whom she had allegedly already fucked. I was embarrassed, although the Karli was actually quite simple-minded. But I was embarrassed because Andrea had quietly crept into my room, dragged Karli by the hand behind her, and had immediately sat down on my bed. Karli was standing next to the bed, looking expectantly at her, because she took off her dress and panties and threw them carelessly next to the bed. Then she said to me that I had to do the same. After a moment's hesitation, I saw from her greedy and stern eyes that no excuses would help, so I stripped naked with a flushed face and hid behind Andrea.

"I'll show you how it's done," Andrea said and began to unbutton Karli's pants door. Karli gasped and reached forward with his hand, feeling Andrea's abdomen and trying to insert a finger into her cunt. Andrea had meanwhile opened his pants and slowly pulled out Karli's cock. I half crouched behind her and watched fascinated.

After a long fumbling, Karli had finally stuck a finger into Andrea's cunt and grinned. She held the tail with one hand and whispered over her shoulder to me:

"Look how it grows now!" and indeed, the tail began to swell, became long and thick. Andrea pulled briefly on the shaft and in front, from the tip, came out the bright red shiny glans. I looked at it closely, I had already seen that - ah, at Uncle Erich! Only Karlis tail was at least twice as big as that of Uncle Erich.

After Andrea had turned the cock back and forth and pushed the skin back and forth a few times, she whispered, “Now I’m going to jerk him off!” which Karli acknowledged with a pleasant grunt. Andrea now slid her hand quickly back and forth on the shaft, Karli rolled his eyes and all at once it jerkily spurted from his glans. Some splashes hit Andrea’s hand, the rest dripped onto the floor. Andrea brushed the splashes away with her hand as best she could.

“Well?” she asked, looking me in the eye. I nodded and looked at Karli’s cock hanging down like a tired sausage. Andrea reached for his cock again after some time and said that Karli could do it more often, several times in a row. Karli nodded smugly and grunted to Andrea, “Can I?” then reached up to my thigh, not caring that I flinched, and curiously palmed my slit, fingering my vagina and clit. “Ooch, it’s still way too small!” he said disappointedly, and asked Andrea, “Can I do it now?” With a sigh, she leaned against me and nodded surrendered. “But be careful!” she admonished, opening her thighs. Karli took his cock in his hand and rubbed a bit. Sure enough, he got stiff again and terribly big. Now he steered it and thrust with it quickly and ruthlessly into Andrea’s cunt.

She expelled her breath violently and I felt her tense against my shoulder. I looked down over Andrea’s shoulder along her body and saw the miracle of fucking: Karli’s cock disappeared deep into her cunt, only to be pulled out again immediately, wet and shiny. Wet and thick it came out, Andrea’s cunt holding it like a frog’s mouth. Andrea gasped harder and clutched his cock so tightly with her labia that Karli had to snort violently. This went on for a while, but when he began to ram wildly in and out, she straightened up and pushed him off her fearfully because his semen was already spurting out.

Karli woke up as if from a deep dream and looked at her like a stupid sheep standing there with his cock wet and dangling down. Andrea merely shook her head and muttered angrily that he shouldn’t squirt in, he nodded surrendered and sighed, then he continued to jerk off hastily while standing up, threw his head back and continued to rub obsessively, even though only isolated drops squirted out of his glans; I suddenly understood exactly what Uncle Erich had done back then. Karli continued to rub and rub with a dis-

torted face until nothing more came. Then he stowed his wet cock in his pants without a word and went out without looking at us again.

Andrea looked at me triumphantly. “Well, you didn’t think I’d fuck him, did you?” she asked challengingly, nodding as if in her own confirmation. “He always wants to ram me hard and cum inside, but I don’t want to get pregnant!” said Andrea, and followed up with, “but it always makes me terribly horny when he fucks me!” then she leaned back and masturbated really fast with her finger. I didn’t understand about getting pregnant, because Karli had squirted inside, but we didn’t talk about it anymore. Only much later did she make a remark that you have to have your period to get pregnant - but that’s not the case with you, she continued from above. This was the first time Andrea let me watch her fuck Karli, but now I had to believe her willy-nilly.

From now on, when I lay in bed in the evening and dreamily played with my clit, I always saw Karli’s cock squirting or humping in front of me, felt pleasant warmth and longingly pulling excitement, which did not leave me until the climax.

The Gang

Andrea blurted out the idea of starting a gang just as we were taking a gasping break, and she said that everyone had a gang these days, like the Tom Sawyer gang or the Huckleberry Finn gang. I was awestruck at all that Andrea knew, especially because she had a very clear idea of the gang. She would be the gang leader, of course, I would be her adjutant, and the neighbor boys Philipp and Andi and her stepbrother Karli would be the gang members. She imagined how we would have to develop our own secret code so that the adults could not decipher our secret messages, we would need secret ceremonies and rituals, a punishment register with the most wonderful tortures for possible sinners who violated the secret code. Perhaps it also played a role that Andrea's vacations lasted only a week and a half more.

Band, adjutant, codex, cipher, cassiber: my imagination also began to do somersaults. They must play with us and meet us in secret places, I said, and Andrea said: they will be our slaves! I looked at my great friend from the side as she added: and we will play great games, including fucking, jerking off and stuff.... She dispelled my doubts by telling me that she had already jerked off together with Karli and Andi, the 12-year-old neighbor's son. By the way, the two of them always do it with each other, she revealed to me in a conspiratorially lowered voice, while I stared at her in disbelief -two boys, with each other? -I didn't have to wait long for that, the next day was the day.

Andrea and I now developed an almost frantic bustle to organize the gang. Of course, the guys were only with tricks to move to join in, but Andrea promised to let them in on all the secrets, there the curious guys could not resist, at the same time Andrea had skillfully laid the foundation for a horny time.

The gang met now day in -day out in the rear part of the equipment shed, which the adults hardly entered. There they would not have stared badly namely, what we're doing there. First of all, of

course, there was the ceremonial acceptance and the oath of allegiance that Andrea had thought up with Karli. We swore this and that on the life of the mother, grandmother and what do I know whose else. Then the oath of allegiance had to be sealed; for this Andrea invented a ritual: we all had to piss in a large jam jar, the urine was to be stirred and then ceremoniously placed on top of a box; whoever would commit treason would have to drink the jam jar all at once! - Everyone agreed, but no one really dared to start pissing. Then Andrea unceremoniously pulled up her skirt, squatted over the jar and let it run. Then she waved Philipp, who now pulled his Pinky out of his pants with a red head and peed in a slight arc in the glass, after him Karli and Andi. Last came my turn.

Now the first inhibition was overcome, we still played the whole afternoon Indians and secret society, but Andrea steered the games slowly in the right direction. The next morning we met for the first real secret society meeting; quickly all should understand what was to be understood by it.

Andrea invented a wonderful South Sea story, with us as stranded castaways. After a while we all had to undress - in the South Seas it is known to be very hot and the stranding had shredded our clothes from our bodies, or so. I observed the different cocks of the boys, one small and stiff, the other longer but hanging down limply. After the first moment of shock, I didn't mind much being naked myself and being looked at. The story was woven on and on, then Andrea said we were a native tribe who had kidnapped a poor white girl (me) and were thinking of sacrificing her on an altar.

My surprised protest did not help, I was laid out in the middle by the natives and now lay there naked and fearful, awaiting my end. Andrea was, of course, the head priestess, who summoned the spirits and, muttering incantations, groped and palpated the poor creature. The lads' eyes nearly bulged out of their sockets as the head priestess fiddled with the victim's cleft, pretending. Karli stared unblinkingly at my slit, which was being tugged, pulled and rubbed by Andrea, and began to wank with a grin. It scared me a bit when he suddenly took a step closer and squirted in a wide arc in my direction.

Now Andrea let go of her victim, knelt down on the floor next to Philipp and grabbed onto his cock, but held it very still. Philipp didn't make a sound, only his ears turned bright red. His stiff cock began to throb in Andrea's hand, became even stiffer and soon the little red head peeked out from the tip. Philip seemed thunderstruck and allowed without resistance that she rubbed his cock lightly. First carefully, then she pulled the foreskin back more and more energetically over the red tip. All at once Philip winced, and out of his cock it squirted in little plunges: everyone watched tensely while Andrea stopped rubbing and let it splash on the floor.

Philipp embarrassingly closed his thighs and covered his flaccid cock with one hand. Andrea told however her South Sea story further and said to Philipp, now he must do it to her. Philipp looked uncomprehending, whereupon Andrea now leaned back and opened her thighs. Everyone looked at her slit, which she willingly showed. Then she stroked it with her hand, back and forth, as if by chance; then she began to masturbate. She asked me to join in, and after a moment's hesitation, I half-heartedly did. While we sat on the floor with our legs spread and jerked off, the boys watched us with their heads turned up red; I saw how one after the other got hard again. Andrea acted quite neatly and started twitching, theatrically spreading her thighs and pretending to have a God-knows-what-fine orgasm, ooch and ouch, although she had none at all; I stopped my listless rubbing.

After a pause, Andrea told Karli and Andi to rub too; but they hesitated. She grabbed Andi's cock and rubbed him quickly, but he would not and would not squirt, although Andrea had now rubbed very long and quite firmly. Then Karli said that Andi couldn't do it that way and would rather have it "from behind" and then would also squirt well. Andrea looked at her stepbrother Karli for a long time and thought hard, then she nodded and said, "alright!" Apparently it was not new to her, as now Andi knelt down with straddled legs, bent forward and Karli pushed his cock into Andi's asshole.

I was completely stunned in the first moment. Thought of Seppl and the Kabunke. Yes, what is he doing? - Karli started to carefully fuck Andi, then he got faster and wilder, while I crouched next to Andi and watched how his little cock swelled and seemed to throb in

time with Karli's fucking. I found it arousing the way his sac and cock bobbed in unison, the way a few droplets dripped out of Andy's glans on long strings. Karli laughed when he saw me crouching there in amazement, lifted Andy up a little by the hips and continued to fuck him wildly. All at once Andy's small, pointed cock began to spurt of its own accord, squirting at the same rate as he was being fucked by Karli. Karli kept thrusting and thrusting, all at once pulling his cock out of Andi's bottom and squirting once violently into the air, then rubbing until he could take no more. Andi cowered in the corner and looked at none of us anymore, apparently he was kind of ashamed after all.

So the last vacation days passed, we of course played this game again and again, although the boys didn't want to as often as we did. All in all, we did this South Sea magic a couple of times, with Andrea always coming up with variations. Once, her playing around with the poor victim turned serious and the head priestess rubbed my clit until I had a strong orgasm, which made me feel quite ashamed the first time. After a while, however, this became a ritual, and when it occurred to the head priestess, the boys would hold me by the arms and legs until she masturbated me a second time. After a few days, I didn't feel ashamed at all when they all curiously watched me orgasm. In general, producing in front of others and watching became more and more important for all gang members every day.

Andrea was really infatuated with Philipp, but he didn't want to or couldn't do it very often. Once - and only this one time - Philipp was allowed to fuck her a little, only very briefly and quickly, was allowed to carefully put his glans between her labia and slowly drive back and forth. He did this for a while, then Andrea gently pulled him towards her so that he could get deeper inside. Now he dared to put his cock half in and pull it out again to the glans, but only after some hesitation he dared to go in as deep as Karli did then. Andrea visibly enjoyed that Philipp now fucked harder, but this time she probably didn't pay much attention, because I had long since noticed from the pulsation of his cock that he was squirting into her. Fascinated, I watched as his sack contracted again and again and his cock pumped jerkily into her. When he was done, Andrea sat up in horror, her

head red, then squatted spread-eagled on the floor to let the mucus ooze out of her.

Karli jerked off most willingly at the very beginning of the game, a game that Andrea soon gave solid forms and a fixed sequence of events. Broad-legged, he stood in front of Andrea or me, staring at our cunts and trying to cum on us. In the meantime Andrea had explained to me that this was completely harmless if the semen stayed outside, so we didn't mind if he squirted on us. With a rich clap, his semen landed on a leg or a belly, even though I winced at first. Andrea only laughed when he got down on his knees from sheer greed and tried to squirt his seed specifically on her pubic area. She then virtually goaded him on by spreading her cunt a little with her fingers while he frantically and greedily rubbed everything on it. It's only on the outside, she said with a grin, you don't get pregnant from it. Still, I didn't let him get that close.

Coward, Andrea said to me and the next time let Karli even closer until his glans touched her pubis while rubbing and the white cream splashed directly on her labia. The next increase was that she excited him as before with her finger play, but then, getting horny herself, masturbated her clit while his glans danced wildly on her labia. So they both masturbated quickly and close together. I could see it in her eyes that she had climaxed, because only a moment later her thighs twitched uncontrollably, her whole body jerked, while Karli violently jerked his glans between her labia. But when he penetrated deeply and began to squirt, she reached down and pushed him back, causing his remaining semen to splatter everywhere. She was always very annoyed when he squirted in. Still, it almost always came down to her pushing Karli or Philipp off when they were already squirting.

In the course of time, Philipp also became bolder and now tried to imitate Karli, after all, he was the older. While Karli was still busy with Andrea, he pushed me gently backwards and knelt between my legs, spreading them slightly with his hand. It looked funny how he stared at my hairless vagina while rubbing his cock thoughtfully. But he was more considerate than Karli and tried to squirt only on my belly or thigh. Mostly, however, he sank forward exhausted before the orgasm and let the semen splash on me. When he squirted, he

pressed the glans into the gap between my labia, where I felt it squirt and throb.

Later I had to press my thighs tightly together, because his glans pushed wildly against my slit, bored firmly between the labia against my vagina, when he splashed violently twitching. Mostly I took good care that everything stayed out. Once I gave in, because I had a vaguely beautiful feeling of happiness when he pressed me, enjoyed it that he pushed himself between my labia and squirted his warm seed against my hymen, but I did not let him pierce it, because I was far too afraid to be properly fucked by such a thick cock as Philipp's or even Karlis.

When Philipp masturbated with Andrea and Karli in front of me, I pulled back further and further the closer he came. Sometimes Karli groped me with greedy fingers while he splashed hot and wet over my belly or thighs. Sometimes, however, I couldn't avoid him any further and had to reluctantly endure him slapping everything on my slit with wild grunts despite my pressed-together thighs or pressing his thick, squirting cock between my labia with a shabby grin. Once he groped for my labia, spread them with his fingers and deliberately wanted to squirt in, I jumped up and hid behind Andrea.

Andi sat mostly next to us and waited crouched and meekly until his turn came. He held his cock in his hand and watched us. When he got horny, he sometimes rubbed and squirted a bit, but rather rarely. Later, when Karli had regenerated, he would take Andi, who had just been waiting for Karli to mount him. Andrea, Philipp and I watched breathlessly horny when Karli fucked him pretty hard. It seemed to be a lot of fun for Andi and I marveled at the wonder every time his little cock jerked and spitted all by itself while Karli kept pounding him hard. I was fascinated by it and crouched next to them every time Andi got fucked and watched, unable to take my eyes off Andi's slender little cock. Andi wasn't as embarrassed now as he had been the first time, and smiled shyly when I crouched next to him and watched the squirting very closely.

But these were already our last experiences, because we had to say goodbye to our Berliners.

Andi

After the Berliners left, it became very quiet; Philipp went back to school in the county seat, and I met with Andi only rarely for the time being, because without Andrea we didn't immediately dare to really revive our secret circle meetings. Most evenings I lay in bed and rubbed myself quietly, delaying climax as long as I could and sometimes listening, shuddering, to the soft sounds coming from Mother's room. I lay in the dark, and while my finger gently rubbed the clit or massaged the cleft, I got into my fantasies, let Karli or Philipp fuck Andrea, turned into her and enjoyed the climax. Gradually, my fantasies shifted back to Andi, who was fucked by Karli and squirted violently. I sometimes held my breath until I felt the orgasm - already close to suffocation. But with all excitement I did everything to be inaudibly quiet; my mother should get nothing of it.

She had again the whole day service, and after some time I invited Andi to visit me again in my storm-free hut, because we both wanted to continue the shenanigans. The first time we sat rather embarrassed on the bed and kept silent until he thought of something funny from a band meeting, then we both laughed and the ice was broken.

Without thinking about it beforehand, I asked Andi in a whisper if I could take him (he knew right away who I meant by that) in the hand. He was a little embarrassed at first, but then he nodded and pulled down his pants. His dick was tiny and shriveled up at first. Andi mumbled sheepishly that it was a little small, but that would come. "Do you want me to take off my clothes?" I whispered, and he nodded. Slowly I undressed and sat straddled next to him, letting him see everything. His cock began to grow very slowly as he peered at my slit.

After a while of silence I carefully groped it, it felt soft and silky even though it was stiff. Like a small animal, I felt the pulsation of its heart under the skin. Very carefully I pulled back the foreskin, letting the glans peek out. It was pointed and long, and in front there was a

small hole in a notch. When I started to feel it, Andi flinched briefly and whispered that it hurt him. I immediately let go and waited. After a while, I touched the cock again and looked at it: “Can I?” Andi nodded and leaned back, leaning his head against the wall and pushing his pelvis forward, his cock now really protruding.

I grasped the shaft as I had seen Karli do and began to push the skin back and forth. “You have to do harder!” whispered Andi with his eyes closed, and I obeyed. After a few minutes he began to twitch, but my hand was already totally tired. With the very last of my strength, I kept pulling and pushing, squeezing his cock harder as he commanded, “Harder!” Although he had a small, thin cock, it had become quite firm. It went on for a long time, and I was beginning to think my hand was going to fall off, when he stiffened, his cock reared up and squirted a bit of semen all over his thighs and my forearm. I had made it. I happily snuggled up to Andi, who lay there panting and smiling to himself.

Now we met more often. Andi made it nevertheless rather myself, because I was too slow and too weak, I noticed soon. He did it best by sticking a finger in his own asshole and humping back and forth until the stiffened cock throbbed and twitched; then he jerked off short and fast and let it all spurt out.

But he made it clear from the start that he preferred it even more when I used my finger to fuck him in the butt. Initially, I did not dare, because I had never before put a finger in someone’s asshole. But he whispered that I should stick it in deeper and deeper and fuck him really hard. When he wasn’t tired yet, his cock would straighten up throbbing and twitching, Andi would whisper that I should do it even harder, and then his cock would squirt, all by itself, which fascinated me anew every time. Sometimes, when he was already tired from the first cum or when he was already very excited and my pace was too slow for him, he humped his butt wildly and impatiently against my finger, rubbed his cock briefly and let it squirt immediately. Mostly, though, he completely abandoned himself to me after I learned to fuck his asshole with a finger and rub his cock fast and hard at the same time. I always found it insanely horny how it

squirted from the red tip into my hand; looked at the white juice very closely, rubbed it slowly between my fingertips.

He didn't touch me at first, always just looked furtively at my slit and I was just too cowardly to touch myself when he was around - the protective element of the gang was missing here. Only after many meetings did I dare to furtively caress myself once, when he had dozed off. We lay there weary, he had been dozing for several minutes, and I held his sticky, soft cock with my sticky fingers. Lying still beside him, looking pensively at his glans, dreaming of more and then the heat crept into my chest, my belly and my hand furtively to my slit. His squirting had made me horny, I rubbed myself very quietly and felt his cock, felt him at the same time with my rising horniness become firmer. The heat surged up in me, I suddenly didn't care that Andi had woken up and was watching me while I masturbated. Andi grinned wryly as I tensed in climax and curled up on my side.

I usually rubbed my clit stealthily and silently when he dozed off. I could never masturbate as freely as he did in front of me, but always did it secretly. Once he tried to masturbate me, but didn't get me more than a little arousal, but I still enjoyed it very much, sitting back and letting him do it to me passively. Afterwards I was very relaxed and cheerful.

When he wasn't around, I often jerked off throughout the afternoon, taking small recovery breaks, then getting going again. During that time, I had many orgasms in an afternoon and just couldn't get enough. I developed different techniques, sometimes rubbing just the clit, sometimes teasing my asshole with the other hand like Andi, and always the nipples. Sometimes I played with the vaginal entrance, made little humping movements with one finger and imagined it was a man. After all, I was almost 13 and hell-bent on sleeping with a lad. I didn't want to be the last virgin in the village.

One day I couldn't help it and told Andi that I wanted to fuck him. He was completely surprised and somehow scared. He had never, he did not know how, he was only .... I interrupted his stammering and asked in a whisper whether he was my friend or not. He nodded and fell silent. I looked at him for a long time, then I quickly took off my

summer dress, under which I had nothing on, and lay down on the bed. Andi undressed too, slowly and awkwardly, then he looked sheepishly into my eyes and remained silent.

It was quite strange to lie so close and completely naked next to him; it was quite different from lying next to my mother on Sunday morning or with Andrea in the attic, where we had made our fuck attempts. Little scrawny Andi and his little buff cock lay next to me, both a little scared and yet I loved them both. We were sweating, probably not only because of the summer heat, because we both didn't know how to start it. All at once the Andi laughs softly and whispers in my ear, "Look, he just doesn't want to!"

In fact, his little one had withdrawn even more. Damn, I thought, he can't be doing this to me! My first angry reflex startled Andi, I looked into his eyes that reminded me of a totally scared deer. I immediately forgave him and hugged him, murmuring in his ear that it was okay, he should be quiet. After a while of waiting, I told him we should do it like we always do. He nodded.

As he had done so many times before, he began to rub his cock slowly, "making it tight" as he called it. He thrust his pelvis impatiently as his cock became firmer; now it was my turn, I licked my index finger and slowly and carefully inserted it into his butt. Then I humped him with my finger while he rubbed his cock. I saw that it had gotten nice and long and tight; now I pulled my finger out of his ass and lay on my back. "Come fuck me!" i whispered. Excited and as if caught in a trap, Andi faltered and looked at me in amazement. Saw me lying there ready, looked at his "pinned" cock and then looked back into my eyes. Come, I thought longingly, come! Yes, so it was right, he was now ready, all horny and stiff, as he was always horny and stiff before squirting and now he could certainly fuck me.

Once again Andi had gotten that deer look, but he obediently rolled around and knelt between my thighs. His small, narrow tail was already stretched to bursting, red and demanding looked out in front the glans. My heart was beating like mad, because I was afraid of what I wanted so much at the same time and felt how fear, desire and curiosity mixed; my cunt became warm, wonderfully warm. I

had imagined it again and again, and I always overcame my cowardice with the idea that Andi's cock was, after all, much thinner and smaller than Karli's or Philipp's or even the coarse Seppl's with his thick, huge club. If I ever dared, then only with Andi.

Impassively he knelt there and thought long, then his hand led the stiff tail to my cleft. I will never forget that first touch, the delicate and careful groping that touched my skin and made me shiver. His glans met resistance, not daring to go between my labia. "It won't work!" complained Andi. I shook my head and whispered, almost inaudibly, "Come, so come now!" Andi slowly pushed it forward, the narrow, pointed fellow found its way after all, and slid in very slowly, as if in slow motion, a little way. Andi straightened up on his knees, panting, and froze in mid-slide.

I hadn't expected that. I looked at him, saw him close his eyes and remain motionless. I lifted my head and looked at him, then my gaze slowly slid down his lean body to his cock. It was still almost half visible and the glans was no longer there, his cock was inside me.

He was inside me.

Slowly he penetrated; for a moment I was startled as the hymen tore. A warm wave flowed through me as I felt him all the way inside me. Andi reached back with one hand, palpated his bottom, and slowly slid a finger in and out.

Somehow I didn't feel him, at the same time my crack was filled with his warmth, moist and wonderfully pleasant pulsing. I could see Andi tensing and his cock twitching and pumping without him stirring. What was he waiting for, when was he finally going to start fucking? I felt the warmth and the moisture and saw him kneeling there with his eyes closed, waiting. Waiting for what?

"What is it?" I whispered, suspecting mischief. An eternity passed, during which Andi continued to remain motionless, his cock pulsing, pumping on and on. After this eternity, he opened his eyes and smiled blissfully. Slowly he sank forward, his tail slid very deep and

painfully further into me, he laid his head against my shoulder and sobbed silently.

Scared, I reached out and stroked his straw-blond mop of hair. “What is it, what is it?” I whispered over and over, feeling at the same time the curiosity of my body, my vagina eagerly embracing his cock. His sobs subsided for a moment, and he whispered, “It’s all squirted in! Everything!” and then he sobbed again.

I felt panic rising. Andi had squirted into me? My God, I could get pregnant! No, I reassured myself, I was still much too young, I couldn’t get pregnant now, I still had to go to school, and only then, maybe. With a jerk I shook Andi off, wriggled out from under him and reached for my cunt. Sure enough, it was all full of his slime, dripping out a little. In my panic, I paid no attention to the few drops of blood that testified to my virginity. I squatted down and let it all drip out onto the sheet, commanding myself to widen completely, completely, and let it all drip out. Then I cried.

Wordlessly and silently he then left, we avoided each other for a few days, until one afternoon he stood before me again, embarrassed and uncertain, but with the defiance of his whole 14 years. Whether I was still angry with him, or whether I could forgive him, it had just happened, he didn’t know how. At first I stared at him stubbornly, but then we laughed and everything was fine again. In the next weeks, when he visited me, we did it like before; we never tried fucking again. After all, we now knew how it felt.

And Andi preferred to be fucked himself. Mostly I did it to him with my finger, feeling his butt pinch and squeeze my finger when he cum, holding my hand in front of his glans and catching the semen in the palm of my hand. Our meetings became less frequent, mostly Andi just came by as if by chance, but I could tell by the look on his face that he needed it badly now. Then Andi stayed away almost completely, because my mother had taken on another job, which started even earlier in the morning, but she was back home by early afternoon. I saw Andi only rarely anymore and then only very secretly.

Theresa

Once again, I had only the evening to myself, groping and rubbing in the dark, listening with bated breath for the sounds coming from Mother's room. It seemed to me that my mother was groaning and moaning more often than before. The monotony of those days was only interrupted when my cousin Theresa came to visit with her fiancé Peter. Mother set up the cot in my room and said mischievously that the two of them were sensible and would know how to behave if they spent the night in my bed, which was bigger and wider than the cot. Theresa chastisingly narrowed her eyes, and Peter hurried to murmur approval with his face flushed. So I slept on the cot and was terribly curious, nothing but curious.

Theresa had been here on and off in recent years, but never with a boyfriend. Well, by now she was 18 or 19 and no one thought it unseemly for her to travel with him, they were, after all, promised to each other and as good as engaged. Suddenly I remembered the soft noises of earlier nights when she had visited and now looked at Theresa with knowing eyes. So she knew it too. And so I was curious how it was with her and Peter.

At first there was nothing. We extinguished the light, undressed shamefacedly turned to the wall and lay down to sleep. For minutes there was complete silence. The summer heat penetrated our pores and made us hardly breathe. The minutes stretched into hours and the hours into eternities. I realized I couldn't keep myself awake much longer, felt sleep slowly coming, and heard my breathing slowing and becoming shallower.

Quite soft sounds of them waking me up. I stayed very still and listened as quiet as a mouse. The bright moonlight of the summer night conjured a fairy mood in the dark room. I saw the two of them moving dimly, slowly and almost inaudibly Peter rolled back and forth on Theresa under the covers, they nibbled and whispered and all the while he moved rhythmically, timidly slowly and carefully. I palpated

my clit, but at first didn't dare rub faster, until I couldn't stand it any longer and held my breath, to a soundless orgasm.

This repeated itself again the other day; again I almost fell asleep and was only woken up by them again. But now they weren't as quiet as the day before and Peter flipped back the covers because he was getting too hot. I only dimly saw his butt bobbing up and down in the bright moonlight, heard him and Theresa panting and whispering. I had long since begun to rub my clit and at some point I had completely forgotten about the two of them, concentrating only on my lust and holding my breath again until the climax rolled violently. I looked briefly over to the two, who lay there completely still and quiet, then I turned to the wall and fell asleep.

The next day the two of them were out in the village, but in the afternoon Theresa asked if I didn't want to go up to the forest with her for a bit. I didn't even think about last night and just said yes. We walked up and I was surprised that Theresa didn't know how to start, because it was clear that she wanted to discuss something with me. We had been walking for quite a while when she got to the point. "You were heard last night" she said abruptly, looking at me sternly. "You were quite loud and cavalier" she followed up in an accusatory tone. Immediately I ducked my head and felt myself blush. I gulped and choked and couldn't make a sound.

It was okay, Theresa said, I could do what I wanted, but when guests were there, well. Since one would have to do just on some. Whether I understood her?

The thoughts tumbled through my head like leaves in the wind. I was embarrassed, but at the same time resistance was stirring in me, it didn't suit me that she should have the upper hand so easily. "Before, when you were with us, you used to do it, too!" I said defiantly and looked into her eyes, which immediately began to dance and wander around like trapped butterflies. I felt that I was right, and I wasn't going to let it go so easily now. "And I only did it because you fucked so loud!" I followed up, seeing her blanch now.

For a long time she said nothing, just looked out at the valley and walked back and forth between the trees at the edge of the forest. “Oh, you just misunderstand me!” she said gruffly, and fell silent again. She chewed on her lower lip, wickedly and meanly, and I didn’t understand what I was supposed to have misunderstood. Time passed without either of us saying anything.

Theresa sighed, the way she always sighs when she godly gives in or gives in. “It’s just because of Peter,” she said, and I didn’t understand anything anymore. “What about Peter?” asked I, looking at her frankly. I felt that we were not really angry with each other and I wanted to know openly and honestly what was bothering her.

“Peter has been very upset” said Theresa. “You were lying right under the window, so you could see everything very clearly, the moonlight was very bright. He lay awake for hours and couldn’t get back to sleep” said Theresa. Oh, now I understood. Peter, the dear one, was worried about me and stayed awake all night because of me. I didn’t want to be guilty of that and told Theresa that I was very sorry and that it would surely not happen again. “Peter is my fiancé and when he gets upset he can’t concentrate on me” she said and I understood that too, because the fiancé is supposed to concentrate on his fiancée. “Yes, well, I promise” I said, 13 years young and no idea about anything, not even creeping jealousy.

Theresa was already turning to leave when I repeated, “Yes, I promise, but you can’t fuck anymore either, because that’s what got me so worked up!” I finished my sentence. Theresa’s foot faltered at first, then she looked at me full on. “All right, it’s on!” she said, extending her hand to me. The handshake sealed our promise.

That evening we went to bed in a very strange and unusual mood. I had the feeling that we were wishing each other good night much too kindly, like false snakes. I was quite confused and wished Theresa and Peter a good night too, “and sleep well!” I added, turning to Peter. Then we lay in the dark and were silent. A promise is a promise, they didn’t fuck and I lay still.

I must have slept deeply, because all at once I was wide awake. The poor bed creaked pathetically, while the two in the bright moonlight quite oblivious to their lust. I thought of our promise of the afternoon and tried to fall asleep again, but I couldn't, no matter how much I wanted to. What was I supposed to do? The two of them groaned and moaned, rhythmically sounding as Peter penetrated Theresa and bounced back. After all, the two of them were barely a meter away from me, and this proximity made the excitement creep up in my stomach. Stealthily my hand approached the cleft, the finger sought the clit. Carefully and silently I rubbed, looked over to the two and slowly rose into the arousal. Comfortable warmth flooded me, I gently pushed the light blanket aside and closed my eyes while masturbating.

After a few seconds I had become as horny as never before from listening. I suddenly did not care that the two were barely a meter away from me and whether they could hear me or not. My finger awoke to excite the clit in a whirling frenzy, I paid no attention to the two who had apparently paused. My arousal had long since risen to the point where I wouldn't have wanted to stop anyway, though very briefly I felt a vague fear. A snap sound. I finally forgot everything around me, opened myself and my thighs very wide, and held my breath in anticipation of the orgasm that shook me with sudden ferocity and discharged with violent, rolling jerks.

I immediately stopped, something irritated me. Someone had turned on the light, that was the snap! When I looked up, gasping, I saw first Peter's insolent grin, then Theresa's desperate, reproachful look. Peter had turned up the little reading lamp and now they were both looking over at me, had been watching me masturbate and orgasm all along, while he was deep and motionless inside Theresa. His round, hairy butt pressed firmly against Theresa, who now turned her head away bashfully. I suddenly noticed his grin, saw the greedy glint in his eyes. "Go on, come on, keep going!" he whispered excitedly, thrusting into Theresa a few times. I froze, lying spread-eagled and naked as a frog, my finger paralyzed on my clit. I ought to be pissed off, I thought, but my abdomen was still quivering and trembling happily in the waning orgasm.

He turned his head sideways and looked over at me, his eyes searching my small, hairless cleft as he pushed his cock deep inside Theresa once more. His look reminded me of Uncle Erich. Irritated, I closed my thighs and hid my cunt with my hand.

Peter began to fuck her again, looking over at me and grinning incessantly. Closer than I'd ever been to watching adults fuck, I watched Peter get wilder and wilder while Theresa clung to him with teary, closed eyes. She shook her head and wanted to pull away from him, wanted to take her legs off his shoulders, but he forced her down and kept fucking firmly. "Keep going!" Peter ordered me in a whisper, and pressed back into Theresa rocking deeply. Now he deliberately turned a little to the side so that I could see Theresa's wide-open pubic cleft and his cock in its entirety, and I watched in fascination as it slowly dug back into Theresa's black-haired cunt, came out shiny and wet, and pushed deep again. She tried to pull away from Peter, but he held her like a vice and humped her tightly, so that she soon stopped resisting. While Peter pushed her like a wild man, she looked at me strangely and slowly some tears rolled down her face, while she was thrown up and down more and more violently by the force of his powerful body.

My excitement rose instantly as I saw in the dim light Theresa's labia close tightly around his cock as if to lick it off. Slowly her face transformed, suffering was now followed by pleasure and lust. I lay there completely exhausted, resting my head on the side of the pillow, watching his cock, which he was now thrusting violently like the village bull deep into her tuft of black hair, thrusting, over and over. Theresa began to breathe shallowly, moaning and groaning and convulsing silently as Peter continued to ram her unflinchingly. He pulled his cock out very slowly, no doubt for contraception, until the glans hovered barely half a finger's width in front of Theresa's hole, while he stared over at me with wide-open, absent-minded eyes. I, in turn, stared at his glans, which now jerked up to my horror, spurting the semen in thick jets directly into Theresa's open vagina.

Peter suddenly fell forward, reflexively his cock jerked forward, slid back into Theresa's vagina. I was horrified, because endlessly his thick cock pumped everything jerky and jerky into poor Theresa.

Confused, I stated triumph in her facial expression, while she looked over at me the whole time, poor Theresa my ass! Although he was obviously impregnating her, she pressed his buttocks firmly against her, braced herself against him and virtually let the semen pump into her. Then he sank to the side, his cock slipped out of Theresa's vagina and remained half stiff and dripping wet on his thigh. Theresa remained lying there, wide open as she was, paying no attention to me at all, while bright viscous drops ran from her reddened vagina and dripped onto the sheet. Then she put an arm around him, tasting and stroking him soothingly until he breathed more calmly again. Only after a long time did she close her legs and embrace him warmly and possessively before looking at me haughtily once more and extinguishing the light.

My mother looked up only briefly and sullenly when Theresa said smilingly at breakfast that they were leaving earlier than planned after all.

Monika

I changed schools, now had to bike through the fields for half an hour every day and rarely saw Andi. Not a day went by that I didn't retreat and indulge in my vice; I often jerked off all afternoon.

My new girlfriends from class loved cocky speeches, talking became more, one word gave the other and after a short time formed a small circle of "exclusive" girlfriends who steeled away and masturbated together. Giggling, we thirteen-year-old geese ran across the field behind the school, crouched down behind the first bushes and all jerked off at the same time. The whole thing was more funny than erotic when one giggled commenting how she was about to come now, how it was already starting to twitch, yes, yes, yes and now it's coming for me too! From watching I sometimes became very horny and had a rapid, violent orgasm. The others laughed then, because usually they just pretended. They laughed because nothing could stop me once I had become horny. They laughed because I was the only one who really masturbated during these games.

Sometimes I went to the bathroom during class and jerked off quickly, then came back to class with an uninvolved face and winked at my exclusive girlfriends. A few times one or the other came along too and we did it together - or at least I did; hurrying so the teachers wouldn't notice. Sometimes I also went home with one of them, then we often spent the whole afternoon "studying" in the room, jerking off together for hours until we couldn't anymore. During this time I had many orgasms in one day.

My favorite friend Monika, with whom I sometimes masturbated together for whole afternoons, told that it was "violently" happening at the river. Curious I went the next time with her, it was an adventurous time.

There were the anglers, grown men who sat motionless on the bank and stared for hours at their tackle. We girls made fun of stripping naked and swimming in the water to them; if we were in sight,

we would briefly flash breasts, buttocks, or our pubes until they became restless. We'd warp away giggling when one angler or another got up, went behind a bush, and we could tell by the shaking and gasping that he was jerking one off.

Then again, we would lie skin to skin two by two in knee-deep water and masturbate underwater; I was beginning to love the orgasm in the water. Sometimes we felt observed, which on the one hand spurred us on, on the other hand led to the fact that we swam nevertheless more often into the deeper water or under the tree's roots at the riverbank, in order to masturbate there.

Sometimes we also watched copulating couples more or less openly and jerked secretly with. We also jeered sometimes happily when a lad also watched the fucking lovers and then - almost bursting with horniness - jerked off. If we got horny ourselves, then we masturbated secretly, each for herself, after the boy had moved away; we never let the boys watch.

Once a young lad watched a couple from the shore and secretly played with himself in his pants pocket, but he did not dare to jerk off properly until the couple had moved away. On a whim, I wanted to mark the strong one in front of my classmate, so I quietly got out of the water naked, posed in front of him, and slowly unbuttoned his pants after squatting next to him. He looked up at me, caught and frightened, and at first didn't know what happened to him; moreover, he couldn't take his eyes off my nakedness. His little tail was already hard as a board and soaking wet, I grabbed it and held it while I blinked at Monika to see if she was really watching us. I rubbed his cock back and forth at lightning speed and deliberately opened my thighs wide. While he looked between my thighs with bulging eyes, a thick stream shot out. I held his cock tightly as long as a few thin splashes still fell into the grass. - But that was really the only time, I never dared to do that again.

I also went down to the river more often when I was alone at home, looked for a cozy place and let myself drift on the water. Stroked me, excited me and quickly made me orgasm when I had become horny enough. I took all imaginable positions, drifting on my

back, lying on my belly, holding on to the shore bushes, lying in a fisherman's boat. I did this gladly and often, until one day I heard a rustling in the reeds. Quickly I slid out of the boat into the water, hid myself behind it and waited.

Then I saw how our neighbor, the old Mr. Moser, carefully rose and crept away. That in his wooden hut magazines with revealing photos lay, I had discovered long ago; my friends and I had laughed and giggled, because the girls of the twenties in underwear or bathing suits should seem erotic, but seemed to us rather uptight. Now I was concerned about the fact that he had watched me masturbate and probably satisfied himself in the process. Affected not only because it was the neighbor - whether he would tell my mother about it, I doubted - but because I had never believed that so old people like him are still interested in sex. From then on, I avoided that place.

Monika, with whom I was constantly traveling, let me in on a big, very big secret one day. We were in her room doing what we always did, when she looked out the window and said we had to get dressed quickly and go to the shed. No one I must ever tell, no way, etc. etc. etc. Then we crept into the shed. When my eyes got used to the semi-darkness, I saw nothing out of the ordinary, just Bello, the farm dog, and the little girl, about four or five years old, who always played with him. Her mother worked in the farmer's field and was allowed to take the child to the farm during the day. Wait, my friend pointed, wait!

Bello had briefly looked up at us as we sat down on the floor, but then the little girl, who hadn't noticed us, took him up all over again. She pulled and tugged at the poor animal, who was happy to go along with everything. More and more often he sniffed her bare bottom, pressed himself against her legs and rubbed, like dogs rub against human legs. I was just about to hiss angrily to my girlfriend that this was not so mysterious, when the situation changed completely surprisingly.

The little girl had been frolicking on all fours, followed by the big dog, who put his front paws on her back all at once and made a crooked hump. "What are you doing, what are you doing!" the little

girl shouted with feigned seriousness and continued to frolic merrily with the dog, at each “What are you doing?” she tussled again with the big yard dog. After a few seconds of frolicking, Bello had asserted himself and clung to her back with his front paws: now he made his hump again, clasped the little girl and began to make humping movements - more precisely, I at least assumed it, since little could be seen from our position. Monika and I changed position so we could see everything, for all the little girls cunt. The little girl held a long time still, while the dog’s abdomen flicked back and forth. I stared in disbelief: Bello’s cock was stuck in the little vagina and the big yard dog rammed back and forth like a machine. Obviously the little girl waited until Bello squirted into her vagina, as I could see quite clearly, then she tore herself away again and snapped at the dog, who in turn immediately tried to mount her again.

This went on a few times, and although the little girl kept teasing, she teased him and held out her bare bottom. A dozen times Bello mounted her and fucked her very fast, then he squirted into the little child and remained motionless in the tight vagina. Breathlessly I watched her vagina when Bello stopped and started squirting inside, I couldn’t believe what I was seeing. Only a short time later, the dog began to fuck quickly again and squirted violently inside. Desperately, the poor animal kept looking for the right entrance, but the girl jestingly withdrew from him as soon as he had squirted in. His swollen rod remained motionless in her vagina for a few seconds until the little one started to nag again what he was doing now! Bello had enough and ended the game. With a violent jerk she freed herself, Bello yelped briefly and painfully and sauntered away. The little one ran out of the shed, running after him, nagging.

I was speechless and perplexed. What, can that be? I asked Monika in a whisper, but she just shrugged her shoulders. I meant, the dog only pretended, that can not be! Monika gave me a meaningful look, but didn’t say anything. Casually she mentioned that the dog gets stuck with his thick balloon because the little one down there is too tight, dogs sometimes get stuck when the bitch is very tight or gets a cramp, you know that.

Then we went to our “learning afternoon” in the room, and Monika took Bello with her. I suspected nothing good when we lay on the bed with our skirts up and Bello sniffed at us while we masturbated. His warm breath and cold, wet nose frightened me, as did his tongue, with which he sometimes licked my cunt. But Monika seemed to like the dogs tongue licking her cunt while she was masturbating. We sat at the edge of the bed afterwards, Bello did manikins and let his short but thick red cock show. He clutched Monika’s lower leg and started rubbing against her.

Monika’s face was bright red when she asked if I wanted to help her. With what? With Bello doing it to her.

I was thunderstruck. But not Monika! Now that I knew the big secrets, she could tell me everything right away. With Bello she wanted to do it for a long time, but it was just for her alone a pretty acrobatic affair, which has never worked so far, she had tried it again and again. And why didn’t she sleep with a man right away? Monika was a bit confused, because the thing with Bello was - she was looking for words - playfulness, but with a man? She would have to be two or three years older, and besides, contraception would be a big problem. I, for my part, said I would never do it with Bello or any animal, because I find it only natural to do it with humans. It wasn’t until too late that I realized that was pretty hurtful and intolerant.

Decidedly, Monika grabbed the little bed rug and put it around her shoulders. “So he won’t scratch me” she commented on my questioning look. She turned all blushed red again as she settled on all fours and looked back, at Bello. The wise guy, of course, already knew exactly what to do. Only his legs were too short, he would have had a hard time getting up to Monikas cunt. “You have to hold him up a little!” said Monika, “please!” Everything resisted inside me, but she kept at it. I still hesitated, then I grabbed Bello by the butt and lifted him a little. I looked past him, searching his rod and Monika’s cleft with my gaze. I aimed and pushed him up a little more, then he touched her cunt. Paws resting on her shoulder, now he pulled up a little on the bed rug, and I saw his small, thick, bright red rod enter her pink cunt. Monika sighed aloud.

Naturally, he slipped out again immediately when I let him go. Monika whispered that I had to hold him tight so he wouldn't slip out again, then she lowered her head again. I did, still reluctantly, what she asked and moved Bello back into place, lifted him up and controlled his butt while I looked sideways at him and watched very carefully that his rod really hit her cunt. Then I held him tight, letting him sink slowly into her.

Bello began to thrust. Actually, he was merely wriggling around in his awkward position. But the harder he got, and he got very fast, the greater the danger that he would slip out again. Monika looked back over her shoulder, grinning, while Bello became more frantic, ticking back and forth like a wound-up mechanical music box. It was amazing when he squirted inside her cunt. I hold him tight so he remained in Monika's vagina. Shortly after he started to fuck again, I pressed him forward with my body so he continued to fuck quickly and squirted again. That went on for a while, Monika looked to me and nodded. Evry time the guy squirted inside her vagina she laughed and chuckled: "that's fine, that's what I was looking for!" After the third or fourth time Bello stopped fucking, he was obviously finished. Then I felt him slowly slipping out again.

What now? It won't work anymore, I whispered. Monika whispered back that I should take him up again, and I stuffed him back into Monika, but the fool slipped right back out. Actually, it was hopeless.

"Hold him!" hissed Monika, "hold him!" and rubbed her clit with an aroused sigh. I did what I could, but he bared his teeth at me. I lowered him, for it was hopeless. His short, wet rod was drolly swollen, in front was the glans swollen to a red balloon. He scolded me again, then trolled into the corner, arched his back and tried to lick his cock off.

Monika had become more aroused and horny during the first attempts. But when I had pushed in determinedly a few times with Bello's rod, the big boy had squirted into her vagina and I had put Bello down, she was already far, far away and concentrated rubbing her clit until she twitched.

Later Monika was very quiet, cleaned up and we got dressed. The friendship with her got a clear crack on that day, we still did all kinds of things together for a while, but it was no longer the same. Monika found out, that a certain low stool was perfect for Bello in height and she could do it now herself, alone.

And then my mother said one day at Dinner, she had met a nice man in the city and wanted to introduce us. He would come to our house for coffee next Saturday.

Alfred

I was after Andrea's remark, my father would be "eloped", quite confused. Later, but this was already at the time when Sepp sometimes visited her, my mother said at dinner that she had to discuss something serious with me. Father had gone away and was not coming back. I howled like a castle dog and ran to my room. It hurt terribly, especially because he had left without saying goodbye, because he had not even said goodbye to his little girl, as he had always tenderly called me. From mother's explanations, why and why it had come so far, I heard half already no more, only that he had now another woman.

In reality it was all quite different, because a few days later father came over and walked with me across the meadows and fields up to the forest. No, it would never have occurred to him to run away without a word, that was not true. And of course he would always visit me when I wanted him to, or I him. The thing with the new wife was rather complicated, he said, scratching his head in embarrassment, but that was just the way it was; he and mother would no longer fit together, he knew that very well.

I had a thousand questions for him, but I trudged silently beside him on the dirt road. For minutes we walked on in silence. At some point he said that it hadn't worked out with the mother "that way either, you know," he said. She didn't want him anymore, she didn't want "it" anymore, but a man needs "that". But she didn't want "it" anymore. I wanted to scream, wanted to yell at him that this was not true at all, that Sepp came every few weeks and then she wanted it, and I could hear her through the thin wooden wall, so she needed it after all badly! But I trudged silently next to him over the dirt road, did not bring out a sound.

But my father kept his word, he came by regularly and visited mainly me. With mother he spoke only little and then also only the necessary. Soon I suppressed my suffering and felt the separation almost no longer as such, since my father was also before often for

weeks on the road. The new friends, the new school and the newly discovered vices gradually took me completely captive, and I no longer thought about the pain.

Until Mother started staying in town sometimes after work to go to the movies or out with a friend. She would call Mosers, who had a phone, and leave a message that she would be late. Once she left in the afternoon, putting on makeup and preening herself rather frantically, and gave herself away when she said she was going dancing with a friend, with a girlfriend, she corrected with flushed cheeks. But my ears perked up and my suspicions were confirmed: mom had a boyfriend!

For a few weeks this went on, up and down, and I suspected, in the ups she met someone, in the downs they parted again. I felt confirmed in my assumptions, because Sepp had not come to visit her for quite a while now. But I didn't pay much attention to all this, was concentrated on my own secret affairs. Sometimes Mother would talk about her work, mentioning Alfred in passing, who was a very nice person, and then I heard more and more frequently about Alfred saying this and Alfred saying that. Alfred this, Alfred that: I didn't have to be a detective to put two and two together. I didn't let on, but I despised my parents then, separated only by their own stupidity.

And then came the Sunday when Alfred visited us. Mother was frantically preparing the coffee snack, cleaning and wiping the kitchen incessantly, and kept looking out the window to see if he was coming already. He did come, a friendly, lean man who lovingly stroked the old, black Mercedes 180 after he had parked it. I had already heard about his car, he had driven a cab with it for a while, but then his boss had acted stupidly and Alfred had simply stayed away with his cab, and that's what he has now, the boss.

After the initial excitement was over and mother had mopped up the coffee and laid a new tablecloth, it actually became a nice coffee break. Alfred was so wonderful at imitating voices and telling stories that you had to listen intently until the punch line came and then we all had to laugh out loud. He had already been around the world, although he was obviously a lot younger than my mother, knew

Salzburg and even Vienna. Then he laughed at my astonishment and said he was born in Vienna. He told of vacations in Greece and how he had taken a truck to Istanbul, once upon a time. I hung on his lips, because no one had ever visited us before with so much to tell.

What bothered me a little was that Alfred soon started acting like someone who belonged here. When he “our little daughter” said, it almost sounded as if I were his daughter. When Mother got up to fetch something, he embraced her waist as if she were his property. And when we showed him the whole house, he inspected everything as if he were the new owner, remarking about this and that, that this would be moved this way and that, and here this would go, and there that. It alienated me how he took possession of us in passing.

When he had left, my mother was still sitting at the kitchen table for a very long time. She still talked about Alfred and then asked how I liked him. Instead of telling the truth, I said that he was a very nice, kind man, because I didn’t want to hurt my mother. I felt that she expected that from me.

Over the next few weeks she always came home very late, and then one day she opened up to me that Alfred was in a complicated, desperate housing situation. She had offered him that he could live with us temporarily. Temporarily.

She didn’t listen to me very well when I came up with some arguments, such as that we didn’t have a room of our own for him. She already had everything neatly figured out and was just moving along in her own system. Defiantly, I pinched my lips together and helped her move the furniture and drag those that were not absolutely necessary into the attic. Then Saturday came, and with that Saturday came the old black Mercedes, crammed with Alfred’s belongings.

I stood a little apart as my mother greeted Alfred and helped him carry his things in. I stood apart, despising my mother for planning and discussing everything in detail with a complete stranger and leaving me on the sidelines. Silently and with tears of anger in my eyes I went to Monika. That was at the same time one of the last afternoons that I went to Monika to learn.

Subsequently I wonder about my reaction, but I imagined rock solid that I had to defend my room, my home nest against Alfred. So I went straight home after school and went to my room, studied a lot and really studied, which had a good effect on my grades, and then had the whole afternoon to myself, my secret vice and my musings. It was also during this time that I started writing this journal.

Often Alfred would go to town with my mother in the morning, and pick her up in the evening. But on some days Alfred didn't go to work, and then it meant being quiet. My sense of shame told me to be as quiet and careful as possible, especially on those days, so that he wouldn't hear anything of my secrets. For they both tried to be as quiet as possible, too, but I lay wide awake in my bed at night, listening for the sounds coming from Mother's bedroom. With time, I defied and bucked inwardly no more and played long and gently with myself while they made love next door. After all, I was getting the first fuzz around my cunt and would probably get my period soon, like a real woman.

Sometimes when Alfred wasn't going to work, he would come into my room in the afternoon to check on me. Mostly he asked trivial things, if I wanted a snack or something, but if I was already under my blanket, then he sat down at the edge of the bed and had a trivial chat, mostly just a monologue about this and that, almost always it was soccer. But he never forgot to put his hairy hand on my blanket and pat me a little. The first time I still flinched because I was completely naked under the blanket, but over time his patting no longer frightened me, because the most he could do was patting my thigh because I was lying on my side.

Once, I had almost reached my climax, he stuck his head in and asked if he could come in, and I remained silent, then he was in the room. He didn't seem to have noticed that I had just been masturbating, but somehow my mood struck him as strange, and later he said as much. I shrugged my shoulders and kept stubbornly silent. He sat down on the edge of the bed in his sweaty undershirt and patted me, as always. But now I was lying on my back and lolling in my horniness, pressing my horny body against his hand, which irritated him a lot. Heaven knows what I would have done at that moment, but

amazingly he became more and more confused and quickly left the room.

From that day on, I remember it very clearly, I behaved meanly towards him. I provoked him by walking around the apartment in only my underwear as well as he did, ignoring his gawking. Of course, I became horny myself at this deliberate display and enjoyed going back to bed quickly and making it fast for myself. Now when he came in in the afternoon, I had one bare leg peeking out from under the covers, or sometimes both, just had the crumpled blanket tucked between my thighs. Now he had the greatest difficulty in patting me, because the protective blanket was no longer there, and my bare legs he did not dare to attack. I had found his limits, hurray!

It was from now on easy to throw him completely into confusion. Slowly but steadily I increased the risk, chatted with him about his beloved soccer ball and put up a leg as if unintentionally, so that he had to see up to my half buttock and a little bit of fluff, if he dared to look. And he did that blinking, secretly, and was terribly embarrassed when he looked me in the eye again. I let his patting freeze already in the approach, if I held out to him a teensy-weensy bit of the most secret of a real woman. A few times, when he disturbed me in the middle of it and I still felt my horniness blazing, I simply left my hand under the blanket on my pubic, which completely threw him off when he had to look. I was successful with this, because now he retreated to the bedroom with nice regularity, and then I heard him panting and rubbing. I laughed inwardly at him and rubbed myself too. On the nights that followed those afternoons, he would ram like crazy for half the night and I could hear my mother sighing loudly and happily.

Some time after that, I got sick and had a high fever. My mother was very worried about me and stayed at home, taking me to her bed in the most feverish hours and holding me until I slept peacefully again, while Alfred had to sleep in my room. When the fever was gone again, I slipped into my long nightgown on Sunday morning and crept to the bedroom door, where I knocked softly. Then I asked if I could join her in bed. Of course, my mother said, and I went into

the dim room, lay down beside her under the covers, and dozed by her side as I always did.

In the beginning, it was the illness that had brought me back to the master bedroom. Now I found myself liking the idea of taking a piece of home back from Alfred again, of reclaiming it. Perhaps, however, I wanted something else, but at first I was not aware of that at all. In any case, I was again lying next to my mother on Sunday morning and had her to myself.

Alfred, however, had other things on his mind on Sunday morning than a 13-year-old brat lying in “his” bed next to “his” wife and slept there the whole morning. The first two Sundays he proved that he was a real gentleman. On the third, however, he couldn’t hold it any longer; I half awoke from my doze when I heard my mother hissing that he should finally give it a rest! But Alfred did not let up, and after I had turned away and closed my eyes tightly, I heard him, quietly and secretly fiddling with mother. My heart beat up to my throat when she stopped protesting. As quiet as they wanted to be, I felt their every move. I opened my eyelids a tiny crack wide and saw that she had taken his cock in her hand. Although she was rubbing it very softly and carefully, I still felt the mattress begin to move slowly and rhythmically. Needless to say, it was much, much later that I began to loll and then “woke up”.

For Alfred, the ice was broken. Sunday after Sunday I knocked quietly on the bedroom door, slipped under the covers and “slept on”. My mother guessed what was coming and whispered that he should wait until the child was fast asleep, which I did. Sometimes she made him give up until I had gone again, but sometimes not, when his urging became too wild. Then she would sigh godly, quietly rub his cock and make him squirt. I felt wicked and very wicked and thought defiantly that yes, they had betrayed me, but at the same time I was curious and filled up with horniness, which I later satisfied in my own bed. I became especially horny when I didn’t turn away, but snuggled up to my mother, hiding my head “asleep” under the covers, and could see everything clearly in the dim darkness; how mother’s hand rubbed his cock up and down, very slowly and care-

fully, because I was also lying on top of her. How the hand froze when the sticky stuff squirted out.

During the week, they now no longer made love as often as before. Alfred must have come up with something new, because I heard him nibbling and making out for a long time before she started moaning and groaning. I became more and more curious day by day what they were doing, sticking my ear to the wall like a spider, trying to figure out the strange noises. My masturbation fantasies overflowed every night until I decided to get to the bottom of it. With a pounding heart, I crept to the bedroom door, stood in front of it "yawning" in my nightgown, and quickly opened it.

In a single moment I surveyed the situation, then quickly closed the door and muttered: "Sorry, but I couldn't fall asleep!", then I ran to my room with my heart pounding.

The first thing I had seen was Alfred's bare ass kneeling behind my mother. She was kneeling on the bed facing the wall with both hands tied to the bedposts. Surprised, they both looked around and Alfred's stiff cock slipped out. The mother opened her mouth to say something, but by then I had already closed the door again.

The next morning I woke up, and mother was sitting next to me on the bed, looking at me seriously, long and silently. Then she spoke to me like an adult, perhaps for the first time ever. Searched for words to explain the situation. That it was nothing perverted, but it gave Alfred an extra pleasure when she was tied up, but she was not so tightly bound that she didn't feel free anyway. She went along with it voluntarily, precisely because it was so important to him. Then she looked at me seriously again and asked if I could understand and accept that. I swallowed and nodded. My guilty conscience of having ambushed them was weighing heavily on me. In a sudden fit of remorse, I hugged my mother and kept nodding, sobbing that it was all right with me.

I remained reserved and made myself as small as possible. Alfred came in the afternoon in the middle of my game, but noticed nothing and sat down friendly on my bed. Talked back and forth and also

about soccer, but then he said in a chummy way that I was already so big and could allow him and her a bit of fun. I nodded silently while he put his hand in the middle of the blanket between my naked thighs and patted me right on the pubic area. “Well, we’re big already, aren’t we?” he said, patting me again, the blanket finally slipping. I didn’t move, but his eyes almost fell out of his head when he saw my naked cunt. Despite all the fear, I felt a certain triumph in upsetting him with my nakedness. Then he abruptly got up and walked over to the bedroom, jerking off.

I feasted on this experience for days, embellishing it further and further as I fantasized and masturbated, and was happy with it for a while. It flattened slowly, I looked for the new kick and went on Sunday morning again to the master bedroom. My mother, who experienced it all quite differently, was very happy that her little girl was back.

This time I snuggled close to her and slept a bit, but of course woke up when Alfred pulled his act again. I leaned my forehead against Mother’s bare chest under the covers so she couldn’t see my eyes and watched as Alfred’s hand stroked Mother’s leg and slowly raised it. Then he nibbled on his cock and slowly, quietly and carefully slid it in her vagina. Although I was almost passing out from shame and jealousy, I held my breath as he began to move slowly and rhythmically. His gasps revealed how much he liked it. But he didn’t like it that way from the side after all, because he paused and pulled her out from under me, turning her onto her stomach. Now he knelt up and steered his cock in from behind, then braced himself and tangled one hand on my nightgown. As he fucked her, the nightgown shifted higher and higher. I was paralyzed as he had angrily tried to get his tangled hand free, pushing my nightgown up to my thigh.

Alfred stiffened, grabbed my thigh with one hand and now cheekily pushed my nightgown fully up. I lay on the back and had me “in my sleep” pulled a pad over my face, but in reality blinked out from under it and watched him, although I was terribly ashamed of my nakedness. He was violently doing push-ups on Mother’s bottom, which was thrusting towards him, in eerie silence and secrecy, but full of lust. Then he pulled out his cock, rubbed it hard, and squirted

long white streaks across Mother's buttocks while staring grimly and with a horny look at my exposed cunt.

My mother turned around and covered herself, then caught sight of my nightgown and pulled it neatly back into place. She hadn't noticed, but I was almost bursting with horniness and soon ran to my room to masturbate to exhaustion. This point went to Alfred, as well as the others. But it should also be his last at the same time.

Some days later I was lying in bed after studying, had already become very aroused and covered up, when I suddenly noticed that Alfred was standing under the door watching me masturbate. Of course, I immediately covered myself and pulled the blanket over my bright red head. "Now, now," Alfred said jovially, sitting down on the edge of the bed, "who's about to!" to pull the blanket off my head. Then he gave a monologue about how nice it actually was, but maybe just to calm me down. Then he told me to go ahead, he'd love to see that, but I shook my head in horror and excitement, no, I really couldn't! He slowly pulled the blanket all the way off and looked me up and down, even though I was uncomfortable and quickly covered my small breasts with my arms. "Well, if you don't like it, okay - but I need it" he said and all at once he unbuttoned his pants. Still excited, I stared at him as he leaned back and rubbed his cock. He looked at me from the side the whole time, then it squirted a little and dripped onto his hairy belly. He lay there in silence for a long time, stroking my legs, then got up and left. I got dressed in a flash and ran to Monika, but then I didn't dare tell her anything.

He let a week or two pass before visiting me again. Apparently he knew exactly how long I sat doing homework and when I slipped into bed to masturbate. He came in just as my orgasm was rolling and I was still daydreaming a bit. Quietly, he sat down on the bed and pulled the covers off. Anxiously I looked at him, for I suspected what was coming next, but he just looked at me closely and then leaned back. Now I knew what was coming, and right, he pulled his underpants all the way down and played around with his stiffening cock for a long time before masturbating properly. When he was already very aroused, he put his hand on my knee and murmured that I should let him look. Anxious and tense, I tried to resist him putting my leg up

and bending my knee outward vigorously, but he was much stronger than I was. Then he greedily looked at my slit and quickly squirted on his belly. After he calmed down, he walked out without a word.

His visits became more regular now, his inhibitions faded more and more, soon he forced me to sit up with my legs straddled while he sat opposite me and jerked off. I resisted all his attempts to make me masturbate and watch me do it; my sense of shame just wouldn't allow it. I felt, however, that the moment was getting closer and closer when he would squirt on my thighs and belly, more and more often I considered telling him off to the mother, but I always vacillated between disgust, curiosity and horniness. Although I was repulsed by the situation and it seemed disgusting to me, it stimulated my imagination more and more.

I imagined many situations: from time to time his cock came closer as he squirted. Anxiously I protected my vagina with my fingers, while in the meantime he unabashedly pressed his glans against it and squirted, but at the same time felt the horniness and excitement that his rubbing caused in my abdomen. Sometimes I imagined that my protective fingers joined in his rubbing and secretly rubbed along without him noticing anything, but my horniness grew more and more in the process and when he begged very much and promised to be careful, I pulled my fingers aside and let him rub the glans against the labia, let him squirt directly on the pubic fold, because I too regularly got horny when my protective fingers secretly rubbed along a bit. When I was strongly aroused, I fantasized that I pulled my hand away, allowed his wild rubbing more and more and let his glans, which rhythmically pressed itself between the labia, excite me further and further. Often I imagined it so horny that I opened a little bit and let his glans push into my pubic fold, almost got an orgasm during his jerky, violent squirting between my labia. At that moment, I would have let him do anything. - But when the fantasies were over, I knew this couldn't go on forever.

My mother noticed nothing of all this, she was completely clueless. Sunday morning I lay with her again, supposedly sleeping soundly when Alfred turned her onto her stomach and penetrated her. Unabashedly, the bastard uncovered me and excited himself at

my cunt, while he fucked at the same time mother. As good kid I played my part as a half-dead and let him see everything, I also watched fascinated his fucking. As usually he was ready after a very short time and deliberately squirted inside instead of pulling his cock out.

I and Me

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That Sunday morning I had completely forgotten that my mother had gone to visit her sister, who was ill, on Saturday and had stayed there in the evening to be with her young children. I awoke from a rather confused dream and got up sleepily to go to the master bedroom. I knocked and entered as Alfred was humming. As I was about to slip under the covers, I realized my mistake and was about to leave, but Alfred grumbled that I could lie down, he wouldn't bite. Somehow I liked the smell of mother's bed and slipped quietly under her covers.

Alfred immediately went back to sleep, his slow breathing made me tired, and soon I dozed off too. I woke up again only when I heard him sigh and roll around restlessly, for he had gotten a hard-on again in his sleep. Sleepily he reached under the light blanket, under which the hard-on stood out like a small tree under a blanket of snow, and played with this little tree. He smiled in his sleep and played a bit until he woke up. He pulled the blanket away and rubbed his cock, just like that. I was still "asleep" and turned away when he grabbed me hard with his hand and pulled my nightgown up to my neck. I was terribly frightened when he put a hand on my thigh and continued rubbing his cock. I was still considering whether I had better run out quickly, but he grabbed me around the waist and pulled me on top of him in a flash, turning me onto his belly. My heart almost stopped, my breath too.

I lay on his bare belly, trying to get free with both hands, but he pulled his knees up and straddled my legs so that I lay astride him as if on the back of a horse, my spread inner thighs pressed firmly against his side. I felt his hairy chest with my small breasts and heard my heart pounding loudly as he slowly reached under my thigh and nibbled on his cock. His other hand held my bottom and pressed me firmly against his jiggling belly, making my butt gyrate and rubbing my pubic against his belly. He panted and rubbed, and I wiggled along with the wiggle of his hand, feeling his cock fleetingly touch my

butt crack. For a few seconds it stayed that way, then I felt him press his glans rubbing against my bottom. My fear mixed with a slowly rising horniness, I felt the wetness of his cock and my own, got racing heart palpitations from rubbing my pubic against his belly and because he rhythmically poked and prodded his glans against it.

I will never forget his aggressive, almost evil look when he stopped and tried to pull off my nightgown with a wild jerk; of course it got caught by my arms, but he tore at it until it tore in at the side. Heedlessly he left it hanging and grabbed my naked back, stroking me wildly and holding me by my thighs. Like a frog, I lay on top of him, feeling his hairy hands all over and his cock thrusting firmly against my butt crack and slit. Everything in me was in wild turmoil, horniness fought against palpitations, fear against curiosity and Alfred's hands, whose strokes left me defenseless and a little horny.

He slid one hand down again while the other stroked my cunt. Again he rubbed his cock, pressing it firmly against my slit, which the other hand stroked and kneaded. I could have screamed, but I was paralyzed at the same time as he put both hands on my butt cheeks and pushed me deeper. He pushed me slowly but firmly down and against his cock. I wrenched my mouth open into a silent scream as I felt a sharp pain. His glans had entered me with a jerk.

Before I could have done anything or even thought anything, he grabbed and pulled me by the buttocks deeper and deeper, spreading my thighs wide apart. Dull and blunt, his cock pushed deep into me, the pain paralyzing me. Alfred held me by my buttocks, pulled me up and down a few times like a toy doll and didn't care at all that I had found my voice again in the meantime and was screaming at the top of my lungs. Screamed because his cock had made me wet and slippery and a horniness coupled with fear and pain and guilt turned into a mad lust. He paused and stared at me with his mouth open, I felt his cock throbbing and twitching inside me and felt his cock squirt, squirt and squirt.

At the same moment he pushed me away from him, his pole tore free from me with a muffled smacking sound as I fell beside him. I cried out again, startled, for my inner thighs were a little bloody. I

fell silent and looked at Alfred, who had his hands folded in front of his face and from whose still slightly throbbing cock a thin strip ran over his pubic hair.

After a few moments Alfred abruptly stood up, grabbed his clothes and started to get dressed, then puffed loudly and quickly walked out, buttoning himself up on the way out. I heard him start the car and roar away.

I was empty and desperate; could I have felt something like rising horniness just then? Groaning, I pulled my torn nightgown as best I could and hid under Mother's covers. Paralyzed, rigid and silent, I thought about the last few minutes and tried not to feel guilty. He had grabbed me, he had torn off my nightgown, he had raped me. The little devil in my ear whispered, however, that I had watched him jerk off with pleasure after all, that I had become a little horny after all. I remained lying and cried to myself, because the devil was not so wrong, even if I wanted to convince myself that he, and only he, had done violence to me. I cried all morning until the door opened and my mother came in.

Rushed in, because she had immediately panicked when Alfred's car was not in front of the house.

I think she realized everything in a split second. She saw my blubbery face, the torn nightgown and the traces of blood on the sheet. Pale and toneless, she sat down on the edge of the bed and straightened the blanket with an automatic gesture and an absent look. I immediately began to cry again, clutching her in despair; how could I explain to her that it was not he alone who was guilty, but that it was a little bit me too, that it had been brewing for months? That he had caught me "at it", had stayed again and again and behaved unabashedly? But that I had also provoked him, with my naked legs stretched out or when I put my hand on my pubic under the blanket? That I had watched them both unabashedly, Sunday after Sunday?

Mother held me in silence. I felt her sobbing tearlessly, her body hardening. I sobbed and cried, because everything hurt me, but most of all I was afraid to tell her everything. After some time, Mother

straightened up, put both hands on my shoulders and looked me in the face. “I’ll kill him!” she said, and that was the only thing she said that day. Wordlessly she took me by the hand and went with me to the bathroom, washed me carefully, and cried silently as she dried me. I cried too and hated Alfred, because he had grabbed me, he had torn off my nightgown, he had raped me. Mother held me for a long time and cried with me, then I soon crawled into bed and tossed and turned restlessly while mother sat silently in the kitchen waiting.

Alfred did not return until evening. I woke up when I heard loud shouting from the kitchen. I couldn’t understand a coherent sentence because they kept interrupting each other screaming. But I knew exactly what they were talking about and picked up individual words. Mother’s threats with the police he apparently ignored completely, defended himself with loud roars that the little whore was constantly running around half-naked or even lying in her bed. Little by little, roaring, he spewed out chunk after chunk of all the secrets, but my mother didn’t seem to listen to him. She would report him and he would not get off lightly, she would see to that! My mother could also get loud, but I have never heard her scream so loudly.

At first I would have liked to die, I was still completely confused and everything hurt me. Mother yelled at him again to pack his things and leave, immediately, then she slammed the door and went down to the basement. Alfred fell silent and I heard him fiddling with the coffee maker. Somehow he was already an ice-cold lump, how could he think of coffee now! I quietly closed my room door and threw myself on the bed, howling in pain and in anger at this guy.

After a while I heard him scolding loudly, but I didn’t hear mother. Only once, she shouted, “Now go, go already!” Then he slammed the door behind him and drove away. I heard it only with half an ear, then I fell asleep again.

The next morning I awoke to loud voices and strange footsteps in our house. I quickly put something on and went to the kitchen. The police had come and had told my mother, the Alfred Newrkla had flown out last night in the Nehringer forest in a curve and fallen into the Lemmerbach. He had died immediately. Mother sat at the

kitchen table with a petrified face and just nodded. Then the policemen left again.

Mother did not speak a word. In me was a storm of most different feelings, my tormentor dead and right serves him, but the Alfred, mother's dear Alfred, was no more! I didn't know yet what it was, death, and I was very afraid when someone died; where was he now? And: what was he like? I had often thought before whether old Mr. Müller, after he had died, was still the grouchy old child-hater or had become a friendly little angel? I opened my mouth and was about to say something, when my mother looked at me silently and said tonelessly, "I killed him!"

I cried out in horror, thoughts tumbling in my head - this could not be true! How could she have - ? And how? Above all - hadn't I killed Alfred? Hadn't it happened because of me? Wasn't it me who had conjured up the whole disaster and provoked the act of violence? I was trembling, thinking about it for the first time, and it frightened me.

"The best thing is to go to Aunt Martha's for a few days, she can take care of you when they come for me. And they will come for me, for sure!" I resisted, begging and pleading to be allowed to stay, but my mother stood firm, rose, and began packing my things into her old brown cardboard suitcase. Then she went over to the Mosers and made a phone call to Aunt Martha. When she returned, she said that Theresa, my cousin, was coming to get me. They were all happy that I was going to stay with them for a few days. When I had to think about the fact that my father wouldn't be back from the overseas construction site for a few weeks, I had to cry again in despair.

Then we sat in silence in the kitchen, silently looking at the patterned tablecloth. For the first time, I saw my mother smoking. I wanted to tell her everything, about masturbating and about Alfred who had been sitting by my bed, and also about the fact that on Sunday mornings I had always just pretended to be asleep and had overheard everything, but I had a thick, choking dumpling in my throat and couldn't get a sound out. I kept silent, although I should have

told her everything. But we sat in silence at the kitchen table, and I saw my mother smoking for the first time.

I was crying and didn't want to let go of my mother at all when Theresa came to pick me up. Then I sat silently next to her in the car and watched the trees and fields whiz by. Theresa had no idea at all about the drama and babbled on that it was already over with Peter and that the current one was called Franz, he was a baker's apprentice and very, very nice. They lived in the attic and I would get the small room next to her, but this time I would have to sleep alone, she giggled and nudged me with her elbow with a wink. Only then did she see that I still didn't say a word and looked out sadly. But I said nothing, though she asked insistently. We drove on in silence.

I stayed at home for a few days, Aunt Martha had sent a notification to the school, I was ill. She knew, but she left me alone and did not ask. After two or three days she came into my room and sat down pale on the edge of my bed. "They took your mother away" she said softly, "they say she drugged him with sleeping pills, that's why the accident happened." Aunt Martha was silent for a long time. Then she gave herself a jolt and said, "However it may have been, it served him right, the bastard!"

I cried and said nothing. Mother in prison! Because of me, because I was to blame for all this. In my head it kept hammering: blame, blame, blame!

The fever came at night, I lay in bed for days, oblivious to my surroundings. Aunt Martha was desperate because I neither ate nor drank. I screamed when the devil's grimaces bent over me in dreams or I was whirled around in a macabre dance of death with Alfred, my mother, or Bello, the farm dog at Monika's house that had fucked the little girl. Vaguely I remember the village doctor palpating me with cool, slender fingers and giving me an injection. I did not feel the puncture at all, laughed like a madwoman and immediately fell asleep again.

Someday, a few days later, the fever broke. I had become skinny, slender and feeble, could hardly stand up. Aunt Martha lovingly

cared for me, chattering about this and that and the other. When I felt stronger, I asked how mother was. Aunt Martha immediately became serious again and told me that the uncle (her husband) had been allowed to visit her, that she was very composed. The uncle had hired the best lawyer in the district to help Mother, and they would talk about the costs later. I asked her if I could also visit my mother. Aunt Martha did not know, but she promised to ask. Of course I was not allowed. Besides, she said, I was still much too weak. I just nodded, because that was exactly what I had expected. But during the long lie-down I had had a lot of time to think. The plan had matured for a long time, now I wanted to carry it out. I was not yet 14, but I had to act like an adult now.

The next morning, while Aunt Martha had gone shopping in town, I crept down the stairs to the telephone hanging on the wall in the front room. I dialed and waited a long time for someone to answer. Then I wanted to speak to the officer who was responsible for the Alfred N. case. I had to say my name again, then a deep, scratchy male voice answered, wanting to know what I wanted. To make a statement, I said. I see, he said, and which one? I swallowed and choked, for it was not easy for me, but at last I stammered, “I did it! I did it!”

There was silence on the other end of the line. Yes, if that was all, he asked, and I heard his lighter flick, apparently he was lighting a cigarette. “No,” I said, “please listen: it was me, I did the Alfred murder, my mother had nothing to do with it! She is innocent!”

Once again there was an eerie silence, I wasn’t used to talking on the phone either and found the pauses confusing. “My mother didn’t do it, I did!” again I shouted into the receiver, “can you understand? You have to release her, she didn’t know anything about it!” He interrupted, “Wait a minute, wait a minute,” then again that utterly paralyzing silence. I waited, shaking with fear. I could hear him talking to someone in the background.

Then the voice was back. “Where do you live now?” I told him Aunt Martha’s address. “All right. In fifteen minutes an officer will come to see you. Don’t go away, stay at home! Can I depend on that?” Yes, I whispered, and put the receiver back on the fork. I remained

standing next to the telephone, barefoot and in my shirt. At last, at last, I had saved my mother! I stood there, letting the thoughts swirl through my head that my mother was finally free and that I could now admit guilt.

The doorbell buzzed. I saw a slender female figure through the glass pane and opened. The young woman looked at me inquiringly, then said her name was Ms. Ehmer and that she worked for the police. Did I just call there? Yes, I nodded and let her enter. “I have to go right away, don’t I?” I asked, getting a little annoyed because even as I asked that question, tears were welling up and choking my throat. “Oh, there’s still time,” Mrs. Ehmer said, “maybe we’ll sit down and you’ll just tell me everything, all right?” I nodded, then looked down at myself. “I’m still in my nightgown,” I said, completely redundantly. Mrs. Ehmer smiled. “Let’s get dressed then, shall we?” I nodded and climbed the stairs, Mrs. Ehmer close behind me. “Is this your room?” she asked after looking around for a moment. “Yes,” I answered and quickly improved, “no, that’s just while my mother isn’t here, I have my own room at home.” Damn, I’m crying again! “Well, I’ll wait outside until you’re done getting dressed” said Mrs. Ehmer and went outside the door, but she left it open. “And don’t keep me waiting too long!” she said, smiling mischievously, “I have to go soon!” Quickly I got dressed and ran a brush through my hair. “Ready!” I said to Mrs. Ehmer, who looked in amazement at the brown cardboard suitcase in my hand.

Slightly unsure, I said, “I’m coming with you!” She was still silent, and pauses I hate, I really do. “I have everything for the prison, it was still packed anyway” I stuttered and wanted to go down, but Mrs. Ehmer said, “Well, first you have to tell me everything in detail, then we’ll see!” Friendly, but determined, she took the suitcase from my hand and put it next to the door, then she gently took me by the hand and led me to the bed. I sat down, Mrs. Ehmer sat down at the table and looked at me. “Your mother is doing quite well, under the circumstances” she began, looking me straight in the eye, “she is very strong and bears it with pride. That she drugged the man who raped you with sleeping pills will be difficult to prove, besides the court will be lenient in this case. It is unlikely that she will be sentenced, and if she is, it will be for a few months at most. You know, there are im-

portant differences between murder and manslaughter or homicide in the heat of passion." Ms. Ehmer paused, then added, "I'm sure the lawyer will put in a good effort, I'm sure of it."

We were silent, and I tried to understand exactly the meaning of her words. Mrs. Ehmer fidgeted in her chair, then asked if she could smoke. Absentmindedly, I nodded, for I was thinking about what she was actually trying to tell me. I mustered up all my courage and asked, "What does it all mean?"

She smiled. She belligerently blew smoke out the window before answering, "It means you don't have to make up a story to take the blame for Alfred's death. The police know for a fact that he had taken sleeping pills in his last coffee and then passed out while driving. What they don't know for sure is who put them in the coffee. He may as well have taken them himself, he was intoxicated besides. But the tablets belonged to your mother, that is proven. And her persistent silence doesn't make things any easier for us." She paused for a moment and watched me sharply. "But what we don't need at all is a tall tale you're telling us. It might even hurt your mother in some circumstances."

I was frightened. I didn't want to harm my mother after all! My plan shrank in a second to a tiny, insignificant point. Mrs. Ehmer let me cry it out, put her hand around my shoulder and reassured me with kind, understanding words. Gently she asked me if I could talk about everything and made little notes while I haltingly and bumblingly told about the whole Alfred story. Sometimes she said I didn't need to describe everything in such detail if I was having a hard time, because she would only pass on the things relevant to the investigation, definitely not everything.

When Aunt Martha came back, Mrs. Ehmer asked if she could take me to see Mother. I whooped and was allowed to visit my mother, who smiled sweetly at me and then sternly told me not to tell such stupid things, that it had been me and so on. And the good news was that the lawyer thought he could get her out soon. Then she thought for a moment and added, "Even if we both know the truth."

It came out that way, too, but only sort of. Father came and worried touchingly about me, in the fall I came to the upper school and Mrs. Ehmer was not a real policewoman at all, but a psychologist who looked after me for many months afterwards. The court sentenced my mother to 2 years, but released her after 8 months. My father and I visited her as often as we could, and on my 17th birthday they fulfilled the only wish I had: that all three of us celebrated together and above all at home. It took them another year to get back together.

But it took me several more years to come to terms with this catastrophe. And it should take even longer until I could write about it.

The Beginning

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

My name is Bruno Prantner, I am 17 years old and went until recently at the notary Mayerhofer in the apprenticeship. I have started to write my Life story and hope someone finds this and give it to my mother or Uncle Frieder, who is a lawyer in the Maximilianstraße No. 47.

I am tired and have nothing to eat or drink. It is pitch dark and I'm cold. And if no one hears my cries for help, I will die here miserably.

I miss my mother very much.

The Nanny

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

On my first years of life in the state capital I remember hardly, just as little as my biological parents, who on a bright September Sunday during the vacation at Lake Constance with the on their grandfather's sailing boat and never returned. They never found out later more exactly, they had to capsized in the sudden storm and drowned; in any case, nothing has been found of them or of the boat. I was only a few months old when my parents died and stayed with my grandparents, where I grew up as their child. It was only natural that I called them father and mother. My grandfather had a well-established specialized in imports, and he did everything he could to keep the business going in the difficult post-war period, until the world economic crisis brought him and the Great Depression ruined him from one day to the next and drove him to his death.

We had several nannies, for a bourgeois family, even an impoverished one, which in the course of impoverishment had to move to a smaller apartment, could not get along without a nanny. There must have been several in the course of time, but I remember only one.

She was a black madonna, a beautiful girl with bronze skin and long raven hair. She was sometimes called gypsy and that she might yet bewitch everyone and also father would be bewitched, by the witch, that! And she was completely corrupted, although she was still half a child. Today I suspect that she was at most 14 or 15 years old and probably one of the many "rented" Roma children.

I loved her like I loved no other, was quite spoiled a pink prince in the pampering country. Secretly I was allowed to sleep with her in the anteroom: if the parents did not notice, I sneaked to her and begged until she let me crawl under her blanket.

Sometimes, when I crept into the anteroom, where she slept on a decrepit sofa, I saw her, as she, under her half slipped up nightgown, lying on the floor and peering under the door slit peering into the

neighboring master bedroom. Of course I was also curious and also wanted to see everything; but there was nothing but darkness and the sound of old bedsteads and the rustling of bedclothes, sometimes a soft, unintelligible word or a soft gasp in between. I wondered how one could stare into the dark nothingness for so long and understood nothing at all.

So we often lay conspiratorially on the floor in front of the door in the beginning and stared and listened, but I did not know what for. When I asked her once in a whisper, I got no real answer. But I was now allowed to sleep next to her more and more often, and and obviously she carried me back to my own bed every morning before I got, so that this remained our secret.

It was nice to smell her naked, fragrant skin and then blissfully fall asleep. With the time we played then mother and child, I was allowed to take her nipple in my mouth and suck and suck a little, usually she giggled then and withdrew me — it was wonderful games that became more intense every day.

Later I lay snuggled close to her back and breathed in her scent. Sometimes I felt how she, after the door-slit adventures, but always after the mother-and-child play, became restless and when she thought I was asleep, she would move her body from side to side and pressed a hand firmly between the thighs. But I understood nothing yet, of course, and only felt how she was busy with herself, but not with me, so I tried all the tricks to regain her attention.

When she was so restless in bed and had her hand between her thighs, swaying back and forth, up and down, and I could see her face and her closed eyes only dimly in the twilight. I was a little scared and snuggled up close to her. Then she immediately stopped, put an arm around me and pressed me against her side -I was then immediately calmed down. If I lay there quietly long enough, feigning sleep, I could feel her wiggling and shaking again in one go and shook a little and then breathed loudly. After that she stroked me sweetly and gave me a wet, heartfelt goodnight kiss, before I finally fell asleep.

I was very curious and wanted to know everything, of course! So I tried more and more often to put my hand on hers and wanted to feel what she did there, if it so wobbled. At first she pushed me away, but I was persistent and in time she allowed me to put my hand on hers: it was wonderful to feel that hand going back and forth and up and down and in and out, and then suddenly it would stop and only the abdomen twitched, while the hand remained pressed on it.

Evening for evening I dared a little more, only hesitantly she let me discover more little secrets. But soon she let me lie very close to her, my hand wandered along with hers and then all at once I was with my hand slipped under her hand and felt the warm, moist and sticky, which she loved to rub. I already wanted to take my hand back, but she held my hand under hers firmly on the warm, moist, until she stopped wiggling and rubbing. While I with my little hand could feel how “it” was similar to the dying snails in the garden, she hugged me sweetly until I fell asleep.

This soon became routine, now it was clear to me that she had to rub to fall asleep, she had to rub a little on her warm moist, and that was okay. One evening, after she had bathed me extensively and had also rubbed my cock clean with the washcloth, she looked at the little stiff one for a long time, but said nothing.

In that night we whispered very quietly, and she said that I really mustn’t tell anyone about it, otherwise it would come out that I was sleeping with her, and the father would probably beat me up very hard. Then she began to feel my cock again and lightly pressing and rubbing it, so that it became stiff. When she asked how it was, I said with hot Cheeks, it was very exciting, but fine. Now she slowly took off the nightgown, which she did very rarely, I could see her small pointed breasts, which I loved so much. Then she also took off my nightgown.

I was embarrassed because it was so hard now, standing away in front, and also, because I felt a strong tingling and throbbing when she felt him, palpated and lightly stroked him. It was wonderful to feel myself naked to nestle against her naked skin. After some time she stopped with this game and said that we should hide him now,

and then she let me lie on her naked belly and pressed me against her: so, now he is well hidden. I felt him between our stomachs, while she already started a bit with her wiggling and rubbing. When I moved sideways back and forth, my cock was gently nudged. But then she rocked me back and forth during her rubbing on her back and forth on her belly, so that my little cock was firmly rubbed on her belly and became even stiffer and my heart began to beat wildly. Startled, I let myself slide sideways and I snuggled blissfully against her, while the hand-in-hand game continued.

So we played, more and more often I lay naked on her belly with my little stiffy, until one day she pushed me obviously very excited a little deeper on her belly, so that my little cock lie directly from the outside on her warm, moist snail. I felt exactly how she wildly rubbed the warm, moist with her fingertips and pushed the soft skin back and forth, while she pressed me and my little one firmly. After a long time she sighed loudly, the warm wetness began to twitch and to press against my little cock. It was a great game and a new secret, just for both of us. I felt this strong tingling and tension in my little cock more and more beautiful and instinctively began to understand that it must be unbelievably beautiful for her to rub against her warm and wet snail until it twitched.

When I realized this, our play was the same almost every day; first I rolled back and forth and up and down on her belly for so long, until my little hard-on got the nice strong feeling and afterwards I let myself slide sideways into her arm, pushed a hand gently under her rubbing hand and then felt, how she rubbed herself, until the warm wet began to throb and twitch — after which I got my kiss and also fell asleep immediately.

Never was I allowed to see her naked in the light, except when she was bathing, she would take me with her. I was smart enough to keep our secret until the end. Only when she bathed me, when I was dried by her and my cock stiffened, I looked at her conspiratorially, but she said nothing and pretended not to notice. I also invented a great game, namely to put me “stupid” when peeing then she had to hold my little cock with two fingers, her small fingers, look closely at the little pipsqueak and make sure that the jet did not miss, then she

shook and shook and cleaned it off very carefully, which I liked especially. I'm sure she had a little fun doing it but she did it as if everything was serious and businesslike.

I was very jealous of my father when he would lay on top of her and made our game. But she said that I should not spy through the crack in the door and not to say anything to anyone, or she would have a terrible row. I don't remember how long all this went on and exactly how old I was at that time. One day, however, she was no longer there, and in spite of all my crying she never came back.

She has decisively shaped my life, my sexuality, and I don't even remember her name.

The Master Spy

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

The time when my father was completely ruined and his heart broke, is completely faded from my memory, as well as the funeral and the strange relatives who did not know me, but kissed me and made out with me as if we were close. God knows how close. I also don't remember the first time I heard the word suicide, during a low whispering, which almost had a mocking undertone.

I remember few of the "uncles" who came and went with us and disappeared in the course the time disappeared. Only fragmentarily I remember an "uncle" and former friend of my grandfather, who offered us his help. Although my mother — actually my grandmother — a beautiful woman in her forties I did not understand at that time why Uncle Frieder — as he was called — patted me on the cheek patronizingly and was already very victorious because he was allowed to stay with us from time to time. As much as I was pleased by his souvenirs, I suffered from not being allowed to sleep with my mother and to sleep in the hated nursery. Of course I was jealous because Uncle Frieder was allowed to stay with her over night. My distraction must have had a very strong effect, because after some time the uncle stayed away and I was allowed to sleep with her again. At that time I suffered very much at night with my fears and accordingly tried to compensate for this during the day by being particularly brave. At night the fearful boy who clung to his mother, and in the daylight the intrepid master spy. Although until then still some years passed.

We played with the neighboring children almost exclusively gang games; whether it was Indians against cowboys, robbers against gendarmes or Rinaldo Rinaldini against the imperials, we were always in a large crowd on the road. But the most exciting games for me were the Secret Society games. Although dismissed as being too young, I understood it and managed to be admitted as a foreigner and a spy and to be tortured accordingly or hanging miserably at the stake, desperately waiting for Mother's call to the afternoon snack.

I was a born spy, who followed the secret allies unseen and was almost never caught. Probably that's why I felt like a master spy, because I was really spying on the others. And because I was interested in everything that had to do with sex. In retrospect I was really only interested in sex.

Often I hid in a basement, which, as I found out, was the Secret meeting place of the "Black Hand", the most secret Secret society of about 11 to 13 year old boys. I crouched on a pile of wood in the dark back room and held my breath. In this hiding place they never discovered me.

One day four of the "Black Hand" approached the cellar and dragged off a prisoner, Kiki, who was about the same age, behind them. I knew exactly what was going to happen now: those from the "gang of the Red Corsair" would soon invade, hooting and hollering and free Kiki with loud screams and scuffles, that was always the case. — Just not today.

One had to clearly stand to the entrance and keep a lookout. The others chatted back and forth and teased Kiki, who was kicking and kicking and kicking around against the bandits. All at once she was lying on the ground, two of them were holding her, and Franz, the eldest, pulled up the skirt of the wildly kicking up. He held her tightly and pushed her legs a little apart, and all three looked at her cleft, but did not touch her and were actually quite embarrassed. Franz now carefully groped for her cleft. Kiki, frozen with fright, lay there with her eyes wide open eyes and was stunned when the boy touched her cunt and labia and carefully pulled them apart to look inside. Franz looked puzzled when he suddenly saw a bright beam coming from the open cleft, a bright ray shot towards him and Kiki for all completely surprisingly pissing in a wide arc on the cellar floor. The fourth left now faithlessly his post and looked so that his eyes almost popped out. I could see only little from my point of view, but I became thereby nevertheless quite beautifully hot.

Kiki lay there quiet as a mouse, trembling and staring at the four of them with wide open eyes, while still a small trickle ran from her cleft. After a while Franz said, now it was good and that they would

release Kiki again. She got up and ran away as if driven by furies. My four gallows birds stood around helplessly, until Franz said that now a special oath was necessary, because they must never-never--never tell anyone about it.

That my existence as a master spy had its justification, became clear to me on these few occasions. The bigger ones, whose gang activities always revolved around all kinds of secrecy, but which had nothing excitingly sexual, always took a very long time before they would to get involved in playing with their cocks or pussies, and usually only half-heartedly. Nevertheless, I always tried to eavesdrop on these secret activities. That the adults had their secrets too was instinctively clear to me. I tried, I couldn't find out anything concrete, except for the one time when our janitor went into the basement and a short time later one of the younger women, Irene's mother, also went down to the basement, anxiously making sure that no one would see her. I followed an intuition, climbed out of the back of the house through the window and crawled, agent-like, behind some boxes. The janitor had placed Irene's mother on a table against the wall and stood between her open thighs. He pushed back and forth without a word, and she leaned against the wall, keeping her eyes closed and wiggled horribly on the dilapidated table, while the janitor stubbornly pushed back and forth. With all at once he stopped, puffed a little, then fiddled with his fly and went up without a word. Irene's mother tugged her skirt into place and, looking around cautiously looking around. I waited for a long time before I retreated. That "it" was this, I suspected, but I repressed it almost immediately.

Once I, the Master spy, the "secret society of the rose"; as the Girls whispered to each other: "Meeting place half past three with Irene." Since I had often visited Irene's brother Peter at home, I knew how to sneak in unseen before the meeting. In Irene's room, I hid in a closet, behind whose ajar doors I remained invisible in the midst of musty smelling curtains and and blankets and from where I could overlook the whole room. It took a while until Irene, Ursula and Evi came in.

The two or so 12 year olds and the about 14-year-old Evi chatted quietly and smoked only times together a cigarette, which they had apparently stolen. They sat in a circle, while the cigarette went

around, and I could sometimes see Evi's and Ursula's clefts under their skirts, because in those days girls usually wore nothing under their skirts in the summer. At first it seemed like a coincidence that while they were smoking, they plucked at their crevices here and there, apparently chatting. After the cigarette had been extinguished, Evi leaned back relaxed, pulled up her skirt and left her thighs open, grinning; she was thick and pimply and her cleft glowed red beneath the blond fuzz. "I think, I need it again," she said with a meaningful look at Irene, "I'm so insanely horny!" Her hand with the thick sausage fingers slid to her cleft and

And now, right now, the highly aroused master spy had to sneeze.

The three of them jumped up and dragged me out of the closet. They looked at each other with highly red heads and discussed what should happen to me now. Irene wanted to immediately betraye me to her mother, but the other two saved me from this disgrace by talking about torture, severe torture and flogging. Evi, however, looked at me thoughtfully and said, "He has seen us naked, so let's take his pants off, too." which they did right away, even though I resisted briefly but bravely. I stood between two large Girls, who held me iron, while Evi took off my pants and I stood there with my small, frightened cock.

Evil they were actually not, but terribly curious. Evi carefully grabbed my cock, grinned and said, isn't he but cute! Then she kneaded him around, but she did not do too much. After that they guided me to Irene's bed, they pressed me down and held me in such a way that there was a fury on my legs and arms and I could not move. Strange it felt already, when I could feel their warm and moist crevices on my skin as they held me down.

Then all three of them groped my little one, turning him back and forth and giggling as they felt palpated my scrotum. Evi seemed to know more and pulled carefully back the foreskin, so that the glans slipped out. She showed the small gap to the others and said that the men would piss and squirt from this hole. One after the other, they fingered me, pulled back the foreskin again and again back and felt the glans, while my cock began to grow and soon stood small,

crooked and stiff to the sky. Although he was in the most miserable situation of his life, the master spy was getting a little horny.

Then Evi giggled that this thing, if it was so stiff, could be put into the cleft to make children, but she wanted of course still none. Thereupon Irene meant rather precociously that she already often watched Peter jerk off and squirt. Ursula looked at her helplessly, then Irene took hold and began to jerk me off carefully. I began to tremble, and Evi asked if it was coming already, I gasped, no, but that I had to piss urgently. Irene stopped immediately, reached under the bed and brought out the night pot. She looked at me demanding, only I could so, in front of the girls, I just could not piss. She bent my cock a little, so that it was now aimed at the chamber pot, and after a long wait long wait, I finally pissed, while the girls were watching from close range, as the jet from the meanwhile softened cock splashed into the chamber pot.

When I had finished, Irene wiped with a skirt tail rather ungently over my glans and cleared away the night dish. Then Evi sat down on my thighs, spread her legs and acted as if she would push my cock into her cleft. But of course she was only pretending; I was amazed at how pleasant warm Evi's cleft felt against my glans. Evi was older than the others and also more experienced. Now she tried seriously to get it in. However, my cock was not even half stiff, so that it remained only with these attempts. She was cautious and timid, because she was still a virgin, which I understood only in the course of their discussions. I scared me half to death, because I feared that she wanted to let my cock disappear in her hole and I was completely unclear how it would be in there.

Evi grabbed my cock again with her hand and rubbed until it became firmer, then she pulled it slowly up and down her cleft, while she used her other hand she pulled the labia slightly outward, creating a warm, wet slide for my glans. The two others gaped, and it did me an awful lot of good. As she moved faster and faster with the glans and brushed her cunt up and down, I flinched all at once. Now all three reached over to feel the twitching. Evi said, with her it would twitch just as coming, but then she fell silent and the three looked at each other in embarrassment. Irene said, oh what, he can't really

squirt like Peter and wiped off the glans. Then they watched giggling as he slowly went limp and retreated to the normal position.

I had to swear a thousand oaths not to betray anything and was finally allowed to leave. They teased me later sometimes, but nothing ever happened again.

Times got rougher when in our neighborhood a wild loner, who was soon called only the man-eater, appeared. No one liked her, and she liked no one; she was much older than the big ones, perhaps already over twenty, and still not right in the head. We didn't play with her, but she would show up sometimes and interfere, cursing and swearing so that parents threw their hands up in horror when they heard our newly learned curses. She would hit and fight with the boys in an almost merciless rage, and could disappear as suddenly as she appeared. After that there were rumors that she was attacking little boys. One day, the master spy was assigned to scout the Man-eater out.

I was pretty scared and went accordingly cautiously at work. After a few days I knew everything, where she lived, where she had her hiding place. In the the old school, which had been empty for a long time and should have been demolished for a long time, she had made herself a small nest. Only when I was sure that she was on the way, I rummaged through her things. I stuffed stuffed my sacks full of the stolen goods and ran back to my comrades. I was the hero of the day, as many of the things that had had inexplicably disappeared, had now reappeared.

The man-eater did not reappear no more for a few days, soon we took care of our things and forgot about her. I sometimes crept to the boiler room, but didn't see her again. Until one day she arrived with Peter in tow. Peter was a lot older than me, a head taller and much stronger. She had his arm behind his back and dragged her prisoner into the boiler room. I could no longer get out, I hid behind the large big boiler and held my breath. She had to eventually discover me, it was only a matter of time, and I was already dying half with fear.

But she concentrated on Peter and made quite a bit of noise as she threw him down on the old mattress and tied his hands left and right to the heating pipes. Peter just looked defiant, he knew what was waiting for him and did not offer any significant resistance. Not even when the man-eater took off his pants. On the contrary, it seemed to me that he was grinning, the cursed guy.

Oh yes, that again! My heart pounded as she took Peter's semi-stiff cock in her hand and began to press and tug on it. Within minutes Peter's cock stiffened completely, and she rubbed it, giggling in between when he winced at her treatment. Soon the little red glans was stiff as the man-eater rubbed it around a bit, pausing every now and then to again and again to look at her work. The man-eater squeezed and squeezed his cock and grinned crookedly at him, then she let him go.

She went down over him and squatted, pulled her skirt up over her knees and thigh and gathered it together with one hand in front of her belly, so that I could see her bare ass. I looked fascinated at her white ass and the tuft of hair that was visible between her legs. She took Peter's cock in one hand, lowered the the black tuft of hair slowly over it and sat down carefully on it.

I broke out in a sweat when Peter's cock disappeared in the tuft of hair between her ass cheeks — my heart beat wildly! She began now, up and down in the squat, Peter's cock became half visible again and disappeared again in the tuft of hair, where her cleft must be. Now she was bobbing her bottom up and down and and spreading her knees, Peter stared at her abdomen and held still; I guessed that it must be terribly painful, because he was panting and stiffening quite violently. The man-eater grunted as Peter thrust firmly upward and she lifted her ass higher. She reached between her thighs grinning at his cock, which pumped firmly in her hole until it slid out and splashed onto her tuft of hair from below.

My heart beat wildly like a steam engine and I thought I was about to faint, but I remained motionless at my post and held my breath. The man-eater wiped herself with her skirt between her legs and went into the neighboring basement room, where she farted loudly

before grunting. I took advantage of the moment, slipped out quietly and ran away as fast as I could. I ran home to our gang and breathlessly told Franz, the leader, that Peter was captured and being tortured. She would pinch him by the cock and so, I said rather embarrassed, because I didn't want to say the terrible word.

Franz and the pack moved off to free Peter. They returned after half an hour with Peter, who presented the matter quite differently from me — as a heroic deed, of course — .

Well, anyway, I was for days the laughing stock of the troops.

Wilfried

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

My mother — who was, strictly speaking actually my grandmother — resisted bravely against fate and held the city apartment as long as she could. After some time, however, she had to give up the city apartment and moved with me to a village on the outskirts of the state capital, for she was completely destitute father's death. That time must have been very, very difficult for her, I understood only much later. For a long time we had to find shelter for days at a time with this or that acquaintances, until my mother finally found a small one-room apartment with a kitchen, but there wasn't much room. We had only a small bed, a table with two chairs and a kitchenette with a sink. For a long time it was not an issue to use the provisional cot, which was lovingly in a corner, because at night I was still scared and slept with my mother. That my mother gave us from my father's nest egg escaped me completely; also her panic when everything was used up after a few months.

I still had quite great fear of loss and clung to my mother at night. She also missed father very much, because when she sometimes cried for him, then she held me very, very tightly against her. After some time, she no longer cried, but she continued to hold me close, gently and naturally. It seemed to comfort us both when our bare skin touched each other. We wore at first long nightgowns — she had specially shortened one of hers for me — because that was somehow the way it was supposed to be, but it was quite natural to get rid of the annoying tissue in the dark under the annoying tissue, at least partially.

I loved to snuggle up to her and was restless until the nightgowns were pushed up fully and I could feel her bare skin. I lay warm and comfortable in the hollow, feeling her skin against mine and pressed my back against her belly and her thick breasts. I loved it when she pressed me like a little ball against her frizzy hair tickled my buttocks while she cradled me gently. When she touched my little penis as if by chance I would slide back and forth a little bit, because it was was

very pleasant. I usually got wild palpitations, but I also soon fell asleep. It was a nice, carefree time.

The change of school didn't bother me I didn't mind the change of school, it was rather exciting, especially as I was able to successfully fake the "city dweller." I had no trouble keeping up at school, even though I burst in in the middle of the school year. In that one class there were 9-15 year olds, and the teacher must have had some trouble with that. Also because of the common way to the school, a close friendship developed with one of the big, 15-year-old lad, and Willi, as the lad was called, benefited at school from the clever little fellow, just as the latter had more courage, knowing that he had a real Goliath behind him.

When summer came, my mother decided to leave me with Willi's family, while she took care of the recent move to the city — she didn't want to stay in our village forever. I moved into my quarters at Willi's, came for the first time into close contact with chickens, goats and a large, shaggy farm dog, to whom I had only previously encountered with fearful distance. Willi had an older adopted sister, Hildegard, who was deaf and dumb and a little brother, who with his two years rather into the category of "annoying fly" and usually stayed with relatives. I saw his mother only once, she was always ill and bedridden. The silent father managed the farm with Hildegard, whose pride and joy were the 15 or so cows. Willis family was poor, but content and had with the farm their living.

Willi taught me to smoke, to spit contemptuously and climb trees. I learned drive the tractor and to look for the distance immediately, if Willis father came loudly scolding and the behemoth turned it off again. I learned to turn the hay and load it onto the cart, despite child-friendly small pitchfork a heathland work. I learned to drink cider and to dismiss the slight feeling of dizziness as a buzz; I heard from Willi but also any gossip about this and that, even that Hildegard was only a half sister, because his mother initially had no children. That the mother never got up again after the birth of the little one, and that the father was now doing it with Hildegard. But that was all right, the farmer's wife was ill and and Hildegard was not clever anyway and a bit mentally retarded.

Willi had, like many of the village children, an interested and not at all prudish attitude to sex. I was relieved, because now I did not need to conceal my insatiable curiosity, on the contrary, we got right down to business without any start-up time. Already on the first evening, when we were supposed to go to bed, he simply sat up in our bed and said: “I’m going to do it now” and started rubbing his cock. I was at first stunned, but as I watched, I became curious and horny, but I didn’t dare to do anything with my cock, although I felt how stiff it was. Willi squirted after a short time and wiped the semen in the grubby sheet. That was the prelude.

He was, as mentioned, a big and simple-minded fellow, nearly 16 years old and was intensively engaged in sex; he jerked off daily two-three times and sometimes more. Besides, he knew about everyone and everything, he liked to tell me sex stories only to get horny from it, which in turn resulted in jerking off and semen cum as a result. Pretty soon he asked me to join in, and after some initial hesitation, I took out my little cock out and rubbed him, but at that time could not yet squirt. Sometimes I had the twitching already, but more than just one drop did not come. Willi pretended to be clever and said that this was normal for my age, that will come yet. Of course Willi and I also played all the other games that children of our age play and which do not have to do directly with sex, but about that another time.

His favorite place was the upper floor in the hayloft. There we sat for hours, smoked the stolen cigarettes and jerked off diligently. Willi thought and then said that today was Thursday, when his father and Hildegard here in the hayloft to fuck. I almost swallowed, when he said that so incidentally, and wanted to run away, but he held me back and laughed at me. “You’ll see,” he said, “they’re coming here after work. He’ll go to the well to wash first and she’ll go ahead to the hayloft, then they’ll hump.” He paused to savour with relish my impatient suspense. “And we will watch them from above!” he continued with a grin. Hildegard was in her early twenties, short and stocky, but had large bouncing breasts that sometimes showed through her blouse, when she was sweating. Willi had told her that she had already once had had a miscarriage and since then could no longer have children.

I stood the first time indeed fears of death, but it was just as he had said: in the late afternoon Hildegard and the father came up the path, the father went to the well, and Hildegard came straight to the barn. The barn was built as an extension of the stable, and the constant noises made by the animals were too loud for anyone to hear us, there up there, in our airy hiding place. We held our breath anyway, when Hildegard sat down on the old mattresses, after a while reached under the skirt and felt the tuft of hair between her legs slowly and circularly began to crawl.

Hildegard stopped with the rubbing and pulled her skirt back into place, when the father came through the barn door. The farmer stopped in front of Hildegard, slipped back his suspenders, let his pants slide down and pulled out his cock. Hildegard grabbed the large, semi-stiff cock with one hand and rubbed it gently for a while until it was completely stiff and the red glans protruded steeply from the foreskin. He pushed up her skirt, stroked her ass cheeks a few times and over her ass cheeks a few times and then slowly and carefully pushed his stiff cock into the tuft of brown hair. Hildegard sighed as the farmer began to thrust rhythmically into her. They did not speak a word, only a short gasp or sigh was sometimes heard. All at once they stopped, the farmer stood stiff and motionless, and one could see by the rhythmic contraction of his ass cheeks that he was pumping deep into Hildegard. Then he pulled his cock slowly out of Hildegard and dressed again; nodded silently to her and walked out of the barn.

Hildegard sat up, wiped between her legs and leaned back with her eyes closed. After a long pause, her hand crept slowly over her chest and belly to her thighs, and then came to rest on her tuft of hair, but only briefly; then she began to look at the slit in the tuft of hair, bobbing her thighs and rubbing them faster and faster until she was panting loudly and rubbing like crazy fast. All at once her abdomen reared up and her knees knocked together violently. Then she went limp and lay there, breathing heavily, her bosom heaving. After a long pause, when she had caught her breath again, she got up, straightened her skirt and went out.

Willi explained to me again everything exactly, as if I still had no idea; that with fucking and then how Hildegard had jerked off, yes, only that women just did not squirt out semen. Hildegard would do it almost every time after fucking, but sometimes she would also come to the barn on other days and jerk off. Then came Willi's obligatory wanking and jerking off again, fast and wild. While Willi was still panting, he said that he also sometimes fucked Hildegard, yes, and if I didn't believe him, he would arrange it so that I watch them do it. Willi was much too simple-minded to lie to me.

He told how Hildegard had first taught him how to jerk off and then how to fuck. Screwing she had taught to him. He was still a young, inexperienced bastard, maybe only 13, as he happened to pass by the barn and had caught her jerking off. With open mouth he had stood there and stared at her, as she squatted in front of the hay bales and rubbed with her hand under the skirt. But she was already very horny and just laughed, then she continued and let him watch. He had been very excited by watching, had his little one and rubbed it awkwardly while Hildegard came to the end. He was half crazy with lust, when he saw her orgasm for the first time. Afterwards she had watched him for a while, smiling as he clumsily and hastily rubbed and tore at his cock, then Hildegard had grabbed him and had really jerked him. Very quickly she had him squirt into the hay.

From then on she jerked him many times always with the same procedure: first she let him watch her masturbate, pushed up the skirt and spread wide, so he could see everything. Then, when he had become really horny and her orgasm had already subsided a little, then he was allowed to between her thighs, and she jerked him off quickly, let him squirt in the hay or on her thigh. This went on for months, often and often he stood between her thighs, until it pushed him pushed him more and more to her. He no longer wanted to squirt on her thighs, more and more often he tried to squirt on her pubic area or into her vagina.

One day she masturbated him, as she always did. When his cock already started to throb and the first tiny drop appeared, she smiled and pulled him to her, embraced his buttocks and gently pressed his cock carefully into her vagina. He exploded immediately, without

having fucked her. She held him gently while he squirted into her warm, soft vagina. Later, he would sometimes hold back and fucked her with a few thrusts, as often as she would let him; but most of the time she jerked him until he squirted, and only then into her vagina only when he was already bursting to squirt. Often she jerked him on purpose too long, so that he was already squirting violently and continued squirting into her vagina when he penetrated. For many months they would have jerked until her father took her, from then on Hildegard rarely let him fuck her. It goes without saying that Willi had to squirt his hard-on immediately after this story.

Already a few days later it was so far, Willi ordered me to hide me above in the hayloft hide, just above the old mattresses. I waited an eternity long, until finally the gate was a little pushed open and Willi and Hildegard came in. Hildegard looked a little indecisive, but Willi went purposefully to the old mattresses and pulled her behind him, gesturing her to sit on top. He stopped in front of her, opened his trousers and pulled his cock out, stretching it directly towards her. Hildegard smiled a little, looking at Willi's thick and stiff cock. Then she grabbed gently slide the foreskin back and forth, and sometimes, when the red glans was protruded, she gently ran the tip of her thumb over it. She jerked him with abandon and already I thought that Willi would soon no longer be able to stand it, then she leaned back with a sigh and let her knees slide apart, opening her thighs willingly. Willi pulled her skirt up to her belly button with one hand, spread her hairy slit with his fingers and pushed his cock in with a jerk. Then he looked briefly in my direction and winked.

Hildegard had leaned back, stroked with both hands under the blouse her stiffened nipples and let himself be fucked by Willi. But after only two or three thrusts Willi had to squirt, Hildegard embraced his buttocks and pressed him firmly against her. I saw how his pelvis twitched while he squirted deep inside her. Hildegard waited motionlessly until he had squirted it all in, then she pulled and back and forth and fucked herself for quite a while, until he shook his head with a sigh of relief and gasped his panting, pulled out his flaccid cock. His viscous white slime dripped from her half-open vagina. After a long, silent pause, they slipped out of the shed.

Later Willi came to me on the hayloft and bragged mightily how fine the fucking had been, how great it was to put the cock in the vagina and to squirt in, that was much better than jerking off. And Hildegard was still a slut, because she had already jerked him again before fucking almost to the point of jerked off, she still does. Almost embarrassed, he confessed, that sometimes he could not even hold out until he fucked her, she was so good she could jerk off, like no other.

Except perhaps Anni, who wanked each cock masterfully, said Willi. And while Willi now further and further told and the miracles of the fucking described, we two had long since our cocks again in the hand again in the hand and jerked, only the squirting, that I had to leave to him. In contrast to Hildegard, said Willi, Anni herself would not jerk off so gladly, she rather wanked others, he said with a grin. And to fuck she was still too small and too young.

Hildegard fucked regularly with the farmer; with Willi, however, she fucked only rarely, maybe two or three times a week. Once she stayed after fucking on the mattress until Willi had left, in order to masturbate long and lustfully afterwards. Otherwise, she would often sneak into the hayloft, squat down in the corner and did it very quickly, one hand jerking back and forth under her skirt, then she puffed loudly and left again after a minute, not suspecting that two spies watched her from above.

A First Time

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

The mother had come back a little dejected, because she had had no success in the city. At that time I did not know that she had in fact visited Uncle Frieder and borrowed money from him — on his terms, as I was to learn later. In the evening I had to go to the room that seemed large and dark and I was afraid; sleep was out of the question. I slept naked like mother and stroked my cock a little to dispel the fear.

Later the door opened quietly and mother came in; I posed asleep and watched her undress under almost closed eyelids. How much the time with Willi had changed me! I must have seen her naked a thousand times, but I had never looked at her as I did now. She was a small, roundish woman of about fifty, her ash-blond hair already interspersed with a few silver-grey strands. When she turned around, two small, funny dimples could be seen above her beautiful, white buttocks. That she had been very slim in the past could be seen from the fact that neither her arms nor her legs nor her buttocks were fat — only her breasts were really round as a ball. In the daytime, when she wore a brassiere, the breasts stuck out in front like attack spurs of a war galley. They were the largest and most beautiful breasts I had ever seen. Once I had seen an opera diva on a lithograph, and she looked almost the same as Mother, with a delicate abdomen and huge breasts jutting forward. In the evenings, when she undressed, her breasts hung heavy and plump over her belly, the fingernail-sized nipples standing sometimes steeply erect or were completely sunken. Right between the navel and the frizzy, light-colored pubic hair, she had an oval, small, almost black birthmark on her belly. The pubic hair hid the slit, although I almost looked my eyes out, desperate to see everything.

I had wild palpitations like never before as I watched her undress and rolled back and forth hornily. Mother lay down next to me,

turned out the light and murmured, “Shh, shh, now sleep!”, then she gently stroked my forehead.

I hugged her tightly and tried to sleep; my little hard-on touched her and I still saw the image of her naked body. Mother held me gently, said “Shh, shh!” and rocked me gently to fall asleep. As I did every night, I hugged her tightly and slid up and down impatiently. After some time, she gently and lovingly affectionately pushed my abdomen back, touched very gently my little stiffy, as she carefully pushed it away over the thigh and held him as protective in her hollow hand, until I fell asleep.

And I dreamed the wildest things, Hildegard and Willi jerked each other off, then again I lay on the nanny who gradually turned into Hildegard. I held Hildegard’s wonderfully soft body tightly and dreamed I was inside her. She suddenly looked like my mother, I pushed and pushed and wanted to squirt in one go. With one blow I woke up. The bedside lamp was burning and my mother had sat up sat up at the headboard, her head resting on her arms wrapped around her drawn knees, staring at my cock out of dark, burning eyes.

I had been stomping the covers off in this wild dream, as there was something strange was happening to my tail. Finally, I had apparently scooted to the foot of the bed and was still dreaming of Hildegard, mother looked at my red swollen cock, which stretched hornily towards her and from which my sticky semen had splashed twitching towards her. Half I was still dreaming, half I was awake and yet I could not move — I remained paralyzed during the whole time.

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Mother looked at me and my cock with wide eyes while the squirting subsided; but even after the squirting had stopped, she stared at it, which, following gravity, hung half off to the side and continued to pulse in rhythm with my heartbeat, scattered white droplets still running from the tip. Mother stared unblinkingly at it, and I, under half-closed lids, at her cunt, which I had never before seen so close, never so clearly. I was embarrassed, but also curious and excited at the

same time and did not move. I was embarrassed because I had rubbed myself against her, because I was now lying there so defenselessly open and had squirted, because she had witnessed it all and because she continued to look at me curiously. And I was excited because I felt pleasure in showing myself naked.

Now the mother rose, knelt down beside me and took my hand quickly from my cock. She first wiped the sheet clean with a cloth, then faltered for a moment before drying my thighs and gently touching and lifting my cock. She didn't touch the glans, just dabbed it carefully with the cloth, but of course the whole guy twitched in the process, which apparently made her a little embarrassed. She blushed a little, immediately let go of him and quickly covered me. Then she kissed me tenderly and lovingly on the forehead and said, "You're becoming a man now, you'll always get those wet dreams, but that's good!"

After this exhaustive enlightenment, she turned out the light and gently embraced me. She held me close, pressed me against her and caressed me tenderly, probably also with conflicting feelings about seeing her baby mature into a man. I, however, was proud because I could now finally squirt properly! I felt the comforting warmth of her body as I had not felt in years, felt the tickling of her breast against my back. I lay securely in her lap and slowly fell asleep, while she rocked me still long in a gentle rhythm softly humming and I rubbed my butt comfortably against her warm, swaying body.

The next night I couldn't fall asleep, had an insane erection and felt an indomitable desire to masturbate. Carefully I rubbed my cock, not realizing that the mother had woken up in the meantime and had turned on the bedside lamp quietly. I had to squirt very quickly, spread the semen with the flat hand and stroked my cock gently further. Only after quite a while the light penetrated through my closed eyelids, and when I opened them I saw that she had sat up at the headboard like the day before and was watching me masturbate. Uncertain, I stopped rubbing for a moment because I didn't know exactly what she had meant yesterday. With a man this wet thing is quite normal, she had said yesterday. She looked at me curiously and said nothing when I looked up. Was I mistaken, or was she nodding

imperceptibly at me? I turned my head and pretended to close my eyes. I hid my face under the pillow, as if I were ashamed; in truth, however, I looked under my eyelids again at her nakedness, looked in the protection of the pillow from below to her cunt, which seemed close enough to touch, and felt the desire in my cock swelling again irrepressibly.

I lay there panting and with my heart beating wildly, unable to stir, looking at her silhouette illuminated by the bedside lamp, seeing the shadow of her breast, the light hair in her armpit, and between her erect legs the curve of her thighs, her pubis and her buttocks. Excited I was because I was lying in front of her and well protected by the pillow right between her legs, mother obviously did not see through this perfidy and I was getting hornier and hornier my excited cock intentionally put on display, excited her with it and seducing her to a careless exhibition of her nakedness — yes, that was my motive! But so it was: I little criminal lay there with my eyes almost closed, looking out of the slits of my eyes at my mother's cunt, looking feverishly horny at her nakedness, of which she seemed unaware, while she was still gazing with wide, curious eyes at my deliberately displayed cock. I suddenly found the display of my nakedness so arousing that I turned back to have my cock pointing skyward again — this swift movement made Mother to flinch slightly, her eyes following the movement of my little cock. I pulled back the foreskin — first tentatively, then faster and faster — and all at once all my inhibitions fell away.

I watched greedily, hornily and feverishly under half-closed eyelids the growing restlessness that my jerking off caused her. It excited me a lot that she was watching me, but also because she was getting more and more restless. She sat with her knees drawn up at the head end and I turned my head under the pillow a little more until it was right between her legs. I glanced shamelessly between her thighs at her pubic area, saw under the small, wrinkled bulges of fat on her belly the slightly open slit that was otherwise hidden by her pubic hair. For a split second I thought how big it all was on her; big, dark red, and wet shiny. Later, when I had seen other clits, I kept thinking that hers was really big and somehow seemed sexy too. Everything undulated about her — the massive body, the large breasts

and the roundish, hairy mound with the deep furrow, all of this trembled as she rocked back and forth, pressing a hand to her pubic. The clit peeked out pertly between the fingers that spread the dark, swollen labia. They hung out of the slit like flaps of skin and trembled a little because mother was bobbing back and forth on the pillow rocked back and forth on the pillow and seemed to be cheering me on — rolling back and forth on her bottom in unison, as it were. She kept rocking on her butt, clit coming out of the crack again and again, pushed out in time by the rocking between the wet labia, nodding like a snowdrop in the May wind. When we were still little snots, we sometimes stuck out our tongues, but only a little, because you weren't allowed to do that. So similarly, the clit, like the tip of a tongue carefully stuck out, peeked out in the gap between her fingers. Although it was only as small as the tip of my little finger, it still fascinated me because it peeked perkily out from under the hooded fold of skin as she quickly pulled the ridges left and right of the cleft up and down with her fingers. I stared at it, fascinated, because by now it had become visibly stiff and was thrusting and thrusting and thrusting between her fingers like a tiny little penis in the air. I jerked a little faster, whereupon she stopped with the asswiggling and rotated with the fingers very fast and short between the bulges. She convulsed and breathed "Uaah!", pulling the bulges back tightly and letting the little guy wriggle pointedly and perkily between two fingers. After that, she remained sitting motionless, only the bulges still quivering a bit.

Now I knew she was doing it all the same as Hildegard and while I had to think about it and squirt, she held her breath and stared at my twitching, squirting cock. I stretched out towards her and squirted long, thin threads of mucus over the sheet.

She wordlessly wiped it all away and turned out the light.

Anni Joins Us

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

Almost every week, the mother had to go again to look for work and an apartment in the city — and for Uncle Frieder to be there, but I did not know at the time. I went again to Willi, who grinned broadly, when I told him hastily and and beaming with joy that I could finally squirt properly. He did not believe me, however, that I had dared to jerk off I had dared to jerk off in front of my mother, and his incredulity made me very insecure. That I had also observed her doing so, I therefore concealed.

So the days passed, with adventurous games after the common work, long stories and splashes on the hayloft, eavesdropping on Hildegard fucking and jerking off, secret smoking and must drinking. In between we sneaked we two also like spies behind other yards around and tried — always unsuccessfully — to catch something horny behind the sleeping chamber windows. Then one day Anni was back from vacation and we had a third playmate. There Willi made a secret out of the whole Hildegard-thing, we always met with Anni in the tool hut, not in the hayloft, where Hildegard jerked off and was fucked.

Anni was a little younger than Willi, very small, very skinny and almost without breasts, but was a really fine buddy. Besides, she was regarding sex like Willi, interested in everything and always and visited us quite often. I was already plenty confused and anxious when the three of us sat together for the first time and Willi suddenly bared his cock; but Anni immediately reached for it and jerked it proficiently and vigorously, making it spurt high into the air. Then she turned to me, unbuttoned my fly and took out my little cock. She pulled and pinched it a bit, grinned, and then said expertly, “I’m sure he can’t squirt yet, he’s much too young” and jerked me around anyway. I was all the prouder when I squirted almost immediately!

Anni had sat down and told about some people who were doing it with each other, and what they were doing with each other, and how

they were doing it. She was probably making it all up as she went along, but she could think of the most incredible orgies. Willi had meanwhile stared all the time with bulging eyes under her skirt and now got a hard-on again, there she spread her legs wide, so that Willi saw her slit even better and got even hornier.

Willi grabbed her under the buttocks and knelt with his cock in front of her slit. Anni had half straightened up again and looked between her legs, watching Willi kneeling in front of her pussy, rubbing his cock quickly. As Willi became aroused and erratic, she grabbed his cock and jerked his jerking semen onto her thighs from the outside, rubbing it with the tip of his flaccid cock until nothing came.

Then she turned back to me, pulled me to her and jerked my little one, rubbing it against her warm abdomen. I felt the wetness of Willi's seed and her impatience, but this time nothing came, for I was afraid, an indefinable fear, as she sat thus before me, her legs spread wide, her seed-spattered slit along with her little wet hole. — That was about the standard-cum-situation. For fucking Anni was still much too young.

Sometimes, after squirting, Willi simply laid Anni on her back and flipped her skirt back. Her slit was usually all wet, the little hole pink, and Anni waited to see if Willi would now jerk her off, which he sometimes did. Mostly he just shook his head, spread Anni's legs wide and dabbed very lightly with one finger on the little pink button above the cunthole. After a while, he told Anni to go ahead and do it herself. Hesitantly Anni began to rub the little clit, slowly the little labia swelled and she drove in between into her hole to make the finger wet. Unlike Hildegard, however, she now bent far forward, watching herself jerk off, and when she then got to gasp and twitch, she nevertheless remained quite still and continued rubbing until it slowly subsided. Anni looked up a little uncertainly at Willi, but he just nodded and said, "You're already good at it!"

It was rare at first that Anni jerked off herself; once-twice she let Willi finger fuck her and jerked off in the process, but it didn't seem exciting. It was a pity that she had no bosom and no tuft of hair like Hildegard, who remained my dream woman. Besides, I liked Hilde-

gard's jerking off far better, because she got really excited and could get out of mind; Anni, on the other hand, remained calm even in the climax. And while Hildegard knocked her knees together ecstatically and tossed her head back and forth, Anni pulled her legs apart during orgasm and bent her head down low to watch herself as her vagina opened and closed sucking.

Anni invented horny stories again and again, with her detailed fuck- and srewing tales she could arouse Willi one and the other time and so it happened that not only Anni jerked him off, but he also squirted several times himself, while she told tales of Horniness. Anni tried to make Willi squirt as often as possible and laughed.

Often he was already tired, but when she saw that his cock was stirring, she immediately took him in her hand and made him stiff with a firm grip and rapid movements. When he then squirted, she pulled his foreskin with a firm grip over the red-hot glowing glans back and forth, squeezed and milked him straight out all the semen. Anni beamed and said in a worldladylike manner, she loves to jerk men off. I rubbed and squirted and hoped Anni would do it to me more often, but she had lost interest in me, I was for her just a small-cocked extra.

Once Willi suggested (and really persuaded her) that she satisfy herself as often as she could, he just wanted to know how often it would go. We were amazed when Anni jerked off a dozen times in a row and only the late hour kept her from continuing! That late afternoon, she was lying on a bale of hay across from us, opening her thighs, holding the slit and the hole wide open so that we could see well inside. She quickly teased herself, rubbed vigorously and made it twitch quickly, while Willi and I looked deep into her pulsating hole and sucking slit and wondered how she kept jerking off after only a few minutes break. She didn't take as long as Hildegard, sometimes barely a minute, to reach orgasm. We were much too curious and excited to count properly.

Only a few days had passed and Anni got more and more often the desire to jerk herself off. Sometimes she put the rubbing finger in the little hole to make it wet, she developed over time the habit of rub-

bing the pink clit with one finger and put the thumb in the little hole and fuck herself wildly. It often happened that Willi knelt down opposite Anni, who was jerking off with both hands, jerked off his own cock and jizzed on her. I was mainly a spectator in all of this, and rubbing along as well as I could, and I still found that that were insanely exciting and exciting games.

Anni also invented the two-dick game one day: I had to hold the tip of my dick against Willi's dick tip while she jerked us and him, respectively. She found pleasure in wanking two cocks and rubbing the glans against each other. When Willi then squirted, my cock was also squirted on and vice versa. Anni rubbed the wet cocks against each other, head to head, like two wet red mushrooms. I got very aroused by this too, although I got red ears just by touching Willi's cock. Anni liked this game very much, maybe also because she thereby became horny and desire to jerking off; which she did immediately fast and violently.

The thing with Hildegard had never told her by Willi. I stupid blabbermouth but betrayed this obvious secret somehow without ever understanding the secrecy reason, which had the consequence that Anni insisted to be there next Thursday in the hayloft. So there were three of us in our hiding place Thursday, staying quiet as mice as the farmer fucked his stepdaughter. Anni pressed a hand between her legs while Hildegard slowly jerked the farmer's cock stiff. She stroked her little vagina as the farmer fucked and thrust Hildegard. Now, as the farmer spurted thrust after thrust into Hildegard, she wrenched her eyes and mouth wide open and looked down, at the farmer's flaccid cock and at Hildegard's slit, from which a little semen dripped. When he had gone and Hildegard now began to jerk off on her own, Anni did not take her eyes off her and began to masturbate lying on her stomach under her skirt. As Hildegard gave a croaking moan and reared up, Anni bit her lips and her hand jerked back and forth quickly under her belly, so horny she became at Hildegard's orgasm.

Anni, who had jerked off rather rarely and half-heartedly in the beginning, learned a lot by watching when the father fucked Hildegard or when we watched Hildegard jerk off. She was eager to make

Willi squirt or jerk off enthusiastically herself. Willi and I were so horny from watching that we jerked off together, Willi squirted his semen in the direction of her slit and continued to jerk off while her thin little legs twitched and she had now apparently finally acquired a taste for it.

Willi grew and so did his cock; after Anni was there, his visits to Hildegard dropped out, he was now allowed to ride a moped and sometimes Anni and I stayed alone, peeked Thursday father and Hildegard fucking and when the father had gone, we jerked off all three — Hildegard below, we both above — as fast as we could. Anni knelt on all fours and I behind, between her legs and watched her, what and how she did it exactly. I had to squirt a long time before her and watched spellbound as my semen slowly trickled down her buttocks cheeks.

When my mother returned home from the city for a few days, I stayed home and snuggled up to her at night, thought of Willi and Anni and fell asleep. Because I dreamed too much about Anni and Willi, I got a terrible hard-on and my mother noticed it too, because I pressed myself against her and began to poke with my hard-on in her pubic hair. As always, the limit was reached when I touched the cunt. Gently she turned me on my side and fended off my cock with her hand; she held the cock firmly in her hand. But my cock swelled in her warm hand and I felt it grow between her fingers. She gasped angrily and seemed to protest, but she held the culprit in her hand firmly so I wouldn't press it elsewhere. Soon I just couldn't take it anymore and wiggled my pelvis, thrusting my cock back and forth in her hand until it squirted. She smiled and held him patiently until I had calmed down and cleaned me with the towel.

Mrs. Ogawa

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

When I went to town with Mother for a few days, we regularly stayed with Mrs. Ogawa. The mysterious stranger must have come from the Far East, was tall, slim and elegant. I did not know how old she might be, but it seemed to me that my mother was a little younger than she was. At that time I was not yet able to judge her true age correctly from the fine wrinkles. She was always very well groomed, nicely and fashionably dressed and made up, and always looked like the models in the photo magazines. My memory for names is not very reliable, so it could be that her name was perhaps not Ogawa at all, but just something like that, but that is not so important. What was important was that we had a neat, clean room, two floors above Mrs. Ogawa's apartment.

Once I was walking down the stairwell, Mrs. Ogawa was just coming in, carrying many bags and stumbling on high-heeled pumps over the old tiles of the entrance hall. All at once she stumbled and a bag fell to the floor. I immediately rushed down helpfully and picked up the bag. As I was about to hand it to her, I realized that she couldn't possibly carry that much at once, so I offered to carry it up for her. In her thin, high-pitched voice, she thanked me and led the way. I was amazed, as always, at how well she spoke our language.

Even today I remember how she walked ahead of me with her hips swaying, under the thin silk dress that was highly fashionable at the time, a slit silk skirt, the outlines of her panties were clearly visible. As she climbed the stairs, she lifted her skirt so as not to trip. I glanced up furtively and saw the white glowing under her skirt. As she set the bags down in front of the apartment door, unlocked it, and bent down to pick up the bags again, I looked along her legs and again that whiteness flashed briefly. Mrs. Ogawa smiled inscrutably at me and my ears went hot and red.

She went to the refrigerator and squatted there to put away the groceries. I stood in the kitchen doorway, sweaty and heart pound-

ing, while she stowed milk, butter and cheese in the various compartments, moving gracefully back- and forth — I had never seen so much beautiful leg before! Yes, I saw again that white panty that had flashed at me a few times before. My heart was pounding and my pants bulged suspiciously. Mrs. Ogawa looked with her eyes on my short black gym shorts, which I always wore in the summer; I'm sure she also noticed the naughty bulge caused by the cheeky fellow, but she turned back to the refrigerator smiling.

Then Mrs. Ogawa came to me, so close that our bodies were almost touching, and took the remaining packets from me. Under the thin blouse her nipples stood out clearly and yet dimly, one did not wear a bra at that time. "Why don't you sit down," she said, gesturing kindly with her head to the seating area, "I'll bring you a glass of lemonade in a minute." So I trotted obediently to the sofa and sat down, on the little table were newspapers and magazines, but also an envelope with photos, some looked out of the envelope. I looked again at Mrs. Ogawa, who was tending to the kitchen boxes with her back to me, sometimes bending down very low, showing a lot of leg and panties; it was the time of slit Japanese skirts and sheer chiffon blouses and I could see from a distance wink into Mrs. Ogawa's cleavage a bit when she bent down low enough.

When I had sat down, the envelope with the photos had slipped a little, and now my gaze, which I was bashfully trying to get away from Ms. Ogawa's long legs, round buttocks, and delicate breasts, fell on the black-and-white photos, some of which had slipped out. The top one showed an otherwise invisible photographer's cock poking into the cleft of Mrs. Ogawa's small, sparsely hairy black triangle, and Mrs. Ogawa smiled into the camera, at me, wonderfully open and lovely. My face immediately turned flaming red and my little hard-on became a big hard-on, I thought I would have to suffocate, so violently now my heart began to beat and my cock to throbbing. At the same time I panicked, because the light fabric of the gym pants not only bulged violently, but also began to get wet.

Mrs. Ogawa must have finished now or noticed my final inflammation, because she came over to me, followed my gaze to the photos, and smiled mildly. Then, without further ado, she sat down next

to me, put an arm around my shoulders, and asked if everything was all right. I barely made a sound and tried to croak out a “yes” with a ghastly dry mouth and swallowed hard, almost choking on my own breath and feeling my Adam’s apple roll violently up and down. Mrs. Ogawa pulled my head soothingly against her bosom and said only: “na, na,” while she stroked my hair.

How to describe it, there I am sitting next to Mrs. Ogawa, who towers over me by at least a head length, gently pressing my face against her bosom; my eyes squinting into her décolleté and I see how the delicate fabric stretches around her bare, flat chest. I squint through the gap between the blouse buttons at what little of the bosom is visible there. Mrs. Ogawa’s arm embraces and presses me once again to her bosom, she kisses me on the hair and murmurs “na, na,” while her hand rests on my thigh, my God! and right next to it my hard-on, standing like a queen’s guard and erects a small tent roof under the pants All at once, Ms. Ogawa reaches under my waistband elastic and grips my wet, throbbing cock with her warm hand, from above, like a curler grips the handle of an ice curling stick. She just holds it tight and I freeze. Freeze, even though I would rather have run away or died. She very gently pushes my pants down more than a bit.

So a short eternity passes, just a small heartbeat long, then Mrs. Ogawa moves her hand gently and rhythmically up and down and strokes my foreskin up and down in infinite slowness, pulls my head to her bosom in the same rhythm and I see how her small, round breasts under the blouse quiver in the rhythm of her hand and the small light brown teats of the nipples protrude pointedly. Only a tiny further heartbeat later, I gratefully squirt myself into Ms. Ogawa’s hand, my semen running in hot waves over her wrist and sticking to her thighs. I spill so quickly and surprisingly that Mrs. Ogawa stops and raises an eyebrow in indignation as I continue to squirt violently into her hand, eyes wide open like a calf. “Ouch, that was quick,” says Mrs. Ogawa, while little droplets still spilling into her hand with a quiet throb. “You don’t have to come so fast, you can delay the squirting,” says Mrs. Ogawa, but doesn’t tell me how to do it or what for; she strokes and squeezes my glans with a gentle hand and waits patiently until the thrusting throbbing slowly ebbs away and nothing

more pours into her hand. I had squirted, but it wasn't a real orgasm, somehow.

Then Mrs. Ogawa slowly pulls away her hand, with semen clinging to it like long, thick spider threads, and takes a handkerchief with two pointed fingers to wipe herself off. With light, gentle pressure, she also wipes my pants and cock clean. "I don't mind if you squirt in my hand," Ms. Ogawa says as she does so, gently pulling back the foreskin and dabbing dryly at the glans, "but I'd rather you didn't." I sit there dumb as an ox and have red, burning hot ears. Stare at the tabletop in front of me, not daring to look at Mrs. Ogawa. I don't understand what to do, how to splash and yet not splash at the same time.

Later she fetches a lemonade and places it in front of me, I still dare not to move or look up at her, I have sinned just as I did when I was with my mother and I feel miserable. Furtively, out of the corner of my eye, I see that both teats are now stiff and firm through Mrs. Ogawa's blouse as she leans over and puts down the lemonade glass. We sit there for a minute or a quarter of an hour, both keeping our eyes lowered. She looks with lowered gaze at my half stiff cock, I look at her beautiful pointed breasts under her gauzy blouse. I feel miserable because I'm sitting there so stupidly with the half-stiffy and don't dare to tuck it away, to touch it in front of her. I feel funny at the same time, because I had almost felt no orgasm, although I had squirted after all; that's why the semi-stiff cock, which does not shrink as usual. Time passes slowly, embarrassingly slowly.

My gaze wanders further off and falls again on the photos. Mrs. Ogawa sees it, now calmly picks up the envelope and flips through the pictures. Says that it is quite all right, her husband — since when has Mrs. Ogawa had a husband? — would like to take such pictures with her (and only much later I was to meet the old photographer who photographed the beauties of the night — and of course Mrs. Ogawa — too). She shows the one or the other briefly here and looks inquiringly at me, sees my increasingly reddening face and smiles, because I get a little excited and embarrassed, because I have never seen such pictures before.

The minutes pass as she shows me the pictures. “That was funny,” Ms. Ogawa says, “there’s his cock right between my breasts,” and she presses the picture into my hand, puts her hand on my thigh and then lets it wander up, briefly touching my semi-stiff cock, which, tucked into the waistband of my pants like a little garden gnome. Then Mrs. Ogawa takes the other pictures, sorts out some that she doesn’t want me to see apparently, and hands me some again, one after one by one, commenting on what was so funny with or about Mr. Ogawa; lisping a little when she says the word dick. She points with a finger to where it is stuck in her hair triangle, deep inside in this picture and pulled out further in that one and feels again and again for my cock, which gradually begins to stir. I see very clearly that the cocks were all different and instinctively know that Mrs. Ogawa lives without a man, but she talks all the time about Mr. Ogawa’s cock and that it is so nice and stiff and firm and what they both do together. I still look and listen and swell more and more.

“Let’s make you more comfortable,” she says and starts to take my gym shorts all the way off. I have to lift my ass cheeks as she slips my pants off, then I sit back with my arms crossed over my lap, trying to hide my already stiff cock as she carefully folds my pants and puts them aside. My heart is pounding up to my throat again, I have a dry mouth and still don’t dare to drink the lemonade. Mrs. Ogawa caresses my thigh again, her long red fingernails lightly scratching my skin, and she gently pushes my arms aside. I sit there unprotected with naked lower body, arms hanging down willy-nilly, and my cock now lies sideways on my sack like a thick, ripe banana. Ms. Ogawa strokes my thighs and cock again, very finely and very delicately, and says she will stroke and rub it again finely to make it nice and stiff again, but she’d rather that I should stop squirting on her hand and hold it back, please!

I don’t understand the meaning of her words, but nod and once again my gaze flits shyly to her cleavageé, catching a glimpse of her breasts briefly and immediately looking away again, lowering my gaze to the table. Mrs. Ogawa smiles very mildly and slips the strap of her blouse over her shoulder with one hand. Under the falling fabric, a beautiful, small and circular breast becomes visible; ah, that is already something different than with Anni! My cock becomes even

stiffer, the thick banana begins to stand up, heart pounding. Mrs. Ogawa smiles again, gently and slowly stroking her nipple with one hand, watching my little one stiffen with a smile.

I probably would have sat there like that for hours if Mrs. Ogawa hadn't moved again. She now strips off the blouse completely and lets it slide carelessly to the floor. From sleepy, half-closed eyes I look at her beautiful upper body, the beautiful round breasts, the sharp protruding teats. Then she slides back towards me and gently strokes my cock, pulling the foreskin back from the glans and teasing it with her fingertip. Mrs. Ogawa is now very restless, her dark eyes burning like Mother's eyes did back then when she watched me masturbating, and she slowly strokes my glans in a circular but infinitely gentle manner, then says she wants to be careful because otherwise I will cum on her fingers again.

Mrs. Ogawa lets go of me and says with burning shiny feverish eyes, we might do this later and I make myself comfortable in the meantime. Then she starts fiddling with her skirt, undoing the button and side zipper; skirt and panties sink to the floor next to the couch. I catch a brief, unchaste glimpse of her short, black pubic hair before she places her hand over it. My heart is pounding in my throat, I'm lying naked next to a naked stranger!

Mrs. Ogawa nods to herself and says, "I'm just playing like this now, with no Cock rubbing, only with the tip of the glans, otherwise you squirt again so fast!" and presses a hand between her thighs. She makes gentle, circular finger movements on my glans and presses her hand firmly between her closed legs, and I look at her pointed breasts and suspect that she is jerking off a bit, because her breasts gyrate rhythmically in front of my face. Then her hand creeps with infinite slowness to my cock again, grasps it firmly and vigorously pulls the foreskin back from the glans, rubbing now with a gentle, slow rhythm as I stare at her breast bobbing up and down in time with her hand, at her fingers gently caressing her pubic area. Then Mrs. Ogawa, who is rubbing my cock slowly, gently and carefully, says "that's it, I can feel it getting firmer, but don't squirt any more into my hand, please!" I nod and involuntarily thrust my pelvis forward a little, my cock towards her hand.

She becomes more and more restless with her other hand on her pubic between her tightly closed legs and mumbles with half-closed eyelids a “not” with each hand movement that you must not not not not squirt, no, please not not not not squirt! Mrs. Ogawas hand glides thereby with gentle pressure over her pubic area and I have to think of Hildegard’s and Anni’s jerking off, and Mrs. Ogawa’s eyes are getting darker and feverish. Her hand becomes more erratic, uncontrolled and then makes a clumsy movement and pinches my glans, so that I have to wince involuntarily painfully.

As she does so, one of the magazines on the table slips out of place, and underneath are the pictures she really didn’t want me to see. Mrs. Ogawa now gently strokes my glans, while the other hand massages the cunt with slow and gentle movements. On top a rather blurred and out of focus picture, on which a laughing Mrs. Ogawa spreads her pubic with one hand and at the same time sticks a candle deep into her slithole. This image races through my retina straight to my brain and from there somehow immediately back down to my cock; in the same split second I feel that I am about to squirt. Now, right now.

Mrs. Ogawa is completely surprised at how quickly I come to squirt again and stops abruptly so that I do not splash; but she notices immediately that it already pulsates and throbs too violently and already squirts out a little between her fingers. “Oh my, if it must be,” murmurs Mrs. Ogawa and clasps briefly my cock to jerk me very hard, but fast and very well. She seems to be indifferent to the fact that a a bit of semen splashing on her chest as she jerks my cock vigorously and brutally; dazed, I look at her chest, which bobs wildly along. She pulls back the foreskin painfully tight a few times, causing the semen to spurt up high — another another thick, viscous jet spews over Ms. Ogawa’s beautiful, naked body, then jets squirt and shoot out in wild bursts over her body. She rubs me brutally, jet after jet on her body!

As the cock goes limp, she stops and waits patiently again while I gasp and wince, letting the last droplets spill into her hand. Forgive us poor sinners, Amen! I whisper silently the incantation of gratitude.

She spreads the semen with her fingers on her belly first, but then takes the cloth again to clean herself and her hand. She dabs with the cloth the splashes of her breast and her belly and means, “I rubbed nevertheless so easily, so that it would again become strong again, but not so that you can splash me all over again right away!” She angrily pushes the photos aside and says they upset you too much and goes on to say, “you’re not allowed to cum so quickly, so give yourself more time, we do squirt later!” I look questioningly down at me, felt no more excitement arise and obediently shake my head, because today I would certainly not cum on her anymore.

For minutes we lie silently next to each other, Ms. Ogawa holds me embraced and caresses with the other hand infinitely gentle her own cunt. I am totally confused and exhausted, because to jerk off somewhere alone and secretly or in a strange apartment of a beautiful adult woman to be jerked off properly, that’s something different! However, I do not understand, why you should not squirt when you have to, but only when she wants it, and why at all only later, and: When later? I keep my eyes closed and doze off, fearful and lustful, but in any case infinitely tired. The first, gentle outpouring could perhaps have been followed by others, but with this wild, brutal rubbing she had jerked my soul out of my dick.

Mrs. Ogawa, who had been quietly stroking herself, suddenly stops and looks at me with a strange expression on her face. “You may squirt again in a moment, my little one, squirt very finely,” she coos hoarsely, “I’ll just make you a little comfortable — you may lie with me, won’t you?” I move away a little and must panic-stricken thinking of my mother, when I see how Mrs. Ogawa bends the legs slightly and opens, so that I can see her opened cunt.

Sighing deeply, she lifts her buttocks, opening and closing her legs as she does so, like long spider fingers, and murmurs, “you sure like to make love to me, make love really fine with me!” My throat is like constricted, while she cooing with pleasure slowly caresses her labia. “Come on, make love to me,” she mumbles all at once suddenly and pulls me on top of her with her other hand. Panic fills me as my soft cock touches her warm wetness.

I was insanely afraid of what could have come and fled. I jump up, grab my gym shorts and slip into them, then I quickly run towards the door. Before I close the door very quietly, I catch one last, cowardly glimpse of the small, pink slit in the sparsely wooded black triangle, and of the finger that was moving slowly in the slit.

A Real Secret

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

When my mother tried to earn our meager bread somehow in the surrounding houses, I stayed at home and did what all boys do at that age. And I savored that as often as I could. Once she came home earlier than usual and caught me masturbating. Only when it was over and I was wiping myself to clean I looked up and realized that she had been standing under the door watching the whole time. I got a little embarrassed and red–faced despite our familiarity, though she nodded at me with a loving smile before heading into the kitchen.

Incessantly, the wheel of fate continued to turn. The further development of things was only possible because it was slow and gradual, and because my mother was fundamentally kind. She loved me more than anything in this world and could not deny me any wish. I suspected that my mother — who was in fact my grandmother — looked forward to the further development with mixed feelings and would have liked to put a stop to it if she had seen a way out of the dilemma; and her dilemma was all the more complicated because she had to visit Uncle Frieder again and again when we were out of money. Probably the fact that all the other family members had already died and I was the last one still alive was the reason for her loneliness, which made her love me so idolatrously. And even if she had been aware of the slippery slope we were sliding down, it would not have helped, because she loved me deeply and with all devotion. She would have done and has done everything for me. Only good that I was not so clearly aware of this, otherwise we would not have slid slowly, but in frantic speed into disaster.

We still slept naked, even though I was no longer a baby and because I had raved to her over and over again about how beautiful it was when our bare skin touched. She wasn't particularly convinced at first of that skin thing, but we had slept all the time naked since the beginning. She sometimes half–heartedly whispered that I was old enough to sleep alone after all, because by now she seemed em-

barrassed when we cuddled naked in bed. But she, too, had grown accustomed to the touch of our naked bodies. I was a dear little boy who led his mother step by step down a devilish path.

When I was younger, she simply held out her hand as a warm shell in which I tossed and turned and blissfully poured myself out. Sometimes I did try to press myself against her and my cock into her frizzy hair, but since I could squirt, she was on guard and careful that I did not turn around to face her. She pressed my back against her as much as I struggled. Because I was so hasty and demanding, she reached around my waist with a sigh and held my abdomen. That was absolutely fine with her, she said, and every night she held my hard–on firmly in her hand as I excitedly squirmed back and forth in the warm tunnel in her palm. When it squirted, she held her breath.

As I got older and masturbated quite often, she lay quietly next to me and tolerated my nightly shenanigans in the dark, with which I was also satisfied for a while. Initially she was a little bit surprised that I masturbated two or three times in a row, but she soon realized that I was very excited when I touched her. I felt her beautiful, round breasts more and more often and pressed my hard–on against her body, squeezing it everywhere and only giving a rest when she repelled me while I was poking her frizzy hair. Surrendered I rolled to the side, because after this excitement I wanted nothing rather than immediately jerk off again.

Once we both could not fall asleep, so she asked me about Willi and there I told her everything little by little. Maybe she liked me even better after this confession, because she caressed me shyly and carefully while I jerked off again. I knew now that I had to tell something, that I had to reveal something sexual to get more. But when I told, I couldn't jerk off at the same time, I said as much after a few days, begging her to jerk me off, to which she shook her head violently. She couldn't suppress her curiosity for long, though, because I stopped jerking off and didn't continue telling until she pressed me against her chest and reached down with her hand down to my cock. She slowly and deliberately slid the foreskin up and down as I whispered the secrets. As my confession neared its end and I stopped, she waited, perplexed. I whispered impatiently that she must continue,

but she shook her head at first. Only after an infinitely long time did she give in to my begging, sighed deeply and shook the cock very quickly from the wrist that it only splashed magnificently! Then she immediately turned to the wall as if she was ashamed. But from now on I wanted nothing else and tried to tell her something as often as something happened or I invented something.

Slowly her shyness faded, at least a little. My God, was she good at it! I became almost addicted to getting the cock shaken out of her wrist, to get shaken! Unfortunately, I too often lacked the narrative material, and once, when I was too impatient, she sat up cross–legged and pulled me energetically to her, then she held her hand over it so that I did not squirt all over. Anyway, I immediately shared the stories about Hildegard, Willi and Anni into small portions, so that she did it to me quite often. That all this had to remain a secret, I instinctively suspected, because she never talked about these things during the day.

Since the summer at Willi's, at the latest, I looked at her with different eyes. As curiously as I watched her, however, I never found out when she did it either and why she hid it so carefully from me. I often thought of Anni or Hildegard, but my mother seemed different from them, was busy and industrious during the day, but quiet and secretive at night; but I could only imagine quite well in my fantasies that she did it. I really wanted to watch her do it, but at night, after she had masturbated me two or three times properly, I regularly slept away.

As time passed, I crawled onto her belly, nestled my feverish face on her neck, and placed my hands delicately on her large breasts, her wonderful breasts, feeling pleasurable shivers as I touched her wet slit with my cock. She rocked me back and forth, humming softly, my little one pressed against her thigh, pushing up into her frizzy hair, heart pounding. I lay on top of her longer and longer, crawling back and forth like a little seal baby on its mommy and stroking her, feeling her body become softer and softer. As long as it went she tolerated me on her belly and allowed me to caress her breasts and suck her nipples, that my little hard–on pressed into her pubic hair and

also touched her slit. Only I was not allowed to become overconfident and advance too far.

But of course I tried again and again, because I only needed to cuddle her long enough and knead her nipples, then she became soft and pliable, but she actually didn't like it at all that I penetrated deeper. But I did. As I slid deeper into her vagina, she held me for a few moments and whispered that we weren't supposed to do that, that fucking was a great sin and gently but forcefully pushed me back. I mewled defiantly that we didn't go to church at all and therefore the sin didn't apply to us, but still she insisted that we weren't allowed to do that, the fucking (I didn't like that word, because Willi and Anni said screwing or hagging, but never fuck, because we thought it was a mean word).

I feared the darkness, but it was also my ally. More and more often the baby seal lay down on its mama's belly and crawled up and down. More and more often she gave up the defense, because she also liked this crawling around very much, but especially when the seal baby gently caressed and sucked her nipples. When I was gentle and careful she became very soft and tilted her thighs relaxed to the side. Sometimes I managed to push the cock a very tiny bit into the vagina, but only a very tiny bit. The subsequent careful wiggling around excited me immensely, but she was usually on guard and took him out before he could squirt; rubbed him quickly out of the wrist and muttered that we must not fuck each other.

Once, as we cuddled for quite a long time, she lay there quite relaxed, enjoying me teasing her nipples with my fingertips, and she became increasingly softer when I sucked the teats. She spread her legs wide and seemed to be just waiting for it. Still, she gave a startled sigh when I tentatively pushed in a tiny bit further than usual. She held me tightly for a few moments while I was inside her, heart pounding, and whispered reproachfully that I was not allowed to fuck her. Carefully she pushed me back a little, but I persisted and she was also already very soft and yielding, so I continued to grind around in the vaginal entrance. She mewed and growled like a big cuddly bear and squirmed, apparently because it was so fine for her too. I whispered how much I needed it now and now she reached

down and rubbed me even though half of my cock was still in her hole. Only when she realized that it was about to come, she pulled it all the way out and let it squirt onto her thigh.

I whispered in her ear how nice that had been. She smiled and stroked my hair, then whispered what a tease I was, and that yes, it was almost like fucking, but when I said that, however, fucking was quite different I felt her laugh softly. So it happened that from now on we always did it that way. She liked the cuddling and grinding very much, but mostly she kept me at a distance and made sure that I did not penetrate too deeply. Mostly before she masturbated me, she pushed me into a kneeling position and made it so that I would I splashed on the sheet. Sometimes it happened that she became very soft and yielding and growled with pleasure like a humming bear, mostly because I worked on her nipples. Then she spread her legs as wide as never before, wiggled her ass with pleasure and rubbed my cock against her pubic. I loved this intense feeling when she rubbed her labia with the tip of my cock, which gave her obvious pleasure, or brushed the cleft with the glans for minutes before she remembered me and quickly masturbated me. Sometimes she was so amused that after masturbating she continued to brush the clit with her cock, even though he was already squirting. Or she was so amused, that she didn't seem to notice that it was already squirting a bit before she had it out. I was surprised that she didn't always notice, because she usually pressed the tip of the glans between the labia only until it squirted, and had an almost unmistakable feeling for how long she could rub and when it would squirt. She always pulled it out only at the last moment out, so that it squirted only in the pubic hair or outside on the gap. But I often had squirted long before that.

Before I fell asleep from fatigue, I usually put one hand awkwardly around her body and listened to her for a long time. Now, when I dozed off, I imagined, half asleep, that she was moving and wiggling violently, like Hildegard or Anni, and that she was doing it now. But I always fell asleep, so I didn't find out if it was just in my imagination or if it was actually happening.

During the day we never talked about these things, because I had learned very well that it was all taboo.

Still A Secret

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

It was that afternoon when Anni had lolling horny and lascivious on the old mat for a long time before she had masturbated to madness. I knelt in front of her, had my little one in my hand and horned up on her masturbating. My first squirt stretched as a thin thread over her belly before I squirted it all splashed on her skinny thighs. Suddenly Willi grabbed her under the buttocks and pushed his cock into the open little hole in a flash. Anni flinched in complete surprise and screamed “Hey!” as her hymen tore now completely; but Willi was now lying heavily on top of her and his thick cock drove deep into her little vagina, she cried out again and had to spread her legs painfully wide, because Willi was big and wide. “But please don’t squirt inside!” whimpered Anni horrified, but he penetrated again with a push deep into her slender abdomen, she sighed and twitched, as if in orgasm, and listened with wide open eyes inside.

I leaned forward and looked spellbound at her vagina, at the labia that clasped his cock taut to the breaking point and slid down it like a frog’s mouth when he pulled out. Willi thrust into her a few more times, thrusting his cock deep into her vagina and still holding her with a vice. He pulled the cock almost all the way out again before thrusting it all the way in. I watched in fascination as her hairless, bloody reddened slit closed tightly around his thick cock and sucked on it while he pumped jerkily a few more times and just squirted inside her. Anni’s eyes snapped open and she shrieked, then she pushed him away and rolled to the side. Willi knelt there with a stupid face and splashed the rest on the floor. The whole thing had taken only seconds.

Anni was terribly angry and howling, sobbing over and over how mean he was, then she squatted down with her legs straddled and let the slime and let the mucus run out, running her finger in to get it all out. Willi’s head had turned red and he just grinned stupidly as Anni finally ran off crying.

As much as I struggled to squirt that night — it just didn't work. When the mother noticed my desperation, she pressed me tenderly to her chest and tentatively and shyly groped for my cock. She asked again what was wrong. I evaded, but she persisted, and gently stroked me gently, up and down, while I told her everything — or almost everything —about Hildegard, who had masturbated very violently that afternoon; because that had also very excited me. I squirted after only a few moments. She continued to ask, listened and kept silent, and I had to tell her the rest as well, during which she again rubbed the foreskin back and forth very quickly until it squirted. But it wasn't enough, so after a while I whispered that I really needed it again, then I crawled onto her belly and hugged her fiercely. She began to tremble violently because my cock, which was impatiently looking for her slit, was still dripping wet from squirting and her slit was soon completely smeared with my semen.

I had to tell her again once again tell her how Hildegard had done it exactly, while I slid a little deeper than usual into the slit. She reached for me to stop me, but she pressed her abdomen trembling against me at the same time and asked in a whisper how it was with the Anni and she pushed the tail firmly back and forth, although the cock was already pretty deep inside. Hoarsely, I reported anew what Willi had done with Anni, and while Willi dug his cock faster and deeper into Anni, she pressed my cock firmly with every movement of her jerking hand firmly into her trembling vagina. In between she paused and rubbed the glans firmly on her clit, at the same time rotating her ass in circles. When Willi thrust in hard and squirted it all in, she continued rubbing with hasty strokes from her wrist and pressed the whole cock firmly into the slit again. I was silent with excitement while she continued to jerk me harder and harder. She had her eyes closed and jerked me as if it were her cock that she was jerking wildly. She rubbed so frantically and so furiously that it squirted juicily a few times while she was doing it to me and I was still inside, but she kept jerking as if she hadn't noticed. She was shaking badly when she stopped and pulled it out half–heartedly, leaving the tired residue spilling out of the squirting little monster over her pubic.

I lay panting next to her and whispered excitedly that it was almost like real fucking. She flinched a little and shook her head. "No,

no, that was not fucking, because fucking we are not allowed!" For the hundredth time she whispered powerlessly that we had to stop all this because otherwise it would end in disaster. Then we hugged each other for a long time, and I was now quite sure that she had not noticed from all the excitement that I had really squirted inside everything. I felt the trembling of my mother for a long time and smiled because we had almost fucked properly and because it had squirted in a very small bit. No, because it had squirted all inside. Mother was still trembling and sat down at the table, where she slowly drank one glass after another, while I gradually fell asleep.

At dawn I awoke because it seemed to me that I felt hasty movements beside me. Suddenly I was awake, felt the rapid, violent movements and her excitement. I smelled the pungent smell of liquor she gave off and felt her heart beating furiously, the fire blazing under her skin, like Anni's, just before she orgasmed. Driven by curiosity, I turned to her in the darkness and palmed her greedily, but she didn't like that at all now and turned away energetically, toward the wall. She was instantly frozen when I touched her, when my groping fingers touched her sweaty, feverishly trembling and shivering body. I continued to palpate her, even though she had curled up and turned away. She wanted to continue and was already pushing against the wall, but when I stroked her nipples and then her cunt, she started to sigh deeply again and no longer resisted. Slowly she turned back and opened her thighs again willingly. Despite my excitement, I instinctively got that this did her good.

I lay diagonally behind her, pressed myself against her buttocks and grasped with my hand around her waist to bury the fingers deep in her wet pubic. I stroked and rubbed, she groaned and moaned, but after a while I stopped irritated when our fingers suddenly touched. I had never seen her so aroused, her masturbation was new and exciting for me and this excitement had a contagious effect. With the wet hand that had just been rooting around in her wet pubic, I began to wank and pushed my pelvis quite horny forward, along the fold of her ass, until my cock touched her pubic, where I felt quite clearly how her labia danced back and forth with the rapid movement of her fingers. I didn't stop until I was between her labia and suddenly had the image of Willi and Anni in front of my eyes. Finally, I thought ex-

citedly, finally we fucked properly, but she seemed to have forgotten me completely and continued masturbating impatiently panting. I pushed the cock only a few centimeters in and out, because further I did not dare, and insecure I was also, because she was was completely absent and masturbated furiously fast. After a few minutes, she orgasmed loudly and pressed her butt down hard to jerk it over my cock until it was in deep, which scared me terribly. It felt like a warm, wet slug was wrapping itself around my cock and licking it off with a hot tongue. Like a mouth it pulsed around my cock and seemed to want to swallow it convulsively. She thrust at me a couple of times; I flinched as if struck by lightning, but she pressed me ironically and firmly into her orgasm. I screamed and squirted, I squirted and screamed and heard her moan and whimper; and only now did I thrust deeper inside, let it squirt in further and further pulsating. Her whimpering became quieter.

As if struck down I lay there and crying because I had done such a despicable thing. My mother hid under the blanket and cried as well. “My God,” she sobbed softly, “my God!” After a while, she dragged herself into the kitchen, and I heard her washing her hole, crying. I felt so miserable that I wanted to die. How could I do this to her! When she came back in, with hard looking eyes I cried again, my heart full of fear and anxiety, until she broke the silence and whispered that it wasn’t my fault. I understood nothing and howled myself to sleep.

The next morning we had breakfast in silence and in a very depressed mood, and I felt that there was a rift between us that would not heal for a long time.

Anni Enjoys It

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

My mother had been silent for days and then sent me to Willi — I was glad to escape the oppressive mood and my guilty conscience. At Willi's I forgot everything immediately, because we were fully immersed in our little world again. I didn't tell Willi a single word about all this — he would not have believed me anyway.

After a few days Anni was back, and we made up. Willi had to promise high and holy never to fuck her again. Nevertheless, she remained much more cautious towards Willi now. Tentatively we resumed our wankings, the lust was stronger than the mistrust.

Willi did not keep his promise, of course. As soon as Anni was back with us, he fucked her again. I had initially suspected that the crybaby would finally leave, but to my amazement she endured everything with angelic patience. She became softer and quieter the more Willi put her down without a word and pushed his cock in. They no longer jerked at all, but fucked as often as they could. I sat a little alone next to them and mostly just watched; because jerking off alone was not much fun. That again displeased Willi, who really wanted to see me squirt. I just shrugged my shoulders and continued to watch as he fucked Anni. The moment when he pumped Anni's smacking pussy full fascinated me the most. We knew about the danger of pregnancy and had a vague idea about contraception, but Willi rarely thought to pull out his cock in a timely manner. Often he was puffing away like a steam engine, seeing and hearing nothing until he had poured himself into Anni. Anni seemed to have surrendered to this fate and held on to him even though she should have pushed him away long ago. She did sometimes paw around in her vagina with a handkerchief to get Willi's seed out, but I didn't think that was very effective. Well, we were just kids in the country and all three of us were actually pretty simple–minded. The good Gods apparently had mercy and wisely prevented.

Willi was not so insightful. In his simple mind it wasn't right to have me only as a spectator and apparently it seemed to him also not fair that only he fucked with a girl. Slowly and awkwardly he came to the point. I ducked with red ears and Anni immediately spread all ten fingers defensively, because that would be out of the question for her. At the same time, she blinked curiously at me from under her eyelashes, trying to gauge my reaction. Days passed until Willi got his way.

It was late one afternoon in the hayloft, Willi just had Anni under him and paused in the middle of it. Then he half turned and beckoned me to come closer. I crawled obediently closer, as he grabbed me quite firmly around the waist and pulled me towards him. "Go on, do it!" he hissed, and pulled his thick cock slowly out of Anni's vagina. I was panic–stricken, even more so when Anni saw the disaster coming and tried to wriggle away from him. But Willi held her tightly and hissed in my ear that I should finally do it. Now! Tentatively, my little hard–on touched Anni's outer labia, but I didn't dare go any further. Willi rolled even further to the side and pushed me forward.

I was inside Anni. Amazed, I felt the moist, warm tightness that surrounded my cock, amazed, I thought, that the sky wasn't falling and I didn't need to be afraid. I did not move until I felt Anni uncramp and laugh. "He can't," she sneered, "he can't!" Now I was getting kind of angry, and trying to be wild like Willi, I pushed and stomped into Anni, who soon held still and looked at me in amazement. I had to thrust for quite a long time before it came. She felt it jerking and spurting out of me and tried desperately to wriggle out. I tried to pull it out too, but Willi's leg was heavy on me, pinning me down. I just looked at her with dull calf eyes while it all squirted inside. My God, I was miserable, I thought all the time about my mother, where I had also squirted everything in.

After that there was silence at first, we lay in a wild tangle on top of each other. Willi was the first to stir and grinned, "Now, big boy!", then he winked at me buddy–like. Anni sat up snorting and pretended to be angry for a minute. It wasn't until we let a cigarette go around that Willi told Anni that the little guy was finally no longer a

virgin, and Anni had to laugh, but I was still a little depressed, because all the time I was thinking about my mother and the fact that I now had been involved in another great wrong. That was of course nonsense, because from then on we stopped jerking off almost completely and only fucked Anni, both of us.

I was often the superfluous third and had to wait for my turn to fuck. Sometimes I was already so horny from watching that I hardly had to touch me to squirt. Anni was sometimes quite funny about fucking; she was completely infatuated with Willi and that flattered him a lot; at the same time she categorically refused to fuck me. But Willi was always generous, then he stubbornly insisted that I fuck Anni, even if she didn't want it. So I waited impatiently until they were done. Anni was usually already pretty tired when it was my turn or simply didn't want to. But Willi did not tolerate any contradiction and scuffled with her until he had grabbed her tightly. He bent her arms firmly backwards and spread her thighs with his knees. Now she could no longer resist when I went to work. I didn't mind that she looked dull and impassive until I was done, even though I fucked quickly and hastily and it was usually very quick. Anni was already very aroused and got her orgasm before I squirted everything inside. Willi didn't know why I fucked so furiously sometimes, but I always had to think of squirting inside my mother when I squirted inside Anni.

At the end of the summer it was then called to take leave for the time being. But before that, the farmer sent Willi and me with a small herd into the next but one valley, where he owned a small pasture. That meant four days on the road with a dozen cows and heifers. In a few brief words the father explained to Willi and indirectly to me how important this assignment was, what responsibility we were taking on and that he had to look after the "Boy" — meaning me — and should have to take care of him. Thus began quite unspectacularly the adventurous conclusion of our summer vacation. Until late at night Willi and I stayed awake and talked about our adventure. Only, that Anni would not be there, was a pity, Willi said. Then he was silent for a moment and said that if we really wanted to fuck, then the calves would be there. I became blushing, because I knew that the Willi led no loose speeches, if nothing was behind it.

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At dawn Willi woke me up, hung an old, hundred times sewn canvas backpack around my shoulders and told me to follow him. We drove the cows and calves named by father the night before out of the barn, rubbed the lead cow's coat with a brush, and went from cow to cow with the brush, calf to calf, to teach them the scent of the lead cow once again, and then they went off, out to the farm, down the hill. At the bottom of the last gate, the farmer and Hildegard were waiting for us. The farmer checked our backpacks, put his hand on Willi's shoulder again, and then trudged wordlessly up the hill. Hildegard hugged Willi fiercely and croaked "Good Bye!" in her strange deaf–mute voice, then yanked me up and kissed me left, right and all around, her tears still burning on my cheek for a long time. The farmer coughed again and got impatiently from one leg to the other, and Hildegard let me go, silently following her master uphill.

The Rape

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

Meanwhile, my mother had banished me to the cot on the living room floor — she seemed to be serious that I was too old to sleep with her. My begging look pained her greatly, and she stroked my hair with her hand, murmuring that it was not my fault. But it was no consolation, for she seemed unable to forgive herself — and perhaps me — that we had really fucked. Even with Willi I found no consolation, because he was with all his thoughts only was busy with fucking. Anni, whom I raped again and again with Willi's help, probably despised me. I went to her and Willi less and less often, because in the meantime I also began to despise myself.

I became angry at the whole world, especially at the women who led me only to the bad — Hildegard, Anni, Mrs. Ogawa and my mother as well. I was really angry and despairing when I lay in the improvised crib and guessed the outline of her body in the night darkness. When the moon shone, I could see everything. I lay awake half the night waiting to see if she moved. Usually she turned around several times in the dream and pressed herself against the ceiling as if against a lover. I would look at the dimly visible outline of her back and legs; but my favorite thing was to look at her buttocks when she was lying on her stomach and masturbated softly. Sometimes I would stay awake for hours when she was lying on her stomach and sticking her butt out, and masturbated two or three times. It was very lonely and very sad. One night I couldn't take it anymore and lay down next to the sleeping one.

"What is it," she asked rising from her sleep and pushing me away until I had to sit down on the edge of the bed to avoid falling off. "I can't sleep," I said, and stroked the blanket with one hand over the blanket, feeling the outline of her body. "Don't do that" she hissed, pulling back even further; "stay in your bed, and that's final!"

"I can't sleep," I said the next night, as I sat down on the edge of her bed. "What is it," she asked, pulling the covers up under her chin.

“There are so many things happen,” I whispered intermittently and waited patiently. “What’s happening,” she asked promptly, and I said that I could lie down next to her and tell her everything. She hissed at me not to even think about it and pulled the blanket even tighter around her body. I was frozen, remained silent and waited. After a while, I felt that she was no longer so dismissive and began to tell the story of Mrs. Ogawa. My mother whispered angrily at first that she hadn’t thought that the old Japanese woman had let herself be fucked and she had to say really bad things about the old Japanese whore who fucked young innocent boys, virgin boys, and so on. But then she listened again until I stopped in the middle. Of course she had already become very curious how it went on, but I now begged her to do it to me with her hand. She shook her head in denial and vigorously insisted that I get back into the cot. I obeyed sadly and defiantly. Now I was again lying lonely and rejected on my floor cot and wept with self–-pity.

In the first light of morning I woke up and stared over at her. She was lying naked on her stomach with one bent knee across the blanket. She lay like a rider on the scrunched up blanket and stretched the soft curve of her butt back. I straightened up and saw the light curl of pubic hair under the fold of her ass. She stirred sometimes like a dreaming dog and pressed her abdomen against the blanket. I suspected that she was dreaming of fucking. I was electrified and crawled to the foot of her bed and stared at her slit, which she kept pressing tightly against the crumpled blanket. I bent over as far as I could and looked at her half–open cleft. Her clit had come out again and was as long as half a finger limb, now she kept thrusting it firmly and hard against the blanket while she was dreaming. Suddenly she rammed furiously and wildly against the blanket for a few seconds, then her abdomen twitched uncontrollably. My heart was pounding wildly because she had had an orgasm in the dream! For the next few weeks I slept almost not a minute and watched her all night; mostly nothing happened, but two or three times a week she had her dream–orgasm at night. It was a surprising and exciting discovery.

Spring was slowly turning into summer, and it was getting hot and humid. In the evening, when we went to bed, it was still light, and mother read in the evening until dark. I was for many weeks re-

mained an inconspicuous observer of her dream–orgasms for many weeks, she no longer looked so stern, and when she read she did not pay so much attention to the position of her legs, so that I could always see into her vagina or vaginal fold. It upset me more and more and I began to masturbate secretly, although it was still quite light in the room. After some time I noticed that she was watching my masturbation inconspicuously. Although I usually fell asleep immediately afterwards, I soon woke up again because she was masturbating quite loudly. Immediately I understood the connection that my masturbating could trigger violent arousal in her. From now on I gave up all secrecy and masturbated for all it was worth. And then put me asleep, lying in wait like a spy.

Frequently the calculation worked out. She would read on for a few minutes, blinking over at me to see if I was fast asleep yet. Of course I was, sound asleep. Already while reading her fingers played a little with a nipple, glided to her cleft or clit. Then she put the book aside with a deep aroused sigh, spread her bent legs wide and masturbated. When her arousal increased and she closed her eyes, her head cocked to one side and her fingers quickened. I sat up or crawled closer at the foot of the bed, very carefully closer to see everything up close. At Hildegard I had guessed more than seen from a distance, and Anni had a tiny vagina with a tiny little clit that you almost couldn't see. But now I looked at everything very closely, how it looked and how she did it.

Where Anni had two little bulges protecting her vagina from prying eyes, thick flaps of her skin hung down; two large, thick and wrinkled skin flaps. Between them, a long, hood–like fold of skin stretched down from above, under which the clitoris was normally hidden. To masturbate, she pushed this protective skin fold all the way back with her thumb, so that the clit came out like a little fingertip, and she rubbed it with her index finger, very quickly and lightly. The clit became hard and stiff and nodded back and forth like a little ball that won't and won't submerge in the bathtub, but she kept going and kept the little ball dancing until it came to her.

As she approached orgasm, her flat hand circled in an oval motion, her splayed fingers pressed on her clit, and at the end, when her

abdomen began to undulate, she sometimes pressed two fingers of the other hand into her vagina and fucked herself, hard and furiously. Now the orgasm broke loose, she gasped her pressed suppressed “Uuuchs!” and “Aaachs!” and pressed the fucking fingers only irregularly and jerking into the vagina; but now it was also time for me to disappear again inconspicuously in the crib and pretend to be asleep, but I had to be fast, as long as she still kept her hand pressed on her pubic and let her arousal fade out gasping. Of course I couldn’t fall asleep, not after such excitement. Soon I heard her breathing deeply or snoring a bit, so I could still get a quick release.

I watched her as often as I could, and slowly a plan matured in me. I also already knew exactly how I would execute my plan. We had already fucked once and so the big sin had already happened anyway, so it didn’t matter now if we fucked again; this sin would be the same mortal sin, and you can’t be dead more than once.

I only had to wait until she had become so aroused while masturbating that she was no longer aware of her surroundings. Then I crawled quietly and infinitely carefully to her on the bed. She was already rubbing herself very quickly and noticed nothing. She also did not notice that I knelt down and carefully pushed my hard–on closer and a bit into her vagina. She was puffing restlessly because her orgasm was getting closer and I held my breath, because now she was rubbing so fast that I thought she couldn’t stop, but during my careful thrusting she cringed.

“What are you doing,” she cried in startlement, groping for the bedside lamp, which lit up uncomfortably bright. She struggled free and, of course, knew immediately what I wanted to do. I knelt stiffly and irritably in front of her, holding onto her knees with both hands. “Don’t do it,” she whispered hoarsely, as I slowly bent her knees apart again and looked closely at her wet cunt in the bright light. I hesitantly reached out a hand to her excitedly trembling cunt and spread it a little, whereupon she stopped gasping and held her breath because she was still so insanely horny. I curiously palpated the large, hard swollen clit that protruded boldly from its skin fold. She jerked as if electrified and drove me not to touch her there.

I lay down on her belly, stroking her breasts as I used to do before and gently rocked back and forth, my hard–on pressed firmly against her cunt. I thought of how many times we'd done it before and said so. "Don't do it," she whispered fearfully, "you can't fuck your grandmother!" Yes, I can, I thought dumbly, seeing in her eyes fear, horniness and despondency. She had tears in her eyes, tears of fear, as she said, "No, don't fuck me!" It also irritated me that she so persistently called herself grandmother and that she kept saying "fuck". I reached down between us with one hand and stroked the tip of my cock up and down her slit a few times. I sensed that she was still aroused to the breaking point and that her body was thinking differently than her head. I felt, as I had so many times before when I had done violence to Anni, the cold wind in my heart. "Don't do it," she whispered, looking anxiously into my face, "please don't squirt inside!" as she half–heartedly tried to close her legs again. She reached for me and seemed to want to push me away, but I grabbed her forearms, bent them backwards and pushed them down behind her head. Damn it, she should let me do it! I got angry because she tearfully whispered that she didn't want to be fucked. It was her nonsensical talk about fucking that made me so so fixated on it. It rushed in my ears as I pushed her thighs apart with one hand and my pelvis and slowly penetrated her — infinitely slowly as I watched her gasp for air and draw it in deep with a wail. When I had penetrated all the way, she turned her head to the side and closed her eyes in despair. She gasped and whispered tonelessly that she didn't want to be fucked, but she didn't really resist as I turned firmly up and down gyrating; she just looked at me fearfully and cried just a little more.

I suddenly felt sore for doing this to her. I put my face to her neck and plucked her nipples with my fingers, because she usually liked that. I lay restlessly on top of her and stroked the nipples, poked a little with my pelvis and could feel the nipples gradually hardening. In contrast to Anni's tight, hard little vagina, hers looked large and soft, but was surprisingly tight. It felt like a soft, warm glove wrapped lightly around my cock, as if I were in a tight cave. Anni's vagina had always seemed like a tight tunnel to me; now, however, all I felt was soft warmth and a gentle, passive embrace. It was arousing and amazing at the same time.

Now she stopped moaning softly and gasped, because I held her down firmly and fucked her properly. Her fear and tears had driven me wild, I pushed and pushed as hard as I could. Then a transformation took place with her that I had already noticed earlier with Anni before she orgasmed. She suddenly became very soft and yielding, pushed along with her abdomen in time and smiled. After some time, she panted just like Anni, when she fucked me to orgasm and pushed from below wildly with. Suddenly she made her "Uaah!" as she always did when she got the orgasm and rolled her abdomen in short, violent waves. I felt it coming up slowly and fucked faster and faster. Her whole body quivered along with my thrusts and she whispered, though still thrusting me violently, "Please, don't squirt inside!"

It was far too late. I clenched my teeth and hurled the first jet deep into her soft, warm abdomen. She gasped and squinted, my pelvis thrusting convulsively against her pubic mound, spraying jet after jet inside. Although I was already slumped over her, I still held her by her forearms and did not let go. I felt my cock gradually shrink and slide out of her vagina with an inaudible plop.

I felt depressed and anxiously waited for thunder. But she remained lying, just as I had slid off her and gently stroked my hair. "Silly boy," she reprimanded, and I breathed a sigh of relief, for it didn't sound evil, "you mustn't fuck your grandmother!" I was relieved to see that she smiled graciously at me as she did so, and I closed my eyes for a few minutes, for I was terribly tired and happy.

It was a few days later that I awoke from my dozing because I felt her groping for me and touching my soft cock. Slowly and gently she stroked it until it straightened up, then continued to gently stroke up and down until it stood hard and stiff. I half sat up and looked at her; her eyes smiled in a feverish gleam. She continued to stroke me invitingly with her hand, then leaned over and whispered in my ear, "Want some more?" I didn't understand right away and looked at her questioningly, but she looked rather embarrassed and now I asked whispering back, "fuck again?"

It was rushing in my ears, my cock was stiff to bursting and my tiredness seemed like evaporated. Hurriedly I lay down on top of her,

rested my head on her shoulder and played with her nipples. She reached down and quickly plugged my cock into her vagina, then hugged me. I fucked her as hard and as fast as I could. Soon she closed her eyes and gasped, thrusting along with her abdomen as I ticked like clockwork in her tight vagina. She grew more and more excited and thrust harder and harder, then her face contorted, and after a long, heavy gasp, a little cry escaped her throat, an “Ooooh!”. I wasn’t ready yet and kept going, she kept rearing back in her distress and expelling air loudly as I fucked her hard and fast. It rose hot inside me, then the orgasm tore me wildly back and forth. She held me tightly pressed against her, while I squirted and squirted and squirted until I calmed down. She held me sweetly and gently in her arms afterwards, while I dozed off again. Then she whispered in my ear that I was her little bull from now on. Sleepily I mumbled that I was not a bull after all, but she smiled and gently rocked me to sleep.

The Thing with Uncle Frieder and Anni

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

From then on, everything went differently than I expected. I was surprised that my mother always made the crib clean and neat, although I slept with her again. She noticed my my questioning look and murmured that it was in case visitors came. I did not ask what visitors could come to us and we left it at that. Although she didn't seem to be angry anymore that we had fucked properly, it went on as before, as if nothing had changed. Or at least not in the way I had thought, namely that we would fuck every night now, as a matter of course. No, it didn't turn out that way. She remained completely passive and I had to conquer her again and again when I needed it.

I turned around so that I was between her thighs and palpated her body, stroking her breast and feeling for her cunt. Desirously I looked at her cunt, from which the clit barely peeked out. I knew how stiff and hard it could get, so I stroked it as she would have done it, although it seemed mostly for a brief moment as if she wanted to resist. I touched the clit as gently as I could, stroking it lightly until it grew a bit and became hard; soon it stuck out dark red and as big as half a little finger phalanx. It took quite a long time after that for her to relax and spread her thighs willingly so that I could better reach the clit, but at that time I still had to learn how to do it right and stopped after some time with the stimulation.

But somehow it was already right so, this stimulating. Because now I could crawl again on her belly and knead her nipples until she mewed with pleasure like a cat and the thighs spread very wide. Now it was as clear as daylight that I was allowed to put it in and fuck her so often until it was no longer possible. At the beginning, when I was still thinking about pulling out, she smiled and said that she was already too old to get pregnant and whispered that I was allowed to squirt in. At the same time she stroked my hair tenderly and said what a good boy I was. And how good it did her when I fucked her

two or three times a night to orgasm. She kept saying “fuck”, because in her opinion that was not a bad word. In the beginning, on many a Sunday, we stayed in bed all day and fucked as often as we could.

And so they lived happily ever after. So or so similarly the story should end now. But it doesn’t end like that, not our story. Only fairy tales end like that.

Shortly before my 16th birthday, two things happened: first the one with with Uncle Frieder and then that with Anni, but now one after the other.

Even in the seclusion of our small village, I couldn’t help noticing how often and regularly my mother drove to the city. One late evening, when she returned home, I was waiting for her under the front door and gave free rein to my sadness and jealousy; she had not just gone to Uncle Frieder’s, but there was more! When she said nothing, I followed up with a bile–bitter voice that she was his mistress.

Mother looked at me with a horrified look, then she rushed past me without a word and immediately closed the living room door. Defiantly I waited outside, hoping she would come out and set everything right, because I must be mistaken, it could not be true! But no matter how long I waited, she did not come, and I heard her crying softly in the room. My bitterness vanished instantly and I quietly scurried in to her. I immediately became very sad because she was lying on the bed sobbing as if she had been cast down. I crawled to her and hugged her, whispering over and over that I didn’t mean it and more along those lines.

After a while she stopped crying, sniffled a few more times, and then said very softly that it was true after all and that she was very ashamed of it, to him and to me. I was struck by the blow and kept silent for a long time, then I buried my face sadly against her breast. It could not be true! She stroked my hair and whispered that she wanted to tell me everything now, the whole truth. She blushed and started to confess.

Silently and haltingly she told me that after grandfather's death she had been left completely penniless. Within a few weeks she was faced with the ruins of her previous existence. She trusted some of her grandfather's friends who pretended to want to help. But she mostly found out only in the course of time that they wanted nothing else than to fuck the deceased friend's wife. She always broke away from these fake boyfriends when they stayed for a few nights, without seriously thinking about a responsible relationship, because she was not the kind of woman who let herself be fucked by everyone. In any case, Uncle Frieder was the only one who made a serious effort for her; but unfortunately he was still married and his intention to divorce was sincere, but proved to be protracted, because his wife was terminally ill and clung to him.

She made a small pause, and there I asked her with a depressed face, whether she had fucked with all. She looked a little embarrassed and whispered "no, not with all!" But I asked and drilled stubbornly further, and then she admitted that she had done it with all who were courting her at the time. There were about 150 or more, she said, blushing. I kept silent, depressed, because I had always watched them fuck when I was a small child. I watched them fuck through the crack in the door which I had secretly opened a bit when she had taken me to the children's room. Mostly, though, I lay naked in their bed and they always waited until I was asleep. I watched them fuck at close range without her ever noticing.

The little genius had moved to the end of the bed "in his sleep", from where I could secretly look directly into her open vagina. Mother slapped a hand over her mouth as I told how excited I was when the stiff cock entered her hole, drove in and out a few times, and the guy thrust wildly and squirted inside. I watched the fucking and the squirting up close without her ever noticing. She blushed like a virgin when I described in great detail and quite piggy words what the little genius could observe then. She continued: of course she noticed my stiff cock, she was staring during being fucked at the little cock as it slowly became stiff and the little sleeping boy stroked it in his sleep. After the man had gone, she pulled her sleeping child onto her naked lap and stroked the little cock until it was quite soft again. Infinitely gently, she rubbed the foreskin over the glans with her fin-

gertips up and down until little translucent droplets signaled the end and the little penis softened. I always fell deeply asleep during her soft and tender stroking, dreaming beautiful erotic snatches of her fucking. She held her breath as the squirting sputtered slowly over months. I emerged from sleep for a fraction of a second when I squirted, she said, but instantly fell asleep again. She told me now, haltingly and blushing, that she then had me squirt carefully every night for years. Soon she had to have me gently rub twice and squirt twice before the penis softened again. I couldn't remember at all, but she said I was only startled half asleep and then went right back to deep sleep. But when she noticed that I had learned to masturbate and squirt with Willi, she stopped playing with my penis from one day to the next.

For a few years she fucked another man every day, but when I was 11 or 12, no more men came to her bed, from then on she was mine alone. She listened in horror, her face red with shame, as I told her everything I remembered. She had never known that, she said, and we were silent for a long time. Then I asked how it had gone on and she continued after a while.

Uncle Frieder was a lawyer and knew perfectly well that they could not afford to make a mistake, because the divorce could ruin him if they did not proceed wisely. So he got mother and me this little one–room apartment far out of town, and they agreed to see each other only once or twice a week to fuck until the divorce, secretly, of course. For that he gave us some money so we could make ends meet.

My tears had long since dried as I cuddled up to her. It was bad for me, but I could do no more than escape to the safest place in the world, her warm lap. Slowly she undressed me and caressed me before she undressed too. I waited meanwhile and pondered full of jealousy, then I asked the question, how that was, with the uncle Frieder, how that was with them fucking?

Mother smiled and lay down next to me. This is nothing, she said and pulled me to her chest, Uncle Frieder is already very old, and therefore it is not like with me. How, not like that with me? I asked

defiantly and full of mistrust. Mother cleared her throat first and thought about it for quite a long time, then she explained to me that he was already very old and that he ran out of breath when fucking, long before she could reach orgasm. That was finally over, she usually only does it to him with her hand or with her mouth, that he liked most. And that is quite different from the two of us, isn't it? I had to agree with her that with us it was really different. She rubbed the old man, but I took care of the real fucking. Somehow I was reassured and almost relaxed, but I still asked how it was done, with her mouth? She thought again quite a short time before she explained to me how to do it to a man with the mouth. My confused look and my questioning eyes made her laugh, she hesitated only a moment before diving down and taking my cock in her mouth. My curiosity turned to horniness, the horniness to arousal and then I breathlessly whispered it was coming to squirt, but she was not deterred and continued with the head nodding continued until it squirted, then she sucked it all in, swallowed the semen and sucked until nothing more came. It wasn't as fine as fucking, but squirted is squirted.

From now on she didn't have to lie to me when she went to town, and I tried to cope better with my jealousy. When I went on to ask if she went only to Uncle Frieder's or to someone else, she remained silent until I asked again. Then she admitted that sometimes she also went to one or the other, you know, with whom she had done it a long time ago. I had guessed it and nodded affectedly. And that Uncle Frieder must not find out all the details, she added, because she liked him very much and wanted to marry him. I wanted to know which of them she really enjoyed it with. When I continued to probe, she blushed all over and finally confessed that she had once met two friends, young and strong cocks, with whom she had sometimes fucked through the whole night with heavenly orgasms until the morning. No, not at the same time, she smiled with answering, always only one after the other. But that had been over for a very long time.

Despite this, I continued to ask her out and did not give in until she told everything in great detail. She didn't want to hide anything from me and squirmed uncomfortably, but finally she told everything, a bit jumbled. That she drove from Uncle Frieder directly to

her former admirers, usually she visited four or five in a row and all of them had to give her money. She blushed again, when she admitted, that she let herself fuck every week by 10 to 15 guys and — here her face turned deeply red — she loved it very much to be fucked by so many different cocks. Every fucking was different to any other. There were only a handful of the more than 100 lovers that fucked her to a proper orgasm, but she always reached a high and intense sexual arousal which she would not miss, not for all the Gold of the Kings. I asked, what about us? She looked me in my eyes, clear and honest. “We fuck a good 15 times a week,” she said firmly, and “you are the only one I love deeply with all my heart, and the only one who could give me a real orgasm anytime.”

Most of the admirers didn’t want to believe that she was already 48, most of them thought she was in her mid–thirties and she was very proud of her beautiful body. (She had accepted Uncle Frieder’s marriage proposal only on the condition that she could continue to visit the friends who fucked very well and keep the money for herself — she wanted a self-determined life and Frieder had agreed.) She would usually be invited for afternoon coffee or dinner before she did them. No, she never did them with her mouth but only Frieder, most of them wanted to fuck her properly, she said, and if they were struggling she would do them with her hand first until they were stiff and able to fuck. Only a very few fucked her so long that she got her orgasm, never did she masturbate in front of them, not even in front of Uncle Frieder. But, she continued firmly, she only did it because we needed the money so badly, and she was no whore. Then she burst into tears. Startled, I hugged her and stroked her back soothingly; of course she wasn’t a whore, I said, she took care of us as best she could. So that was the thing with Uncle Frieder.

The thing with Anni was quite complicated. She began to prefer me to Willi when I was with them and drove him quite crazy with it. Sometimes she teased me by whispering in my ear that Willi fucked her so–and–often now because he was so jealous; I, on the other hand, had my head completely elsewhere and tolerated Anni’s caresses, but at the same time I was thinking about the fucking with mother. When Anni became pregnant, I stayed away and left her completely to Willi, because they would have to get married soon

anyway. Whenever I met Willi, he avoided me and I had the impression that he was not happy with Anni and being a father. Soon the contact broke off completely, except for the home evenings with the Hitler Youth, for it was already 1938. Later I heard that Willi came via Hamburg to the nautical school and the submariners. He wrote once–twice funny field postcards, made mischievous insinuations, how great the women there were, how cross–fit one was and that one allowed oneself here and there more than only a glass.

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When I heard that Anni had had her child and named him Bruno Wilhelm, I was delighted at the unexpected honor, but it was several weeks before I could visit her. At the municipal office she had stated that the father was unknown, which earned her scorn from the villagers. I, too, was stunned, because it was as clear as daylight that Willi was the father, and why she made such a secret of it, I did not understand. No, of course I also wanted to confront Anni about it, because it seemed cowardly to me. Willi had moved in for the Reich, for all of us and did not deserve this denial behind his back.

When I first entered Anni's apartment, Bruno Wilhelm was already a few months old. Anni, who now better looked as before, welcomed me with a radiant smile and embraced me. She chattered away and showed me her little darling. She gave her mother a serious look, and the grumpy old woman got up after a moment and went out to visit her neighbor. It was just as well, because we wanted to be alone.

When I spoke out my reproach concerning Willi, Anni looked down at the ground for a few moments, affected, then she looked at me very directly and asked the counter–question why I was so sure that the child was Willi's? I remained silent, concerned and astonished, because I had not known until then that she had also screwed around with others. We were silent and the tension was only released when she took Bruno Wilhelm out of the cradle and we sat down on the sofa. I looked at the two of them while she breastfeed him and it created a warm feeling in my heart. Admittedly, Anni had developed pimples and blemished skin, and her hair was sticking out like yellow

straw since she had her blond braids cut off, but her eyes were shining just like the eyes of the little one, whom she held incredibly gently and sweetly in her arms. Also, her bosom had grown beautiful and large and was plump with milk. My glance at her new bosom did not escape her, of course not. She put the little one in the cradle after he had fallen asleep again and sat very close next to me.

She talked about Willi and the time of her pregnancy and that Willi had volunteered so surprisingly. I didn't know that, I muttered over and over again, because if all the other things she told were true, then he had made off as soon as it became serious. Surprisingly, she put her arm around me and kissed me, right on the mouth. Then she laughed brightly, because I was visibly perplexed. Come on, she laughed conspiratorially, we haven't done it for many months! She kissed me again, and now I kissed her too, although I was astonished; for then I had abused her, and then she had nothing but contempt for me. When we paused, breathing a deep sigh of relief, I said as much, but Anni only said "Fiddle–dee–dee!" and kissed me again.

"I've liked you more and more each time," she said, "you were always so serious and closed off, and you've suffered from Willi's dominance, too." She paused for a long moment and looked at me frankly. "You're very wrong," she repeated, "in the end I actually liked you a lot!" I thought about it and had to admit that it had really been like that, although I had completely repressed that beautiful time and remembered all too clearly my meanness toward her. And, because Willi had practically pushed me out of our three–way relationship, later, when she was already pregnant.

"Your breasts have become beautiful," I said and felt them under the blouse. She blushed a little and said it was because she was breastfeeding Little Bruno. She looked at me with wide eyes and asked if I still liked her. Again I was surprised and mutely answered in the affirmative, when she smiled very gently and whispered, "Well, come on then!" and leaned back on the sofa. So it came that we began to fuck again, and I obediently paid attention at the beginning, because she had said that I was not allowed to squirt inside because of the breastfeeding period and the pregnancy. When Little Bruno started to cry in the middle of it and she put him to her breast, we

continued with the peck on her breast and there it happened again and again that I squirted into her. Admittedly, I did it later on purpose, because Anni could not defend herself with the little one at her breast. Anni smiled gently, although she was always quite restless because of it.

Anni's mother was a little gray mouse who constantly whined about the bad world, the bad times and the bad people. When she came to it once, as we were still in the middle of fucking, she acted God knows how horrified and shouted that he could finally marry her, the cowardly brat! Anni shouted angrily at her and she immediately withdrew, but we had to start all over again, because we had lost the joy of fucking.

It depressed me very much that my mother had to fuck with several patrons to bring us financially over the rounds. And because she went to the city more and more often, I also went to Anni and the little one quite often. My sexual desire grew the more often my mother stayed away, and there I had to stick to Anni. I liked it best to fuck her when she put Bruno Wilhelm to the breast, then I held my two treasures gently and fucked Anni gently. It was so nice to hold them both tightly and let it squirt in very slowly, without any wild fuss. She loved it most when after the first time she lolls a bit and I fucked her the second time, hard and firm. That way she often got a wonderful orgasm, but not always could I last that long. I was then always annoyed, but once she brought it up, we discussed it for a long time. She blushed and confessed to masturbate only very rarely and secretly, because of the little one and because of the bigot mother. We laughed because that was actually stupid, and then of course she did it quickly when I was tired.

Anni was very grateful that my mother had somehow managed to keep me from being drafted. She often sighed that it was enough for her that Willi had been taken from her; and no, not now me too! She didn't talk about marriage at all anymore, because I had told her that I first had to finish my apprenticeship at the notary's office and find a job, only then I could think about something like that. I hadn't told her that I was also still quite insecure, because she never said any-

thing about whom else she had fucked and who the father of little Bruno Wilhelm really was. So that was the thing with Anni.

A Blow to the Stomach

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

I had already two years of apprenticeship with our old notary behind me, cycled day after day the 8 kilometers to his office. The good old Mr. Mayerhofer himself came from from a tiny village and had worked his way up. He often looked at me with his clever, kind eyes behind his glasses and said that I was working my way up just like he was, and how much that pleased him. Since I did the clerical work quickly and accurately, I had plenty of time to read the books on his shelves. In the third year of my apprenticeship, he got me a half–time position half a job with a notary friend in the capital, and I could now travel with my mother and study two days a week with this notary. Dr. Fenderl, that was the name of the notary, was of a completely different different opinion than the notary Mayerhofer and told me that I should study at university, only then I would become a good notary. I always did willingly, but I knew very well that I could never afford the University. What was important to me was that I learn a good profession and later earn enough to provide for my mother and myself. Maybe also for Anni and her little one.

In the city, of course, I got to hear more about the war, and the more I heard about it, the more grateful I was that Uncle Frieder and some of his friends achieved my provisional exemption from military service. I was almost ready to forgive him for having had a relationship with my mother for so long. On the other hand, I was very worried about Willi, because I had not heard from him for months.

We still lived with Mrs. Ogawa when we were in town, because the house actually belonged to Uncle Frieder and Mrs. Ogawa had to give us a room without paying rent. As time went on, I understood how things fell into place seamlessly. I had grown up in the meantime, and when my mother stayed away, I scurried down to Mrs. Ogawa, who never rejected me. On the contrary, she was no longer quite young and hardly ever had any lovers and if she did, then at most a few old veterans. She had told me so herself, and since she was quite

addicted to fucking, she came to get me — as often as she could — and made me sweat profusely. But she was always good for fucking!

Since I was reading the Iliad, about Prince Paris, the three Goddesses and the Golden Apple, I was thinking about who I would give the apple to, and that's when Mrs. Ogawa came right after my mother and before Anni, because Anni was tender and sweet, but not very nerdy refined when it came to fucking. However, if I were to ranking according to how exciting was the visible of the otherwise invisible, then Anni and Mrs. Ogawa would have to exchange places, because Mrs. Ogawa had the smallest and tightest slit of all and such a tiny clit that it was almost always invisible. Even Anni's clit was often hard to find, but Mother's could grow almost as long as half a little finger limb and straightened erect stiffly like a small penis as soon as she vigorously pulled back and rubbed the hood–like fold of skin with her fingers. I loved her breasts, each of the three pairs, but even here Anni would be ranked between Mother and Mrs. Ogawa. If I had to rate the willingness separately, then again the old Japanese woman would be in first place, because I only had to knock and enter, and she would lay down spreading wide without a word; even Anni sometimes wanted to be conquered, or rather, to be won over. As I pondered back and forth like this, it occurred to me that the age of the women in no way came to mind as a criterion. As I pondered further, I was sure that I would rather not choose after all; all of them were right, right for me. And the thing with Paris went also rather wrong, as one hears so.

I concealed my affairs with Mrs. Ogawa from my mother, but Anni saw it in my face right away and told me so. I squirmed inwardly, but I admitted everything, because Anni was never jealous for long. I was a rascal, Anni sometimes breathed in my ear, a rascal, yes, who fucks old Japanese women! I grinned because she knew nothing about me and my grandmother. Actually, she always wanted to know in detail what the old Ogawa and I were doing, because she got terribly horny from it and had to be fucked right away, so I good–naturedly told everything and after fucking again and embellished it even more so that she got even hornier. I did that on purpose, although I was usually already too tired, because she had to do it herself right away, and meanly I made her horny exactly when her little treasure was lying

on her breast. She jokingly scolded me a horny prankster and left me smiling the little one, so she could masturbate undisturbed.

Once or twice a week I stayed overnight with Anni. Her mother then had to sleep on the couch while we made ourselves comfortable on the big bed. We waited tensely in the dark until she fell asleep, but I sometimes noticed, that she was watching us fuck. Somehow I didn't care and on many a Sunday morning we secretly fucked under the covers even though she was already awake. Anni was afraid and endured hellish fears, although her mother pretended not to notice anything. Sometimes the oats stung me, then I uncovered Anni and made her horny with my fingers until she forgot her mother and only thought about fucking; now I swung myself on top of her and did it so that the old woman had to watch everything. I sometimes grinned at the old woman, who looked over at us with a red face and fidgeted suspiciously under the blanket.

My mother was deeply affected when Uncle Freder's wife died. She felt guilty toward her and at the same time anxious whether Uncle Frieder was likely to make good on his serious intentions. She was also depressed because Uncle Frieder's only son reacted rather angrily when his father told him about his relationship with my mother. In the meantime, he had become a youth leader in the Hitler Youth and was an ardent uniform wearer. At their only meeting so far, he had told my mother bluntly to her face that he despised her and that she was dishonorable for him.

At this point the gods should have intervened, but they were bickering in Olympus and did not care about the Catastrophe into which we were plunging. The gods are courting the favor of beautiful goddesses or snacking on beautiful Earth children; in any case, they all have more important things to do than worry about our fate. Perhaps they sit bored on their gilded marble benches above the clouds and watch the hustle and bustle of the people. When they have finished all the grapes in their gilded fruit bowls, they get up and shuffle off to the next orgy at Zeus. — Humans, pah! A truly failed experiment!

Long before the end of the year of mourning, Uncle Frieder announced that he would marry my mother. He presented the papers

and was sure everything would be all right with that. But everything was not all right. My mother had to bring a new ancestor passport, a new Aryan certificate.

One evening, just as I was about to cycle to Anni's coming from the old Mayerhofer, mother stood in front of the house and beckoned me to come to her. Wordlessly and with a stony face she put a Letter on the table, I should read it.

It was like a punch in the stomach.

My grandmother and I were not Aryans.

We were Jews.

Hitherto I had not been aware of being Aryan. Yes, of course "the Jews" were always a topic, but I parroted what I had learned by heart at the Hitler Youth without thinking long about the meaning of the words. It was somehow a ritual far removed from reality, one ranted about "the Jews" and "world Jewry" and "Zion" and that was that. There were no Jews in our village, and in the city I minded my own business and paid no attention to the gray figures with the yellow star.

My mother put two yellow stars on the table and whispered that we now had to wear them whenever we left the house. Then she lay down in bed and howled.

I ran to the youth leader, but he already knew and advised me never to come to him and the meeting evenings again; my departure from the Hitler Youth would take place quietly and secretly, so that no bad light would fall on him.

I ran to Anni, but she already knew too. She had completely teary eyes and backed away from me at the door. She hid Little Bruno against her chest and howled, "What have you done to us, what have you done to us!". I hugged her despite her fear and stroked her back until she stopped crying. I kissed both of them on the forehead and quickly ran home. I had done nothing to her, but I, I had been murdered.

The next morning I cycled tear–blind to Mr. Mayerhofer, and he already knew. He kindly let me in and asked me to the table, where he offered me a cup of tea — the first time in over two years of apprenticeship.

"The world is a madhouse," he murmured, taking a sip of tea. "That's where you do your work and learn dutifully and diligently, to become a good and conscientious notary later, and there come these uneducated half idiots and make a Jew out of an honest Christian man, because it suits them just now. And besides, Jew — what is that supposed to be?! Have you become a monster overnight?"

I sat at his table, not touching the tea and squinting compulsively at my lapel, on which the yellow star was pinned. I understood nothing and muttered that I was now losing all my loved ones and no longer knew my way in and out. Mr. Mayerhofer drank his tea thoughtfully and pushed the porcelain cup with the cookies closer to me.

"I can't do anything for you in such a little backwater, Bruno," he said, "I can't do anything for you here. But maybe your uncle Frieder or Dr. Fenderl can help you." He thought for a while, then said, "I called both of them this morning and asked them to help you. I don't know if they want to, and I don't know if they can. It's definitely problematic!"

I listened only with half an ear. The old man muttered to himself for a while, lamenting the prevailing circumstances, but I silently cried up to Olympus where they were, the gods, and where their help was now, which they had once so generously granted to Odysseus and Philemon and all the others. The gods, I thought I saw quite clearly, continued to sit on their gilded marble benches above the clouds, eating grapes from gilded porcelain dishes, looked down at me stonily with their blue Aryan eyes and waited to see what I would come up with.

Old Mayerhofer shuffled to a dresser and returned with an envelope. "Your certificate and your money," he muttered, pushing it toward me on the tabletop, "your money I've paid you in advance until

the end of the year, so be smart and don't knock it all at once!" He looked at me sadly from behind his glasses, and when I thanked him dutifully, his eyes lit up for the first time that morning. "That's all right, my boy," he said, and he made a placating gesture with his hand, "I suppose it's the least I can do for you!"

I lay on the bed dressed for hours, staring at the ceiling. I couldn't think a clear thought, I was completely overwhelmed with these facts. I held my mother tightly and warmed her, for she had lost all courage to live, was crying and freezing.

We locked ourselves up for days and stayed in bed. We held each other tightly, we hugged each other and we made love without cheerfulness and without lust, but full of sadness. With the loving fucking we comforted each other like lost souls on their last day, full of fear and full of despair.

Our lives had been shattered to pieces in a single moment.

The Catastrophe

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

My apathy and sadness evaporated the moment I suddenly realized that I had to write down our story. I was so sure that I did not hesitate for a second and started immediately. For more than a week, I sat at the kitchen table almost day and night and wrote one notebook after another full, about to the point where I regularly went to visit Anni and Little Bruno. But after that, the events came at such a rapid pace that I no longer had time to write everything down. I am aware that I do not have much time left, so I only tell what is important for the outcome of the story.

About a week went by in which we, my mother and I, remained paralyzed at home and had no idea how things would would continue. One morning my mother decided to go over to the merchant and call Uncle Frieder. When she came home, she was a changed woman. “Come on, quick, we’re going to Uncle Frieder’s!” As if the disaster didn’t exist, she put on her makeup and her best clothes. I quietly got ready to go and shortly after we were on the autobus. I had my leather briefcase with my papers, Mr. Mayerhofer’s report card, and my writing notebooks. Maybe, I thought I would be able to start afresh somewhere right away.

Hours later, we hurried through the streets toward Uncle Frieder’s house. The first thing that aroused my suspicion were the two uniformed men standing outside his house, just as if this were an official residence. We slowed our steps, and I noticed that my mother was suddenly freezing again. I put my arm around her shoulders and held her tightly as we walked slowly toward the house. The guards ignored us as we passed.

As we climbed the stairs, I took the small bronze statue with the small marble base out of my briefcase. Uncle Frieder had given it to me for my birthday, it was Hermes, the Messenger of the Gods and the God of Merchants. He knew how much I was fascinated by Greek mythology. But now I wanted to throw it at his feet, him, the traitor

who had abandoned my mother in the deepest distress. I know now how unjust I was to him, but at that time I still thought so.

My mother walked purposefully toward Uncle Freder's study; she obviously knew where we were expected. She opened the large, heavy wooden door and we entered. The room was darkened; someone had drawn the heavy curtains. As my eyes adjusted to the darkness, I saw why. Uncle Frieder was standing behind the big desk, trying to hide his face. Someone had beaten him and messed up his face badly.

A small movement in the background alerted me and directed my gaze to Volker, Uncle Frieder's son. He was more than two years older than me, but small and lanky. It was only the second time I had seen him, but his uniform and strapping demeanor again made me uneasy and anxious; for he always seemed like an irritable tiger, ready to pounce. I was afraid of him because I felt that he was insidious and dangerous.

My mother spontaneously walked up to Uncle Frieder to hug him in greeting, but stopped her stride when Uncle Frieder took a step back. He glanced briefly at Volker, then looked at her long and hard. He embraced her and whispered in a low voice, "My love!" Mother bowed her head and wept silently.

"Nothing will come of marrying!" barked Volker, coming toward me with the soles of his boots cracking, "I will not allow my father to marry a Jew–whore!"

And at the very moment I heard this word, I saw flashes before my eyes, struck wildly and impetuously into that hated face, blindly punching the word. I will never forget the ugly cracking sound when Hermes broke his nose. Blood shot out of his nose, he screamed like hell, and I let Hermes fall to the ground. Horrified and full of panic I stared at my mother and Uncle Frieder, she had fled to his chest and looked at me with her eyes widened in terror and in horror.

Volker was screaming like a banshee, yelling that he was going to kill me. I took one last look at my mother, then turned and ran out.

Volker staggered out into the stairwell behind me, yelling “Robbery!”, “Murder!”, “Stop him!” and “the Jew bastard is fleeing!”

I fled, flying like a bird down the stairs and past the stunned uniformed men into the street. Anger and fear gave me unimagined strength as I sprinted down the street and into the maze of alleys. I hooked like a rabbit and soon stood on the banks of the Isar river. I ran along the bank to the next exit and ran down the steps. Above me I heard the shouting of the pursuers and the patter of their boots. I looked left, I looked right, but I could not decide. I ran a few steps further, turned around again and ran upstream. As if the gods had heard my desperate plea, a black limousine majestically turned into the river road on the opposite bank. The sun was reflected on the windshield, the beam blinded me for a moment, and then shone onward, onto the seawall, a long, golden index finger of the Gods pointing to a tiny, dark entrance. Then the light disappeared again, the hint had sufficed and the Gods turned back to their Goddesses or seduced earth girls and forgot all about me.

As I ran, I raised my bloodied hand and thanked them. I squeezed through the narrow entrance and carefully felt my way along the dark corridor. It ended after only a few meters, but there was a small chamber to the left. As my eyes adjusted to the darkness, I discovered the heavy iron grate next to the entrance with which the room could be closed. Without thinking long, I stepped into the room and pulled the grate shut from the inside. It was very difficult, and when it was finally closed, I heard a bolt click into place from above. I did not think about the bolt, because I was probably safe here, and that had priority now. The stone floor was cold and damp, I sat down anyway, pressed my briefcase against me and waited.

Outside they were making noise, running up and down. After some time I heard that they had brought dogs with them. The dogs found my scent only after some time and led them to the dark corridor where my hiding place was. I hid in the corner behind the entrance and held my breath.

They came closer, the dogs barking like crazy.

The torchlight shone into the hallway, getting brighter and brighter. One came up to the iron grate, shook it and called over his shoulder that he was not here, go on, go on! He shook the grate again, and I heard the bolt sinking creakingly deeper and snapped with a bright sound somewhere. The hasher once again shone his light into my space and calmed his German shepherd, who growled low and confident of victory. “Silly dog, what are you growling at, there’s no one around,” then he turned and ran after the others.

Soon the sounds died down, my thumping subsided, and I sat back down on the ground and waited. The little bit of brightness came from the daylight, but in the evening it became pitch dark. I fell asleep sitting up and didn’t wake up until the next morning. I waited while it got a little brighter and began to think about my situation. My pursuers had been looking for me for a few hours in the afternoon, but then had apparently given up. Now it was quiet, actually too quiet.

I inspected the iron grate at the entrance to my hiding place. A heavy iron construction, no part thinner than a finger. And then there was the bolt, hidden somewhere above and not visible from the inside. I wouldn’t be able to get the door open without tools. I tried for hours to find the bolt.

It had to have somehow slipped from the top of the outside wall in front of the grate. I could reach a finger or two through the grate, but not all the way to the bolt. Even when I pushed a pencil through with two fingers and felt everything at the top, I couldn’t find and reach the bolt. The hours passed, but I could not get hold of the bolt. When darkness fell again, I cried.

I was trapped.

I slept very fitfully and woke up in the middle of the night. It was pitch black. I pondered and thought about my situation. Perhaps I was lucky and could be freed without that Volker and his henchmen got their hands on me. I screamed for help and listened strained, but I heard nothing and was not heard.

I could comfort myself for a while with the fact that somebody would still hear my calls and free me from my shitty situation. I had no wristwatch, tried nevertheless to develop a sense of time and I called for help three times every quarter of an hour, then listened for minutes. In between, I sat down again and continued writing as best I could in this twilight.

The End

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

My name is Bruno Prantner, I am 17 years old and until recently I was apprenticed to the notary Mayerhofer. I have started to write down my life story and hope someone finds this and gives it to my mother or Uncle Frieder, who is a lawyer in the Maximilianstraße No. 47. I am tired and have nothing to eat or drink. It is pitch dark and I am cold. And if no one hears my cries for help and I can't somehow get over the bars, I will die here miserably.

I miss my mother very much.

My cries for help went unheard. I don't know if I will ever see my mother, Anni and little Bruno Wilhelm again. I doubt it, because I have been in hiding for over a week in my hiding place, which has become my prison. A prison into which fate and the gods had brought me — I am not angry with Hermes for that.

I screamed until my voice failed me. In desperation, I even agreed to sign up for the resettlement program to the East — they said that one day all Jews will resettle to the East and be able to build a new life there. I thought that was a pipe dream at first, but now all is lost and I am locked up here. Now I would gladly go to the East and settle there as a settler. It would be better than perishing miserably here, anyway.

The last two chapters I have scribbled with a pencil, which I had to sharpen with the teeth, in the hazy twilight. Sorry if you can't read it well, but you can hardly see a hand in front of your eyes here. There was a lot I couldn't tell you about. What it was like when my mother was sick and I took care of her, how I heated up soup for her and went shopping and made her tea. How much she loved me and cared for me when I was sick. How attentively she listened when I learned to read and read to her about the Greek gods and Odysseus and the whole Trojan mess. I would have to tell a lot about Anni, too. I'd like to ask Anni if I was the father Little Bruno, a question I never dared

to ask. I'm sorry that it's all over now. I no longer see any chance of getting out of here in one piece.

I'm really sorry for Anni and little Bruno. We have grown together almost like a little family, and Anni really likes me, although she never wanted to tell me who little Bruno's father really is. "Silly, big silly boy!" she only used to reply, fondly tussling my hair. I liked that and kept asking her, even though I knew she wouldn't tell. But she did tickle my hair, at least.

And Willi, the big Lad, I would also have liked to see him again sometime after the war. Maybe I could console him about the fact that he was not Bruno's father, but my dearest friend and a great buddy.

There was one thing that surprised me a lot. Some of the things we learned in the Hitler Youth must have been wrong, fundamentally wrong. Volker, that rotten pig, was Aryan and had black hair and piercing black eyes. Anni, little Bruno and I had straw–blond hair and light blue eyes, mine were more precisely light gray like those of my mother, who is actually my grandmother. She too had once blond hair, which is now ash blond and a bit gray. All the nonsense they told us about racial characteristics and racial affiliation must be complete bullshit. Otherwise, all that would remain would be that the authorities had been mistaken, thoroughly and cruelly mistaken, in not issuing my grandmother and me an ancestral passport, and that we had been turned into Jews.

I miss my mother very much. I can still see her in front of me the last time I saw her. She stood next to Uncle Frieder and leaned her head against his chest. She liked him and felt safe and secure with him, although that may be different now. Nevertheless, she always stood by me and did not betray anything to him either. Again and again she had impressed upon me that people considered it a mortal sin if we fucked each other and that we had to keep it a secret from everyone. She to Uncle Frieder, I to Anni, and we both kept that secret. The uniqueness of our love remained our secret.

I really miss her a lot.

I know that the Gods have guided me here. It always amazed me with what ease and arrogance the gods arrogance the gods interfered in human destinies, they manipulated and cheated for all they were worth. They could sometimes be quite nasty and destroy an earthling, so incidentally and without much fuss. If a God or a Goddess was so really rutting, then the earth man or the earth girl had to serve, all the same whether he or she died thereby. Some days ago in this darkness I imagined quite firmly that I can talk with Hermes. It was because of Leda and there he says nevertheless actually that the girl can count herself lucky and fortunate to have done it with Godfather Zeus himself. That Leda got into quite some trouble because the other people didn't recognize Zeus and only saw that she was fucking with a swan, Hermes didn't care. We then did not speak to each other for a few days. The intrigues and deceptions that the Gods made because of a little sex were often pathetic.

I know that the Gods guided me here, that they directed my destiny and my steps to this dungeon — in the pitch dark dungeon, blinded by the gods, who were jealous and envious of my beautiful love and because of it they have let me become what I have become.

I know that I am the blind Oedipus.