

# Jack X. Faber

## Mandrake

## Volume 1



# **Mandrake - Juicy Juice, Volume 1**

[Prinzessin](#)

[Edda](#)

[Fyy](#)

[Cora](#)

[Traudl und Rémy](#)

[Rosi](#)

[Janet](#)

[Liane](#)

[Mélanie](#)

[Valerie](#)

[Budicca](#)

[Jana](#)

[Irenea](#)

[SOKO Fucking](#)

[Carmen](#)

[Die Tartanierin](#)

[Corinna](#)

[Veronika](#)

[Genovefa](#)

[Eva](#)

[Brunhild](#)

[Baal](#)

[Penelope](#)

[Kirke, the Sorceress](#)

[The Innocence of Lisa](#)

[The Innocent Maid of Toledo](#)

Der Autor ist erreichbar unter: [JackFaber@gmx.net](mailto:JackFaber@gmx.net)  
Und er würde sicher freuen, von Ihnen zu hören!

# Princess

by Jack Faber © 2023

From childhood, I always played secretly with my uvula in my room. I had copied that from mommy. One morning Fred came surprisingly quietly crept into my room and I immediately covered myself frightened with the blanket.

“You can go ahead and cover up again, I don’t bite and I know what you’re doing anyway,” he laughed.

“So, what am I doing?” I asked suspiciously.

“You keep rubbing until it twitches!” he said confidently.

I assumed that he knew everything. I uncovered myself again, I had lost.

“Don’t be a frog,” he said. “You have to lie down like you always do, legs bent and spread, so I can see everything!”

I obeyed, he was right, and I certainly didn’t want to be a frog. He sat down on the bed so that he could see right into my cleft. His look told me to do it again.

I put my index finger on my uvula and rubbed really fast until it twitched hard and violently after a minute.

He was very pleased, he said. How often do I do it in a row? he asked. I said every morning before I got up. He laughed. No, how many times in a row in the morning? I thought a while. I didn’t know. Ten times? Twenty times? he asked, but I just didn’t know.

“Okay,” he said. “When are you going to stop?” That was easy. “When Mommy calls me for breakfast.”

He scratched his head. "Okay, then do it a few more times until you're tired!"

And that was fine, I kept going, once, twice and ten times, it twitched and fidgeted always very fast. He had moved very close and was bending over my uvula. "I just want to see it up close," he reassured me. I was relieved, that's fine I said and continued, I think the sixth time. If he could put his finger on it when it twitched, he asked. "Okay," I said. "Just put your finger on my uvula," I said, "it's about to twitch soon!" So he did.

So he put his finger on my uvula every time it twitched. He now came every morning, put his finger on my uvula when it twitched and counted how many times it twitched, 15 or 20 times, until I was tired of twitching.

One morning he asked me if I wanted to see something special. I nodded of course, I was curious after all.

He took off his pants. Well, that looked funny! He didn't have a uvula, but something else. I asked him. "That's my cock," he said, "we lads have a cock, you girls have a pussy, a fuckhole!"

I protested that I didn't have one! But he laughed and took my finger from my uvula, guiding it deeper. "That's your pussy right there," he said, and it was true. He was two years older than me and very smart.

Then I was allowed to touch his cock. It was warm and throbbing. He explained everything, foreskin, glans and the shaft. The little bag with the two eggs was unimportant. I was allowed to hold his cock. He would get hard, he said, just watch. He palpated my uvula and rubbed a little bit, and the cock really got stiff.

I could go on seven, he said, and I rubbed the uvula, eight. It twitched and he held the stiff cock on my uvula. "Better than using my finger," he said. I nodded, it's okay, then nine and ten. At 14 he told me not to be scared because his cock was going to squirt upon the uvula, I should just keep going like I always do. At 16 I felt him

squirt a warm liquid on my uvula, but I still twitched at 16 and then I continued, 17, 18. At 26 I was dead tired after twitching and I stopped. Fred gave me a paper handkerchief to wipe off the viscous liquid.

This is how we did it every morning. I held his cock until it was stiff and continued with the uvula. He always squirted at different times. Sometimes at 12 or 16 or 28, it was always different.

It was getting to be spring and it was my birthday.

---

It went wonderfully every morning, we were already long finished when Mommy called for breakfast.

Whether he can show me something new, Fred asked one morning. I curious as ever. "You can also rub my cock like the clit until it twitches and squirts," my hero said. I was dumbfounded. Why didn't I know that?

"I'll show you how to do it," he said, looking at me questioningly. I nodded, I had to know, absolutely!

I had to hold his cock and wait for it to get hard. "Now you grab the shaft tightly and rub up and down," he said. "The foreskin will be pulled over the glans as you do this, back and forth. Then it will squirt!"

Nothing easier than that. I pulled up and down once, the foreskin was pulled over the glans and back again.

Nothing happened.

He laughed. "Do you rub your uvula only once?" he asked, grinning. "You have to rub my cock as hard and as fast and as vigorously as you rub your uvula!" I nodded understanding.

So I learned to rub his cock. At first he corrected that I needed to rub harder and faster. But I learned it that morning. It squirted and we wiped it away with the paper tissue. He puffed a little and told me

to rub the uvula. One, two and ten. Then I was allowed to let him squirt again, and again at twenty. At 28 I stopped, I didn't feel like it anymore and was tired from all the twitching.

Fred hugged me very sweetly and gave me a kiss on the cheek. "You did it very, very right, my princess!" he whispered, and I blushed. No one had ever called me princess before. "Back in the morning?" he asked and I nodded.

This is how we did it every morning. I made him squirt, then again at my 10 and 20. I always stopped before 30 because I was tired and it was already taking too long, at 25 it usually went really hard and took way too long.

He called me princess, but only in the mornings.

---

One morning after my number 12, Fred asked what I knew about fucking. I stopped in surprise my clitrubbing. "Fucking?" I asked back, "you mean the .... Child making?" He nodded.

"I don't know much," I said truthfully. "Daddy and Mommy are all lovey-dovey and cuddling together and then the baby grows in Mommy's tummy," I said uncertainly, because it was certainly very unseemly to talk about.

"Man, you have no idea at all," he exclaimed, "unbelievable! In our century, every kid knows!" he snorted and calmed down. He explained everything in detail. The cock, the pussy and the long thrusting. The semen and then the baby, pregnancy and birthgiving. But only if the woman is already an adult. If we children do fuck, there is definitely no baby, no way! And Fritz and Katrin, Sepp and Trudchen, they all fuck already, he lied with fervor. "Well, how about it?" That was an honest question.

I felt insecure and told him so. "So, why do they even do it?" I asked. He looked to the sky in exasperation. "Oh, all gods!" he exclaimed, and I guessed that I had asked something really stupid. "Because it's a lot more fun than rubbing, because you're doing some-

thing grown-up, and of course because it's forbidden, Princess!" The 'princess' clinched it. "Okay," I said, "and after we fucked, I'll call you my prince!" How long I had waited for this moment! He nodded absently, then we laughed.

"Something first, princess!" he said. "You're still a virgin, you've never fucked before. The first time I fuck you, when I put my cock in your pussy, it may hurt a little, like a bee stinging, no more. Okay?" I nodded, a bee sting I knew. "After the second time it doesn't hurt at all and then comes the big fun part, it's even better than the rubbing!"

I asked him if he had ever done it like Fritz and Sepp, the fucking? He was silent for a moment and shook his head, "but I've read all about fucking and watched some porn too!" He had to promise to show me porn too sometimes.

We talked it out in detail. At 10 he would put his cock in my pussy and I should go right on, 11, 12, 13 and-so-on. I nodded, that was a good recipe. I started with 1 and 2 right after that and up to 9. I continued excitedly, Fred was patiently waiting with his stiff cock in front of my pussy.

"Ten is coming to me right now," I whispered hoarsely and was already starting to twitch. He must have penetrated in the middle of 10's twitching, but I was so buffeted by the twitching 10 that I didn't even feel the bee sting. When I finished twitching in 10 I paused, it was quite an unfamiliar feeling to feel the warm cock in my pussy. He whispered, "11, 12!" and I quickly continued. He thrust slowly but firmly, in and out, in and out, in and out. 11 came again with mad wriggling and he pushed and pushed, but I made 12 and in the middle of the violent wriggling of 12 he squirted his warm juice in my pussy.

He literally fell to the side. He was still panting a lot, but he immediately asked if the bee sting had hurt much? I shook my head, "I didn't feel it at all, my prince!" We both had to laugh. I went right on, another 12.

I was totally thrilled with the fucking right away. It was really much stronger, the wriggling and twitching while fucking. He needed a little break and I quickly made another 13 and 14, then his cock was stiff again and we fucked again. I did after the second fucking until 23, then I was very tired and had enough. Fucking! That was really beautiful! Tomorrow morning again, my prince!

---

Fred woke me up very early. I had to be very quiet, we go to spy! We tiptoed down the corridor to the little window of the guest room. He opened the plywood shutter to the window, which was a Venetian mirror, transparent only on one side. We had to bend over and it probably looked ridiculous how the two of us pressed our noses against the glass and stuck our asses out.

Fred's uncle was sleeping with his mouth open, Aunt Anni had just come back from peeing. She was slim and had huge, full breasts unlike mine, which were still quite small. Anni lay down in bed and threw the covers to the floor. She put her legs up and angled them sideways. I was amazed when she pulled back the foreskin of her clit. Her clit was dark red and much larger than mine. I don't know why, but I stared at her face while she masturbated. She always started with a nice, expectant smile, then got a really idiotic look on her face when she sped up. She'd get a mindless, stupid grin and stare with wide-open cow eyes in the air when she orgasmed, and her face would contort into a stupid grimace in orgasm. She quickly began to masturbate and quite soon had an orgasm. She squinted her eyes with a stupid grin, rolled her eyes to the heavens and pressed her head on the pillow several times in her orgasm. After a few moments, she masturbated again, a really silly and stupid grin on her face. Fred breathed in my ear that he had to fuck now and I nodded, I was already after my 4. He spread my ass cheeks apart and gently penetrated from behind. My orgasms were much stronger than usual when he fucked me and I had to suppress my screams of pleasure.

Uncle Karl woke up when Anni was beginning to orgasm for the third time again. He waited standing in front of her with his huge morning glory, watching her masturbate and squirt a few thick jets on her pussy until Anni was done wriggling and twitching with her

crooked doofy grin and they nodded to each other, then he went to pee. He came back rubbing his cock and kneeled down between Anni's legs. We could see her pussy and his cock very clearly. Fred penetrated my pussy again, that felt soo damn good!

Anni smiled now like an idiot, grabbed his big and thick cock and guided it to her pussy. I found, that Anni always had a stupid and idiot expression on her face during sexual activity, with a silly and stupid grin. I held my breath because it made me all hot when the thick cock widened Annis pussy and penetrated it powerfully. I came at 10, jerked violently and wriggled horny. Fred's fine fuck intensified my orgasm immensely. Karl thrust in half a dozen times and pulled his cock out again. Then he rammed it powerfully into Anni's pussy and squirted one single jet into her. Five or six times he kept pulling it out and ramming it back in to squirt one single jet into her pussy. Then he lay down next to Anni.

Annis pussy still showed for a while a big hole left by Karl's cock. It contracted again when Anni started to masturbate with a horny, silly and stupid grin in her face. She closed her eyes in pleasure and Karl rubbed his cock very slowly but firmly. From time to time he squirted a thick jet on Anni's pussy. He rubbed his cock for quite a long time and probably squirted a full, thick jet on her pussy 10 or 15 times, which apparently didn't bother her. She twitched every time and nodded to him with a really stupid grin while orgasming and continuing her masturbating. Anni got four orgasms with a really stupid grin in her face while twitching and fidgeting until Karl stopped squirting.

He knelt between Anni's legs again. She pulled the hood over her clit all the way back until her clit stood out big and stiff. It was all covered with his cum! Karl licked her clit with great pleasure. Anni opened her mouth, grinning stupidly while he licked her clit with great speed. I had never seen this before, Karl's tongue raced like crazy on the clit and Anni convulsed in orgasm, her face contorted in a really stupid grin. Karl kept licking her and her spasm must have lasted two minutes. I was already at 26 and Fred squirted in my pussy for the fourth time. After more than an hour, we crept silently back to our rooms. We spied on Anni and Karl every morning and we

had a lot of fun doing it. But before Fred's departure, towards the end of the summer, watching them was no longer so interesting and we stayed in my room to fuck.

One morning, in the middle of fucking, I saw my door open silently. Mommy was standing in the doorway. I was about to hide when I saw the telltale glint in her eyes. She stopped, reached under her skirt and masturbated standing up until she was done, then left. After the fucking, I whispered to Fred, but he shrugged that he didn't care much. Of course, I had only told him that she was watching us, but not that she was masturbating while watching. She then came every morning until the end of Fred's vacation and masturbated while watching us fucking.

Mommy had enlightened me about masturbating when I was 6. We stripped both naked and she showed me everything. She explained her sexual parts and masturbating and let me watch her masturbate right away. She spread her legs wide and smiled encouragingly at me so I could see everything clearly and she rubbed her clit with a finger, starting slowly and speeding up. She contorted her face as the orgasm came and her finger raced over her clit. In orgasm she pressed the finger vibrating on the clit and pulled her legs wide apart so I could see it clearly. She calmed down and smiled, did I see everything well? I shook my head and she sighed, but then she spread her legs even wider and let me look very close to her pussy, and then she masturbated two more times finely smiling until I nodded. Then I had to copy it until she was satisfied. We stayed sitting opposite each other and both of us masturbated all afternoon until we were tired. She hugged me very affectionately and kissed my face. I would be allowed to masturbate as often as I wanted from now on, when I was alone to myself. That was the only time I was allowed to see her masturbate "officially".

I had spied Mommy masturbating at that time already as a little girl, from her I had learned the clitrubbing. Mami masturbated every afternoon quite often. Whenever she interrupted her work, I quietly crept to her bedroom, where she masturbated half-naked on the bed. It took her a little longer than it did for me to rub the uvula ; it rarely took me more than a minute to wriggling and twitching. Mommy in-

interrupted four or five times in the afternoon to masturbate. I could see her nice pussy and clit quite well through the crack in the door. She rubbed the clit slowly at first, then faster and faster, and to orgasm she tore her legs very wide apart and pulled very hard on the clit, then after orgasm she clapped her legs together.

After masturbating she was always very happy and relaxed, so I loved her best.

# Edda

by Jack Faber © 2023

My name is Edda and I want to tell you a bit spilling my love life.

I lie on my love couch and wait for Adi and his friend, who according to Adi's opinion should have a neat, big cock. I always get up at noon, lie down in the bath water and masturbate my morning wood. No, no, I am a full woman! But the doctor when I was born must have been drunk, because he thought I was a boy with anaspadia, since he mistook the stiff clit for a dick and found no urethra. He drilled a urethra up to my bladder so that I would cum a little urine in orgasm.

In the girls boarding school I was then also the hammer, I deflowered many girls and fucked with many. Already my mother, grandmother, great-grandmother etc. had huge clits like myself and they all loved to fuck women and girls as much as I do now. In the Middle Ages, one of my great-grandmothers was burned at the stake because the witch had deflowered and fucked all the girls in the village. I saw my mother's huge clit only once, when she taught me to masturbate when I was 6. It was the only time she showed me her huge clit and demonstrated how she masturbated like a man. I knelt in front of her and watched very closely how my mother masturbated, one after the other time in a row to orgasm. She said that she did it very often because it did her good. I had to masturbate until I got it. We masturbated sitting across from each other both smiling and orgasming hard all afternoon until we ran out of breath, that was the beginning of it all.

I walk around in my house every day always totally naked, only once every two weeks I put on clothes to go shopping. I live on a large inheritance and do not need to work. Being naked all day is very important to me. I also open fully naked the door to anyone, whether it was a delivery man, the mailman — or a man or girl who visited me to masturbate or to fuck.

The mailman had come, he wanted to assfuck me once a week, quickly and no complaining. That was okay for me, I left the door wide open as Flora was already coming through the garden. I stayed in the entrance room, bent my upper body forward, fingertips to my toes. All he had to do was bring it out, spread my asscheeks neatly and then assfuck me. He knew well, never was a man allowed to fuck in my pussy, because I defended my virginity and only let men assfuck me. I love assfucking and he did his job well and quickly, because his wife did not let him to assfuck, that silly bitch. He was only irritated because Flora was already standing bent down under the door (like every time) and watching with wide eyes him assfuck me for real. He left with his face red with shame.

Flora was quite a dear. She was a bit retarded and heavily pregnant from her boozy husband. She dropped her little dress and lay backwards on the bed, spreading her legs and holding her roly-poly belly. "I need it really very badly, dear Sister Edda!" she said in her begging manner, as she did every time. I looked at her sore clit and said she was masturbating too much. "Yes," she replied stupidly, "I need it now day and night because I'm having the baby!" I fucked her quickly, because I knew exactly where her G-Spot was. Flora had a very violent orgasm. She begged with teary eyes, again, please again! I fucked her a second time as usual and when her orgasm subsided, she said how excitedly the baby jumped and kicked.

I interrupted masturbating when the doorbell interrupted my reverie. I opened naked and greeted Adi and the new guy, Tobi. I had to laugh, because Tobi could not tear his eyes away from my nakedness. He stared at my huge, full breasts, which hung down heavily to my belly button. He stared at my stiff clit, he had certainly never seen anything like it! Then the three of us masturbated all afternoon until we were sick of it. Adi was allowed to fuck me in the ass, because he liked that. Tobi did not, he wanted to fuck properly, but I did not allow that, at least not at the beginning.

Tobi really wanted to fuck, though. We agreed somewhere in the middle. Tobi was the first to be allowed to fuck and cum inside my pussy. He agreed to penetrate only a little up to my hymen and not to tear it. He promised and kept his word, which was also easy because

my hymen was thick and firm like leather. He fucked me very passionately every day for half a year and somehow I was no longer averse to real fucking.

Once they came, Olivia was with me. We were going to wait for the two boys with her deflowering. Olivia was drunk as a skunk and had been masturbating for hours, I've never seen anything like it! She was a dirty, filthy brat and we stood next to her and watched. One after the other splashed on her fuck hole, first me, then Adi splashed a neat load on her fuck hole. Finally Tobi squirted into her pussy entrance and the drunken stupid filthy bitch came screeching to orgasm.

I knelt between Olivia's legs and Tobi lay under me, he wanted to see the deflowering up close. I slowly slid into her fuck hole, bumping her hymen once, twice and twelve times, but it resisted! Tobi spread her fuck hole so that the hymen was stretched like a drum-head, grabbed my stiff clit and pierced the hymen with a firm, powerful jerk. Olivia cried with joy and pride and I fucked her. Then it was Tobi's turn.

Olivia was reluctant and complained that it wasn't a deal and and. Tobi didn't bat an eyelash, penetrated her energetically and fucked her so hard that she didn't know which Bus had hit her. She came shrieking to a tremendous orgasm. Then it was Adi's turn. Again she mewled a lot, rubbing Adi so clumsily that he squirted in her hand. She had to laboriously lick him with her mouth and tongue stiff again and then he fucked the stupid filthy bitch to a screaming orgasm. She then masturbated weeping and sniffing until all the semen had oozed out of her pussy.

Days later I was ready to be deflowered, by Tobi of course. Unfortunately, he had a hard time tearing my leatherlike hymen. I screamed because it hurt a lot, but the good boy managed somehow. I cried some more, but then I liked the real fucking very much. Since then I let little Adi and big Tobi fuck me for all I cared! Masturbating was generally passé, from now on I was fucked hard, come hell or high water! We did it for another 4 years, then Tobi had become 18 and no longer had any desire for me old woman piece.

So, that was my story.

# The Android

by Jack Faber © 2023

I am Fyy, an android. I was created over 60 years ago with the body of a girl about 18 years old. It is certainly true that I am the smartest being on the planet Bangurel. My creator created me in the image of his deceased daughter, had replicated her body millimeter by millimeter. My creator gave me the appearance of a very beautiful 18 year old with very large, full and firm breasts. My sex, on the other hand, was more like that of a 13 year old with a very tight vagina without pubic hair, which most men loved. To the clit he gave no hood and she was one and a half to two inches long. It was excellent for masturbating and fucking clit-to-clit. Master Guo created my brain and the AI.

My creator — his name shall be forgotten forever — fucked me with obsessive madness after his daughter's death until his dick was just bloody mincemeat and his heart stopped. It was not granted to him to fuck his daughter during her lifetime. He also never learned that his best friend, Master Guo, had secretly masturbated and fucked the comatose girl a thousand times. Her only sign of life was a fine smile when she was masturbated or fucked. Master Guo only recognized her orgasm because she rolled sometimes her eyes wildly.

About this girl Fiona, who lay 5 years in Master Guo's only clinic room of his private laboratory, I can probably tell something as the only one. Her mother had died in childbirth and her single father, who loved her idolatrously, taught her to masturbate at the age of 6. She was allowed to masturbate as often and as long as she wanted. She masturbated very often with her girlfriends and gave many guys a nice handjob. When she was 13 she liked to participate in joy rides. One stole a glider and raced happily masturbating through the city. During one such ride in a stolen convertible Fiona orgasmed so violently that she fell out of the speeding glider. Since then she was in a coma and died at 18.

I know this so well because I am a perfect telepath and could translate everything from Fiona to Master Guo. This was a really important task and the only difficult thing was that Fiona remained a cocky, curious and sexually dirty 13-year-old till the end. She mostly just wanted to talk about sexual things. So I told the master that Fiona wanted to be masturbated every day. We always had the same position, I sat with Fiona lying backwards on my naked pussy in front of the master who masturbated the girl and himself. I rubbed and caressed Fiona's breasts and had to tell him when she had an orgasm, he immediately squirted a thick jet on her pussy. When he fell asleep, I masturbated her all night until morning.

A year later, the girl asked me if she should be afraid of pregnancy if the master fucked her? I explained everything to her and she asked me to do it. I cut her fallopian tubes with mental power and that calmed her down. She had me begging the master for weeks to deflower her and fuck her, she wanted it so badly! I held her gently in my arms as the master delicately deflowered her. She whooped because she could feel the fucking. The Master was a kind man and fucked her as often as he could. I heard Fiona whoop and scream, silently and soundless, with pleasure when she had an orgasm. Of course I helped vigorously and masturbated her clit while he was fucking her. Her last wish was to be fucked one more time and the master fucked her while she was dying and only stopped when he squirted into the dead girl's pussy. He kept fucking her for hours until he could take no more.

Master Guo stole me before I — his masterpiece — was added to the inheritance and I was his favorite bedmate for the next 20 years. Every morning I held his morning wood while he was peeing and knelt in front of him to masturbate his morning wood in my mouth and let him squirt deep down in my throat. I constantly replenished my knowledge, which I still do even today. Towards the end of the 20 years, his manhood waned and he followed my recommendation to give me to his 12 year old student Pan d'Aubonville for his 12th birthday. I had chosen Pan wisely and was Pan's favorite bedfellow. He learned everything sexual from me, he fucked me very lovingly. Since my creator had given me all human feelings, I could naturally experience sexual excitement and had real orgasms. He had given me a

very slight orgasmic ability with the enlargement of my G-Spot so that I could always have easily an orgasm. Master Guo could no longer teach me anything and had become unimportant. I breathed a sigh of relief when Pan murdered the master after finishing his training. He filled the old man with arousing mulberry liquor so that the Old Guy fucked himself to death. I assured Pan that he had done right, the master knew too much about him and my secrets.

Pan made a nice career in the military and left the education of his halfsons to me. I taught them all to fuck, squirt in my mouth and masturbate a girl, they became very skilled at it. I often had to fuck all night until all his sons had fucked me. That was fine, I could always fuck and orgasm no matter how many times without getting tired. Then when the sons had flown out, I was more in Pan's focus again.

When his daughter Conara turned 12, he deflowered her according to the customs and fucked her ever since. Conara had been in bed with Pan and me since childhood, she learned to masturbate very quickly and watched us both to learn to fuck. I liked Conara very much, we often masturbated together and I taught her quite soon how we girls could fuck clit-to-clit, we both did it with a lot of horny pleasure. When Conara went out of the house to become a healer, his daughter Binara lay with us. She was waiting impatiently to become 12 and to be deflowered. But until then she was only allowed to cuddle with Pan and me, masturbate and playfully explore our bodies sexually. She also loved fucking clit-to-clit from the beginning, which she had learned as a little girl. At 12, he deflowered Binara and they continued to fuck for many years.

I charged my energy every night — standing in the loading module of the library — although it was enough for at least 14 days. Recharging always triggered a fine horniness in me and I masturbated all the time until I was charged. It was clear to me, of course, that I only charged myself every night because I loved masturbating and orgasming a lot.

The papal academy had developed rational androids, the intelligent Odos. In addition the Halgrims, little intelligent fuckbots for the

narrow purse. With Pan's consent I manipulated the development of the Odos, because they would have become a threatening competition for me and a dangerous tool in the hands of the clergy. I teleported to the Academy every night to "test" the Odos, as Pan said with a grin. The Odos and Halgrims could really fuck excellently, and I got a handful of wonderful orgasms every night.

Commander Pan had many loves. There was the dominatrix Ileana, who was in love with him and also provided her maids for fucking. The horny old bitch General Irene, who fucked him all day long during the trips to Halfgard, his foster daughter Jana and many more. Very special were his relations with the Queens Budicca, Lea, Dara and Rhia. At 40 he was promoted to general — against his will — but he remained an active fighter and never became an armchair farter. Just six months later my hero was back in the saddle, leading an expedition together with the Valurians to Eliana, a distant planet of great interest to Valuria and Bangurel. Pan took me as his adjutant because I'm a smart thing and he didn't want to give up fucking on the half-year expedition. We had a very nice and horny time on this expedition. Life with Pan was full of adventures and it was never boring!

My master, Pan, is approaching 60. He will probably retire soon and then spend half a year at a time in Halfgard, we have already talked about that. I suspect he will live to be at least 95, like many of his ancestors.

Who will be my master after that? There is still time....

# Cora the Dutch Girl

by Jack Faber © 2023

I am Cora from Holland. I remember one guy in particular with great pleasure.

I wanted to go home by car stop. Shimmering summer heat, I had only a light summer dress on, bra and panties I left out immediately, because at the car stop you had to pay and the guys should not tear my underwear to pieces.

A white moped stopped. The sympathetic boy spoke only German, I dutch only. He waved, Amsterdam. A little detour, I tried to make him understand. He nodded, okay, Amsterdam! I got on the back and grinned, because the boy did so secretly and devoured my beautiful breasts and my pussy curiously with his looks.

He drove very fast, much faster than our mopeds. With a little luck I was home in the evening. But I wasn't lucky, thank God. A heavy downpour surprised us. A friendly old farmer let us spend the night in his shed.

I took off my wet dress and hung it over a beam. The boy stared at my naked body like an ox. Oh-Jesus-Christ! I thought, he has never seen a naked girl before! I gestured for him to take off his wet clothes and hang them up. He understood and we faced each other naked. His beautiful cock swelled, I was very pleased! We lay down in the straw and had to move very close together because the blanket was too small. I embraced my future lover with my whole body and we made ourselves known. Jack was from Austria and was 18, destination Amsterdam. I was Cora, 17 and on my way home, I lied cheekily. I was not even 14 at the time.

He is certainly still a virgin, I thought, he really had no clue. I was already pretty nippy on the road, I had started to masturbate at age 5, in the clique of our village we girls masturbated quite openly and gave all the guys hand- and blowjobs. We bigger ones fucked un-

abashedly in front of the others and I had a competition with my best girlfriend who of us had the most fucks this year. I slowly worked my way down Jack's body until I grabbed his boner.

He didn't understand my questions, unfortunately. I rubbed his cock very slowly and gently and he relaxed. I let him squirt onto my breasts. Jack groped me, for a rematch, I assumed. But far from it, he didn't know where, what and how. I gave him another handjob after half an hour of his unsure fondling and let him doze for half an hour. Of course I was not idle and masturbated very quietly so as not to wake him.

---

The orgasm tore me away, I needed it very badly! I had not been able to masturbate for the last four days, because of "decency". I had visited Uncle Piet and Aunt Anni and Anni really had a devil in her pussy! She wore of course no panties and when she thought I do not see it, she lifted the skirt and fucked herself with a finger for a second in the pussy to make Piet rat-hot. She talked very vulgar and very piggish so that Piet muttered, stop it, the child gets your damn smut! During the day, when Piet sometimes took care of the animals in the barn, Anni scurried into the bedroom and masturbated very quickly before he came back, five or six times a day. Thus, she made Piet rat-hot until the evening! The cottage was tiny and all three of us had to sleep in one bed in a nearly dark room. Uncle Piet lay down upon the aunt and felt me between my legs, he played horny with my cunt to explore it. Anni put her hand on my cunt and whispered with a smile in her voice that he was a little piglet! But he quickly pushed his finger in and out. Anni masturbated my clit wonderfully and fine, but unfortunately not quite to orgasm. He first worked up an appetite with me and then quickly and hastily fucked Anni. He rested a moment on Anni and grabbed my cunt without trying to masturbate me. Anni's hand on my cunt masturbated my clit again almost to orgasm and she whispered without reprimanding him to leave me alone. I felt on Anni's ass cheeks that she masturbated firmly and quickly. He gave back, the little one is fast asleep and pushed his finger very quickly in and out of my pussy until Anni came loudly panting to orgasm. He then fucked Anni the second time, it took much longer until he squirted in her pussy. She masturbated my clit wonderfully, but

unfortunately again not to orgasm, rubbing his cock while squirting and squeezing it to the last drop while muttering that he must not make me a child! He let his cock stick in her again, playing with my cunt and sliding a finger in and out of my fuck hole. Anni masturbated loud and fast. Minutes later she was shaking in her orgasm and he stopped fucking me with his finger. He fucked Anni again, this time much, much longer. I heard and felt on her asscheeks that Anni was masturbating insanely horny and fast. He rested sticking in her pussy again, playing with my cunt and pushing a finger in and out of my pussy for a while. Minutes later he stopped fucking me with his finger and fucked Anni again, this time much, much longer. I heard and felt Anni's body masturbating insanely horny and fast. He waited until her orgasm stopped and started fucking again. Anni masturbated again, very loud and long and I was pushed back and forth by her asscheeks. She orgasmed after a long time and he whispered, "Now one more time?" She replied in a whisper, "I've had it three or four times already, that's enough for me. You finish now, cum already!" She masturbated my clit again only without orgasm while he fucked her for a while more and then squirted into her pussy, I could feel it clearly on Anni's asscheeks. Early in the morning I woke up because Aunt Anni was moving. I watched her out of the corner of my eye. She uncovered herself naked and masturbated three times in a row and masturbated very quietly while orgasming. She covered herself again and we both fell asleep again. Piet and Anni were sure that I was still an innocent little girlie, so I was not allowed to masturbate. They repeated this all three nights in the same way and I could hardly stand it without having an orgasm!

The last night everything was different, I could see more in the darkness. Piet put his cock in Anni's pussy and thought for a while. He pulled it out again and lay down on top of me. I was a sleeping beauty, but I spread my legs willing and discreetly. He instantly penetrated my pussy, this was my first adult cock! Anni grabbed onto my filled pussy, masturbated my clit and muttered that he must not make me a baby! I felt her masturbate quickly and vigorously and Piet began to fuck me. Anni's hand masturbated my clit, he squirted fully in my pussy and after a short masturbation came Anni's orgasm, loudly panting she clawed her fingers in my clit and in his cock. He got stuck in my pussy, Anni masturbated me again almost

to orgasm, then she sighed devoted to God and began to masturbate again. Piet fucked me a little longer this time and squirted into my pussy again. He got stuck in my pussy and we both listened to Anni's masturbating. She came again loudly panting to orgasm and calmed down. He fucked me for a long time now, forever I guessed, but he didn't excite me enough to orgasm. Anni put her hand on my pussy and masturbated me hard until I almost orgasmed, but I didn't. She rubbed his cock in my fuckhole as he squirted struggling and gasping, squeezing out the last drops with her fingers. "I hope you don't make her a baby," she murmured as she did so. Anni masturbated me still very, very long, but not to orgasm. Piet murmured, "you can still rub the little one as long as you want, she sleeps very deeply and can not come to orgasm." Anni masturbated me another half hour wonderfully and very energetically, but he was right. We all went to sleep. I was very annoyed that I did not have an orgasm. In the morning I woke up again when Anni started moving. She uncovered herself again and masturbated naked four times in a row. I had been watching her, she noticed it after her fourth orgasm. But she only covered herself and we both fell asleep again. At breakfast there was no remark about the night's adventure.

---

Jack had woken up at my fidgeting. Now I went all out. I pulled him on top of me, rubbed his cock hard and pushed him inside my fuck hole. He stammered something about a baby and I whispered to him, no danger, no baby! He was relieved and began to fuck me. He obviously had little or no experience yet, but he was doing everything right. I didn't want to overwhelm him and masturbated only very secretly. When he started to cum in my fuck hole, I triggered my orgasm. We remained lying embraced.

We fucked three more times, I triggered my orgasm secretly and he was better at fucking and squirting in every time. He was tired and fell asleep breathing softly. I masturbated for hours more until I was tired and fell asleep.

The rain had stopped and I did my morning exercise. On the second orgasm Jack woke up and looked at me curiously, he had apparently never seen a female orgasming before! He pulled the blanket all

the way off and indicated he wanted to see me masturbating. I smiled and masturbated happily. I rarely masturbated three times in a morning, but he wanted to see it. He crouched in front of my fuck hole and watched with glowing ears. I showed him my most beautiful orgasm, he was happy like a child and hugged me after. Our kissing logically led to the fact that we fucked again and this time in the sunshine. He wanted to see the masturbating again and I gladly did him the favor. We fucked afterwards for a very, very long time and he brought me to orgasm.

We then drove for a good hour and then I was home. We said a long goodbye, he wiped his tears and roared off, Amsterdam!

Too bad that we had forgotten to exchange addresses.

I would have loved to write to Jack.

# Traudl and Rémy

by Jack Faber © 2023

I am Edeltraud, called Traudl. I am very God-fearing and live chastely, I have consecrated my life to St. Carmen of Toledo, who was publicly raped by the evil Moors for days in the marketplace of Toledo and fucked by everyone until she died in supreme rapture and exstasy. For a long time I still believed the fairy tale that her rapture and ecstasy were of divine origin.

In our small village near the capital, as young girls we masturbated like crazy in a big round. Some girls also let themselves be fucked by the boys, but not me, I wanted to remain a virgin for my father and only watched the fucking secretly from a distance.

My father, whom I loved idolatrously, used to come to my bedroom every night, then to put a finger through the hole in my hymen and nodded in satisfaction, then watch me masturbate until I got tired. His finger in the hole of my hymen always found my G-Spot and he rubbed me there diligently in my orgasm. He masturbated kneeling between my thighs and lay on top of me for squirting, to fuck quite wildly without tearing my hymen, he grabbed my little baby ass with his paws and squirted contentedly humming deep into my pussy. The mother was not allowed to know that, of course! After all, she masturbated day-in and day-out and only reluctantly let him fuck her sometimes, masturbating was much much better, she said! He came every night until I was 18 and moved into the rectory. Often the mother caught us, then she hit him on the head and scolded wildly, what he was doing with that fuckin' dirty slut, incestuously fucking and squirting into that baby hole, but of course he did not give it up. I always wanted to give him my virginity, but he shook his head firmly, I must remain a virgin until my wedding! For his sake, I masturbated every night wildly and let him fuck me, although I had the new priest vowed in high and holy words to be chaste and not to masturbate anymore.

The new priest was against all sex, that was for sure. He made a “Wall of Shame” that was hung in the hallway of the school until the Lord Bishop had it removed. To make the wall of shame, the new young priest accompanied the photographer and hung our pictures, one board for girls, one for boys. This is the sin of the flesh, it said above it in big letters, on the left were us girls, on the right the boys. The girls were photographed masturbating, the boys while jerking off. There were 4 pictures of me, one after masturbating, just my pussy and clit, which the photographer had artificially enlarged. The other three in the middle of orgasm, the priest and the photographer had both crawled between my legs to get good close-ups. They made me masturbate five times in a row until they got enough good shots. You could see all in close-ups, my blurred finger racing over the clit, of course my cunt with the hymen, my big proud breasts and my face contorted with lust and effort. It was much the same with the other girls. At the board table with the boys, a large cluster of curious girls always formed, the boys only occasionally dared to look at the girls’ wall of shame. I cheated myself in between to secretly see the squirting cocks. Some squirted really high into the air, with some the sauce only tiredly poured out of the glans. The priest kept coming by and giving speeches about the carnal sin, the worst of all sins that we children could ever commit. The priest made us all take the great pledge of honor that we would not masturbate anymore, and I kept to it, ironclad. Of course, I masturbated very wild in the evening to make my father happy before our fucking, but that doesn’t count.

With 18 I got the freed apartment upstairs in the rectory and could sublet the second bedroom to other girls. I work half days in the bakery as a saleswoman, what better I did not find. But I was godfearing, chaste and went to morning mass with the priest every morning. There was only a thin wall between my bedroom and the sublet room, full of framed pictures of saints in both rooms. Someone had drilled a hole in the wall to peek over. I enlarged the hole until it fit me and hung an almost transparent picture in the other room, so I could watch the girl masturbate every evening from half a meter away. Thank God the hole was never discovered. My vow of no-more-masturbating wobbled precariously because watching the girl masturbate behind the wall made me terribly horny. She was up for grabs, her bed was right under the hole and I could see every little

hair, she was that close. I could hear her gasping and panting as she strained to work up one orgasm after another. I asked St. Carmen's forgiveness when I again had to masturbate quite a bit every night after spying.

The new strict priest called me to him. I was a good, chaste girl the priest said, and therefore he entrusted me with a special little sheep of his herd, a young Negro from Africa. He introduced me to Rémy as his new landlady, but the priest didn't have to stutter along in English, the Negro Rémy spoke fluently German. He was a handsome man around 18, but unfortunately he had very dark black skin. He studied in the capital and he was related to the priest in some confused way. Of course I agreed, although I had never had a man as a lodger before and I was afraid of his black skin. That's how I met Rémy.

Rémy called me every morning in the shower, I should wash his back. After a few minutes I was no longer afraid of his black skin, and when he turned around and I saw his thick, long snake dangling down for the first time, I covered my bra and panties with my hand in shock, because the first day I didn't wash him naked yet. He grinned and let me lather and scrub his front. "My cock too," the guy said cheekily, "it doesn't bite!" This outraged me a bit and I really washed him vigorously, making his snake-long cock thick and very stiff. "You're not done with rubbing my cock," he said with a very naughty grin, and I was very shy and shameful to grip his cock. I blushed and got hot red cheeks when he demanded to rub his cock. I turned my head away, because I was so shy and full of shame, when I did it, trembling in arousal and fear of a divine punishing lightning. I stopped before doing it and took my bra away, my heavy breasts immediately falling down under my belly navel, but spoiling the bra, I didn't want. Thinking for a second I took down my slip too, for his fingers were touching my cunt already. Now I was ready and grabbed his giant cock. So it came to pass that every morning after showering I masturbated his long cock and let him squirt in the bathtub. I had never done the masturbation of cocks before, only watched my father. But I very soon learned to masturbate Rémy's long cock. It was so long that when I clasped it with both hands, it only half covered it. So much for the dimensions. It was only a little strange the

first day, after that it was nothing special at all to stand naked next to him and masturbate his cock. I must also say to his credit that he never touched me indecently or tried to fuck me. He fondled my beautiful, large round breasts with horny pleasure and fingered my pussy with increasing lust before he cum. It was all chaste and fine.

---

## **Rémy's story**

---

I come from northern South Africa, at 8 years old Missy took me to her bed and I stayed with her for 10 years until she sent me to Germany to study with an uncle who was a pastor.

The Missy, whose real name was Doris, had us 8 year old boys line up, all 14 of us, to pick her next Boy. Her husband lived a day's ride away at the other end of his plantation. There we 14 boys stood, naked and hopeful, in the blazing afternoon sun, because it was an important issue. Her Boy was only there for fucking and Missy-masturbating, not for the strenuous physical field work. I had the biggest cock of all and was sure she would choose me. She lay down on the bench and one by one, all 14 of us, had to fuck her. I was the last, I tried hard and held back the squirting as long as I could. The Missy straightened her skirt, said a friendly thank you to everyone and from then on I was her boy for the next 10 years. The Missy could not be fucked often enough, in the afternoon, in the morning with my morning wood and at night until I got tired. After fucking she spread her arms and legs apart and I had to masturbate her with a finger to a twitching, shivering orgasm. She stroke my hair in a thanking sense but never kissed me. Her husband came over every Sunday morning because they went to church together. He fucked Doris with all the hunger that he had accumulated in a week and watched grinning and benevolent when I fucked the Missy too. That went great for 10 years, then I was sent to Germany to study, that's what my Missy wanted.

---

So I was busy every morning masturbating Rémy's cock in the shower and he held back a lot because the priest had said I was a chaste girl, which was kind of true. But Rémy got lady visitors almost

every afternoon, he liked to fuck young girls as much as married ones. It had spread like wildfire that the black boy fucked like a world champion! As often as I could, I pressed my face to the hole in the wall and watched their fucking. It was always so awesome to watch Rémy's long, stiff snake slowly diving into her pussy. Most of them couldn't take Rémy's cock all the way in, but they all groaned, moaned and gasped, because Rémy was obviously very good at fucking. All the girls and married women had shaved pussies, so I asked the gay Rosi shave me three times a week, and she was allowed to masturbate and fuck me as payment, so to speak. She really masturbated me so excellently that I lost my breath. And when she lay on me and fucked my clit with her clit, I had one wonderful orgasm after another like Saint Carmen of Toledo. And she fucked, fucked and fucked in a row until she had a violent orgasm. After a few months I shaved myself, the lesbian fuss of Rosi was just too embarrassing for me.

How can I put it? I was getting hotter every day to let Rémy fuck me. I watched every day the happy fucking, became horny as hell and masturbating brought only short relaxation. The holy Carmen of Toledo had already withdrawn long ago from my unchastity, unfortunately. One night I gathered all my courage and crept naked into Rémy's room.

He was lying on the bed, rubbing his long cock very slowly, absorbed in his reading. It was a booklet full of nudes and fuckers, a fine study, that! He looked up and I sat straddled on the foot of his bed. "I want to fuck you, Rémy," I said in a thin voice, my heart pounding. He took an in-depth look at my cunt. "You're still a virgin, Rosi," he stated, and I nodded. "But I am the Traudi, you know" I reminded him, "if you like, then you may deflower me! I've wanted it for a very long time, but I never dared to ask!" He nodded thoughtfully, "dare, Traudi, dare!" he grinned, "come lie down with me and relax, it's an important moment for you and it should be as romantic as possible!" I lay down with him, skin to skin and trembling with excitement. He was very gentle as he inserted his cock. It only made a tiny prick, then I was deflowered. He fucked me and his whole cock went exactly fully into my pussy. It was beautiful, I thanked him with lots of French kisses and cuddling. I loved his fucking very much and

got very violent orgasms after he allowed me to masturbate while fucking. My ass and pussy twitched and pumped wildly like a wasps ass trying to lay an egg in vain.

Since then I fuck him every night and it is always exciting, horny and never boring.

# The Lesbian Rosi

by Jack Faber © 2023

I am the lesbian Rosi. I am the only lesbian in our village, although of course I also fuck with men.

I have been masturbating every night since I can remember, until I get tired. I must say up front that I was very precocious and my breasts, for example, were already big enough to be adored at 11. Our unmarried teacher, who lives one floor above us, deflowered me before my 12th birthday and has been sneaking up to me every morning since then, to fuck me with his morning wood. It's fine with me because I don't mind, but it doesn't excite me much.

My mother died a long time ago. When the teacher leaves again in the morning, I lie down in bed with Daddy and sleep another round. He likes it very much when I later strike his morning wood very finely until he wakes up. He doesn't need another woman, he has me. He is one of the best at fucking. Usually he fucks me twice before getting up and I get at least one orgasm with him. We love each other very much, we cuddle and smooch for a long time before we get up.

When my teacher deflowered me, I lay down the first time in a provocative way to Daddy, because I was looking for his closeness and loveliness. I didn't tell him about the deflowering and seduced him for the first time. He didn't say a word and deflowered me for the second time. He has a much bigger cock than the teacher and I bled a little when Daddy fucked me. Since then he has been rock solidly convinced that he had deflowered me. I have never contradicted him. We've been fucking in the morning for 20 years now, and he's the best at it of all. When I tell him about my lesbian affairs, he wants to know everything in piggish detail and I describe everything to him in detail and without reservation. He likes to look at nude photos or videos of my lesbian love affairs and always shakes his head in amusement and in horniness. He does not believe, even after 20 years, that I am really a lesbian, since I fuck so many men!? He also does not believe the rumors that I am a whore, because I fuck so

many girls for free!? I don't hide anything from my Daddy, never ever, but he only hears what pleases him or makes him horny.

Of course I fuck with all men who pay me, because except me there are no whores in our village. At least none who let themselves be fucked for money. My teacher gave the impulse and I sometimes give him some little money, but he is not a real pimp, I don't have one and I don't need one. There are of course a lot of women in our village who have ants in their asses and are insanely eager to be fucked, but they are not whores.

I love women more than anything. I fall in love with one, I have to seduce her first and then we fuck our brains out until we get tired of each other and then I look for another one. I have fucked and had a long lasting romantic affair with all the pretty ones in the village for the past 20 years. I'm not interested in the old ones and the ones under 12. But it's a breathtaking chase to get a married girl seduced who has never had anything with a woman and fuck her brains out.

My favorite thing to fuck is clit-on-clit. The one on top has the active part and is the one who fucks the one on the bottom like a man and brings her to orgasm. I have already met some women who had not understood this. They lie unproductively on top of each other and both masturbate themselves so that the slow train eventually comes into a small rural station. I take a very practical approach to the matter. I always fuck the other first, so that she knows exactly how the regional train becomes an express train and stops only in large stations! Most understand it right away and some manage to fuck me in the right way. These affairs last longer, thank God.

I find so many men to fuck that I can live very well on the money. I recently bought a convertible, a fire-red Mustang, which fits well with my red mane in terms of color.

I'm already thinking about going on a manhunt with my Mustang to catch men.

# Janet

by Jack Faber © 2023

Come here, my boy, sit next to me on my bed. I don't know how much longer time I have, but I have a lot to tell you. Come, put your hand under the covers and put it on my pussy. Ohh, yes, that's fine. Yes, rub my clit, I can't do it myself since a long time and the Filipino blood young nurse does it to me only once secretly every night. She is very good, but very shy and bashful, the little one, and she herself never masturbates, she says. Oh well. Thank God you come three times a week and do it to me. Good boy! You remember that I need it a few times in a row, well?

Where should I start? I learned to masturbate from my demented great-grandmother when I was 5. I've been obsessed with it ever since. At boarding school for girls, I was in a twin room with Phyllis. She was a real hermaphrodite, with a vagina and a huge cock, get it? She got to fuck me all those years, through the big hole in my hymen, and she never tore it. She always brought other girls to deflower and fuck them. I liked to help her because watching them deflower and fuck made me so horny, I masturbated while they fucked.

I got married very early, my hymen broke for good and it was heavily bleeding. Everyone was so proud of my virginity and no one suspected that I had already been fucked every night for the last 6 years. My husband was a failure, even in bed. Even before I put my head on the pillow, he was done and squirting into my pussy grinning stupidly. After two miscarriages I was infertile. He always fucked me very quickly with his morning wood, after 10 seconds he squirted inside and that was it. I was down after that and masturbated continuously until noon. He never knew that I masturbated at all.

Janet fell silent and writhed in orgasm and uncovered herself, then he was allowed to continue.

Our “beautiful” marriage lasted only 10 years. I knew, of course, that he was cheating and fucking his blood young cousin from day one, but I looked the other way. The cousin was only 12 at that time. Then he moved back to his parents’ house for months, where the cousin also lived. But he came every morning and fucked me briefly. I think it was for a legal reason. He came without a greeting, came in, fucked me for a few minutes and left immediately after he had cum in my pussy. I don’t particularly like the word pussy, but vagina sounds so clinical. I kept masturbating until noon, sure enough!

One morning he fucked me for the first time to my orgasm and only later squirted into my pussy. He wanted to show me his new car and we drove to the parking lot near the lighthouse. We sat down on the back seats and he fucked me again so long that I got an orgasm and he squirted only afterwards. He didn’t care that people were watching through the car windows and taking pictures. He wanted a divorce, the cousin was pregnant. Just like that. I was thunderstruck and he flipped my skirt up, over my face. He masturbated me for an hour, people were watching, photographing and filming. With each orgasm I screamed “eeech, it had not worked again” and he masturbated me further, over and over an hour long.

.

Janet fell silent again, wriggling in orgasm, and he kept going.

Then we walked along the coast. Not the wide path, but the dangerous path high up in the cliffs. I yelled at him that he was a miserable pig and I didn’t care if the cousin was pregnant. At the top we screamed at each other for a long time. I kicked a boulder angrily and saw him flying towards me, murderousness in his eyes and with contorted face. I swerved and he balanced on the edge of the precipice, no more murderousness in his eyes, only terrible panic. I screamed and pushed him in front of his chest. He tried to hold on, but I screamed and shrieked and pushed him over backwards. He screamed in agony as he plummeted in the abyss. To this day, his death scream still rings in my ears.

Janet fell silent and wriggled in orgasm, gasping for him to prolong her orgasm and keep rubbing. He obeyed and then she continued.

Three witnesses swore under oath that he had jumped himself, that I had even tried to hold him back. I breathed a sigh of relief, the perjuries saved me from the gallows. The very pregnant cousin wanted to comfort me and spent the night with me. We masturbated together, made lesbian love and fucked clit-to-clit like back in boarding school days. She preferred to be fucked with a big and thick rubber dildo when she masturbated. I later bought one too, it was better than any man.

As always, Janet was now orgasming more and more easily, she fell silent for a moment and then let herself continue be masturbated. The young nurse stuck her head in for a moment and blushed like a tomato. She looked every time when the young man visited and masturbated the Old Woman. She disappeared again.

I fucked the cousin until the birth, then she stayed away. I had inherited from my husband not only the large city apartment, but also a huge Fortune. I was a multimillionaire and soon it would all be yours, my son! (He shook his head and muttered that it was too soon!) Well, it didn't change much for me. He didn't come to fuck me every morning now, I hardly missed that. I let hundreds fuck me in my year of mourning, and eventually I got bored with chasing the next fuck. Then I decided to adopt you and live a chaste life. That I failed thoroughly.

Janet opened her eyes for a moment and looked into his eyes, smiling happily until the orgasm ended.

What happened next, you know. I masturbated you every day in the shower and masturbated naked on my bed with the lights on. I left the intermediate door open on purpose so you could look at my masturbating. Only after some time you dared to come to me. You wanted to see masturbating up close, you were allowed to sit on me. When I was ready, I masturbated you properly. At that time I only let

you enter my pussy to squirt inside, I wanted to wait with the real fucking until you became 12, 13 and 14.

The orgasm now came fast and hard. Janet continued talking after a moment.

When you were 12, you ran away because of a little scuffle in the schoolyard. I didn't see you until 8 weeks later. I went to the Baron day in and day out and begged him to stop the APB on you. He fucked me twice each time, from the front and from behind. From the second week on I stayed at his place overnight and let him fuck me quite often or even masturbated his cock in my mouth and swallowed it, until the last day. He was never allowed to fuck his long dead wife, they masturbated every night sitting across from each other watching the other masturbate. She masturbated very often and dressed like the Saint Carmen of Toledo. She went daily to her confessor, with whom she reenacted the rape of Carmen every day. She then allowed herself to be fucked not only by the confessor, but also by the two spiritual advisors who assisted her in the flesh. Only on her deathbed did she confess to her baron that her son had been fathered by the confessor.

Janet shuddered in orgasm, then sighed and continued.

When the manhunt was lifted, you came back. Quite proudly you told me that your current wife had taught you how to fuck. You weren't even 13 then, you were so proud of it, you got up at the kitchen table and masturbated in front of my face. I didn't want to get cum in my mouth, I never liked that and only let the baron squirt in my mouth because I was so desperate. I pressed my lips together, but you pressed your cock inside and you squirted through my lips into my mouth, the only time. From then on we fucked every day except on weekends, when you always went to your future wife. The last time we fucked, you were already 26, my boy.

He continued masturbating her for a long time until she fell asleep in the middle of an orgasm. He left quietly and stood in the nurses' station behind the young Asian girl sitting at the desk. As always, he embraced her and put his hands on her breasts. He kissed her on the

crown and whispered, as he did every time, that he would love to fuck her so badly. She would — as always — shake her head, smiling. But this time she leaned her head back and whispered, “I’m on duty until 9pm, I’ll wait for you then!”

# Liane

by Jack Faber © 2023

I'm Liane, the daughter of Mélanie and Pierre. I don't have much to tell, but I'll try.

My brother René sometimes spent the summer vacations with us. We did all the games together, of course, especially the secret sexual ones. When I was 12, I was allowed to examine his cock again in detail and he explained everything to me with hair precision. Shaft, foreskin and glans. The bag and the 2 balls, he said brashly, was good for nothing. Okay, I said, the hole in the glans was for pissing, right? He nodded, yes sure, but it can also squirt, when fucking. I can make babies with squirting. I stumbled. Babies grow in mother's belly, don't they? Yes, he said giggling, she gets fucked by daddy, he squirts in her pussy and only then does the baby grow! I understood and he explained the fucking and childmaking very precisely.

But only the adult women have babies when fucking, my smart brother lectured. When we kids fuck — here the little seducer's eyes glittered — so when we children fuck, for example, there's no baby, because you're too young. He had to deny that he had already fucked, there he was honest. So he had to wait to fuck for squirting? He laughed out loud, of course not, I can do it with my hand! I was curious. He was ready to demonstrate. We sat down opposite each other with our legs spread. He told me to spread my pussy with my hands, then he would look at it and squirt, maybe into my pussy. Okay, that was fine with me. He stared into my fuck hole and rubbed his cock, after a while he squirted in front of my fuck hole and then squirted several times into my pussy until it was over. I was excited and he let me learn it.

Over the next few days I was allowed to masturbate him as many times as he got stiff. He showed me that it was even more beautiful for him when I pressed his cock on my pussy while masturbating him and he squirted on my pussy. It was an incredibly intense feeling and that night I pressed my fingers on my pussy as if it was the thrusting

of his cock. Suddenly it exploded, that was my first orgasm! I continued until breakfast, learning to rub myself to orgasm. I wanted to show him the next day, but he just wanted to play fucking and I had to masturbate him and squirt his cum on my pussy the whole time without the chance to say a single word about my orgasming.

My pussy was soaking wet and he fucked wilder and wilder in my wet pussy until all of a sudden he penetrated deep. He asked me if it hurt, but no, I said, not at all! He whispered, now we fuck for real and I nodded enthusiastically. He fucked for a while and squirted into my pussy, I felt it very clearly. We fucked now every day as often as he got a hard-on. It was great fun for him and I had my fun at night masturbating. Mélanie was horrified when I told her after the summer that he had deflowered and fucked me a hundred times when I was 12.

Since then, I masturbate every night before going to sleep until I get tired. Of course I did it also in boarding school, there the girls often masturbated in pairs in bed, many masturbated each other. The 8 years at boarding school were marked by a lot of masturbation. After that I came home, father Pierre had lost our small brewery and mother Mélanie had an affair with the insanely rich count. Of course it was clear to me that she wanted to marry me to the count, so I gladly went along with it. Mélanie made lesbian love to me very often so that her dearest Pierre could watch us secretly. She wanted to make him hot in this way and I had nothing against it. After all, I had always made lesbian love at boarding school and Mélanie liked fucking clit-to-clit as much as I did. So Mélanie got Pierre back in her bed and Mélanie allowed me with a grin to secretly watch them fucking and masturbate at my watchpost. I masturbated like hell because Pierre had the largest cock in the World and I was very much in love to him.

The Count wanted to fuck me only until I gave birth to him a progenitor, otherwise he wanted to fuck with Mélanie, that was fine. I gave birth to little Luis a year and a half later. He had a big cock, the Luis. I was the only one who knew that his father was Pierre, with whom I always fucked when Mélanie lay with the Count. Pierre, who was not my biological father (Mélanie will explain this to you),

fucked like a Champion. He was the only one who could fuck me so hard and so long that I had an orgasm before he squirted into. But we kept that a secret from Mélanie and my husband, the Count. Pierre continued to fuck me for many years.

I took advantage of what I had learned and had the Count give me the run-down vineyard. Within two years it had become a model farm and my wines won many awards. My count gave me a free hand and I had many lovers. I often lay on my bed and masturbated with relish while watching through the connecting door Mélanie riding my count and masturbating sitting on his chest in front of his face.

Quite a mess, I'll admit. But I enjoy every minute of it!

# Mélanie

by Jack Faber © 2023

I am Mélanie, my husband is Pierre, my daughter Liane. — “Love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness and selfcontrol,” my mother used to say. “And a hell of a lot of masturbating and fucking,” she added on that memorable afternoon when she told me about sex and showed me how passionately she masturbated, and we spent the entire afternoon sitting across from each other masturbating in front of us until we were exhausted.

I learned to masturbate from my mother when I was 5 years old. I had to find out what my mother was actually doing in the afternoons, I crept to the bedroom and opened the door a tiny crack. Mother was lying naked on the bed with her legs spread and rubbing her pussy. I had to look very closely to see what she was doing and how exactly. I saw her big fuckhole and the small, dark red clit she was rubbing like crazy. Every 15 minutes her abdomen would explode and she would take a one-two minute break, then she started all over again. She masturbated 8 to 10 times every afternoon, finally taking longer and longer until she exploded. I tried it myself at night and after a short while I could masturbate just fine. I became more and more tired and slowed down after the 10th orgasm until I fell asleep. I would say today that my mother and I were obsessively addicted to masturbation and the orgasming. I spied on her until her untimely death.

Of course, at the same time, I discovered that my parents only fucked on Sunday mornings. Father was still asleep and mother was masturbating quietly since morning, I don't know how many times she had done it. Father woke up and went to pee with his bobbing stiff cock. He came back and sat between mother's spread legs. He watched her masturbate and waited patiently for one, two or three orgasms until she nodded smilingly at him. He knelt between her legs and she grabbed his cock and guided it to her pussy. She laughed and seemed to really like him thrusting hard and brutally into her fuckhole. He fucked her really hard and brutally, she clung to him and I noticed that her whole body was stretching towards him in or-

gasm. She stroked his neck, now he thrust in once really fast and squirted into the fuck hole, pressing his asscheeks together in this hard effort. She immediately orgasmed and clasped him with a blissful smile. He pulled his cock out several times and thrust into very hard, his asscheeks contracting tightly as he squirted a jet inside. After six or seven squirts in, he was done and she wriggled and shook in her long orgasm until her orgasm had subsided. He then sat back down between her legs. She masturbated again, usually three times in a row, then she nodded smiling to him. They fucked one more time the same way and that was it.

I spied on my mother and my parents every day until my mother died in a stupid traffic accident. I was 11 and a half and cried with dad nonstop for days. I slept in his bed and we clung to each other in misery for weeks. One Sunday morning I woke up to Father rubbing his cock really hard and squirting into the air. I sat up as he did it the second time, it was very horny and interesting to watch. When he was done I took off my nightgown and masturbated, allowing him to watch me. It was my first time masturbating after her death. I did it 8 times, then I snuggled up to him and it was great to feel his naked body and stiff cock. He wanted to squirt again and I lay wide spread in front of him. When he squirted, I carefully bent his cock down with my fingers and let him squirt on my littlegirl's pussy. We did that every Sunday morning for weeks and I masturbated with him at the same time and he squirted broad smiling upon my pussy.

One Sunday morning I was awake before him. He had gotten a very stiff cock in his dreams and I laid on top of him and rubbed his cock with my pussy. He woke up when I had made him squirt with the pussy rubbing. He was completely confused, I was not. I was 11 now and surely old enough to replace him a wife to fuck! I wanted it now, right now! He didn't want it at first, but I rubbed his cock with my pussy again until he was ready. "I want to fuck you like Mommy did," I said defiantly. "But you're too young and still a virgin" he tried to escape. "Then you have to deflower me every Sunday morning," I silly said smartly and he explained the deflowering to me in great detail. I didn't let up, I wanted to be fucked by him every Sunday morning like Mommy, maybe not quite as brutally. I then finally won! I lay on my back and let him penetrate my little pussy. He was very careful

and lovely as he deflowered me. I took a deep breath, eureka! From now on he fucked me every Sunday morning two or three times until I was 24 and went to war, but I didn't want to be fucked brutally. I loved being fucked by his big fat cock because I had an endless orgasm every time he brutally cum, just like he did in Mommy's fuck hole. I clung to him the same way Mommy did before me while I orgasmed when he brutally pushed into my fuck hole. I don't know how he did it, but that thrusting triggered an ultralong orgasm that lasted until he stopped thrusting in forcefully and squirted once. I tore open my mouth and clung to him until he stopped and my wriggling and twitching orgasm subsided. He was the only man who did it this way to me.

Every night during the week he stroked his cock before going to sleep, he wanted to fuck only on Sunday mornings. He pulled the foreskin infinitely slowly back over the glans again and again and stopped when it squirted and let the semen ooze out by itself. I had learned to do it after a few days and was allowed to slowly rub his cock every evening and finely rub out the semen. It didn't bother him at all that I masturbated next to him every night until I dropped.

---

### **My father's story**

---

One day, we were taking a break from fucking on a Sunday morning, he sat me down on his thighs, leaned my face against his chest, and I held his cock while he narrated. He only faltered briefly whenever I made his cock squirt.

He began: during the week, I little boy slept naked at Mommy's, naked like her. The first time I squirted, Mommy warned me, "not so fast, my darling!" and she showed me how to do it slowly. To squirt, she put my little cock deep in her fuckhole, which was insanely fine! She masturbated me for a few weeks until I was allowed to do it myself. She stroked my inner thighs, my balls, my ass cheeks and my asshole very fine and horny, while I was allowed to rub the foreskin very very slowly. We let my semen two or three times in a row squirt into her fuckhole, then she hugged me and kissed me on the mouth. "Good night, my darling!" she whispered and got ready to mastur-

bate. She masturbated for probably hours more, but I fell asleep quite soon. I loved this very much!

Sunday mornings I had to go to bed with my sister when Daddy came home to fuck with Mommy. Only on Sunday morning, when Daddy came home from a week tour to fuck her, I had to lie down in bed with my big sister. My sister masturbated all Sunday morning until the parents were done fucking. She of course let me watch, proudly and hornily grinning, and in time I slowly rubbed my fore-skin and squirted on her pussy. When she was 13 — I was 4 years younger — she really wanted to fuck for real, after we had spied a few times on the parents fucking. She explained everything to me exactly and then we did it. I couldn't pierce her hymen at first and she spread her pussy with both hands so wide that her hymen was stretched like a drumhead, then I could finally deflower her and we fucked for real. This went quite well for a few years until one morning Mommy caught us. She remained — naked as always on Sunday morning — thunderstruck in the doorway, I had just penetrated the sister's pussy. She curiously let us finish fucking and only tore me down from the sister when I was about to cum. The first half jet still splashed into my sister's fuck hole. Mom pressed me tightly against herself and my desperate poor cock found its proper entrance, there I squirted the whole rest inside. Mommy took my cock out of her pussy and stroked my cock, annoyed but grinning, and let the heavy drops slap to the floor. My sister pointed her finger and laughed like crazy as my juice slowly dripped out of Mommy's shaved slit. From then on I was no longer allowed to fuck with my sister, although we both liked it and did it anyway secretly.

Now I had to lie at the foot of the bed on Sunday morning and pretend to be asleep, Mommy had said. "The little one sleeps deeply like a sack!" she reassured Daddy. So I was allowed to secretly watch them both fucking. She first masturbated terribly horny to make him really hot. Then she directed his thick cock into her fuckhole with a wide devilish grin. They fucked for a long time and very wildly. When he thrust choppily and had to cum, she ripped his cock out of the pussy and let him squirt only on the outside to prevent a pregnancy. It was totally exciting and very very horny. My cock stood upright and Daddy giggled. Mom grabbed my cock and slowly rubbed the

foreskin until I squirted in a high arc. They usually fucked two or three times and Mommy let her sleeping boy cum and squirt during their breaks. Usually my sister stood naked in the doorway and waited until they had finished fucking and Mommy had made me cum and squirt after their fucking, the sister mewling defiantly about when there would finally be breakfast?

Mommy liked to masturbate me very much on weekdays because I was too tired, I rarely did it to myself. She usually masturbated me three times in a row, then she masturbated herself for hours. Mommy was one of the best paid dressmakers in town, she sewed during the day and when she got aroused, she would simply flip up her skirt and masturbated hastily. After the orgasm she was refreshed and cheerful and continued sewing, humming a melody. She needed it at least 5 times a day and she didn't care if my sister or I were there. Then my Daddy was killed. We were all crying and mom was wailing how bad it was for us. I lay on top of her, wiggling my hard-on in the front of her pussy, trying to calm her down. Weeks later she had calmed down enough to understand at how I wanted to replace Daddy. Of course that was not possible, for heaven's sake! But soon she didn't resist anymore and let me fuck her. I tried to fuck just like Daddy and she finally pulled out my cock to cum and squirt. Mostly, however, she was in the middle of her orgasm and then I squirted into until I dropped. I fucked her every night until I got married and your mother tolerated me fucking Mommy once a week with my morning wood until she died. I fucked secretly with my sister who soon became famous as the best whore in school. We stopped never, though, even not after she married a rich dick. We still fucked quite a bit during her first pregnancy and only stopped after she gave birth. That's when I met mom.

---

Mélanie continued: Until the war Daddy fucked me every Sunday morning two or three times, but he unfortunately died during the war. Pierre agreed that I went to fuck Daddy on Sunday mornings and at the same time I allowed him to go every Sunday morning to fuck his sister's virgin pussy, whom he fucked since she was 11 or 12. During the week I tried to masturbate my father every night if possi-

ble and I didn't care that Pierre took the opportunity to fuck his little sister.

Since I fucked with Daddy, I gave the boys hand- and blowjobs, hundreds of times. Then I met Pierre, a brewer's son with the most enormous cock I've ever seen. We got married after a few months and Pierre could fuck me wonderfully and bring me to orgasm, even though his cock didn't fit in entire length in my pussy. He noted with amazement that I masturbated every night until I dropped. He watched with great interest and horniness. Then came the war.

Pierre immediately enlisted in the Résistance and I with him. We had many adventures, mostly we had to hide for fucking. We got into situations where I was the only woman in the room. Pierre fucked me unabashedly, I sat half-naked on his cock with my back to him and let him fuck me with great pleasure. This was the only position where his cock fit entirely in my pussy and I masturbated during being fucked with great devotion and passionately. The buddies came closer, grinning as they watched us and masturbated themselves. I took off my blouse (lingerie and clothes were scarce!), I got orgasm after orgasm and the buddies squirted on my big beautiful breasts, every one after the other. This went on for many weeks.

A year and months later we were back in a hideout, 30 lads and two girls, the lesbian Valerie and me. I was fucking Pierre in the dark room and heard Valerie masturbating loudly next to me. She had several orgasms and so did I, Pierre was in top form. I heard the buddies masturbating all around. It lasted a few days, then Valerie stopped masturbating and masturbated my clit to huge orgasms while I sat fucking on Pierre's cock. I told him the next day, but he didn't believe a single word. Day after day Valerie masturbated me and after that I heard her masturbate endlessly. Pierre let me get off, grabbed Valerie and fucked her through and through. I was hurt and now let 7 or 10 buddies fuck me from behind, every night, because Pierre fucked Valerie.

Valerie was our sniper and she was good at it. I was assigned to her as a scout because two women lugging a heavy package didn't attract attention. When Valerie picked off the Nazis, we'd take off. We

masturbated together in hidden corners because the killing had made us both terribly horny.

Once she had to shoot an important Nazi while he was fucking his Nazi assistant girl. We couldn't do that from outside, we snuck into the love nest where the fat Nazi was fucking his huge Valkyrie. She masturbated during the fuck with a totally absent look in her eyes, high with some drugs. We both waited until the Valkyrie's wild orgasm distracted them both. Valerie stepped forward and shot him in the head. Then she held the gun to the Valkyrie's head. Irritated, she followed the gaze of the incessantly masturbating Valkyrie: the dead man's cock began to squirt upon her pussy, squirting and squirting in one go until he was done. We watched the girl masturbate for 20 minutes, as the Valkyrie with the huge clit could not stop masturbating and increased her arousing from orgasm to orgasm. She masturbated with a stupid grin quite violently until she exploded in a very long lasting orgasm and the dead man fell to the floor. Valerie became horny as hell while watching her, after the x-th orgasm in this hour the Valkyrie looked at us in amazement for the first time and continued masturbating furiously. Outside, it was getting dark. I let her come to orgasm once more, took the gun from Valerie who was trembling with horniness and put the barrel into the Valkyrie's pussy. I pulled the trigger three times and shot her in the head. Then we ran away. In a secluded corner, we masturbated several times in a row, talking only about the dead man's strange squirting, but Valerie said most men cum at the moment of death. We also talked about that Valkyrie, her inability to stop masturbating because high of drugs, and her giant clit.

Once only, things were really dicey. Valerie had taken out four Nazi-officers at an opposite coffee house table from a basement window. Suddenly we heard 4 German soldiers enter the cellar to requisition wine or cognac. Valerie had only one bullet left in the magazine, there was no time to reload. She fired immediately and I pulled my heavy army pistol out of my pocket. As if in ecstasy, I fired blindly all 9 bullets and then it continued to click blankly until Valerie took the pistol from my hand. "We got them all," she said softly, "you got them all!" We took off running, stopping only when I couldn't go any further. I had killed at least 3 men and my clit was raging so much

that I couldn't go a single step further. Valerie also stopped and waited because I masturbated standing in the middle of the road and got the orgasm. She was looking for a hiding place. There was still time and the hiding place was good, we undressed and fucked several times clit-to-clit, orgasm after orgasm, for a good hour. Valerie was a true master at it and she fucked me so well with her clit that I flew from orgasm to orgasm! We masturbated wildly, orgasm after orgasm. We were so turned on by the danger that we masturbated like madmen, snuggled up to each other. In the darkness we ran home.

Fucking fell like a plague on our little group. For months we all remained naked, in the endless waiting we had only the sex as entertainment until the end of the war. Valerie usually sat backwards on Pierre's cock facing us and masturbated when she felt like it or she let Pierre fuck her several times a day. Very rarely, when she wasn't sitting on Pierre's cock, one or the other had the courage to fuck her from behind in the doggie position. I loved watching Valerie masturbate, but when she was fucked by Pierre, I felt a sting in my heart.

I now let myself be fucked in the doggy position during the day. It was the most comfortable position, with my head resting on my forearm, my upper body on the floor and my ass spread backwards. I could masturbate well in the doggie position and the cocks excited me the most that way. I had found that all 30 of my buddies fucked me every 24 hours, and these long months of endless fucking were really truly and wonderfully horny. Thank God there was a shower, freezing cold but I could always keep myself clean. Valerie looked at me lovingly while I was fucking with all the buddies and masturbating, she sent me a loving air-kiss every time I had an orgasm! Pierre was watching jealously and looked really stupid.

At some point the war came to an end. We went home and had become somehow sexual strangers. Pierre dutifully fucked me every morning with his morning wood to a fine orgasm, but afterwards he went to fuck his little sister. He once told me how the little sister let herself be fucked. He had started fucking the great-grandmother when he was 8. She had dementia since the birth of her daughter and let him fuck her obsessively with his morning wood each morning. Brothers, uncles and cousins came to her and she fucked them all

with a silly smiling grin. He went upstairs almost daily and fucked the now 98-year-old. She died in the middle of fucking when she was 101, but he continued to fuck her thoughtfully and squirt juicily into the dead woman's pussy. His youngest sister, who was mentally stagnant at age 9, ran her household. The two women watched porn movies all day long and masturbated in competition. The little girl always watched with great interest when he fucked the old woman. She begged and begged for fucking until he deflowered her at age 11 and a half. She was impressed by the Japanese porn stars who whimpered and whined like little kittens when they were fucked. The Little sister copied the Japanese porngirls and always pretended to be afraid of getting fucked, which of course she was not. She howled, cried and whined when his giant cock entered her little virgin pussy and fucked her really hard. She mewed, whined and whimpered like a little kitten when he fucked her and screamed shrilly with a stupid grin on her face when she had an orgasm. It was just a silly, stupid game, but it turned him on insanely. He had to laugh terribly when he told me and played it for me.

I masturbated again like a madwoman before sleeping and cried myself to sleep.

The aged President Charles de Gaulle awarded many Résistance fighters, including Pierre, Valerie and me. I was very moved when the worthy old warrior pinned the Médaille d'Or to my chest. Valerie had brought her daughter with her, she was the spitting image of Pierre. I secretly asked Valerie and she blushing confirmed it. Then the company commander celebrated us and read out who had killed how many Nazis, a very long list. Valerie the sniper 118, Pierre the scout and secret courier 57, and I as a scout 26. We talked about it only in low whispers, because we didn't really care about the numbers but the lives we took. Most of the other comrades were loud and boastful. Pierre and I said goodbye to Valerie with heartfelt, long French kisses and drove home. We talked openly and honestly about Valerie for the first time. Pierre said that in retrospect he was sorry that he had hurt me when he had fucked Valerie and not me in the last few months. I said that was over and it didn't hurt me anymore and Valerie had gotten her baby, finally. After all, I had fucked day after day with all 30 of my comrades during those months, which I'm

sure had also hurt him. We kissed and felt that we forgave each other. In the last hours of the train ride I told Pierre how Valerie introduced me to lesbian lovemaking and how great she could fuck me clit-to-clit. Pierre had never seen this before and I promised him I would let him watch one day when I made lesbian love to a woman.

Only days later I brought a young Japanese tourist with me, she was an iron lesbian with a beautifully shaved pussy that smelled wonderful. She first objected to Pierre watching us and said he must not fuck her in any case, she was still a virgin! I fucked her clit-to-clit until I was tired from our many orgasms. Pierre had put his head between our thighs and watched our clits in action. He mounted the crying and whining Japanese girl, deflowered her with a firm jerk. She was meowing like a kitten, fainted and he fucked the fainted girl hard and brutally, then squirted her pussy full. He was very satisfied and we both fucked the desolate poor girl for a week.

I went to clean the rectory, at least a paid job. I fell in love at the first moment with the new young Abbé Fabien. He was a brétone, slim and massive at the same time, had a shock of black hair and very bright shining blue eyes. I was determined to get this sweet tidbit in my pussy and plunged into this adventure head first. The first thing I did was to leave off my bra and panties and wear only a light, frivolously short dress in the rectory. But the Abbé noticed nothing of it, I had to bring up heavy artillery. Directly in front of the Abbé, I knelt on all fours ass showing, and diligently scrubbed the clean stone floor. Quite by chance my little dress slipped up over my asscheeks, I presented the holy man frivolously my bare asscheeks, my pussy and the clit, all of which I was very proud. He stared at my jewels for a week, fighting with the devils. Then finally he grabbed me determined and fucked me from behind. I had an orgasm like I hadn't had in a long time.

For four months we fucked like madmen in a row. I had told him I wanted a child from him, because with my Pierre it just did not work. His mouth said there was no way he could do that, but his cock squirted into my pussy a dozen times a day, that was fine. I had confessed everything to Pierre, of course, but he just shrugged his shoulders indifferently or nodded in agreement and went to fuck his little

sister's virgin pussy even more often. Fabien could really fuck masterfully and did not save his semen. I had begged him every time to make me a child and he fucked me as often as he could. One day he took me to the church and carefully locked the doors. I had to lie naked on the main altar and he fucked me insanely for two hours, squirting four times in my pussy. I looked up at all the saints of stone, the angels and the saints smiled broadly at me. One of the saints blessed me with a hand sign and whispered softly, "Have hope my daughter, let your will be done!" I thanked the saint with my most loving, filthy smile and now, to the astonishment of my Abbé, I screamed so loudly during all my 6 orgasms that it echoed shrilly in the holy hall. A misguided holy man fucked a mad lunatic woman on holy grounds! Here, in this holy night I conceived my child, Liane.

Where happiness lies in the light, the wretched envious is not far. The Abbé was ordered to the bishop. With a petrified expression, the bishop read the anonymous letter. Abbé Fabien blanched. But he was an honest man, he admitted everything. With fiery, amorous words he told of the wonderful love, of the beautiful Mélanie, and of the wonderful carnal pleasures, that the pen trembled in the hand of the protocolist. The bishop abruptly interrupted the Abbé's pornolalia. Whether he has taken leave of his senses, thundered the High Lord! The housekeepers were there to fuck, if it had to be, in God's name! But the confessionals, the faithful, they are taboo! and the Abbé shyly interjected that Mélanie had never confessed to him and was not a believer, but the bishop angrily swept away his argument. He forbade the Abbé to have any contact with Mélanie and immediately transferred him to the smallest village in the Pyrenees. There was an old and ugly housekeeper who was not at all averse to the carnal sins. He smiled for the first time, she had been his own housekeeper for many a year, and .... but the High Lord kept silent as a precaution, this did not have to be in the protocol.

Abbé Fabien returned heartbroken. In three days he had to leave, he said to me. I was still in shock and called Pierre that I would stay away for three days. Fabien and I spent 75 hours in bed, fucking our brains out. We laughed with every orgasm and cried when we had to rest. He left and we talked on the phone for some time. I felt so sorry for him, he had nothing to do in the parish and the old hag forced

him into her bed at least 4 times a day. Besides her ugliness she was very very good in fucking and brought him at least a dozen times a day to squirt. Sometimes she fucked him like a wild dragon and sometimes like a gentle kitten. — At least my exlover had no problems getting rid of his semen and I soon forgot about him, the pregnancy took all my time.

I was honestly shocked when Liane confessed to me at 12 that her half-brother had deflowered her in the summer and that they had screwed like maniacs on the beach day in and day out until the end of the vacations. Liane was immediately sent to a boarding school for girls, where there were no cocks far and wide.

I was incredibly lucky. My childhood sweetheart, Count Armand, needed a new manager, (saying housekeeper was not fine enough for him). Armand was 51 at the time and I was about to turn 50. Although Pierre fucked me wonderfully every morning with his morning wood and then went to his little sister to fuck the virgin's pussy, I had the widowed Count in my sights. No, he had not forgotten that we had sometimes fucked each other at schooltime, but he was still in mourning the countess. Fiddle-dee-dee! I quickly brought the count's household up to scratch, went to the hairdresser and lost ten kilos. I shaved my pubic hair and wore neither bra nor panties. Yes, I provoked everyone with my overflowing cleavage and my short little dresses. The look of some good man sucked on my frivolously presented fuckingslit and I did not let go of the good man so easily. This had already worked wonders with the Abbé, why not with my Count? Yes, Pierre was my husband and we loved each other with all our hearts, but sexually we had become somehow strangers. Yes, he fucked me dutifully every morning before I got up. — not to mention my morning masturbation, after Pierre's wonderful fuck. — I had breakfast and went to the Count's castle, Pierre went to his little sister's to fuck the virgin's pussy, as usual, every day. I was very satisfied, I put the Count's household in order and had enough time to devote to Count Armand.

For weeks Armand regarded me with benevolence and let his gaze glide over my admittedly pretty body. I rubbed my teats stiffly before joining him. He loved my big, full breasts and my stiff teats, that was

obvious. As often as possible, I sat down so he could see and stare at my nice fuck slit. He patted my body whenever possible and I felt him getting more and more turned on each day. Mourning year? Phaw! I needed exactly one month to get him to fuck me. Pierre knew it, but he was caught with all his senses in the tight virgin pussy of his little sister, and I honestly didn't begrudge him from the bottom of my heart.

Armand, my count, was quite sweet when fucking, but no competition for Pierre's fucking! Armand loved very much when I sat on his chest and masturbated in front of him. It was fine with me, I'd rather have several orgasms while masturbating than none while fucking. Armand really loved me, but I belonged to Pierre, with skin and hair.

Liane was 18 and came home from boarding school. Pierre had a 15 year old to fuck in the brewery in addition to me and his sister. That was too much for him, 5 months later the 15 year old took him to the hospital, heart attack. He recovered well, but lost the brewery to a Danish-Dutch conglomerate. We lived on my salary and what I could steal from Armand, and it was not little!

Pierre's sister wanted to go easy on him — or she had had enough of him — and we gradually resumed the morning fucking. Pierre confessed that he missed the thrill of the sister's tight, virgin pussy and her fearful virgin's screaming before getting an orgasm, and he was also downhearted because she had found a new, potent stallion. I consulted with Liane and was amazed at how smart and mature she had become. The first thing we did was to have a Venetian mirror installed in the bedroom, so that one could secretly look into the bedroom from the next room. The first step in our strategy.

The second step was delicate. Liane had gained a lot of lesbian experience at boarding school, and we sent Pierre to the next room every morning. Liane made lesbian lovemaking at its best with me, we masturbated each other and fucked clit-to-clit with passion and ferocity. When we were done, I called Pierre. He came in with the biggest boner ever and instantly fucked me from behind because from behind his cock fit in and I was having an orgasm. Liane didn't want to disturb us and left after my orgasm to watch us and masturbate in

the next room. This was a wonderful new morning fucking procedure and I must admit that Liane could fuck clit-to-clit like no other and I happily let her fuck me insanely.

The next step of my ingenious plan was to set Liane up with Armand. I had talked to her and honestly explained my thoughts and intentions. She thought for a few minutes and asked some questions, and in the end she agreed happily to become a countess. She contributed a lot because she had thought quite concretely about her future and wanted to assure herself with me, so to speak, that she got everything she wanted. I suggested to her to use my sneaky feminine-cunning tactics. Lightweight short dress, no bra and no panties. Showing off the cleavage and the fuckingslit so many times to the count as possible. Liane clapped her hands, she was so excited to grab a rich and very pleasant husband!

Our plan worked, it worked like a charm! Armand got to see so much of Liane's jewels that he almost married her on the spot. I held off for a while to give Armand and Liane time. And yes, after a little over a year, she gave birth to little Luis, Armand was in seventh heaven, and I discovered the truth that was nobody's business.

I saw the little one's huge willy-boner and knew immediately that he was Pierre's child. I sternly took Liane into prayer until she admitted everything. Since the installation of the Venetian mirror, she fucked Pierre whenever the opportunity presented itself. She knew that he was not her biological father and therefore fucked him without hesitation. Pierre never knew that Liane was not and Luis was his child. This had been going on for a year and a half. I thought quite a bit and weighed the facts. No one was served by a scandal. I admonished Liane not to take Pierre away from me. He was the love of my life and the only one who fucked me really good. Liane promised, and we continued our sloppy relations as before. Armand had his heir and gave Liane a free hand sexually. She took many strong stallions when she found one. I had Pierre passionate again for my morning fuck and made sometimes lesbian love to Liane before the morning fuck and made Armand happy afterwards. Sometimes Liane would watch us from her bedroom and masturbated, as she was very voyeuristic. I often watched Pierre and Liane through the Venetian

mirror. They were made for each other. Pierre with his massive, hairy body and enormous cock. The willowy Liane with her large Breton breasts and her full pubic mound, hairless from birth, and the always virginal looking pussy that easily accommodated Pierre's entire cock. I had watched Liane and Armand very often during their first year and Liane never got an orgasm and masturbated tantalizingly and horny afterwards in front of Armand. But with Pierre, she didn't just orgasm once, but orgasmed continuously until he cum.

I have since watched very often through the connecting door when Liane had a stallion to fuck her. She detested cuddling and kissing because she only did that with those she had a relationship with, Pierre and Armand of course. The stallions were there for a different purpose. She lay on the bed smiling like the Goddess Diana and spreading her legs. She had a beautiful little pussy and a freestanding clit that was not covered by a foreskin. She had a nicely rounded mons veneris with a wonderfully smooth skin. She had never had any pubic hair and so her little fuck hole looked like a virginal, childlike one. She drew in her breath sharply when he penetrated and his cock widened her pussy, then rushed him to ever sharper speeds. She had learned to press her clit on his cock and therefore she would orgasm, sometimes delaying it long enough for him to cum and squirt into her orgasming still. In orgasm she clung to him and continued to actively fuck him. I found her way of fucking very nice and horny, and more than once I masturbated when they were done. It didn't bother me at all that the stud was watching me with increasing horniness. It was only good for Liane, who then didn't have to suck his cock for so long to get him fit again. She makes an effort to invite only stalwart, well-fucking stallions, then she beckons me to her after her fuck, so that I can also be really good and violently fucked through by her stallion. I then usually lie on her Venus mound and let her excite my breasts and teats. These nice situations we have lately more and more often.

So we all have a very exciting and satisfying love life.

# Valerie

by Jack Faber © 2023

I am Valerie and I have a daughter Sybille from Pierre during the war.

Even as a small child I learned to masturbate from my playmates and masturbate since then as often as I have time. My Mommy didn't like it, but she never spoke out against it. She sadly passed away when I was 8 and Daddy and I would hold each other all night and cry because we loved her so much. My favorite thing to do was lay on top of Daddy and we would chafe and cuddle together in wild child-like sex until his cock squirted on my pussy. "I want to replace Mommy for you," I whispered with great seriousness, "she's gone and you have no woman to fuck but me!" I've always been very smart. Daddy stammered around that I was 8 and much too young to fuck. But then he explained deflowering and fucking to me in great detail. I had watched them do it so many times, that I knew exactly how it went. Mommy clung to him in orgasm like a Baby-Ape on her Mommy and let him forcefully squirt in. I was terribly excited as I lay down to fuck as I had seen Mommy do. Daddy deflowered me very lovingly so that I only felt a little prick. I clung to him intimately like a baby monkey and let him squirt into me. We fucked every night one time after another, because he had a great manhood and of course needed it several times in a row, until I went to war at 26 and left my sick Daddy behind.

The Résistance took me immediately, I was taken as a sniper. I brought my own hunting rifle, a rare masterpiece from Ferlach, Austria. I had a high-precision-monocular mounted and changed the magazine to 5 cartridges, so I had 6 rounds. I was quiet and reserved and my comrades thought I was a lesbian, which I never really was. Toward the end of the war, I operated out of a small base with my scout, Mélanie. She was a consummate scout and was not afraid to kill when necessary.

Mélanie fucked with her husband Pierre every night in the dim light, I watched her with greed and horniness and masturbated until I dropped. Fucking the other companions did not occur to me in my dreams. I carefully began to masturbate Mélanie's clit while she was fucked by Pierre and she enjoyed this secret act very very much. Afterwards I masturbated my brains out every night, that much was certain. At some point Pierre pushed Mélanie away, grabbed me and fucked me so I didn't know which train hit me. From then on, Pierre fucked me with his giant cock day and night until the end of the war.

Mélanie was bitter and let all her comrades fuck her in the doggy position day and night. There were only us two women for more than 30 men. Many of them fucked me too from behind, but I tossed them mostly out to squirt. I knew it had to hurt her and Pierre, but it was not my decision. Our squad was busy fucking day and night, we waited in vain for a new mission. When Pierre returned from a night mission and sharpened his long hunting knife for hours with a pinched mouth, I took his head delicately in my hands and let him cry secretly. He didn't like killing, but he wouldn't let anything or anyone stop him. Most of the time he would bring a job for me and I would go off with Mélanie.

Of the many Nazis we took out, one in particular stuck in my mind. We were supposed to take out a high-ranking Nazi and the best opportunity to do so was to kill him in his love nest. We snuck unnoticed into his love nest where he was fucking a huge Valkyrie. She must have been popping pervitin and cocaine, because she was masturbating nonstop, spiraling higher and higher from orgasm to orgasm with an absent look and couldn't stop masturbating. During one of her violent orgasms, I silently stepped next to him and shot him in the head. The Valkyrie continued masturbating and didn't seem to notice anything. Mélanie and I stared at the dying man's cock, which squirted jet after jet upon the Valkyrie's cunt before he fell to the floor.

Mélanie and I stared at the Valkyrie for a good two hours, as she wrested the orgasmings from herself time after time. I got so horny that I was shaking all over my body. Mélanie kept a cool head, took the revolver from my hand and pushed the barrel of the revolver into

the Valkyrie's fuckhole. She waited until the Valkyrie had an orgasm and shot her several times in the cunt and then in the head. We ran away. We found a good hiding place and immediately stripped naked. We were horny as hell and I fucked Mélanie clit-to-clit, she loved that more than anything and we did that every time after a killing.

The war was over. I said goodbye to Mélanie and Pierre with a thousand French kisses. I did not tell them that I was pregnant. I went home, just in time to bury my father. My daughter Sybille grew splendidly and I no longer fucked men, Pierre's daughter was unique. I only get involved with women and girls now and then. I fuck the shit out of them, mercilessly fucking them clit-to-clit, I like it that way.

Pierre and Mélanie I met only once more, when our President de Gaulle awarded the Résistance-fighters. De Gaulle kissed me three times left-right on the cheek as customery and said to me how proud he was of me, the best sniper of the Résistance. I blushed as he first groped my small pointy breasts perplexed, where was he going to attach the award? "Bravo, my daughter," murmured the old warrior, "more than 180 bastards picked off!". I don't know what got into me when I whispered, "it certainly wasn't all bastards!" He nodded gravely and fastened the Médaille d'Or to my lapel. Mélanie, Pierre and I whispered quietly to each other next to our loud, roaring comrades. I answered in the affirmative when Mélanie quietly asked if Sybille was Pierre's. I was somehow inhibited from telling him myself. When we said goodbye, I returned Mélanie's and Pierre's fiery French kisses, knowing it was forever.

# Budicca

by Jack Faber © 2023

I am the spirit of Budicca, the former Queen of the hidden kingdom of Halfgard. Halfgard was the refuge of the Half people and was kept away from the Bangurelians.

Probably you want to know what and where I am. I was amazed myself, because there is definitely no paradise. We are invisible disembodied spirits who — like me — choose our own whereabouts. We don't travel, we only think of any place and we are there. I am mostly in the forests of Halfgard and with my people. Also, I have to correct another fact. Ghosts are not sexless, on the contrary. We fuck much more often than in previous lives, amiable and sexy spirits like me get fucked day in and day out. We have much easier and more orgasms than in previous lives. Enough.

---

I want to talk about my people, the Halfs. We are conceived by the males of Bangurel with the females of the Gonnies. Unfortunately, we can't reproduce, all Halfs are infertile. We are just a little smaller than our human fathers, of slender build and white like our fathers. I have never seen an overweight or fat Half. Unfortunately, the life of a Half almost always ends at the age of 50.

Purely physically, we are most comparable to humans. Both female and male Halfs have beautiful, full hair growth that reaches down along the ridge of the spine in a thick horse-like mane to the butt cheeks. Most Halfs leave the mane down to cover the butt cheeks. We inherit the color of our hair, eyebrows and the mane from our fathers. Otherwise we are hairless, we have neither armpits- nor pubic hair. Our genitals are very similar to those of humans, but there are differences.

The pussies of our girls are very similar to those of human women. Only the clit is a little bigger and firmer and has a glans at the end like men's cocks. The clit has no foreskin like the human clits and

even at rest it sticks out a bit between the full labia. It becomes stiff when aroused and usually grows to twice its size or less. This is important when masturbating and fucking clit-to-clit, which most halfwomen love. Halfwomen masturbate much differently than human women. They press themselves against someone's body while masturbating with a finger and when they reach orgasm, they fuck the hip bone of the person with their clit until and during the whole orgasm, which usually lasts 3 to 6 minutes with us. Halfgirls are very popular among people because of their long orgasm and passionate fucking. Halfgirls are deflowered on their 12th birthday and are not allowed to fuck before that. Usually, fathers keep them to have them to fuck and like to offer them to their guests to fuck. Many good fathers let their halfchildren learn in their libraries.

Halfboys' cocks are very much like human ones, but there are no testicles or scrotum. They are usually longer and become thicker when aroused. The erect cock has a strongly upturned firm glans without a foreskin, which stimulates the women's G-Spot very well. Halfboys may only masturbate until their 10th birthday — or, as it is almost always the case, be masturbated by the master's wives and daughters. Many human wives and daughters masturbate the Halfboys embedded in their own masturbation act and teach them to masturbate them or lick them to orgasm. It is tolerated that most young daughters let the underage halfboys deflower them and then fuck them diligently for years in pleasure. Even the youngest daughters have a little halfboy in their bed. At 10, the halfboys are allowed to fuck, and most of them are very steady and naturally gifted fuckers. Fathers like to keep them for their wives, daughters and female employees to fuck. Many good fathers train their halfsons well, and they are popular in the plantations and farms as good, hard-working stewards.

Only wicked or very poor fathers sold their halfchildren to the brothels. Astronomical prices were paid for virgins untouched. The Halfs did not know male homosexuality and many Halfboys were abused by men in the brothels. In the uprising of the Halfs, all the brothels were set on fire, of which later.

---

Now to me, to my life. My father was a Thierry d'Aubonville, a very good and sensitive man, coming from an old French family on Earth. He treated his halfchildren excellently. From the age of 6, I was allowed to sleep in his bed. The widower loved me idolatrously. He taught me to masturbate like a halfgirl, which I did with great pleasure. We cuddled and kissed lovingly and playfully. He took it very seriously that I was not allowed to be deflowered until I was 12. But I got to know his body, I was allowed to playfully masturbate him from the beginning and let him squirt in my mouth, he especially liked that. I gave him great pleasure because I loved to masturbate and fuck his hips with my stiff clit during orgasm. He was honestly pleased that I masturbated for hours before sleep and had many beautiful orgasms. That was very important for my sexuality, he said.

During the day I studied in his library and learned quickly and a lot. Only gradually I was able to convince him that I was a natural telepath. I was very proud of that. By my 20th birthday I had learned everything about law and had certainly become an excellent lawyer. He often accompanied me to court proceedings and put me in contact with many good lawyers. As a Half, of course, I could not enter a legal profession, but I soon became one of the sought-after interlocutors of lawyers.

Exactly on my 12th birthday he ordered a wonderful dinner in his kitchen, we ate by candlelight, danced and listened to beautiful music. "Today is your big day," he said tenderly and gave me a beautiful ring. Then we went to bed.

I was terribly excited, of course. I had bathed for an hour and sprayed myself with fine perfume. I had masturbated all afternoon next to a very lovely Gonnie girl and fucked her clit-to-clit for hours. I was therefore well prepared and had made myself — as it should be — horny and aroused for the important evening as horny as only possible.

We cuddled and kissed until we had both become quite horny. I lay on my back and spread my legs wide. He was very tender and romantic when he deflowered me. I felt no sting and we fucked so many times until he could not squirt anymore.

We lived like man and wife for the next 10 years, fucking every night until we were tired and he supported me in my law studies. He was the most famous and by far the most popular man for deflowering. We were brought the 12 year olds and I got to prepare the girls for it and get them very aroused and horny for their great moment.

I insert here a letter from my friend Elli, who provides in it a good description of those times:

---

### **Elli's letter**

---

Dear Mommy,

I'm fine, I follow your advice conscientiously and masturbate every night until I get tired. In the last months also in the morning before getting up, but of that later.

The new one, the stepmother, is a real creep. She ordered Pip to sleep in my bed. She wanted him to deflower me and fuck me before my 12th birthday, that way she wanted to make Daddy sad and hurt him. But Pip just lay with me and whispered that he would not do it for the mean witch. He was very traumatized because she had already forced him to deflower her daughter and fuck her for some time. Pip is a real gentleman and we masturbate together every night until we are tired. I allow him to cum on my hymen. We also masturbate every morning since we slept at Dad's. Pip has also shown me a secret place from where we can peek into the master bedroom. We watch Daddy fuck the new wife and when he's gone the filthy bitch let Pap and Pep fuck her until she's dead tired of the orgasming.

She went on vacation with Pap and Pep, Daddy was very down and sad and Pip and I were allowed to sleep in his bed. We both took care of Daddy's morning wood every morning and masturbated him to squirt twice in a row. Daddy loves to squirt on my hymen and allowed Pip and I to masturbate as often as we wanted afterwards in front of him. "You'll soon be 12 and a big girl," Daddy said to me, "I'm going to take you to the famous Lord Dobonwill for your deflow-

ering.” I was very pleased with that; I had seen the Lord several times before and he was a kind, sweet man.

Yesterday was my 12th birthday and Daddy took me to see Lord Dobonwill. His daughter is a very sweet Half-girl and very skilled to bring a virgin to great horniness. She bathed me and rubbed my body with fragrant oil and expensive perfumes. After that she masturbated me wonderfully and we lay in bed all afternoon where she teased me with clit-to-clit-fucking for hours!!! I was hornier than I had ever been! In the evening the men came in and waited until the daughter fucked me twice more with her clit to great orgasms. I was almost blind with horniness when the Lord lay down with me. He was as tender and sensitive as the movie stars in the love movies. He penetrated my pussy easily like a feather, I felt only a tiny prick. Then he fucked me so wonderfully that I had to cling to him in my heavy orgasm as if I were his wife. Then he kissed me on the lips and then Papa, Pap, Pep and Pip were allowed to fuck me deep into the night. I must admit that Lord Dobonwill fucked the best of all. It was wonderful to be fucked two dozen times this night! I shivered tiredly and Daddy kissed me very sweetly and said that now I was a big one and that I could fuck Pip every night if I wanted to.

I’m still terribly sore from the deflowering, but I’m a real woman now, Mommy!

a thousand dear kisses  
your Elli!

P.S. The new one doesn’t really love Daddy, says Pep, she is only keen on his money. And that with the vacation was also a lie, they have not once gone swimming in the sea, but he and Pap had to fuck the new bitch day and night until they all were deadly tired!  
E.

---

Pap (15), Pep (14) and Pip (11) were the only Half-sons of Ellis’s father, who was very fond of fucking with his gonnies-wives.

Thierry and I lived as a happy couple in sexual unanimity and at night, since I was still horny, I masturbated and fucked his hips with my clit until I was exhausted. I spent a lot of time with the legal scholars and discussed a lot about my idea to write a just and practical work for the rights of the Halfs. I had it all ready in my head and had already dictated a draft into my computer. Then, the misfortune came after my 22nd birthday.

Thierry had impregnated a young girl from a good family. Her father, a hothead and feared duelist, challenged him to a duel to the death if he did not marry her instantly. But Thierry wanted to live and married the girl with all pomp.

His new wife could not stand me from the first moment and forbade us to fuck. But not enough, she invited guests every day and offered me to them to fuck. She and Thierry watched as I was fucked by the guests. She was an obsessively masturbating onanist, he watched me sadly. The fact that she masturbated continuously was of no more interest to him than it was to me. I kept telepathic contact with my husband Thierry while fucking, that was more important to us than the fucking. She let me fuck hundreds of guests and was sure that Thierry could forget about me. After a year she got bored and sold me to a posh brothel. I could only say goodbye to Thierry telepathically and grimly swore to him to kill his wife. She had given birth to a son, Pan d'Aubonville, and I did not know then that this brother would one day become my lover and the love of my life.

For almost a whole year I stayed in the brothel, fucked hundreds and thousands of men and pierced my ears. Hate fermented among the enslaved Halfs, at the end of the year the riot broke out. We Halfs set fire to all the brothels and killed a few hundred Bangurelians. Their army killed thousands of Halfs, but we held out. Someone came up with the idea that we Halfs needed a Queen and suggested me, knowing how educated I was and how skillfully I led our troops and swung my bloody combat knife. At first I frowned and thought for hours before I accepted.

I was proclaimed Queen and took the name Budicca. At that time I was reading about the history of ancient England. Queen Budicca led

the Celts victoriously against the superior forces of the Romans. When the Romans kidnapped her two underage daughters, deflowered them and fucked them forcefully a whole night, throwing the distraught children outside her tent, Budicca saw red. She attacked the Romans with two of the best warriors and slaughtered them all mercilessly. She was later captured with her daughters and tied to stakes. The Roman troops fucked them forcefully one by one all three at the stake. After the last one had mercilessly fucked her and her two daughters, they cut their throats. I felt respect for this woman who fearlessly took bloody revenge.

I had become Budicca that day, the first Warrior Queen of the Halfs.

I led the Halfs for months in the battles and my hand was dipped in blood up to the elbows. I did not lead them from a safe distance in the rear like their generals. No, I charged ahead naked but armed only with the combat knife, stopping only to talk on the phone with the other leaders. At night, the guns were silent. The slaughter and killing had aroused us all and I fucked the best fighters until we dropped, this reward of course incited the others to even more courage.

I charged forward shrilly roaring fully naked and suddenly found myself in front of Thierry's palace. I rushed up and found Thierry and his wife. She was sprawled on the state bed, masturbating, completely absent and no longer aware of anything. Before we recognized each other, my beloved Thierry leapt toward me to protect his wife. He threw himself into my combat knife. My world collapsed, we sank to the ground and I held the dying man's head in my lap.

Cold as steel for what seemed like an eternity, I watched his wife spiral higher and higher from orgasm to orgasm, eventually coming to the final orgasm in a tremendous explosion of violent wriggling and twitching. She remained lying there smiling happily, her pink fuckhole wide open and her battle-hardened clit thrust out stiffly and further demanding. I stepped up to her. She had begun to masturbate again with her eyes closed. I slowly inserted my combat knife into her fuckhole. She stopped after minutes and looked at me con-

fused. I screamed and slashed her body from the fuckole to the throat. I cut out her numb heart and threw it out of the window into the blazing flames. A warrior helped me carry Thierry through the flaming hell to the garden where I buried him. I sat by his grave and vowed to stop the killing and murdering immediately and lead my Halfs out of Bangurel. Far too much blood had been spilled, now I was going to freedom and to build something new for my people. Halfgard.

We built a hidden city behind the southern forests. Bangurel never learned of its existence and its location remained secret to this day. Halfs flocked to Halfgard from all directions, runaway slaves, sex workers and many, many children! When I died 25 years later, Halfgard had a good 40,000 inhabitants and 5,000 lived in settlements scattered all around. I was their Queen and the First Judge. I wrote a simple, clearly understandable set of laws, now called the Codex Budicca. During the day I set about training 3 to 4 clever girls in law. After 5 years they became judges and that was well regulated.

I kept a habit, I confess blushing. After all, we Halfs have much more fire in the ass than the Bangurelians. My people were very diligent at work and even more diligent at fucking. I had the best laid to me every night, usually there were three or four who fucked me until I was exhausted. I made sure that all my maids were also warmed every night. Once a week I invited four or five young boys who had not yet fucked. I let them fuck me until dawn, which was soon considered a knighthood among the boys.

My people lived mainly by gathering and hunting. Of course, there were locksmiths, plumbers and all crafts. Some engineers founded a small research and workshop and made more modern weapons than Bangurel for our hunters.

There was a centuries-old law on Bangurel still from the time when the Halfs were considered sexual fair game. The Halfs were only allowed to cover their upper body down to the navel, they had to wear cock and pussy naked in public. The Bangurelians quite liked to look at their private parts, the Halfboys' dicks were usually semi-stiff and the Boys presented their huge cocks proudly and selfconfidently.

As Queen Budicca I struck down the law and each Half could dress up or remain naked. Most Halfs went completely naked in everyday life, because in the three seasons — early spring, summer and late spring — it was always warm or hot. On the anniversary of the founding of the city, there was a huge party, beer was flowing, the Halfs grouped around their Queen and everyone fucked everyone! I mingled with the people and fucked dozens all day long, deep into the night.

The news of the heroic Pan d'Aubonville came to my ears and also that he was an excellent fucker. My pussy didn't really have to be bored, but I was still curious to meet my brother. I was 45 and didn't have many years ahead of me. I instructed our best scouts to lay a trail that Pan would be sure to follow. One day my scouts led him, grinning broadly, to my palace hut.

The first second I fell in love with my brother, who was half my age. He came almost monthly for two or three nights and lay with me. We both loved fucking until dawn and my folks accepted him and our special connection. He loved me as well and I became very aware of that when I confessed to him that I had murdered his parents. I was telepathic as was he and let him "see" the events. We often sat on the little stone bench at the pond and talked about everything, trivia and mundane, personal and royal. To my amazement, he was a Dominatrix's favorite and had a deep view of politics. He detested the clergy and did not shy away from fighting with the powerful cardinals. He had fought several combat missions against the pirates and was one of the undisputed leaders of the military.

He was the father of 5 halfboys whom he had trained excellently and who had good steward positions in the plantations. He also had two halfgirls whom he had deflowered at 12 according to custom and who fucked him passionately. One of his other sweethearts had her pussy reproduced lifelike in gold and he always carried this golden pussy with him. When we talked, one of us played with the golden pussy in the fingers, it was so pleasant and horny to touch. And it reminded us not to waste a single night.

I always had to laugh heartily when Pan told me about the trip here in a flowery way. Every time he brought retired General Ireneia, she visited my chief engineer Wengin, her childhood sweetheart. The old boozier drank mulberry liquor all day, which made humans terribly horny. She masturbated nonstop for the 7 hour trip and Pan had to fuck her hard and brutally when she orgasmed. He was good natured and went along with it even though he liked young and very young girls. Pan acted out her masturbating and fucking so droll that I laughed until it hurt.

I was getting older every year. I knew how much he liked deflowering virgins, he was Thierry's son after all. I put virgins in his bed more and more often, but he always insisted the first semen belonged to the Queen! I watched him deflower and fuck the girl. It was also very horny for me to watch my loin-strong brother and in the process I masturbated continuously. We had a nice, wonderful time together.

I turned 50, my affairs and the royal succession were settled. My brother, friend, lover and the love of my life came just in time to join me in dying. We kept in telepathic contact until the last moment, then I became — to my greatest amazement — a ghost.

# Jana

by Jack Faber © 2023

I'm Jana, one of Bangurel's highest paid whores.

Daddy was an officer in the military. From childhood I slept naked with them in the big bed. Mommy masturbated every night until she was dead tired. I, of course, imitated her and also masturbated until I dropped. They didn't fuck very often, about once a week. Mommy masturbated until she was all hot and asked him in a whisper if he wanted to fuck? He lay down on top of the scorching hot Mommy and she clung to him from underneath like in drowning. He waited to squirt until she was done orgasming and squirted in a little bit, but he didn't squirt into her everything. I was allowed to play with his cock from an early age on when he didn't want to fuck because he loved to squirt in my mouth.

At about 8 years old, he fucked me in the front part of my pussy and squirted on my hymen. Whether he did not prefer to deflower me properly, Mommy asked, then he could fuck me naturally? But he had the opinion that I would be able to sell the virginity later at a high price. Even I understood that, we never had enough money. He fucked me until I was 15. Then he was killed in an action. The military paid Mommy a large pension, but she died 7 weeks later of a broken heart. The military now had to marry me off. But the Lord Commander Pan d'Aubonville did not want to marry such a young girl and took me as a foster daughter instead.

So I came into his palace and could continue my training as a goldsmith seamlessly. I was allowed to sleep with his daughter Binara from the beginning, we were both strong onanists, which met well. Binara was a Half daughter and had a beautiful thick mane down to her ass cheeks. She showed me clit-to-clit-fucking and we both found that I preferred to fuck in the men's-role. I fucked her daily until I dropped and later I was allowed to sleep in the Lord's bed like her. Binara was already deflowered and fucked passionately with him when he was home. I was too intimidated and so Binara

asked him if I could let his cock squirt in my mouth? He brusquely refused, he didn't like that mouth squirting at all. He said I was old enough to fuck and I would be deflowered when I was ready for it. So I watched Binara and him fuck for weeks and masturbated my brains out. It was all natural for me to masturbate in front of them. The Lord liked to watch us when I fucked Binara like hell.

One day I was ready and whispered it in the Lord's ear. I knew him a little better now and was no longer shy. He had a feast served the next evening, I was already getting tipsy with excitement. Pan, my Lord, gave me a beautiful ring with a diamond. We went to bed and Binara fucked me for an hour until I was horny as a tiger. He deflowered me very tenderly and romantically and from then on he fucked Binara and me alternately. It was beautiful and I finished my education. The son of the jeweler where I had learned married me at 21 right after my diploma.

Unfortunately, my husband could not fuck well, already after the first few days he did not get even an erection. We threw ourselves into work. We took over the business from his father and quickly whipped it into shape. I was the first and for a long time the only goldsmith who made lifelike pussies in gold. Women went crazy for it, lay down in my workshop and I took casts in clay and plaster. Many wanted to have a nice stiff clit and I let them masturbate and made the cast in midst of their orgasm. This was also the only excitement I could give my poor husband, because he was a voyeur. Of course I made all the changes that the clients wanted. Bigger clits and pubic mounds, reduced labia or opened vaginal entrance so their lover could fuck inside. The credits rushed into our cash register and we built a beautiful new house next to the old one.

After months I had convinced my husband that I had to have my children. He had only one condition: watching it! (He was a hopeless voyeur). I sought out Lord Pan, who agreed at once without hesitation. He came every day in the afternoon after duty and fucked me. My husband would sit on the couch, I would stand behind the couch, support myself with my arms on the backrest, and Pan would flip up my skirt. He fucked me every day from behind and by the second year I was pregnant. During the pregnancy he came three times a day

and I whooped from orgasm to orgasm. I had triplets, three girls. I wanted another son and Pan came to fuck me every day.

Ten years he fucked me, my husband played with our daughters and we kept fucking like hell. My daughters developed into pretty but nasty little witches. The 10 year olds managed to alienate me from my husband and drive me out of the house. Pan came less and less often, I had a large number of lovers who paid me a lot of money. Many goldsmiths were making the golden pussies now and it was no longer a business. I found temporary accommodation with a friend.

Tea was a musician, she practiced almost all day on the concert harp. After a few days she asked me if I minded if she practiced naked? Of course not! I watched her, she sat willowy with small, pointed breasts at the instrument, she played divinely beautiful and the game excited her very much. I saw her clit come largely out and stiffen. She finished the piece and masturbated hastily, then continued playing. She played a dozen pieces and masturbated during each break. I snuck up to her that night and fucked her brains out forcefully, clit-to-clit. She did not know it yet and soon loved it. After all, she hardly got to know men when she practiced so much. Soon she liked it very much when I fucked her like a man and came regularly to orgasm.

I could help her, I said, I would bring my paying clientele here instead of somewhere else. Concert, masturbation and fucking as a total package! She just thought for a moment. Then we did it like this. The customers listened to a concert while they fucked me. They watched greedy and horny Tea masturbating and then she came to bed and let fuck herself by the man wonderfully. For extra money, I fucked Tea clit-to-clit to fill up the devil's meal. The credits rushed into our cash register that it was a joy! We are both the best paid whores in town, that's for sure!

I felt a twinge when I learned how my daughters were doing. The 10-year-olds had managed to give my ex-husband his erection back. They didn't indulge in small change of course, they forced him to deflower them one by one. Every night they fucked on a grand scale and

masturbated to exhaustion. Even my former friend Pan participated in these kinky orgies for a while.

Probably my daughters will become whores just like me.

# Irenea

by Jack Faber © 2023

I am Irenea, retired general of the Bangurelian armed forces.

Who my mother was, I never knew. From childhood, I grew up with my father. We always slept naked in our big bed, because even the nights are warm in Bangurel. My father used to rub his cock three times every night and cum, I only know him like that. He taught me to masturbate him when I was 5, I think. I was terribly proud that I could rub it so well that I was allowed to do it by myself from start to finish and let him squirt in a high arc. Around the same time, he showed me how we girls have to masturbate. He made it clear to me that it was something private that you didn't do in front of other people. But I was allowed to masturbate as often as I enjoyed it. I was very quickly addicted to the sweet vice and, when I made my father squirt three times, I masturbated until late at night, until I was too tired.

My father was a scientist and technician and almost always worked at home. A computer screen, a notepad, and an old-fashioned caliper were all he needed to work. (The caliper was just a memento of his great-grandfather.) I had my own screen for playing and studying. I always enjoyed playing with the neighbor kids, I showed the girls how to masturbate, and I masturbated the boys with gusto. Unfortunately, we were all still much too young and the boys could not yet squirt. I asked father very carefully and he looked up absent-mindedly from his notebook and mumbled indistinctly, from 8 or 9 they squirt and delved back into his scribbling. So it was and you had to wait it out. The kids knew where to find porn movies and we watched, plucking our clits.

At 8 I asked my father thoroughly. Why didn't he have a woman to fuck? Was rubbing and squirting enough for him? I pestered him relentlessly, because I was a very clever child. I cornered him relentlessly. Why didn't he fuck me while I was there? A pretty little woman, as he said it often himself? Huh? He was caught in my trap. I

wouldn't let go of the prey. He stammered and stammered. "You're only 6," he said lamely. 8 and two and a half months, I corrected him sternly. "Oh, is that so?" he asked in exasperation, "oh, is that so?" He mumbled, where have the years gone? I didn't let up, I had to fire from all guns. "I've seen this fucking a thousand times," I exaggerated. He raised his head questioningly. "On screen, of course," I lectured the unworldly father. "I've seen the fucking, for real!" I drummed on, "Men fucking women, men fucking men, women fucking women, dogs fucking women..."

He hastily interrupted me. "You're still a virgin, you don't know in the reality what fucking really is" he tried to weasel out. "I've seen the deflowering too, of course, Professor!" I said insultingly, of course he was one, but I wasn't allowed to address him that way. He sat there for a while thinking, presumably about Heisenberg's uncertainty principle. He looked at me in confusion. "So, what do I do now?" he asked, like a child facing an unsolvable problem. "Simple," I said boldly, "first you deflower me and then we fuck each other, every night!" I set apart the masterful plan. He nodded, the topic was done for him, there was nothing more to think about.

Till it was evening, he had of course forgotten everything again. I took his cock as usual and made it stiff, then stopped. "What?" he asked, and I grinned. "You forgot! Deflowering and fucking!" He nodded absentmindedly. "Oh, right!" he muttered, and laid me on my back. The problem had been analyzed, the facts were clear, and now the proof must be given. He deflowered me so gently and considerately that I almost didn't notice the prick.

I was kind of proud of myself. Only 8 years and 2 months old, and I was already allowed to fuck! I did not think for a second about the legal age limits, because firstly I knew nothing about it and secondly because I would not have cared about these limits at all. I wanted to be deflowered and fucked, I had been deflowered and fucked now! That alone counted, I had achieved something in a fair discussion and that with my father, who was certainly the smartest man on the planet!

Now I felt his stiff, warm cock in my little cunt, which he filled to the full. I felt the sweet sensation in my pussy after a short time, which preceded the orgasm. Clutching him, I hooked my heels into his ass cheeks and pulled myself up against him. When I pressed my pussy tightly against him, I felt his thrusting with my clit! I clamped even tighter to him and the orgasm rose like my shining hero Captain Powers from my comic books. The orgasm shook me violently, but I did not let go of him!

He continued to thrust hard, Captain Powers approached over the hill again and I had stopped counting his firm thrusts long ago. This orgasm was a little more violent and I twitched and wriggled like a little mouse in a trap. In the midst of my wriggling, I felt him squirt his semen into my pussy in firm, steady jets. He paused and I let him go as the twitching subsided. He was far away in thoughts and asked me how it was for me? I kissed his hairy chest and whispered in my thinnest voice so as not to ruin the moment, “Wonderful, Daddy, just wonderful!” He dozed for a few minutes and his fine fingers caressed my body. “Another fuck or a rub?” he asked with his eyes closed. I nudged him in the side, what a question! “Again!” his new little wife commanded, “fucking again of course!” He fucked me twice more that night and almost instantly fell asleep with a smile, he had cum three times like he did every night. I masturbated some time longer until I was dead tired.

We fucked for the next 34 years, ten times a day — until the end only once a day. I mourned him as my father and my husband. No one knew of my double pain, but it didn’t matter. I will forever have him in my heart and perhaps in my vanishing memory. How often he interrupted his research because he had an unexpected erection! We sat daily in front of his program, which allowed us to fuck or advised to squirt in my mouth! How many times I went home from my job in the military to work on dad’s erection!

I had studied technology and engineering with my father, he was a smart and demanding teacher. Although I had no official degree, a simple entrance test was enough to convince the military. The fact that I was a student of my famous father helped immensely. I slid up the career ladder, ran a large institute, and had no love affairs, which

was important. The military was very backward in that respect. I was alone for the two years after my father died. I continued to have no love affairs and the long masturbating at night relieved any stress. Often a young neighbor girl came over in the evening and we fucked each other clit-on-clit, because we both liked to fuck girls and needed the fucking and orgasms very badly! Then Wengin came as my new assistant. He blew me away in the first second. I was in love for the first time, at 44!

Wengin was a Half of beautiful stature. A very smart and beautiful face, framed by thick well-groomed hair that merged into a thick mane. He let the mane hang down over his ass cheeks, it seemed right to him. But he was also the most brilliant engineer who ever worked for me. He had to wear his cock visibly like all Halfs, but what a magnificent cock! It was very large and always semi-stiff. The glans was not raised when he was not erect. I trembled with excitement, when he worked next to me I could not tear my gaze away from his thing. When he sat next to me with his flagpole, I had to pull my acts together to keep from grabbing it. It was those first days that were a terrible sexual ordeal for me. I lay awake all night masturbating, not counting the orgasms. In the morning, I drank three times the amount of wake-up-juice to even make it into work.

Wengin was neither blind nor stupid. “Let me analyze the problem in peace,” he said softly when we were alone. “You’re in love with my cock, I can tell. We’re workmates and we’re not allowed to fuck each other. You’re a senior officer, I’m just a lab assistant. You’re a human and I’m just a Half.” He fell silent for a moment. “Halfs serve humans, they’ve only ever been your slaves. So if you want to use my cock, go ahead, I won’t betray you!” His gaze was clear and open and I was furious. “I have never dealt with a Halfman before,” I said angrily, “yet you do me an injustice! I don’t consider anyone a slave and never will. If I’m drawn to your cock, it’s because of my carnal desire. And not because I have some abstruse right to subject a human being to me!” I was trembling with rage. Our conversation went on for a while and Wengin became more and more silent. In the end, I looked at him, perplexed. “What now?”

He took me by the hand and led me into the small adjoining room and locked the door. He took off his jacket and embraced me naked, his French kiss sweeping me off my feet. He took off my panties and pushed up my skirt after laying me on the floor. We didn't speak a word, I watched excitedly as he rubbed his massive cock all stiff. I saw his glans bend upward for the first time. I was so nervous with excitement and desire that I had a vaginal spasm. He must have had to thrust a dozen times before he could penetrate me. The upturned glans pounded on my G-Spot and continually brought me to orgasm. I had never been fucked so effectively before! I let Wengin believe that I had been deflowered. I did not tell him the truth and my love affair with Daddy until decades later.

We carried on our relationship for less than a full year. We fucked dozens of times during the day at work and at night until I was exhausted to death. We began to love each other beyond the sexual and got caught once. Three fat generals yanked open the door, I was lying orgasming under him and he was just squirting into my pussy. The generals stared at my wet and dripping pussy and then one asked where the fucking half-man was? Wengin had run off and was nowhere to be found. I was fast-tracked to 30 days solitary confinement and every day the officers came to fuck me. It was very humiliating, although I kept my job. There were several hundred men who fucked me then and in the years that followed. None could fuck as well as Wengin. He was dead for sure, I was assured. I mourned our brief happiness and the second man who meant more to me than just fucking. When an opportunity presented itself, I retired with the rank of general. I lived alone, fucking the neighbor girl on a case-by-case basis or ordering a Half-boy from the nearest brothel.

I was addicted to the mulberry liquor that made me insanely horny. I had a modest life, filled with a lot of masturbation and orgasms. Then, after 20 years, Commander d'Aubonville called me and changed my life. He needed to see me in person urgently, it was urgent and important. And then the code word "honey blossom" came up! Wengin's code word!!! I wanted to know everything, but he said, not on the phone! I invited him for tomorrow at noon and he came. I was emotionally agitated and masturbating all night and the next day and was pulled out of my fantasizing and masturbating in the middle

of it by the house bell. I quickly put on a pair of flimsy breeches and opened for him. The young officer and I sat down in the garden behind the house, we drank mulberry liquor and ice water in the monkey heat; he did not drink mulberry liquor. He told me that he had met Wengin in his exile, he was alive, he was ALIVE! He could not tell me much about him, only that Wengin wanted to see me again in his house by the lake. The Commander went to the area once a month and could take me to Wengin's and pick me up 3 or four days later.

I was sweating in the monkey heat, the pants rubbed against my stiff clit. I asked him if I could take off my pants here in private seclusion, and he nodded. "Your house, your rules, General!" he said politely, and I stripped naked. The sight of me was certainly not very seductive, my full, large breasts hanging sadly to my belly button, my clit sticking out inches from my pubic hair. We continued to talk magnificently and I had to take the clit in my hand because it was almost driving me crazy. Pan, the commander, had taken off his uniform jacket and was staring quite openly at my pussy and at my hand clutching the stiff clit. He was visibly aroused, his cock visibly stiffening in his pants.

I slowly began to masturbate the clit. I wondered if it wasn't bothering him. He laughed, "Your flagpole, your hairy bush!" he said smiling. He asked me curiously why I masturbated like a man? I laughed, my father had cut my clitoris loose from his foreskin when I was a toddler so it wouldn't grow bent and crooked. I said it was now perfectly straight, a good 12 centimeters long, growing until I was 16. Afterwards that was the only way to masturbate with it. I continued to listen to him and masturbated silently. It took some time until he took off his pants, we were surrounded by man-high quaking-grass. He masturbated very slowly and squirted from time to time a jet upon my pussy. We masturbated in silence.

My horniness increased from orgasm to orgasm. I shouted finally with a low voice, "Come, sailor, come and fuck me!" He reluctantly bent over and laid me on the grass. His eyes glistened and he fucked me very dutifully, squirting in the middle of my orgasm. He had enough after squirting three times.

He picked me up weeks later. He had brought a depilatory glove, because Wengin would not appreciate my pubic jungle. I was very impatient, but had to wait until we left town. I tore off my sweaty clothes and Pan deftly depilated me. I immediately masturbated on it, because the autonomous flight with the glider lasted 7 hours. I masturbated all the time and Pan sometimes fucked me in my orgasm. I was really primly horny at the end when we arrived at Wengin's. We fell tearfully into each other's arms and moved to the bedroom while Pan continued his flight.

The three days with Wengin flew by like in a flash. We fucked our brains out, he was aged like me, but the fucking was great as then. Pan picked me up after three days, the 7 hours I masturbated non-stop and he fucked me off and then. These emotional visits to Wengin filled the next few years.

Wengin died in my arms at the age of 76. I still had a good time with my friend Pozzebon, a retired intelligence officer. Pan gave us vast amounts of gold pieces that he received from the military for his valuable procurements. I became more and more silent and elderly and asked Pozz and Pan to give me a dignified burial one day. They promised it highly and sacredly.

# SOKO Fucking

by Jack Faber © 2023

SOKO had its latest sensation, Elli and Tom were the main actors. Elli was chief constable, but she still liked to patrol, with a different colleague every week. She had a cozy spot where she fucked the colleague in the patrol car during the lunch break. One had equipped the hideout with several surveillance cameras and the patrol car inside as well.

She fucked a colleague three or four times a week, her colleagues paid 50,— each into her cash register for watching over the cameras. The new guy, Tom, wasn't the fastest mentally, but he had a cock like a stallion and fucked excellently. They fucked every lunch break, Tom lasted a long time and was able to fuck Elli two times in a row. The number of spectators skyrocketed to three times. Elli presented her big, full breasts and carefully shaved pussy exhibitionistically grinning to the cameras, Tom slowly penetrated her cunt and fucked her slowly and deliberately. She knew that there were spectators, but she never said it Tom and she suspected, that he didn't know. He didn't act for the cameras, he fucked the pretty girl with natural desire and genuine passion. He squirted firmly and deeply inside, his ass cheeks tightening with effort as he squirted jet after jet inside.

Elli took the pill of course, a child she could not use at the moment. The 24 year old with the horny body and the insatiable fire in the ass earned with the fucking still double her salary in addition, at the same time she was satisfied every noon and could live out her exhibitionism. Before fucking she masturbated horny and exhibitionistically in front of the cameras and made not only Tom very horny. He was by far the best fucker and Elli had so many orgasms as seldom when fucking in the lunch break. Of course she masturbated every night before going to sleep until her wrist hurt.

One day, they were doing their normal patrol, an emergency call, bank robbery! Tom and Elli were closest, Tom drove to the scene with tires screeching. Eerie silence, they crept into the bank with

guns drawn. The surprised bank robber took them hostage, he had already handcuffed two women. He reacted with lightning speed, Elli had to exchange her uniform for the clothes of an employee. The bank robber greedily licked his lips, Elli wore no panties and he looked at her swelling pussy and horny clit with greedy eyes. He exchanged his clothes for Tom's uniform, handcuffed Tom's hands — far too carelessly — and dragged him and the two handcuffed hostages out. He got into the patrol car with Elli and sped off with the loot and Elli. Tom quickly uncuffed himself and asked the hostages if they had a car. The older one nodded, the key was in her jacket pocket, and he got into the car with the two handcuffed hostages to give chase.

Elli was smart and guided the bank robber to their secret fucking spot. Here they were safe from pursuit, she convinced him, he had to wait maybe an hour before the manhunt became porous. He grinned all over his face and stripped Elli completely naked in the back seat, then handcuffed her again. The colleagues on the screens got their extra! Elli let the bank robber fuck her handcuffed in front of the cameras for over an hour. The fellow did not have a particularly big cock, but fucked her for a whole hour in a row and squirted so fine in Elli's cunt that it was a joy.

Tom had not been able to follow the two. At the edge of the forest, he stopped and thought. The older hostage was moaning, usually the bank robbers raped the hostages and she had already experienced it three times in the last two years. She had no one else to fuck, she whined, so she was happy every time she was taken hostage and let herself be brutally fucked with a blissful grin. Tom listened with his mouth open and only gradually understood what the good woman was talking about. Damn, he would be sorry that she could not be fucked through by the bank robber now. The 45-year-old nodded sourly, provoking him. She was a hostage and desperately wanted to be fucked, immediately and now! Tom said completely logically, he was not a bank robber, but a police officer. But he could happily fuck her if that was what she wanted? So it went back and forth for a while and in the end Tom stripped the handcuffed woman naked in the back seat. He couldn't unlock her handcuffs, the key was in his uniform.

When the woman saw his powerful cock, she whooped with delight. "Like a real stallions cock," she said, licking her lips. Tom wondered how she knew what a real stallions cock looked like, but he could guess. She owned a riding horse, she said with an obscene grin, that was really primly trained to fuck women! Tom had seen videos like that before and licked his lips, because even though she hadn't said it decisively, he was sure she let her stallion fuck her! The other hostage, a blood young girl, had to sit forward, but she turned to watch them fuck with her eyes lowered in shame, but curious. Tom asked the naked woman if she wanted to be masturbated before fucking, but she shook her head, first fuck and then masturbate! Tom penetrated her. The old woman had a surprisingly tight vagina and was panting, gasping and whooping as she fucked. Tom had listened well, she had said "get fucked good", about the former bank robbers. He wanted to please her, gripped her tightly and fucked her rather brutally. The young girl in the front seat held her breath, the 15 year old apprentice had never fucked herself and was seeing it in the flesh for the first time, otherwise she had only seen it on screen in the porn movies when she was masturbating for hours. She did this every day, she loved masturbating more than anything, since her earliest youth. So Tom, our hero, brutally thrust into the old woman, who finally orgasmed with increasing horniness. He continued to fuck her brutally and didn't squirt until she was writhing and twitching in her second orgasm. He squirted everything into her and then let go. She nodded enthusiastically when he said, now comes the masturbating, he knew no different. He masturbated the woman very skillfully and she screamed at this orgasm, which lasted a very long time because he just continued to masturbate her in orgasm unperturbed. Then they made a short break and now the woman said that now Tom could fuck the girl.

Tom nodded and the girl hesitantly sat down with them in the rear. If she was going to be deflowered now, Tom was certainly the one. Tom undressed the sweet 15 year old, who now lay naked on the old woman's vulva. He realized that the girl was still a virgin and asked if she really wanted it now? She nodded very uncertainly, but watching had made her insanely hot and horny. Her clit had become rock hard and stood out demanding in her cunt. Tom deflowered the girl very nicely and fucked her for a very long time. Since she was just

panting and whimpering with horniness, he did not fuck the girl brutally. She had no orgasm and he squirted in. He didn't need a break, he left his cock in her pussy and fucked her for the second and immediately for the third time, then he was exhausted. He masturbated the girl several times because she couldn't do it herself because of the handcuffs. She begged him to do it again and again. She was so much used to it, she whispered, she always masturbated for hours after work until dinner watching porn and then masturbated continuously until she fell asleep. The old woman nodded her understanding and watched greedily as he masturbated the girl over and over again. She fucked the girl's back with her clit and Tom, who was concentrating on the girl's masturbation, did not believe that the old woman had come to orgasm on the back of the girl when she trembled and shuddered. At some point, Tom decided to take the hostages to the police station and dressed the woman and the girl again.

Elli had let the bank robber fuck her for over an hour. He didn't have a very big cock, but he bravely held out and fucked her nonstop. When he got tired, Elli said — for the cameras — now that's enough! 25 policemen stormed the love nest, arrested the bank robber without a single shot and freed Elli. She remained naked as long as it was decent and dressed only after all colleagues had had their fill of her beautiful pussy and her beautiful clit.

The journalists investigated mercilessly. They found out everything and some colleagues were publicly transferred. Elli had to pause her fucking program for a few weeks until the grass had grown over the matter.

Then she went back on patrol with Tom.

# Carmen

by Jack Faber © 2023

I am Carmen, Maria's daughter. I was born in Spain. My mother Maria has a very weird relationship with my Daddy, but honestly, the whole family is weird.

Daddy loved it when I ran around in the house naked and watched me with glittering eyes when I masturbated in front of him. He loved to hold me in his arms while I masturbated or he masturbated me. I was a 10 year old idiot, when I had masturbated him sitting on his lap and started to insert his cock into my pussyhole to make him squirt inside. He stopped me and explained to me that virginity had a high value here in Spain. I stopped immediately and didn't move a finger, so horrified I was. He fucked smiling in the entrance of my pussy and squirted on my hymen, that he did thereafter often. Then I didn't know that he was horrified to penetrate a pussyhole and never squirted inside. I knew the power of these moments and used them shamelessly when I wanted to gain an advantage. I often watched Maria and Daddy fucking secretly. He would stop before cuming and squirt into Maria's mouth. Never any other way. My half-sister Sue claims he is not my father. I'll have to explain.

Sue and her little brother Robert have always slept in the same room. Daddy would often come into the children's bedroom at night, uncover the naked Sue and watch her masturbate. She was allowed to masturbate his cock as well and let him squirt on her pussy. He steadfastly refused to deflower and fuck her, even though she was already 14 and begged him every time. Sue bathed daily with Rob, letting him watch her masturbate in the bathtub and masturbating his cock until it twitched. At 9, he could finally squirt and was allowed to squirt on Sue's pussy like Daddy.

Daddy, a widower, remarried, my mother Maria. Maria as well as Sue were a bit of lesbians, they masturbated in front of each other or each other. Maria taught Sue to fuck clit-to-clit and Sue soon loved it hot. She took the active part and fucked Maria, who loved to be

fucked passively. Daddy fucked Maria every night, but he always just squirted in her mouth.

Sue and Maria trained Rob to be a fuck slave. He quickly learned to fuck Maria while she masturbated and hold back the squirting until her orgasm. In her orgasm he was allowed to cum and jerk all the semen in afterwards. Maria and Sue didn't think about contraception for a moment, Rob wasn't even 10 yet! He enjoyed this game very much and fucked Maria as often as possible. Maria masturbated often and gladly, so Rob fucked her 2 or 3 times in the afternoon. Six months later we moved to Spain, Rob stayed with his loved great-grandmother.

Sue assured me a thousand times that Rob was my real father. She got Daddy at 16 to deflower her and fuck her for real, that is, naturally fucking in her pussyhole and at the end squirting inside. She fucks him at least once a week and never lets him cum in her mouth. He got used to it, I think. She has three cute boys that I love a lot. I learned to masturbate very early and lesbian lovemaking with Sue. I especially like fucking clit-to-clit and Sue and I sometimes fuck until we are dead tired. I only do hand- and blowjobs at school! I keep my virginity until I am 18. I have known for a long time who will deflower me.

I only make lesbian love with Sue, never with my mother Maria, something always stops me. I bathe Sue's three sons together with her. Since they are already over 8 years old, we both masturbate the boys in the bath water and they can all squirt already. Since the oldest has turned 12, he is allowed to fuck and cum in Sue from behind in the bath water. He loves it very much to fuck her! As long as the cocks of the two little ones were still very thin, they were allowed to penetrate me very carefully through the hole in my hymen, fuck me and cum inside. Since their cocks are now much too thick, they also fuck Sue from behind. Sue only lets herself be fucked from behind, that was not real fucking for her. She only fucks with Daddy face to face, now more often than before. Fucking while bathing is very fun for all of us! Honestly, we are a very weird family.

And we are getting weirder and weirder!

I turned 18 two months ago and went to see Rob in Vienna. He received me very lovingly and took the days off, also from his mistress. I surprised him the first night when I came naked in his bedroom. I laid down with him and with teary eyes asked him to deflower me. We discussed for a long time until he understood my wish and my arguments, that I wanted be deflowered only by my father! He was very understanding and deflowered me very lovingly and playfully. We fucked every minute for 3 more days, then I went back to Spain, as a real grown woman!

I had finally decided on the train ride home to fuck regularly with Daddy like Sue, which I do now.

# A Tartan woman

by Jack Faber © 2023

I won't say my name, I won't say any names at all.

I am a refugee from Tartania. I have been fleeing with my children for over a year, a 13 year old son and an 11 year old daughter. My husband is fighting on the front lines and we can only talk on the phone once every two weeks, briefly if at all, but I can't tell him everything.

I also couldn't tell him when the war broke out, that our children were sinning, he had other things on his mind. I caught our children fucking one morning. I was so horrified, oh my God! I quizzed my daughter, the son unabashedly masturbated in front of her and also taught her how to masturbate. My husband and I have never in our life masturbated, it is a great sin! The children have been fucking for 6 months now and that is also a big sin! My admonitions, scolding and pleading impressed them for 24 hours at most, after that they kept fucking, I saw it myself every night. I watched them secretly every night and noticed, at how much my daughter loved to be fucked before she masturbates.

When I decided to flee with the children, I just wanted them to be safe. We paid dearly for it!

We were on the road from bunker to bunker for 6 weeks at first. The children crowded me at night, there was shameless fucking all around us. I don't know for sure, of course, but I think many were fucking wildly, not just with their legal spouses. I prayed quietly for the lost souls. If a man made a pass at me, my son dealt out boxing blows. I was left alone. My son whispered in my ear that he could not rub out his seed by hand under these circumstances. I nodded, so he wouldn't make that sin. Ha ha ha! He approached me from behind and flipped up my skirt. I was frozen as he moved his cock back and forth between my clenched inner thighs and cum. He cried and I

comforted him, saying nothing had happened, no carnal sin. Maybe I should have scolded him better.

The next evening he again hit my skirt up from behind and now he was no longer satisfied with my inner thighs. He penetrated fix in my pussyhole and fucked me like a man. I was terribly ashamed because I really enjoyed it carnally. No wonder, I had not fucked for half a year. I got the most beautiful and holy feelings and was a little disappointed when he squirted early in. I pressed the head of my sleeping daughter in front on my twitching pussy. He then fucked me every night under cover of the darkness and squirted into my pussy, I trembled with holy lust. After 6 weeks the border, the train, the big city. We were treated really well, we got enough to eat and a place to sleep in a gym hall. The light went out in the evening, my son turned me onto my stomach and spread my ass cheeks. He fucked me from behind in the pussyhole and I wriggled and twitched at the holy shivering. We stayed only a week, then they arranged us privately.

My children slept on a wide couch in the TV room and I sternly admonished them not to fuck! My daughter nodded obediently, the son looked out of the window. I followed the man — his name I will not say — into the bedroom and he stripped completely naked. I had a queasy feeling and kept my bra and panties on. He retrieved a clean, new pair of panties from the box. I thanked him profusely, although neither of us understood the other. He forcefully removed my bra and my dirty panties. Greed glistened in his eyes as he spread and examined my pussy and fuckhole with his fingers.

I was mortified as he palpated my clit. He indicated that it was quite large, but I knew that. The clit grew before fucking in anticipation and got all stiff, but that's how the good Lord made us. He mounted me even though I shook my head. I could only pray silently. He fucked very long in my pussy and it did me very good! I got the holy shiver twice, I wriggled and twitched in delight. Then he had to fuck for a very long time until he squirted in my fuckhole. He gave me a little kiss and turned out the light. We stayed for several weeks and he fucked me every night. My children denied it, of course, but then my daughter confessed that they had fucked every night, of

course. We prayed together and asked forgiveness for our sins of the flesh.

We were arranged privately again. It was like the first time, the man was very good and generous to us, but he fucked me two or three times every night. He hinted after fucking that I should do it to myself. I shook my head vigorously and he did it to me with his fingers. I opened my legs willingly, twisted my head in great shame, closed my eyes devoutly and prayed. He made me three times shiver in the holy feelings and my body wriggled and twitched with great carnal pleasure. Then he fucked me again and turned out the light. We also stayed with this good man for several weeks, he fucked and masturbated me every night and in the morning I prayed with my children as after every carnal sin.

We came to three more men and it always went the same way. We are now already three months with a very nice man who has to fuck three times every night and masturbates me wonderfully in the breaks. I have long given up my resistance and let me fuck patiently. His mother comes once a week to fuck. He fucked the widow since his childhood, he said, now she was in a nursing home. She laid wide-legged on the bed and mumbled, “let’s go for it!” because she was yakking the whole time. She quickly began to masturbate and I turned my face shamefully away and prayed for her carnal sin. “It’s coming slowly, it’s coming!” and she rubbed herself furiously. “Come on, come on, come on!” Her orgasm began. “That’s it, yeah, that’s it, baby!” she cheered herself on. “It’s making me come, it’s making me come hard, now — now! Aaaah!” He pushed his cock into her orgasm and fucked her pretty brutally, as she orgasmed on and on until he cum. “Good fucking, I really needed it badly!” she said with a happy grin. They broke away from each other and she looked to me. “There, now you can fuck the little bitch!” she said, turning over and immediately falling asleep.

He speaks a strangely outdated Russian, he has acted in the Russian Theater here, Turgenev, Chekhov, Gorky and in many movies. But we understand each other. The Theater has closed because of the war, but he has made millions and has no money worries. He guards his photo album like the apple of his eye, there are hundreds of ac-

tresses, most of them with very pornographic nude photos, with whom he had fucked then. We often look at the photos together, because many of the beauties are depicted very pornographically. He offers the three of us a nice and comfortable life and if it were up to me, I would gladly stay with him until the end of the war.

For he is fantastic at fucking, he has long since ceased to have to ask me, I await him every night in joyful anticipation of our fucking. He loves my little hole because it is very tight and I love his hard, powerful fucking as he brings me to orgasm every time. I then hang like a baby monkey on his body, my abdomen twitches and wriggles in orgasm until he squirts, jet for jet. I never had fucked with so great holy feelings and sacred shivering. When he had fucked enough, he masturbates me until I am dead tired from the many orgasms. He had grinned when I told him that I had never masturbated myself and had only recently experienced it for the first time with my hosts. “You’re missing out on something really great there, my little wifey-wife!” he said in his old-fashioned Russian.

He has a truly exuberant seminal flow and desire. He stays at the kitchen table at lunch and in the afternoon and masturbates. It’s been surprising, but we’ve gotten used to it. My little daughter always sits next to him and by now she is allowed to masturbate him, she is very proud of that. I don’t give my children senseless sermons anymore. They fuck their brains out every night and it does my daughter good, so I don’t say anything. She is much calmer than she used to be and has a nice healthy attitude about her sexuality. My kids don’t see any sin in their fucking. I often spy on them while they’re fucking and if it wasn’t a big sin, I would just be happy about it. When the man masturbates me for a long time in the night, I close my eyes, I see my children fucking and I fantasize. It makes me insanely horny when my son fucks in my daughter’s tiny little hole.

This man is the best in bed!!! He is the first and only one who brings me to orgasm while fucking! I clasp him very tightly so that I come to orgasm. Our mouths, lips and tongues play horny with each other and I acknowledge with satisfied sounds when he brought me to orgasm. I still turn my head away and close my eyes in shame and shyness when I willingly lie there, wide spread and stretch my in-

sanelly hot clit demanding to his fingers. He always laughs at me because I am so shameful and shy to masturbate myself. He is also a true master at this, his fingers bring me quickly and directly to orgasm. He never stops in the middle like the others who gave me a break. He continues unflinchingly, I go out of unbridled lust, I whimper aloud from orgasm to orgasm until I am completely exhausted and stop his hand. I am always very deeply sad afterwards and cry a little bit, probably because I have to leave him someday. I do not even want to think about it!

I will discuss all that with my husband after the victory, because masturbating makes us women very happy and relaxed. Unfortunately I have not heard from him for weeks, he must have lost his phone.

# Corinna

by Jack Faber © 2023

I'm Corinna. My life story is very simple, but I'll tell it anyway.

When my son Ray was 13, he asked me if he could bring his schoolmates in the afternoons. Not to study, of course, said my dear rascal. I had been masturbating on the kitchen bench as usual, fantasizing that Ray had stuck his cock in my pussy and squirted in during my orgasm. But those were probably just dreams. I got up, put my dress back on, and Ray stowed his cock back in his pants. Okay, I said, on two conditions: first, watch the conceiving days, a child would change or even destroy your life and hers. Second, make sure the girl wants it on her own, there's nothing worse than doing something you don't really want yourself! Ray promised and said with a grin at the end, you can watch us if you want!

I never understood that Ray was a hypnotist. My fantasies of him sticking his cock in my cunt and squirting inside me during my orgasm were often so real that I was very unsure whether it was real or not. He had once been dragged home by a nun, caught trying to bewitch a young girl of the convent boarding school. I protested, my Ray would never do that! He ran the flat of his hand over the nun's face. She glowed in anticipation and rubbed and masturbated his cock to orgasm. Finally she stuck the cock in her pussy and let him squirt inside, grinning shabbily. She left humming happily and I looked at Ray, perplexed. I can do that, of course, the lad muttered slyly.

I always watched Ray and his girls from my hiding place, of course. Some girls were already deflowered or let Ray deflower them with a quick jerk. With these girls he fucked, and only with these. But many other girls were still inexperienced or virgins. They masturbated Ray or themselves, playfully letting Ray masturbate them. It was only while watching that I learned to masturbate like these girls, it worked much faster and the orgasming was more violent than my old way. Ray said if I wanted to I could experience something com-

pletely new, I could come to them and the girls wouldn't notice me. I trusted him and went along.

He told the girl to fuck me clit-to-clit. Did I hear right? A girl should fuck me? She mounted me, nibbled my clit and her clit until we both had stiff clits and then she laid on top of me. She searched my clit with her clit and pressed hers very firmly on my clit, then she began to fuck me like a man sensitively. And how good that did! I held on to the girl and let her fuck me smiling. She really thrust and fucked me great like a man and my orgasm rose, broke loose and I trembled and wriggled in supreme rapture. In the middle of this rapture I felt Ray's cock enter my pussyhole and he squirted inside. Shaking and gasping during his squirting my orgasm ebbed away. It was wonderful! Since then, I let the girls fuck me hundreds of times and let Ray squirt good-naturedly into my pussy at the end.

I masturbated usually every afternoon squatting on the kitchen bench, that was my favorite place. Ray had watched with interest from an early age on, and when he could squirt with 8 or 9, I showed him all my private parts and explained everything in detail. Fucking interested him a lot, so I let him fuck x-times until dinner. He said that this was something very fine! Come to think of it, he did masturbate really hard whenever I squatted in front of him, but I don't remember him jerking off! Maybe it wasn't just in my imagination that he stuck his cock in my hole and squirted? It would not have mattered to me. I used to fantasize that Ray put his cock in my hole and cum, but those were just fantasies, because when I opened my eyes, I was alone.

It was shortly after his father died, we were both grieving for Daddy. I sat at the kitchen table with my 14-year-old and was determined to tell him everything honestly from the beginning, he had a right to know.

I had no idea about sex until 17, I began holding Ray's hand tightly, that's when I fell in love with your father and he deflowered me, gently and considerately. I moved in with him and his brother Harry three months before our wedding and knew somehow that I drew a blank with your father. He could only fuck me before I got up

when he had a morning wood, never otherwise. He liked to watch me rhythmically tap and dot my crooked clit until I got my orgasm. I couldn't really masturbate then, and I did the tapping and dabbing from a young age on. He fucked me every morning with his morning wood and hurried off to work. I stayed alone with his brother Harry. Probably he watched us in the morning fuck, because when I went to the toilet I saw him masturbating on his bed, that I had seen this many times with my schoolmates. He waved me in and I had to masturbate him. I was very ashamed to do so, but Harry forced me. Then he proceeded to lie on top of me and tried to fuck me. I didn't want to do that to your father and pressed my legs together. He fucked between my labia without being able to penetrate. He squirted wildly and became more insistent every day, penetrating deeper and deeper. I could not resist my horny lust very long and let Harry finally fuck me. I was terribly ashamed to cheat on your father even before the wedding. But it was purely physically wonderful, your father fucked me with his morning wood, I tapped and dotted my crooked, fused clit to orgasm afterwards and then I let Harry fuck me. Your father came home again one morning and caught us fucking. Harry had already fucked me twice and wanted to do it a third time. The father pulled him off me and beat him up terribly. He kicked him out immediately and I think Harry emigrated to Australia. I lied to your father that I had fought back like the Virgin of Toledo, but Harry would have overpowered me and fucked me against my will. Your father was so sweet, he felt very sorry for me and consoled me that Harry had fucked me by force.

I felt how now in the conversation with Ray the horniness rose in me. I stripped off my dress and played with the excited teats of my breasts, while I wanted to tell Ray further. But he asked me to show him the photos and videos that Harry had made of me. I copied them to his smartphone and we watched them together, he became very horny. He looked at my 18 year old self and said I was a very very beautiful girl back then. He looked very closely at my crooked and misshapen clit and I said that was corrected only after you were born. I played with my breasts hornily and excited and went on. A few days after our wedding I visited a vaudeville-program with the hypnotist Magnussen. He stood by the entrance and greeted me with a handshake as if we knew each other. My memories of that all are

pretty vague. I sat in the audience and took off my bra and panties, not knowing why. Then the great magician called me on stage as his assistant Kitty. As you know, I never had pubic hair, my pussy has always been bare and childlike to look at. I was on stage doing everything the great master told me to do. I took off my dress over my head and the audience was allowed to admire my beautiful, large breasts, which did not hang down as far then as they do now. The audience gave thunderous applause for my nakedness and the master escorted me to a divan half covered by a transparent curtain. I lay down on the divan full of anticipation and Magnussen sent me 5 hypnotized men with erect cocks. One by one they fucked me really hard while Magnussen performed his other tricks. But the men were not allowed to squirt in my pussy, they had to pull out their cock at the first cum and finish squirting on my breasts. My fucking on the divan was only visible to those in the audience who had solved an expensive extra ticket. I was so horny from fucking with 5 men, you can't imagine, my little Ray!

I hadn't just been playing with my teats for a long time, I had secretly reached for my clit. I continued to tell excitedly. With my heart pounding and my cunt throbbing, I followed Master Magnussen to the hotel room where he fucked me until dawn. Of course, he did not squirt on my breasts, but inside, really hard and deep inside! I sneaked home and fucked with Dad's morning wood. He never knew that I was fucked backstage for a whole week by 5 different men who got me hot to give all of me to the great magician afterwards. Ray interrupted here. He was probably the hypnotist's kid, he said, and I nodded uncertainly. "I don't know for sure," I replied, "after all, I fucked the Master and your Daddy every day. It could be either of them, but purely on the surface you look more like Magnussen than your father." Ray nodded thoughtfully, "I rather didn't get my special skills from Dad!" I had had a few small orgasms, which I hid from Ray, but I continued to masturbate secretly.

After you were born, the doctor told me she saw how crooked my clitoris was. She could correct it very easily, and she cut away the tight foreskin that was preventing my clitoris from straightening. In the next while, my clit stood as straight as a flagpole, even growing to 2 inches. It was wonderful and soon I could masturbate quite prop-

erly like other girls. It also helped a lot when your girlfriends fucked me clit-to-clit.

I lay down on the bench, my clit bursting with desire, and I looked down at Ray's firm cock. Daddy was dead, so what the hell! "Come fuck me, really fuck!" I begged Ray, I couldn't take it anymore with horniness. That's when we fucked properly for the first time, and every goddamn day since until he was 28.

# Veronika

by Jack Faber © 2023

I'm Veronica and I've had an interesting life. I don't like to talk about my sexuality that much, but I guess it has to be done now.

I grew up in a nunnery. Sister Mathilda was my roommate and like a big sister. I always watched her masturbate with her mouth open, back then I couldn't masturbate. Friday was always bathing day and the other sisters looked stupid and contemptuous when she masturbated in the bath water. Hypocrites, said Mathilda only, because the others also masturbated, but secretly. We spied out the window when Father Anselm stood in the stream up to his calves, rubbing his cock and splashing in the water. I had to describe everything in detail to short-sighted Mathilda. Aha, he masturbates, he jerks off! Mathilda instructed me. After bathing, I was allowed to lie on top of her and play fucking. That was the crowning of the week, it flashed and twitched in my pussy and Mathilda made herself beautiful. Friday to Saturday she went clean and fragrant over to the men's monastery, officially to clean, but I knew that she let herself be fucked all night by one little monk after the other, until all had cum often enough.

.

The monastery had to close in the turmoil of the war. I came to live with Aunt Irene, who was very rich. Her husband was a fervent Nazi in a smart uniform with a tiny little cock and didn't fuck Irene often. She let her childhood sweetheart Herbert fuck her once a week. Her Nazi-husband sent the Jews to concentration camps, robbed their money, their jewelry and their houses, which he sold at a high price. He fucked all the Jewish women and all their daughters, pretty or not, pleasurably and aware that they were only pretty 2nd class people far below him, before sending them to the camp. One day after the Führer, he also wanted to shoot himself in the head, but he whined and whimpered cowardly with the pistol in his mouth.

One of his Jewish employees, whom he had raped many times before, finally pulled his finger on the trigger.

Irene didn't care, she had her Herbert once a week for fucking when his wife went to town to get fucked by her former hairdresser. Irene had become terribly rich and spent the day in bed, smoking, masturbating and drinking tea. With her tea she had sharp booze, two to three bottles a day. She became more and more ill and Herbert and I lay beside her helping her. Herbert was there for fucking, I had to serve her and help her masturbate. When she was already too weak to fuck, Herbert had to fuck me, through the hole in the hymen. Irene screeched that he must not pierce my hymen, I was not that kind of woman! So we did it until Irene died.

I had inherited her house and the bank account with the 4 million and could live carefree, but I got bored and cooked lunch for the orphanage every day. I adopted the child of a British spy the Nazis had executed. Jack moved in with me and helped me with the lunches. He taught me to read and write and I did elementary and middle school in external diplomas, for that I will always be grateful to him. But Jack also taught me about sexuality.

In the beginning I learned to masturbate him in the shower and let him cum on my breasts or in my mouth. Then I learned to masturbate myself, I knew how to do it but I had never done it before. Then Jack deflowered me and we fucked nonstop for the next few years. I had only ever known fucking with Herbert. He poked in my hole with his thin old-man-cock, it was not erotic or exciting at all and we were both admittedly scared as hell he might hurt, tear or destroy my hymen. He was scared as hell of Irene, who on the one hand forced him to fuck me, but at the same time viciously forbade him to fuck me in the natural way. Hundreds of times the poor guy poked around in my hole until he painstakingly squirted.

Jack, on the other hand, deflowered me without batting an eyelash, he fucked me with the concentrated power of the 14 year old that I wondered which train had hit me! I almost always had orgasms, clinging blissfully smiling to this beast that fucked me with animal strength, fucked and fucked and squirted inside powerfully.

Even the cum and squirting inside was brutal and not a light breeze like Herbert. I was so keen to fuck that we fucked our brains out!

Jack had a sister in London and they inherited the big family mansion and many millions of pounds. He stayed in London and fucked his hunchback sister with love, he studied medicine, what he always wanted to. I let a photographer take me naked and later became the leading actress in his porn films. I let hundreds of well-hung men like stallions fuck me in front of the camera and I masturbated to my heart's liking. I did not depend on the fee, but I was proud that I earned money myself. I also had many girlfriends to fuck privately, although I am not lesbian.

I visited Jack and Janet in London several times and moved in with him. He sent me an excellent man who helped sell my house and property well, it brought me 24 million Marks. I thanked this friend with the most beautiful fucking, although he was actually gay. Money he did not accept.

In London, I captured the heart of a real Lord and we moved into a house next to Jack and Janet. Sir Peter, my Lord, adopted Jack and Janet, they became Lord and Lady. My son, an English Lord! There was a short ceremony at the royal palace, only the Queen did not come herself. I learned a honorable profession because Sir Peter didn't want that I fucked for porn movies anymore. I became a kindergarten teacher and after a few years I ran the Austrian and German kindergartens.

I stayed in London even after Sir Peter died.

# The Witch

by Jack Faber © 2023

My name is Genovefa and tomorrow I will be burned at the stake. Yesterday our spiritual leader, Jan Hus, was burned at the stake. We write the year of our Lord 1415, I am the prisoner of the Council of Constance and my Lord Sigismund. A prison keeper, whom I pay with carnal pleasures, will give this writing to my dear brother. I wish to swear to you that I am not a witch. Not at all.

I lived in the small village of Wallhausen near Constance, my father is a good blacksmith and I have four big brothers. My mother unfortunately died with the last baby when I was eleven. Since then I sleep with my father like his wife, because he does not want to remarry. My brothers deflowered me when I was 8 and like to fuck me on a case by case basis. But I prefer to lie with my father.

Our family is reformed and for years secret followers of Jan Hus. We revered him very much and it is somehow a distinction to loose life one day after him. We village girls are fair game for the fine Junkers when they rush up on horseback. They rape us village girls with the arrogance of the nobility. We are owned serfs, in the truest sense of the word.

I spent a lot of time in the forest with the Wise Women. They trained me to be a healer, I can do everything like them. I mostly stayed overnight with father and not very often in the forest. But even in the forest I quickly had good friends and every night someone to fuck. The accusations of being a witch are false. If they had accused me of being an addicted-obsessed onanist and letting myself be fucked by anyone who would treat me kindly, yes, I would be guilty of that.

I often went for days into the woods by the lake, there live the forest men. They are mostly men who want to live in the wild and do not like a Kings domination. They are neither man-eaters nor wild beasts. I let them fuck me in the woods all day long by dozens of

them and I sleep in a group where everyone fucks me good-naturedly in the evening and some of them wake me up in the night or before sunrise and fuck me quietly because they need it a third or fourth time. These men not only like to fuck very much, but they also fuck really good! They fuck me strongly and powerfully to orgasm and each continues to fuck in my orgasm until I am relaxed again. They can wait patiently fucking along with the squirting until my orgasm is over and I nod and smile happily, then they squirt long and full of pleasure in my little hole. With them I have always loved to fuck a lot.

I masturbate every night, and always have. Since we all have a single room to live and sleep in, I didn't need to keep anything a secret. Just like I always got that the father and my brothers were fucking the mother, the same way they got my masturbating. My mother masturbated only rarely, because she was fucked by all extensively and got so her relaxation and sufficient carnal satisfaction. I had bumblebees in my ass from a young age on and was quite tense until my mother took pity on me and let me watch her masturbate one day. Since then I am relaxed and satisfied.

My father usually fucks me only two nights a week, he doesn't need it more often. But it is always very intense and I usually have an orgasm with him. My brothers prefer the doggy position, I never get an orgasm there. When the perfumed nobles fucked me, I don't get an orgasm either, I'm far too afraid of their unpredictable whims. Many of them who have fucked me before while riding by were now sitting in my judgment, not recognizing me in my rags. I looked at them quietly, Another One will judge them.

I always liked to fuck or masturbate women and girls. There were many of them. Surprisingly many could not masturbate before and learned it from me in blissful moments. But most of all I loved to fuck them, because there is definitely nothing more beautiful for me than fucking a girl clit-to-clit. The active experiences a certain feeling of power over the passive, this innocent feeling of power is insanely horny and erotic and yet can not hurt anyone. This, fucking the girls, was one of the surest proofs that I had intercourse with Satan, that I was a real witch, my judges said. I had fucked the young daughters of

some of my judges, that's where their knowledge and envious hatred must have come from.

In prison, countless priests, bishops or judges visited me, because I was the only witch younger than 60. They pretended to visit me for professional reasons, but in truth everyone just wanted to fuck the young witch, it was as simple as that. The spiritual masters fuck horribly grotty, Amen! They don't bring you to orgasm, they just fuck stupidly without exciting the girl more than a little and somehow squirt unexpectedly at some point. As often as I could, I threw them out of my fuckhole to squirt and let them jerk off with their own hands onto the floor. If one asked, I told him I didn't want to take an innocently conceived child to the stake. Never did I masturbate any of them, never did I let them watch me masturbating, although I was usually still really hot despite their lustless fucking. I always waited until I was alone with my nice guard, because he always watched me masturbate in a friendly and encouraging way and was usually so horny afterwards that he fucked me right away. He is very sweet to me and really likes to fuck me, although he can't do it very well. In return I get every wish fulfilled by him, if it is nothing stupid. Of course, he is not allowed to release me.

I am now 22, I have nursed many wounds, collected many medicinal herbs and prepared healing teas, I have helped many girls and women give birth. I let my dear prison keeper fuck me every day, as often as he likes, because he has no wife and yet he is an easily arousable man. Why should I not give him carnal pleasures with my smooth, soft and willing body?

The sun rises, I must end. Include me in your prayers, I die free and blameless.

The sun rises for me for the last time. Your Genovefa.

# Eve in Paradise

by Jack Faber © 2023

I gave myself the name Eve and have lived in paradise since time immemorial. Leonardo, the Holy Spirit (of which later) created me so that the spirits of the people in Paradise would have a wife at their disposal. He has created me as a 16-year-old girl after the model of an Egyptian girl whom Leonardo at that time was insanely in love with some 150 thousand years ago and almost obsessively lay with her in sultry nights and haunted her like crazy with his sinful desires. Many, many generations later, her descendants would become the first pharaohs. — Where was I? Ah yes, Leonardo!

At some point he decided to exchange my sweet Egyptian cunt for an even sweeter Asian cunt, a no-brainer for him. He is very fickle about this and falls in love with any different kind of cunts every few thousand years. Sometimes it was a Babylonian, Assyrian or Canaanite cunt that robbed him of sleep. Not to mention the Icelandic, Indian and the Eskimo cunts. I would have become for sure completely crazy, had he changed my cunt every few millennia. No, thank God he didn't, I remained as crazy as before, because the Asian cunt can really do something. He is one of the three bosses, which are the Old Man, his son J.C. and just Leonardo, called the Holy Spirit.

First of all, I want to set the record straight about your idea of paradise, it's not quite as crazy as you've been led to believe. First, there is no such thing as paradise. Harp strumming, cloud home, singing Hallelujah, seeing and praising God? Well, the travel agency has sold you a lot of nonsense! There is no such paradise. They — that is, those who used to live as human beings before — are simply spirits, bodiless and invisible. We are nowhere and everywhere, we go whenever and wherever we want, to any place or to any mortal at any time, depending on what interests us. Whether you want to see Venice the beautiful city in the Renaissance or watch the french Queen Marie-Antoinette fucking, do just what you want. There is very little that we spirits can do with our free time. After all, we can't change anything

in the real world, nothing! We know that precious cup is about to fall to the ground and shatter, but there is nothing we can do about it. We see the sweet child Iosif Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili happily bathing in the little river, but we can't prevent him from growing up and one day becoming a million-fold murderer as Stalin. — So, that's how it is.

Philosophers debate with other philosophers over a hair in the soup, silly as usual. Others travel day and night because they haven't traveled much in their lives. Still others follow events on Earth because they are curious about politics, public affairs or the Sex lives of people. But they are all sexual beings, these spirits. So therefore the mentioning of Marie-Antoinette, the spirits are crazy curious about sex, watching it — before doing it. So, now I come back into the game with my Asian pussy. — Are you still following me?

So, then on with the tale. Spirits can watch in the real world, but they can't touch, not the languishing youth boy or the shyly masturbating virgin maiden, as much as you pine for it. Now order comes into our contemplation, now Leonardo creates me, so that the spirits have whom to touch and fuck with. I probably do not betray too much when I say that all spirits can and may fuck me, disembodied indeed, but for them just as real as in the world.

By the way, Leonardo is the only boss who lies down with me (as Leonardo, of course). The Old Man retired disappointed to his study billions of years ago and no one has seen him since. And J.C., well, he's the handsomest of the three, but he's married to Mary Magdalene and she won't let him. I've tried it many times, many times he had already taken off his tunic and lay down covetously with me and already pressed his splendid cock into my pussy and started to fuck me wonderfully, but then Maria Magdalena came around the corner like a screaming fury and beat the poor guy and his splendid cock home! But there's something like that only in paradise.

Every morning I am kissed awake by three or four putto's, that are the cute little naked-assed boy-angels you know them. Leonardo liked me very much and wanted to do something good for me. But now he has not only friends. The angels — each in a different guise —

are not only good and beautiful, some are nasty and rebellious. Belzebub — a small, vicious yapping rough-haired dachshund — had a score to settle with Leonardo and conjured up my sweet puttos cocks, real little man cocks! They wake me up as always, but they fuck me before the morning coffee, one after the other and they squirt on my clean body if they do not get their turn immediately. I shook my head in denial when Leonardo discovered this. “Let it be, my dear husband, it’s fine like that!” Maybe he didn’t notice what fun this was for me with the horny little ones.

Leonardo, my husband or father or creator, is my favorite man to fuck. He had poached centuries ago in the guise of a Babylonian prince in the beds of the virgin Florentine Medici-daughters and showed them that there was also something hornier than masturbating. He discovered a handsome, clever and popular boy with a big, strong cock who gave him serious competition in poaching inside the pussies of the virgins. At first he took the bodyform of this Leonardo in order to land with all the chaste girls. But the new body gave him so much pleasure and success that he kept the body as an avatar ever since. I was just as enthusiastic as he, because this Leonardo prepared countless wild nights for me!

The saints from the first Christian millennium were the most pleasant. They had lived quite honestly chaste, never lay with a girl and many of them even denied themselves masturbation. They were praised here in the hereafter and were highly respected spirits because of their impeccable lives. But they had to change completely. Here they were allowed. I introduced them all with tenderness and sex-appeal into the world of lovemaking and prepared a great start for them. I was amazed at how clumsy celebrities like Tomás Aquino or Saint Augustine were. They wrote the most ingenious works, but lay with me trembling with fear and didn’t know where front and back were! How many times I had to pull these fools out of my asshole and stuff them right in the pussyhole! Leonardo said laughing, they were so used to that, they had always fucked only in the assholes of young boys! Hieronymus was completely different, he didn’t need any schooling, not even Francisco de Assisi, they still knew exactly what was the plan.

Quite well I remember the long conversations with a certain Penelope, formerly a Queen of Ithaca in Greece. She was one of the few spirits who — like myself — never had pubic hair, there were only a few of us. We laughingly compared her hairless Greek pussy and my hairless Asian pussy and giggled like little girls. She told me about her life, 12 years she was married to a King, then he went to war, came back for two months and disappeared forever. Following the custom, she had her 11-year-old son laid to her, and he became her faithful lover until her death. She gazed for a long time over the sea of clouds that joined the sea on the horizon. “There was only one wild time in my life, Eva,” she said dreamily, “when I really let the wild sow out! Literally!” I had become curious.

“There came to me noble gentlemen,” she told me, “sixty in number, seeking to marry me.” She stalled them, saying she couldn’t decide. The noble gentlemen, by character all lowly buccaneers, decided to fuck her for trial, she should decide afterwards. She was excited and horny, so many cocks at once! We two women laughed until our sides stung. Many cocks on offer, we both knew that, were a seducing tentation. Penelope continued, she had fucked through every night with dozens of the men for almost 4 years, she was greedy as never before and got everything a respectable wife never got. Penelope laughed sheepishly, “I really was a love-starved wild sow then!” Now, her son was returning from an odyssey that had led him in search of his missing father, and had grown serious and mature.

She had let him go with a heavy heart and worried who would warm her 17 year old’s feet at night, inexperienced in matters of love as he was? She needn’t have worried, he was smart and sly like her and lay with the maidens and youngest daughters every night. He spurned the wives of the hosts and the mothers of the daughters, wisely arguing that he had not come to whore with the wives of noble men, but to seek the father. The girls got everything they wanted from him, he deflowered them of course and gave them orgasms. He grinned wryly as many of the depraved, filthy girls begged him for another and another orgasm.

Penelope paused. “I don’t want to bore you with my rambling speeches, Eva,” but I asked her to continue. Penelope sighed deeply.

She had great fear in her heart, she wondered how he reacted to her greedy fucking? But again, she had nothing to worry about. Her son took advantage of the lengthy banquets in the evenings to lie unobtrusively beside the naked mistresses of the nobles. He inconspicuously stuck his cock into the pussies of the beauties, chatting, joking, and carrying on a filthy, piggish whisper with them until either the girls' piggish giggles made him cum on his own or — in most cases — she secretly rubbed his cock in her pussyhole with piggish whispering and made him squirt inside. Some neighboring mistresses watched her secretly masturbating him and touched their clits in arousal. They didn't visibly fuck, it wasn't noticed by no one but me, so Penelope smiled horny aroused at him and winked at her rogue secret fucker. "During these 40 banquets my boy squirted several times in their pussies, and in all of them!" Penelope laughed brightly. He was fucking all the beautiful mistresses multiple times in retaliation for the Lords fucking Penelope unlawfully and humiliating her. "I couldn't teach him anything new!" exclaimed Penelope laughing.

The trial fucking of the nobles, but also Penelope's greedy desire for it shocked him. The podium of shame was virtually in front of everyone, the nobles surrounded her, loudly judging the performance of their competitors and staring at her little hole, in which the competitor was violently fucking. The son was ashamed of her, laid her head on his lap and put a hand protectively on her clit. His cock loomed over her face and when he masturbated her briefly to trigger her orgasm, he squirted a rich jet into her mouth. He told her not to worry, he had been saving his semen for her on his odyssey. Sure enough, he squirted every time a rich jet in her mouth until sunrise with each of her orgasms.

Penelope fell silent and looked over at me. "So, what happened next?" I urged. Thirty days it went on, she continued, sensing how sad and hurt her son was. "On the thirtieth evening, he smashed the bed of sin with an axe and led me vigorously upstairs to my bedroom. We stayed in bed until noon the next day, it was one of the horniest nights," Penelope smirked, shaking her head with a laugh. "I realized right away that I didn't want any of the Nobles, just him!"

When Penelope's silence took me too long, I nudged her in the side with my elbow. "The Goddess was playing a nasty joke on me!" she continued in a sad tone. The Goddess had turned her husband into a filthy old beggar when he entered the castle. He challenged the nobles to a contest with her husband's bow and won! The son was privy to everything and had deposited quivers of arrows all over the hall and the beggar shot all 60 nobles dead. The beggar answered a tricky quizzing question the proper answer and now Penelope was sure that the raggedy fellow must be her husband. She offered him her lips for a kiss and now the Goddess changed him back into his form. The joy of reunion lasted only a short time, after a few weeks the Goddess ordered him to leave again. He never came back. The son became King, but he did not take a Queen but lay with Penelope and fucked her dutifully until her death.

Penelope bowed her head sadly. I waited patiently, what could I ask her now? She said after her death he had made a petite, shy virgin princess of 12 his Queen. Penelope shook her head and muttered an ancient pagan spell. "I've been overcome with a bad feeling that it's going to end badly with these two," Penelope said sadly. She said she was there on the wedding night, the girl was definitely an untouched virgin and she wept bitterly as he deflowered her. With joy and relief, Penelope added. The dear child always willingly and patiently let him fuck her as often as he wanted, even though she herself did not have an orgasm.

Everything seemed fine, Penelope said, until the day her rich outfit arrived a few months later. Penelope crossed her fingers in pain. She knew at once where her bad premonition had come from. The princess had been brought her puppy. The maiden had trained the wretched mutt from youth to lick her clit to orgasm! Penelope kept silent dejectedly and I exclaimed, like the Hanoverian countess, crying her eyes out in paradise for her Great Dane dog, with whom she much preferred to fuck than with her gay husband! But Penelope shook her head, the virgin only had her clit licked to orgasm, she did never fuck the little doggie. Penelope was sad, because her son's wife never got orgasm and did not like to masturbate in his presence, and she never did, definitely not! The faithful servants reported to him secretly that she could only orgasm while being licked by the little

dog, and only then she masturbated long and intense. He was horrified and as if struck, he did not know what to do for the first time in his life. Penelope had become a ghost and could not advise him. I asked in her silence what she would have advised him to do, because I was already toying with the idea of using Leonardo, as he could appear to people in dreams or in a vision. Penelope thought for a long time. "I would tell him to accept it and actively experience the dog's licking together with her, as with me!" I was silent in horror, after all I had only seen dogs in my travels, but now Penelope?

The silence lasted a very long time, and I looked at Penelope sitting straddled across from me. She had a beautiful, childlike-looking and hairless pussy like me, which is how our intimate conversation began. Penelope appeared now at a self-chosen age of mid-twenties. She had very finely curved labia with a large clit without a foreskin, which always seemed to be stiff, as if she were permanently aroused. When she moved a little, the labia revealed her tiny little hole. I lifted my gaze and looked at her full, firm breasts. It was quite clear that probably all the nobles of the country were keen on this beautiful maiden, who exuded a lot of sex-appeal.

The silence lasted a very long time until I finally asked Penelope. She laughed uproariously and shook her head with pleasure, "No, never with a dog!". This custom was especially common in the eastern areas of Greece, where a great many women dressed their pooches to have their clits licked to orgasm. Many many women, not to say all. This was considered quite normal in the eastern cities, but not in her western homeland, she was not aware of a single woman who had her clit licked by a doggie. The women in her homeland masturbated with their fingers, that was very common. In the West, they didn't train dogs, but horses, noble stallions. On my many short trips I have of course seen many animals, dogs, cats, horses etc... But it had never occurred to me to look at their genitals. I was mainly interested in the sexual customs and habits of mortals, because only in this way I learned new things and what was in fashion at the moment. I was able to observe people within 1,800,000 years and learn the exciting evolution of their sexuality. I looked a little confused at Penelope. "And — you too?" She nodded after a moment's thought. I just had to fucking know. "Can you talk about it?" I asked quietly,

“I’d never heard of it before and I even can’t imagine it.” Penelope nodded, “but let’s keep it between us girls, okay?” I nodded and said, only Leonardo would know, because he could read my mind, that’s how it was.

Penelope said she had been given a very young stallion in her childhood, Protraktes, in her country horses have names like people. She trained him to be masturbated every night when she rode him out, that was very common there. She masturbated him every day until the end of life, then he got a funeral at the stake like a fallen hero warrior. Penelope noticed that I had no clue what she was talking about. She smiled kindly and said she would describe it quite accurately.

“I rode naked every evening, sitting on Protract’s beautiful body without a saddle, to my favorite spot, with only a thin veil blowing behind me so people wouldn’t tearing their mouth off too much about the naked rider. I lay down on the grass and prepared my pussy for the night with the King. Protraktes sniffed my pussy as I masturbated, he watched with a knowing horny look and his cock grew arm long and stiff. When I was done, he sniffed again my hot pussy and trotted forward, over me, so that his cock was right there for the taking. His cock was about as thick as a man’s, but at least twice as long. I masturbated him lying down, doing the same as masturbating a man. He squirted in the grass or on my breasts or on my pussy, just as I felt like it. I wiped his semen and hugged him lovingly, he was my most loyal friend. Only rarely did I have to masturbate him a second time and we rode home to my husband. My pussy was hot and Protraktes’ warm fur kept it nicely on blazing flames.” I nodded gratefully, for now I could picture it well. Penelope took a moment and continued.

“Around the time Odysseus went off to that unfortunate war my 11 year old lay with me every night and quickly learned to fuck me. I once went to the horse stables with a girlfriend at noon. There I saw for the first time how she let herself be fucked by a young stallion. It looked very horny and I watched my girlfriend how good it did her, how much she enjoyed it and she prayed pagan spells, embracing the stallions neck thankfully. I had heard since I was a child that those

women who followed the old pagan religion let themselves be fucked by the “holy stallions”, but I just giggled stupidly at these legends. Yes, I didn’t even understand what the old pagan religion was. I couldn’t sleep for days, rolling from side to side and masturbating with the wildest, horniest images of the stallion-fucking in my head. Then I went with the girlfriend to the stable at noon. I let her trained stallion fuck me for the first time, and it was wonderful!”

“The horse’s glans looks a little different. It’s flatter and rounder, and where the glans joins the cock, there’s a thick ring that gets quite firm when it gets hard. Supposedly, it serves to seal the mare’s hole so that the semen doesn’t ooze out too quickly. Anyway, it serves us damn pagan women to directly stimulate our G-Spot, which not many men can do. You slide in the Hagemonion, which is a strong wooden frame where the stallion can rest his front hooves and a long board for the woman at the right height. You let the stallion sniff or lick your pussy, because they are trained to quickly become erect at our pussy’s scent. The woman grabs his cock tightly with both hands and inserts it into her little pussyhole. It is about as thick as a man’s, but twice as long or longer. That’s why you have to hold him strong with both hands, so that he doesn’t penetrate too deeply in his horny rage at the end and impale the poor woman! I come to orgasm very well with the stallion and hold him well when he fucks faster and squirts. Usually it’s enough for me to get fucked four or five times in a row, that tires me out comfortably, but I always had to masturbate furiously afterwards. My girlfriend says a well trained stud can squirt 25 times or more before he goes lame.”

“So, you only let the stallion fuck you once?” I asked curiously. Penelope laughed and slapped her thighs. “No, what are you thinking! I snuck into the barn as many times as I could. My son once mis-spoke and confessed that he had been sneaking after me from the beginning, watching everything from a distance. He noticed it himself, how good it did me and what beautiful orgasms I had afterwards. Since I always bathed before dinner after I returned with Protraktes, he didn’t mind the stallions semen or scent at all. I hugged and kissed my son, from then on he was officially allowed to go with me to the stallion and sit at my feet to see everything closely. Those were the only times my son saw me masturbate because I always needed it

badly immediately after fucking the stallion. We went to the stallions almost every day, even when he was already King. He gave me a beautiful young trained stallion after the 4 horrible years with the bride-seeking noblemen. The stallion was trained to lick my pussy and clit intensely before fucking, that's why my son selected him for me. My son loved me all his life with all his heart."

Penelope, while narrating with her eyes closed, had been gently stroking her clit. Now she lay back with her cheeks glowing, her clit stirring stiffly an inch out, stiff to bursting and maybe she phantasmized of her stallion behind her closed eyes. She masturbated very effectively and routinely and I jumped back in time. Penelope lay down on the Hagemonion and let the stallion fuck her five times in a row. The son sat across from her with glowing ears and watched her fuck. She masturbated with a shameful and very shy smiling to her son after the fucking, turning her head to the side, because she was very shy and by heart ashamed about her greedy horniness. I jumped back even further in time. Penelope masturbated her 9 year old son very devotedly, letting him to the end penetrate her pussyhole and squirt inside. I jumped back into my time again, my trip had not even lasted a blink of an eye, because these time trips did not cost any real time, no matter how long you were on the road. I gulped with horniness as Penelope raced towards and triggered her orgasm.

I spent a lot of time with Penelope, because she was a remarkable woman. I visited her frequently in the past and experienced her love adventures through her eyes. She asked me once and I replied that I sometimes masturbated ten times at a time and then again not at all for months. It depended on how often I was fucked, that was my main job after all.

I had met many many men in the course of my long life. Only rarely did I make love with girls, I had not been created by Leonardo as a lesbian. But sometimes I was seduced by girls who were genuine lesbians and because I am goodwill by nature, I liked to join in. But I mostly fucked with men or boys, because Leonardo had put great emphasis on the fact that my fine Asian pussy came to orgasm every time very easily.

On Ithaca there was a unique custom before Penelope's time and had been practiced over many many centuries. In the afternoons, the 5 to 15 year old boys would walk in large numbers to the Hall of the Dead and then one by one they fucked the dead girls and young women. It was fascinating to see dozens of boys fucking the dead, each one so many times until he was completely drained. I jumped back hundreds of years to the beginning of this strange custom. It began with a seemingly dead mother being desperately fucked by her sons until — here the miracle happened — she came back to life! Over the next hundred years, the miracle repeated itself again and again, as the wicked and resourceful women pretended to be dead, letting their sons fuck them on their deathbeds for many hours, suppressing their orgasms until they could suppress it no longer. These miracles led to them being fucked on their deathbeds by sons, cousins and other relatives from then on, perhaps to experience the miracle. This custom lasted for many centuries, as the mothers of the time forbade the daughters to be fucked as youths. Since many women died very young, they were perfectly suited to be available to the younglings for fucking. The custom gradually stopped when the mothers loosened their iron grip and daughters were allowed to fuck and be fucked from the age of 8 or 9. The boys ended up preferring to fuck with living ones rather than dead flesh, which began to decompose after a week at the latest.

I fucked with many different men over the years, from all cultures their spirits came and fucked with me smiling blissfully. The Neanderthals, for example, were very simple and down to earth in their thinking, but they were of powerful physiques and loved to fuck. The Mongols didn't have such powerful dicks as the Neanderthals, but they held out tenaciously and enjoyed cuming like a divine gift. The classical Romans were nothing special, I once traveled to see Cleopatra to learn more. She wasn't a bit in love with old Julius Caesar, she cared solely about her throne when she fucked the old man. Posterity has also dressed up her story, stylizing her into a sexpot, which she was not at all. Catherine, the Russian Tsarina, was said to fuck horses, but that was said only out of pure political malice. In truth, she was a really hot-blooded woman who picked handsome, loin-strong men from her guards to fuck. There were many such menda-

ciously twisted characters in human history and that was not something I envied.

Autumn has come. Many new spirits came, beautiful young women and many beautiful young men. The deceased rarely chose older spirit bodies than 30, to spend the life afterwards old and frail nobody wanted. An eternal life in youth was not a bad thing, and I saw many newcomers smiling finely when they realized in the first minute that the earthly ideas of paradise were pure mumbo jumbo.

So when the master of ceremonies introduced me as the one who would give them carnal pleasures, I saw the new youngsters grinning broadly.

Such a life one could only wish for!

# Brunhild

by Jack Faber © 2023

*Note: some dates are historically not accurate, but are important because of the narrative.*

My name is Brunhild, I was the wife and Queen of King Telemachos of Ithaca. I am his second wife and we really loved each other very much.

I grew up in the far north, where there is a lot of snow and ice. My father is one of the richest merchants in the country, connected with King Olaf in brotherly friendship. My father has 4 sons and 16 daughters by several wives. He makes farfetching business trips, from Troy to Ithaca and to Spain. I was allowed to accompany him twice to Ithaca and I was in love from the first moment with the Island Kingdom and the warm, beautiful climate. My father was a true friend of King Odysseus and they traded with each other well. We brought them the finest weapons, tools and lots of various animal furs. Ithaca traded in gold and silver and rare gems that the merchant voyagers brought from Africa.

I was raised almost like a princess, learning to read and write. My father brought a middle-aged Greek woman who taught me Greek. We, my family, sacrificed to the Gods of the north and we prayed to them faithfully.

We children were not allowed to have sex, that was fine because we girls had to remain virgins. Sometimes we were allowed to watch a couple fucking and asked many questions that were answered honestly and practically, so we knew from a young age how fucking goes and what you just had to know.

Once we were allowed to watch a couple fucking and I 9 year old felt a quite strong fire in my pussy, I asked the woman after her fucking, why it itches and burns with me every time so terribly in my pussy, whenever we were allowed to watch the fucking? The other

children laughed at me because I asked another stupid question, but the nice woman waved me friendly to her and I had to sit on her naked lap.

She noticed my gaze on her lover's cock and let me touch it. She showed me how to pull the foreskin back tightly and explained the glans. "That's a nice man's cock," she said with a smile and kissed her lover in the middle of his mouth. She told me to just keep embracing the cock with my hand and rubbing it firmly up and down, always pulling the foreskin all the way back so the glans came out. She touched me at my most sensitive part and asked if the burning was coming from there and I nodded. She explained very precisely that this was the clitoris and that one had to rub it finely until orgasm when it burned or itched. She let me spread my legs and all the children were allowed to watch as she masturbated me, once and then again for a second time. I twitched and trembled blissfully in orgasm and she said I could always do it myself from now on, but not in public, but alone or with my best girlfriend at most. The cock in my hand had become quite firm and throbbed. The woman smiled and looked at her lover, who nodded. She lay down on her back and told me to remain sitting quietly on her lap. The lover put his cock right along my pussy in her pussyhole and started fucking. He fucked her hard and fast and his cock slid back and forth along my cunt slit, it felt very very good! I bent over to watch the fucking, I saw it much better in this position than the kids standing around. The man said that I had to press my clit harder on his cock! He was right, now I felt his cock rubbing back and forth along my clit and I was shaking like a leaf in my longest orgasm or many orgasms at a time until he finished fucking. I felt with my cunt very precisely how the man strained to squirt rhythmically into her little pussyhole. Then he pulled out his cock, firmly rubbing it with his fist and squirted the rest, a dozen jets, into my pussy, of course he paid good attention to my hymen! I had gotten quite hot cheeks while fucking. He patted my face very sweetly. "And, did it do my princess good too?" and I nodded enthusiastically and gratefully. The beautiful fucking went on for about two years until I was 11 years old and this dear warrior from Iceland had fallen in a battle.

From that day I masturbated every day at least once and sometimes together with a girlfriend. I masturbated insanely happy and the older I got, the more often I masturbated, at night sometimes many a few times. I paid attention to my hymen, although some of my peers had already started to fuck.

My father and his newest wife nodded sympathetically, the fucking could wait a little longer. He was already looking for a good man for me, my father said, you will soon be 14 and can marry! I was very happy and dreamed every night of the fucking of the Icelandic warrior I had witnessed and felt with my pussy. The woman we had fucked with the Iceland Warrior instructed him not to squirt inside her, so he pulled out his cock, rubbed it in his fist and jetted all upon my orgasming pussy. That was something to dream of! Father's new wife was very nice and explained to me in detail all about getting married, the deflowering on the wedding night and everything. She showed me her pussy and let me look at it closely and touch it. She also showed me how she masturbates, much same like me.

My heart almost burst when the father told me, beaming with joy, that he had found a good man for me! I have had seen him already, it was Telemachos, the son of King Odysseus of Ithaca. Father drew a map on the ground and plotted all 14 islands of the Kingdom of Ithaca. Telemachos was now the King, he had just disowned his cold wife. But Telemachos was not to blame for the failure of their marriage, father said. I sensed that Father knew more, but he did not say much more. He was sure that Telemachos, at 29, was not too old for me at 14, and said that a marriage would certainly be good for his business. But I should decide for myself if I wanted Telemachos for a husband or not, father had suggested to him that I should just stay in his castle for a week and decide for myself if I wanted to become his wife or not. He was my father and no business consideration was more important to him than that I myself decide about the yarns of my life.

I kept thinking about Telemachos during the long ride. He was a tall, good looking and serious boy and was very kind when I asked him in wonderment because it was not seemly with us in the north, that he was laying with his mother. He confirmed it with a friendly

smile that he lay with Queen Penelope every night. He had to explain it to me in detail because I was very young and unexperienced at that time. Since his father Odysseus was taken away by the Goddess forever, it was even his legal duty to fuck her every night and satisfy her. She was thankfully quite fast in orgasm and very satisfied after the orgasm. The servant girl Penelopes he fucked only to empty his semen completely. Fucking the servant girl sometimes lasted several hours until his cock had enough. We talked for a very long time about the sexual rules in our home countries and I found some things strange at the time, but definitely interesting.

We were received quite warmly, I had to take off my filthy traveling clothes and was led into the bathroom. Two servantgirls bathed me, oiled my body and cut my armpits- and pubic hair very short. The older one left the room and the girl, who was younger than me, gently searched for my clit with a finger. I held her hand tightly and asked why she was doing that? She looked at me with wide opened eyes. "It's part of bathing, it has to be!" she said firmly and kept searching. I turned my head to the side in shame, closed my eyes and spread my knees so she didn't have anymore to search for the clit. I was terribly ashamed, I have never let anyone masturbate me since the first time, not even my best girlfriend! The girl masturbated me gently and very routinely. After the orgasm she kissed my cunt softly and left. This bathing procedure routinely happened every day and I didn't just get used to it, I loved it! I put on the bright white veil dress, girded myself with the belt. The thin tunic showed off my firm breasts well and gave a hint of my pubic slit.

I didn't see Telemachos again until dinner. He sat all day with his guest, the famous singer Homéros, and told him about Odysseus, Penelope and himself. He enlightened me that Homéros was the greatest singer in Greece and was writing a long song in which Odysseus, Penelope and he were to appear. But the singer would stay only three more days and after that he would have more time for me.

I knew in the first minute that I wanted to become his wife, but I kept the agreement to decide after a week. Telemachos noticed my belt and knife. I explained to him that the knife was called Leifnirsgram, which means 'pains of the sea'. He looked at it in his hand,

weighed it back and forth, and clicked his tongue appreciatively. “Best Gothic steel,” I said proudly, “sharp as a butterfly’s wing and never needs resharpening!” Noticing his look, I said I would gladly give him one just like it, for it was considered a valuable, royal knife here in the north lands. “My father paid a fortune for it, but defending my hymen was worth it to him!” Telemachos looked at me questioningly. “I slashed the cheek of some impudent fellows with Leifnirsgam,” I said, searching for the right words. He nodded thoughtfully. “In my castle you have nothing like that to fear, I have excellent bodyguards that no scoundrel, no armed man can get past!” He would inform the guards that I was allowed to carry the weapon within the castle walls. “This is in keeping with our ideas of a Nordic Valkyrie,” he grinned. We talked for a long time, and at some point I asked him. He thought about it for a long time, then spoke about it very sadly.

After Penelope died, he had married a lovely princess from the city-state of Athens, from Athens, a rotten, dirty nest of filth and rotten sexual perversions that was a disgrace to any respectable and honorable Greek! But she was not made for a man’s bed. She was willing and let herself be fucked apathetically, but he would have had more fun with a wet driftwood on the beach. I said laughing that we didn’t fuck wet driftwood, he smiled for the first time and then we both laughed out loud. He became serious again. She was only having an arousal when her doggie licked her to orgasm. I kept silent, frozen into a pillar of salt. He nodded again and said, a dirty dog would never ever come to his bed! He pronounced separation and sent her — richly gifted — back to her father. He had been fucking Penelope’s servant girls since her death, they appreciated and enjoyed fucking like a Queen and were jubilantly happy to let him fuck them for hours, for as long as it took his cock. I took his hand and squeezed it sympathetically. Such a woman should not marry at all and make a man unhappy, I murmured. Women should enjoy fucking as much as their husbands. He squeezed my hand. “Will you promise me?” he asked seriously. “I am still an untouched virgin,” I said just as seriously, “I had never fucked a man, because we virgins are only allowed to masturbate, and I loved that hot and did a lot. I can only promise you that I will honestly try the fucking!” I suddenly had to giggle, and he asked in amazement. I now told him how I was

allowed to fuck along with a couple when I was 9 years old and got wonderful orgasms every time as a part of their fucking. He let me tell him everything in detail and we laughed heartily about the orgasms of the little girl. His cold wife was now gone, far far away and we never talked about her again.

He asked me if I wanted to sleep in his bed or have my own room made up? I didn't have to think long. Could he respect my virginity, spare my hymen? Then yes, that would be fine! He nodded and said he was a King and an honorable Greek. We drank and talked for a long time, then we went to bed. I knew that in Greece they slept naked and I was waiting naked for him in bed. He was a beautiful man with a magnificent big cock. He hugged me lovingly and in quite a respectful way, then his servant girl came in and closed the door. She lay down next to him and snuggled up. Even me young inexperienced girl felt how hot she already was indeed. I whispered in Telemachos' ear that I would lie down at the foot of the bed and not disturb them while they were fucking. He nodded and kissed my head, I lay to the foot end. It turned out to be a really hot night.

I could see very clearly her beautiful pussy hole and his magnificent cock that penetrated considerably. I had sometimes seen a pair fuck at home, now I experienced it at arm's length. I heard her satisfied moans and horny whispers, of which I barely understood a word. He fucked very powerfully and persistently and she had one orgasm after another. In his short pauses she masturbated with a devilish grin, so strained she rubbed herself. He looked at me several times and nodded at my masturbating. They fucked forever and I was already exhausted from all the masturbating and the orgasms. He bid her goodbye with a kiss on her lips and she scurried out. I snuggled into Telemachos' arms and we talked about fucking and masturbating for a long time. We kept kissing each other with long French kisses and I fell asleep. One more week, one more week!

The week was almost coming to an end and Homéros was still there. He made me ask if I could tell him about my home land. I looked to Telemachos and he nodded, go ahead! I walked up to the famous man very excited. He was short and wiry, but I have never seen such bright and wise eyes. He wore a very elegant tunic that

only reached down to his cock. We kissed each other on the cheek according to country custom and kept our distance in this embrace. I because of his half stiff cock, he because of Leifnirsgram. We sat down opposite each other and my short veil dress revealed much more than it should. He bickered unabashedly over the next few hours at my exposed pussy and at my pussy hole because I sat down while storytelling very relaxed and inattentive and spread my knees unseemly.

Most of all I was to tell about our sexual customs, marriage, wedding and cheating. He nodded and nodded, he obviously knew all that. Then I told him as he wished about our world of Gods and the sexual confusion that our world of Gods offered. He laughed in between and scribbled on the papyrus while listening, otherwise he stroked his little cock thoughtfully and splashed a jet on the floor from time to time. Telemachos explained to me at dinner that the poet was a Macedonian and with them it was normal. Homéros was traveling with four large wooden boxes full of papyri. I told him for three days, then he had to leave.

Telemachos fucked the young servant girl every night, for two or three hours, until his cock had enough. I watched them and masturbated so often that my wrist hurt, but they were wonderful, hot nights. Then I solemnly told Telemachos that I wanted to be his wife, his Queen. He immediately ordered the servants to prepare everything for tomorrow for the Coronation and the girls to prepare me for the wedding night immediately after dinner. A religious dignitary came, muttered a bunch of stupid nonsense, and solemnly declared us husband and wife. Telemachos and I embraced and kissed each other and those present clapped their hands, threw flowers in the air and shouted Vivat!

I was bathed, oiled and perfumed with the noblest scents of Persia. My pubic hair was cut short to the skin, then both girls took turns masturbating me to orgasm after orgasm. "You must get hot, my Lady, hot and eager for the first fuck with your King," the older one instructed me with wise words, who was maybe 15 or 16. I went to the bedchamber with soft knees. Telemachos was waiting for me, his magnificent cock was awaiting me. The girls had told me that my

Lord would be alone with me and deflower me, that his servant girl would come later because he had to take care of my cunt after deflowering me. I lay down with Telemachos and snuggled into his embrace, offering him my lips for French kisses.

He was a gentleman, through and through. He gave me a lot of time and heated me up properly with French kisses. He always said beforehand in a low whisper what was coming so as not to scare me. He deflowered me with a powerful and quick jerk, I felt only a short prick, but no pain at all. He fucked me powerfully after that, I raced to orgasm faster than ever before. The aroused and hot servantgirl lay down next to me and I clasped her wild and horny, because I wanted to seduce her the most and fuck her absolutely like a love-hungry lesbian fury, I melted with her in kisses with our tongues and had myself one orgasm after another, because Telemachos fucked me so wonderfully. From now on, as soon as she joined us, the hotly excited servantgirl half lay on top of me, we kissed wildly like mares in heat with juicy lesbian tongue kisses. I stretched out my hand and masturbated her from orgasm to orgasm and she returned the favor in equal measure while Telemachos kept fucking me further and further and smiling looking at us crazy hot chicks. I loved this hot and horny lesbian kissing and mutual lesbian masturbation while the King kept fucking me smirking, and I needed it every night until my end.

Telemachos had already squirted twice in my virgin hole by now and was far from finished, but I was. I whispered with him to fuck his servant girl now, it was wonder-wonder-wonderful but I was completely satisfied and totally finished. He nodded and kissed me deeply. "My wife, my Queen, my Brunhild!" he whispered, his eyes shining. I crawled to the foot end as before and watched their fucking. It was exciting and horny to watch, but I couldn't masturbate anymore. It took hours again before he finished and sent the servant to sleep with a kiss. The following nights went exactly the same way, Telemachos fucked me to some orgasms until I was completely finished, then he fucked the servant girl for hours more. When a servantgirl got pregnant, he would send her back to her parents with a rich gift and take a new 12 or 13 year old virgin as a servant. He loved to deflower and fuck her until his cock was done. Once at dinner he

said how happy he was with me and how satisfied he was with my passionate fucking and my wild kissing with the girl. The Greeks spoke freely and without taboos about fucking and masturbating as we spoke about eating.

My father, with whom I exchanged letters every 3 or 4 months via the trade route, had sent me a wonderful long knife decorated with gold and silver, and I gave the worthy, precious short sword as my gift to Telemachos, who was out of bounds with joy. The short sword was a little longer than my Leifnirsgram and was made for big men's hands. It bore the name Tyrting, the name of a magical sword from our Gods' Sagas, and was only slightly shorter than his greek sword Xyphos, but only half as heavy and never needed resharpening. Telemachos wore it proudly all his life, for it looked splendid and precious royally and he could never be defeated with it.

I rode out daily in the evening and let the wind blow around my hair. Telemachos had told me that Penelope had to masturbate her stallion Protraktes every day, mine was not so spoiled, he did not get a stiff cock as often as Protraktes. But sometimes I masturbated him of course, because it shouldn't bother him, for that I had to make him cum two or three times in powerful jets until he was done. I very often watched the pagan women when they let themselves be fucked by a stallion and of course it looked really excitingly horny, but I never let myself be fucked by a stallion, although Telemachos publicly accepted the pagan faith and fucking with the "holy stallions". There were an incredible number of women who now openly let themselves be fucked by the stallions mostly publicly and without being disparaged. I could not resist the temptation after even my King had no more objections and let the stallions fuck me every day in full sight, in public. It was a special thrill when so many men watched me. I usually let him squirt inside only five times and then lay on a bale of straw and masturbated horny like ten monkeys in public, in front of everyone when I watched the women fucking the stallions. I turned my head always to the side and closed my eyes, because in my heart I was really very shy and shameful, I felt guilt and shame to masturbate shamelessly and uninhibited in front of the public. — The pagan Queen, who let herself be fucked five times by the stallion in front of everyone and then masturbated like mad in front of everyone, no one

missed this spectacle! — I had humiliated myself and hurried home to bathe. I always felt bad about letting the stallion fuck me in public and masturbating in front of everyone, but somehow I really liked this perversion more and more. Telemachos, Heracles and Odysseus grinned good-naturedly that there was nothing to it, — even Penelope had done it her whole life in public — and often they mingled with the spectators. “Brunhild was not so perfect after all,” they grinned laughing, “she just has a little vice addiction with four hooves!”

My servants explained to me exactly what to expect at carnival. All the folks would fuck in public, giving many a woman the opportunity to be fucked by her favorites. It was nevertheless very exciting at my first carnival in the opening to fuck in public a few times with Telemachos on the podium, then I had to let him go, he had noble virgins to deflower! Then followed my servants and our guardsmen, about 45 boys and men, who were allowed to fuck me powerfully in full public until the next sunrise. I had countless orgasms and said goodbye to each with a simple kiss. At sunrise I went home with very soft and trembling knees, caringly supported by two bodyguards. I then slept for 20 hours and had my pussy be cured with healing ointments. Telemachos was very proud of me, his first wife had simply refused to join the carnival. Telemachos had strengthened the guards, so that from the second year on a good 60 men claimed to fuck with me legally. I had to take all my strength together, but even the last one had a legal right to fuck me powerfully through! I enjoyed the carnival every year with full enjoyment, it has something good and cleansing in itself, once a year to be extensively fucked through. People became more connected and, not to be forgotten, a love act glued them tighter than anything else. Otherwise, however, I had remained faithful to Telemachos all these years and never had an affair. My old father will have shaken his head over the carnival, because that was completely unthinkable in the north.

I looked for a task and pursued it all these years. I sponsored every year the three poorest families in town, I brought them food, clothes and whatever was needed. I gave their sons and daughters gifts of money when they got married and was like the devil behind it that they worked and did not become impoverished like their useless fa-

thers. It was an important, demanding and busy task, which also impressed Telemachos.

From our 10th year of marriage, I gave birth to two boys, Heracles and Odysseus. King Telemachos was murdered cowardly when they were 13 and 12 years old and I took over the throne until my sons could become King. I had them both lay with me, following the traditions, and they both fucked me dutifully to wonderful orgasms night after night until the end of my life. Already at 12 and 13 they fucked me wonderfully one after the other, switching after squirting inside, until I had to give up. I got them two lovely virgins from the beginning and they fucked the servant girls for hours like my Telemachos until their cocks were completely relaxed. They swapped girls daily and fucked them blissfully in tandem, our bed was big enough for all of us. They both fucked me one after the other from orgasm to orgasm, I experienced so many and wonderful orgasms like no woman before. Odysseus had the most enormous cock I have ever seen, he was of iron steadfastness and mostly fucked me to unconsciousness. Heracles was King for a year and had an accident while hunting the wild boar. Odysseus became a wise, just and kind-hearted King. Like Telemachos and Heracles, he also needed a young servant, whom he fucked for hours after fucking me. He was sad every time we had to send the high pregnant servant home. But I got him a new willing virgin on the same day and he fathered two or three children every year.

One day my heart stopped after Odysseus fucked me to unconsciousness and then fucked on for a long time. I died in my 54th year happily aware of having had a good husband, two good sons, and a fulfilling love life. I was the wife and had lain with three Kings, Telemachos, Heracles and Odysseus, and fucked all my husbands for incredibly long happy years.

Few women do achieve that!

# Baal, a Deity I Am

by Jack Faber © 2023

I am the god of female sexuality, of the girls and the women. Annu, our highest Goddess, has long ago thundered the door behind her, angry about the little humans who had nothing but chaos and war in mind and would inevitably destroy the planet. I could understand her very well, but I'm just not the type who thunders doors or plays the sorehead primadonna without having to laugh out loud over myself. And when you get right down to it, girls and women are pretty cute sexy creatures.

Long before humans could walk upright and talk, I taught the first females to masturbate and orgasm, and it was well done, I think. From the beginning, the females tended to put all kinds of things in their pussies to get even more lust with them. If at first it was only phallus-shaped fruits and vegetables, later they made love sticks and godemichés, and today they have battery-powered vibrators or clit stimulators, which I don't think have a great future.

I slip since the beginning of mankind into the bodies of the girls and women to make them horny, I masturbate them or fuck them pleurably without tearing the hymen of the virgins, that is the task of the males who also have to care for the fertility. Not a single one of them has ever made it public that a Deity lets them masturbate and fuck.

The beginnings of mankind were really exciting. On the one hand, many more children had to be born than is usual for an animal group. On the other hand, the females had to be much more active in seeking the fucking and the pregnancy. At that time the females could still see and feel me, which made my task easier. I fucked millions of females, letting them experience the pleasure and orgasm as often as they could, craving their excitement and satisfaction. It was no problem to fuck so many females at once, a Deity can do that easily. It was more difficult to get the females to fuck not only the pack leader, but all of the males, and as often as the males could. It took a

few millennia, but suddenly it clicked! and the new generation of females pounced on all the males as intended. There were horrific fights as the pack leaders lost power, and who likes to do that? However, eventually a generation of males came along who cared more about fucking than playing boss and the power stuff. It took a really long time, but the pack grew rapidly. Still masturbating was only secondary for the females, fucking came first.

The more generations came, the more intelligent they became, the more free love was regulated, with farming and settling fences were erected and property rights came crawling out, all at once came the stupid monogamy. The population grew steadily, but now fucking became secondary. Women were chained with heavy chains to a single, completely overwhelmed man, now I could play the masturbation card. Women masturbated like never before and systematically educated their daughters and the following generations to masturbate massively. I rejoiced, the next step was logical. I fucked the woman or girl in her sleep and she experienced it believing it was only a dream. She woke up in a cold sweat with her heart pounding and clit throbbing with excitement from the nightly orgasm. Oh my God! She masturbated immediately until the arousal subsided.

That was the moment a woman in the ancient Sumerian Empire invented 'cheating the husband'. I rewarded the good woman with a hundred lovers and struck her husband with that special blindness that he saw only plumbers, letter carriers and craftsmen in them. The cheating spread across the empire and beyond. Hallelujah!

I could sit back with satisfaction and take aim at other cultures. There, immensely resourceful women had figured out how to subjugate mute servants, namely pet dogs for their pleasure. The little dog was the ideal clit stimulator, his industrious tongue was excellent for making orgasm after orgasm. Even more refined were those Far Eastern women who immediately invented a new religion centered on the "Sacred Stallion". The stallion was easy to train, his cock not much thicker than the man's cock, but twice as long, the woman had to take that into account. The stallions seemed to understand better than the bulls how the women wanted to be fucked. And they could. The women kept up these customs for a few thousand years until the

end of the Bronze Age. They cleverly disguised their desire to be fucked by trained stallions. No shameful cheating, but “only” a religious act! How cunning and sly was that!? I was infinitely proud of these devious women! The dumbfounded men needed hundreds, even thousands of years to get rid of the stallions and to invent the car.

Annu had limited the fertility of the Deities, we should not flood the planet with demigods. If you think about it carefully, a wise decision. However, we have always had our favorites and promoted them. I have worked with many rulers to give them many descendants. The wise and just King Hammurabi was also known for the fact that the subjects very gladly led their 12 or 13 year old daughters to his bed, because he deflowered so gladly the young girls with his “Divine Battering Ram” and they got something from the splendor and the wealth of the King. A cuneiform tablet reports 420 children of the King, but there were far more.

Ramses of Egypt was one of my particular favorites. He ruled for a very long time, built many beautiful buildings and statues and lived to be nearly 100 years old as rarely anyone did. The people gifted him well over a thousand virgins, for he too loved to deflower and impregnate young girls. He loved this ritual more than anything. He made his favorite wife lie naked on the bedstead, the virgin lay down with her back on the wife’s naked pussy. He deflowered the virgin with a strong jerk and fucked her several times in a row, squirting the royal semen into the child. The favorite woman, who had become very hot from the deflowering and the virgin’s fucking, pushed the girl aside and stretched her eager little hole out to him demanding. It was now easy for him to fuck the wife and put out the fire in her cunt. Both women cuddled gratefully and satisfied to their master, who sometimes demanded another round. I was touched by how much his people loved him and wept for him at the funeral.

One of my fiercest opponents in the world of the Gods was Marduk the Devious, against whom my wife Astarte rightly warned me. Marduk’s favorites often developed into cruel monsters who wanted to tear the world to pieces, such as Adolf. How well I remember little Adolf and his mother, a postmaster’s widow in the old Austrian Em-

pire. What would still have been her right and his duty in ancient Greece was now shamefully disgraceful. She forced her 9 year old to mount and fuck her through three or four times a day until he went out into the world at the age of 21.

She was a wretched and ugly woman who did not inspire in her little boy any real love for the female sex. Therefore, it did not surprise any of us observers that he fucked her assiduously and eagerly, but without loving passion for her. He loved the fucking itself very much, as any youth in his position probably would have, but his love for his mother was whimsical and twisted. She was very afraid he might infect her with syphilis and forbade him any contact with girls. She threatened him with the heavens most severe punishments and would curse his cock and make it wither! He never fucked another woman out of fear even after her death.

He evolved into a scopophile, putting his face in front of the girl's pussy and watching her masturbate, rubbing his insignificant cock desperately and laboriously squeezing out the oozing semen with his fingers. His niece Geli Raubal, who shot herself in the heart shortly thereafter, reports that all with disgust but also with some sexual excitement in her diary books.

She had to sit naked on the carpet and Uncle A. put his face in front of her pussy. It started very arousing and exciting for her at 14, but at 19 she detested A. He made hundreds of drawings of her pussy and tried to draw her masturbating too. How amazed she was at first that he gave her rich gifts when she masturbated in front of him. She liked to masturbate very much and very often, why not let him watch as she gently stroked her labia and the clit gradually stiffened with horniness? How she slowly gyrated to excite the clit, began to rub faster and then triggered her orgasm with frantic rubbing? How her body jerked and wriggled in orgasm and she convulsed in spasms? No, she didn't mind that Uncle A. made her masturbate in front of his face three or four times a day. No, she didn't find anything wrong with it at first, but later it disgusted her every time, because he couldn't be persuaded with anything in this world to deflower and fuck her. Disappointed, she let the chauffeur deflower her, Uncle A. raged and had the good man murdered.

After her suicide, A. rarely found one who willingly masturbated in front of his face such as Magda, the wife of his mouthpiece Goebbels, whom he secretly despised because of his deformed club foot. She had already a handful of children, but she was an exhibitionist who masturbated as often as she could happily in front of A.'s greedy face and cheated her husband with his boss shamelessly.

At last he met a kindred spirit, Eva, whom he married the day before they committed suicide together. Eva was used to the scopophilic tendencies of some men like her own uncle, A.'s personal photographer, who took thousands of nude photos of her — before, during and after masturbating. A. was a magnificent catch for her, the first man in the state, powerful like no other! She was and remained with pleasure an untouched virgin, A. wanted to caress her only greedily, to grope unseemly her cunt parts and to watch her masturbating endlessly. She mostly had to touch A.s cock, playing not very enthusiastically with it, shoving the foreskin back and forth. More than that she liked to take his cock in her mouth and teasingly lick it, that she knew very well from her sister's licking. He forced her to keep it in her mouth, when he was squirting, no other woman would do that. She spitted his semen to the floor with deep disgust. She never rubbed his cock, because it disgusted her with the oozing semen. Eva loved masturbating like nothing else in the world, she masturbated as often as she could in retreat and gave herself the most beautiful orgasms, day and night.

Marduk got his great war. Mankind murdered purposefully and indiscriminately. I could only marginally interfere with Marduk and got the soldiers to fuck or rape the girls and women before the murder, a faint glimmer of sex before the murder. Astarte cursed A. and all the warlords and they all perished miserably.

I loved to slip into the body and mind of very young girls, over century millennia. I loved their innocence, their childlike curiosity about sexuality. They learned to masturbate with me, they increased their desire from night to night. The night was my dear ally. The girls masturbated shyly and rarely at first, I gave them confidence and more horniness. They increased the frequency and intensity of masturbation, getting hotter by the day. By 13, most were really keen to

fuck with real men. To most I sought a loin-strong youthling from their age group, but a few were eager to be deflowered by their own father, brother, or other relative. I arranged as often as possible for a nice deflowering opportunity, since it was an important event and a turning point in my girls' lives. Out of breath and anxious, we awaited the event, our hearts beating bid to our throats and our clits throbbing and demanding for lust. Finally, finally the moment arrived! The young boys had to put their theoretical knowledge into practice and most of them knew about the sanctity of the moment. Some penetrated slowly and carefully, pressing their cock into the virgin's hole, waiting tensely for the hymen to tear. But many behaved like wild bulls, penetrating with a firm, powerful jerk and tearing the hymen with a single jerk. Most virgins were sad and dazed after their deflowering, but they had now become real women and were gradually learning to fuck.

For many millennia, disguised as a young girl, I tried to include masturbating and fucking in small, festive parties. How happy I was when I managed to seduce the girls to masturbate and fuck in small groups. I let myself be fucked by all the guys one after the other in these moments and also seduced the girls to admit their feelings a little more whorish and to let themselves be fucked by many guys one after the other, and alcohol helped a lot. Only rarely did these gangbangs get out of hand, because the violence, the rape by a pack of greedy savages was a martyrdom and traumatizing for every girl. At the beginning of mankind, these gangbangs were very common and virtually the standard. The more humans evolved into rational beings, the rarer gangbangs became. The more intelligent people became, the more they developed deviant rules, prohibitions, commandments and obstacles to hinder the happy gangbang of girls. I had to admit defeat, Annu had been proven right once again. The little humans had only chaos and war on their minds and had to get a firm grip on my girls' sexuality. Only the Amazons fought back, they just kicked the men out, cultivated lesbian lovemaking as their norm and only once a year they had a lavish party where they raped men and robbed them of their seed.

The Greeks finally invented the Carnival. A whole day and night of free love, anyone was allowed to fuck anyone and neither age, social

standing nor physical beauty mattered. The Kings traditionally deflowered some very noble virgins to welcome the spring season, after that the party was open, everyone pounced on everyone with pure sexual desire and eager lust. All the servants and the royal guardsmen were allowed to fuck the Queen through, the Queen went back to the castle at dawn with soft knees and aching pussy, caringly supported by two bodyguards. The Queen had to fuck so many men that she lost her breath, but each Queen gave her best and held out until the last loin-strong guardsman. The women could finally give themselves to their secret lovers or demanded it vehemently and loudly from these favorites. The intoxication was over after 24 hours, the women returned sadly to the conjugal bed, but they still dreamed during the whole year of the beautiful fucking and being fucked in the carnival. I saw their fantasies while their masturbation, and in them they repeated the fucking with their beloved and did not think for a moment about their everyday gray, tired-loin husband. The Carnival also had reassuring consequences for the New Year, the girls and women had let themselves be fucked extensively until their pussies ached and they no longer gave a thought to cheating. I participated in the Carnival of course in the front line with my avatar girls body, I let more men fuck me than any other, the semen dripped out of my pussy in streams. I was happy for 24 hours, all my girls and women could get fucked by as many men as they wanted. They enforced it most even that the public fucking continued for three more days, so that they could really fuck all the men of their desire as often as they wanted. On those three extra days every common subject was allowed to fuck the Queen, they were shy and a bit scared when they were allowed to fuck the High Lady, but it made everyone proud. I loved the Carnival and made sure it was maintained for thousands of years to come. Unfortunately, the animalistic fucking at the Carnival gradually stopped, maybe it was related to the invention of writing? Nevertheless, even up to the new times the Carnival holds itself in mitigated form, the earlier public fucking was shamefully pushed away into the secrecy, however, thank God, it never disappeared.

From the east the new New spread, the women discovered the “Holy Bull”, for example in the Persian Mithras-Cult. Only a few High Priestesses were acrobatic enough to fuck the bull. The bulls had penises far too small and were by nature the most unsuitable to

fuck the priestesses. None of the bulls had the slightest inclination to fuck a priestess. Two priestesses on the left and two on the right snuggled nakedly up to the uncomprehending bull, and the acrobat high priestess, stimulated by drugs and hours of masturbation, clung to her victim from below and inserted the bull's small cock in her pussyhole. She fucked without any active response from the bull, who with animalistic dullness jerked off his semen until the little human female let go of him. Never had the priestess other than a faked orgasm. The new religion disappeared faster than anyone would have thought possible.

Far longer lasted the connection of women and the "Sacred Stallions" that poured over southern Europe from the distant steppes of Asia. The stallion was easy to train and the women kept this habits high for several thousand years. How much pleasure in perverse watching did the Greeks get when Queens like Penelope or Brunhild let themselves be fucked by a stallion in plain sight, in public on the main town square? Nobody saw the shy feelings and the shameful trembling hearts of the selfhumiliating Queens.

The Carnival was extended to four days under the Kings Odysseus, Telemachos and Odysseus the Younger, much to the delight of the populace, who could afford a nap to recover and continue fucking freshly invigorated. The Queens, Penelope and Brunhild, had to fuck all the willing men from the second day on. There were often more than 200 on these 4 days and the Queen staggered back to the castle with really soft knees, caringly supported by two guardsmen. — Those were the days!

I have been performing my task as a Deity conscientiously and faithfully for millions of years. In the early days, it was very exciting to awaken and nurture the sexuality of creatures that were more animal than human. These first creatures, still animal-like, discovered the pleasures of daily mating as an evolution of fucking, which previously occurred only when they were still animals and ready to conceive. Over many millennia, women evolved masturbating and fucking into what it is today.

Girls and women still love to be guided and seduced by me to masturbate and fuck. Astarte, my dear and wise consort, points out more and more often that there are already almost a billion people on Earth and you and I must not overdo it with fertility, because Annu's gloomy forebodings would otherwise arrive sooner than expected.

"We are gradually disappearing, my love," sighed Astarte, "we are becoming transparent, invisible and meaningless with time!"

# Penelope

by Jack Faber © 2023

I was Penelope, Queen of Ithaca more than two thousand eight hundred years ago. The brilliant poet Homéros sang about Heroes and Heroines, Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses. But for me, the wife and Queen of the hero King Odysseus, he did not sing a single line.

I was born a Princess and was prepared from day one to become Queen one day. I learned to masturbate from an early age and was allowed to play with my girl and boy playmates. Most of all we loved to play something sexual, Daddy and Mommy or Old Man and Young Servant girl. They weren't princes or princesses and didn't have to watch their hymen like I did. When Mama said she would cut off my head if I didn't take care of my hymen, it was not an empty threat. She had already cut the throats of some servants and maidens with her own hands. So I paid very close attention.

I was allowed to masturbate as often as I wanted. Like all Queens and princesses, I also had a lovely servant girl who lay with me after sunset and masturbated me finely until I fell asleep. My playmates were allowed to fuck and I lay with them full of envy and felt their cock and their pussy with my hand to feel at least a little bit of the arousing fucking. If I once had a daughter, I would not forbid her to fuck — how often I cried at night into the pillows or on the soft naked pussy of my servant girl, while she was masturbating herself happily, because I felt the burning and desire in my pussy!

I was married at 15 to King Odysseus of Ithaca and he had not without ulterior motives set our wedding day on the carnival. On carnival day, the King traditionally deflowered some virgins from noble families and all the people fucked enthusiastically until sunrise with them. My new servantgirls bathed me, oiled my body and perfumed me with the noblest scents from Persia. With tender masturbation they made me hot for my Lord. I lay on the podium trembling with excitement. The people held their breath as Odysseus deflowered me

with a quick and powerful jerk. I took a deep breath, it hadn't hurt and my husband fucked me twice more with loving passion. The people joined in enthusiastically, girls got everywhere fucked by man after man and oodles of semen squirted into their little pussyholes. Odysseus continued with the official program and deflowered some noble daughters. I was traditionally fucked powerfully and vigorously by my servantmen and our bodyguards until sunrise. It was wonderful and I loved the carnival immediately, because there is definitely nothing better than being fucked by three dozen men so that you went home with trembling knees afterwards! Thank God Telemachos continued this tradition ...

I was married at 15 to King Odysseus of Ithaca and we had a beautiful son, Telemachos. He grew up to be a magnificent Prince. He could really squirt at the age of 7 and I often watched him with desire as he squirted high into the air after rubbing himself. When no one was around, I masturbated young Telemachos and made him squirt up high when I pushed my veil aside and he saw my hairless pussy. Most of the time I masturbated him again right away and he squirted very high when I widened my little pussyhole with my fingers and rubbed soothingly over the bursting stiff clit. Never did I masturbate in front of him, but immediately went to my room to extinguish the fire in my clit! He learned pretty soon to fuck his playmate girls and he was really good at it!

I rode naked every evening, covered only in a thin veil on my stallion Protraktes to my favorite spot on the rock overlooking the sea and lay down facing the sun, gently masturbating to get in the mood for the night with my husband. Protraktes must have watched me covetously, because soon he let his cock hang out long. Aloud laughing, I grabbed his cock and released him, letting his semen squirt into the grass as every day. Protraktes loved very much to be masturbated every day and he also loved me very much, but I could not let him fuck me like very many other women do completely without shame. I often watch these shameless women who let themselves be fucked day after day by a well trained stallion. It looks very horny and exciting, but I do not know whether to despise or understand these women.

I often questioned them. The stallion really had to be specially trained and had to squirt his semen every day, because it was only through habituation that he fucked long enough to give his mistress an orgasm. And the woman also had to be very careful that the stallion did not penetrate her too deeply. Some of these women told me that this act was very common in prehistoric times, since men did not live as long as they do today. With the help of a good-natured woman, I also let a stallion fuck me a few times, not very often, maybe 80 or 100 times. The orgasms were really unique, mind blowing and fucking with a stallion is by far much better than with many a loin-weak man. But I think that neither my husband would like it nor that it is proper for a Queen. I only do it secretly and have not told my husband about it yet. I like to do it when my husband is away for days at a time, it's a delightfully exciting change of pace. But Protraktēs is already too old to be trained for it anyway. I have grown up loving his wonderful character and our little secret since my earliest youth.

When Telemachos was 11, my husband went to war against Troy, not because he hated the Trojans or was looking for a scuffle. No, some dimwitted king had had his wife stolen and carried off to Troy by a Trojan Prince. Odysseus was ashamed with rage, a war because of a stupid love deal! But he had to go, he was bound by oath, politics and manly honor. Telemachos and I cried our eyes out when my Lord left. My first decision was that Telemachos must sleep in my marriage bed. Every widow was entitled to that, and I could become a widow at any moment!

My son almost passed away with horniness and forgot his suffering instantly when in the evening my servant girl lay down with us and masturbated me as always tenderly soft and wonderfully. I know how much this excites the men, my Odysseus almost always fucked my servant girl afterwards in a sexual rage! I waited until she had gone and embraced Telemachos and his bursting stiff cock, "Come, my darling, from now on you shall lay by me as my husband until the King returns!" Telemachos had to swallow three times when he heard my enticing words. It was not at all proper, but who should deny me? Telemachos could really fuck very well and he had his father's talent in it. He was really strong in the loins for his age. When I

closed my eyes, I could feel as aroused and hornily being fucked as I did in Odysseus' arms. He wanted to satisfy me really well every night and withheld his seed from his playmates. We fucked every night until he was deflated and we cried hugging, crying at the sad fate of my Lord. Telemachos shared my bed for ten years, then came the noble candidates.

---

## **Telemachos' storytelling (I)**

---

I learned to masturbate and fuck from my playmates at a very early age. The servant-girl who slept in my bed since I was born showed and explained everything to me before I was 7 and prepared me to go to my first carnival. She was a not very beautiful but a very sweet 15 year old who fucked my father very secretly. I was always allowed to grope her intimate body parts at night and fuck her playfully at 6, I think, but I couldn't squirt until I was 7. My mother often watched me masturbate and when no one else was around, she masturbated me with a greedy grin. To make me squirt, she spread her thighs and let me see her tiny little hole, and I squirted immediately! She had never pubic hair from youth on and that always made her pussy appear virginlike and childlike. Eaa, my dearest playmate, like me 7 years old, was very sad about being deflowered tomorrow at the carnival by some alien nobody, as she was not a noblewoman. She wrapped her arms around my neck and cried bitterly, she didn't want a stranger to deflower her! I calmed her down and when she could laugh again, I deflowered her a day too early, but she was anyway very happy that it was me. We fucked seriously on but she only got an orgasm while masturbating afterwards.

I loved the Carnival, because first the King fucked the Queen - Daddy and Mommy - on stage, I saw them fuck for the first time!!! Then Daddy deflowered and fucked some girls and Mommy had to let all her servants and bodyguards fuck her. The celebration lasted from noon until the next sunrise and all the people fucked, masturbated, squirted and cuddled in public to welcome the spring season. I stood on the edge of the stage for a very long time watching at arms length my Mommy being fucked by man after man after man. She

was my dream girl in those young years, and I fantasized about every cock being mine, fucking her. Of course I little peck fucked the young girls from the village and was allowed to fuck also adult women, real big ones, and they laughed aloud when I youngster gave all and fucked relentlessly in their big pussyholes. I think I wasn't very skilled at fucking back then.

Of course I liked to sneak up behind Mommy when she went into the stables with her cheeks glowing. It disgusted me at the first moment when she let herself be fucked by a stallion. Another woman pushed the Hagemonion in front of the stallion, which was a heavy wooden frame where the stallion could rest his front hooves and Mama could lie down under his belly at the right height. When the stallion was not yet aroused, he sniffed Mama's childlike pussy and his cock quickly stiffened. Mommy grabbed the cock with both hands, inserted it very carefully into her little hole and then the fine stallion began to fuck her powerfully. He remained almost motionless with his rear end and fucked only with his cock. Mommy usually let herself be fucked four or five times in a row. Then, out of curiosity, I secretly watched many more women when they let the stallion fuck them and I soon knew that a well trained stallion could fuck about 20 times in a row. I saw this myself, four naked women let the stallion sniff their pussies until his cock was as stiff as Heracles' club. They let the stallion fuck them lustfully, always taking turns after his squirt-inside. He sniffed all their cunts before she lay down to be fucked and his cock was instantly stiff again. So I witnessed that the good stallion diligently fucked and cum 20 times in a row. I soon realized how much Mommy loved to fuck the stallion and I also found it no longer disgusting but very arousing and exciting.

When Daddy went off to war, Mommy ordered me to sleep with her in the marital bed. She explained to me that all widows were allowed to have a son sleep with them, and Daddy could make her a widow at any moment. I nodded, although I didn't quite understand, Daddy hadn't died yet, had he? I watched very excitedly as her servant girl masturbated Mommy before she went to sleep. But that was much, much more exciting than watching my playmates masturbating! Mommy then sent the sweet servant-girl away, who was usually always allowed to masturbate herself after having masturbated

Mommy, but not today, shoo-shoo, masturbate in your own bed! Mommy hugged and kissed me with her tongue like a whore, she stroked my stiff, dripping cock and whispered, now I had to fuck her because Daddy was gone. I swallowed and swallowed in anticipation and I fucked her as best I could with my 11 years. I knew exactly how she let the stallion fuck her and I did it like him. Mommy got her orgasm like from her stallion and she kissed me a thousand times with gratitude.

Mommy let the young servant girl watch our fucking from the beginning because the girl really wanted to watch it. The 13 year old Andromachis was a pretty, simple girl and she was very shy and timid. I asked her because she had a very large clit and she thought it came from masturbating a lot, which she did very, very often from an early age on. She was allowed to lie down right in front of Mommy's pussy and watch our fucking up close. This made her hopelessly horny and she masturbated incessantly. After fucking, she masturbated Mommy's clit very skillfully until mom tiredly fell asleep. Watching them do it in my recreation pause made me bursting stiff and raging horny. We were very quiet so as not to wake Mommy and I deflowered Andromachis with a quick jerk. We continued fucking for another two hours for sure, until I was finally completely deflated after cuming many times. I kissed her on the mouth and she learned very quickly to let our tongues play with each other. We did it like this every night, Andromachis was always quiet, shameful and very shy, but she loved masturbating and fucking insanely much. Mommy sent her home richly endowed when her little belly had already grown quite big. Mommy always got us pretty virgins, because she noticed how much I liked to deflower them and fuck them every night for a long time. She was proud of me because I had made so many children. She always got me virgins completely untouched, even in the later years.

When I confessed to Mommy that I spied on her every time she fucked with the stallion, she laughed brightly and took me with her every day to watch her fuck the stallion up close. She loved going to the stallion at noon, and now that Daddy was gone, we went almost every day. She masturbated in a long fashion every time she fucked the stallion and said shamefully and with a very shy smile that she al-

ways needed that masturbating after fucking. She avoided mostly to masturbate in front of me, she did it always very shamefully and turned her head aside, feeling very ashamed to show her horniness to her innocent son. I didn't fuck with the playmates or my servant from then on, only every night for the next ten years with Mommy, until the noble gentlemen came to marry Mommy and they sent me off to find Daddy.

---

Telemachos shared my bed for ten wonderful years, then came the noble gentlemen. They came like locusts, a good sixty in number. Princes and Kings, old and young, widowed and youthful. They imagined Ithaca's Lord would never come back, and his beautiful, desirable Queen, not yet 30 years old, needed a new husband, the Kingdom a new Lord. I was able to entertain them for a while until our supplies were exhausted. Then I had to ask them to leave or bring in supplies. My hope that they would leave was not fulfilled. They had the best supplies brought in, and the feasts went on forever.

My servant girl was clever and sly. She advised me to weave a cloth and, when it was finished, to decide which candidate would be my spouse. I would work during the day, she would unravel it at night. The candidates, who nevertheless represented some power, sent Telemachos off to look for his father, he came back only after 3 years. Now my bed was orphaned, the troublesome boy out of the way, however the Kings and Princes did not suspect that Telemachos had fucked me faithfully every night.

They had me poor woman in a quandary. I had set up a fixed bed near the banquet hall, suitable for vigorous and strong fucking with four to five of my bride fuckers, so many I liked to fuck at the same time. No candidate was ever allowed to soil Odysseus' bed. The horny mates came one by one and lay down to me, but I loved to fuck and be be fucked lustfully, vigorously and violently by four or five at once, and they obeyed my screaming orders. They fucked me hellishly good all at once and in turn, turn upon turn, until they went limp! All night I let them fuck me until sunrise. I never told anyone if they were good enough at fucking. Now I can admit that many of them were great, some very great and persistent in fucking and gave me

many shivering orgasms. Yes, I admit that I was impatiently waiting for the evening, impatiently looking forward to the fucking. I whispered to many a good fucker secretly that he should not get drunk now and come to me in the evening. All my maids had red cheeks — and some also round bellies — because the candidates and their entourage also had to fuck someone, if they could not fuck the Queen herself. We Greeks are not food eaters, just look at our world of Gods! When Gods and Goddesses were bored, they fucked young men and virgins of the earth, and not too scarce.

Telemachos came back after three years. He had not been able to find his father on or under the ground. He attended the banquet every evening and never once spoke to any of the candidates. He did, however, lie down at table with the naked beautiful mistresses of the nobles. He embraced them as was proper for a royal host, he kissed them nobly on the lips as a host, while his fingers touched breasts, cunts, pussyholes and clits. How proud I was of my son, who made the beauties blush with his compliments or whispering piggish insinuations! Many a mistress, who had semen dripping from her hole, after she was being fucked by her master and all of his dirty minded servants in public at the banquet without any shame or decency, he cleaned her little hole with a cloth. It was considered very shameful and indecent to fuck a mistress in public or during a banquet. To have the servants fuck her too was terribly humiliating for these beautiful creatures who served only for pleasure and lust, but the nobles had lost all their sense of shame and decency! If she was hopelessly horny and left unsatisfied from the fucking, my son masturbated her to orgasm, covering her private parts with his body. How proud I was of my son! Unobtrusively he pushed his cock unseen in the pussy of the beauty, arousing himself with piggish whispering or the covert masturbation and squirt without obviously fucking in the tight pussy without anyone but me noticed! I had greeted him only briefly and formally, for I suspected how he would react to my greed to be fucked!

Telemachos came back after three years, he had escaped the assassination attempt of my admirers thanks to the Goddess. He had not been able to find his father on or under the ground, although no one had seen him fall in battle and the other heroes had long since re-

turned. He was horrified that the admirers had been fucking me in turn every night for three years to rehearse! He sat by my sinful bed for 30 nights, stroking my head as it rested on his thighs and placing a hand chivalrously protective on my battered clit. When my heart raced toward orgasm, his sensitive fingers rubbed my clit to wonderfully trigger my orgasm.

My son was a man too of course, from the start his stiff cock jutted out above my head, my forehead, my nose and above my mouth, his semen sometimes dripping onto my lips. When he bent over to masturbate my clit to orgasm, his semen squirted in a jet into my mouth and I licked his glans clean. He kept this up until dawn, and he was soothing me. He had saved his semen in the three years of his search and lay with the pretty young daughters in the evening only to deflower them or give them an orgasm, or several, when the most shameless girls begged him. To the mothers he thanked nicely-but-No, he had not come to whore around with the wives of noble men, but because of the search for the beloved father!! I had to laugh at my smart son and he lasted 30 nights, squirting into my mouth with each of my orgasms! But he was horrified inside, how the Kings and Princes humiliated me night after night. I could feel his pain.

When the contestant went limp, I roared loud and impatiently for the next one! The candidates stood around with the wine cups in their hands, debating critically how the candidate had performed and looking enviously as the cock plowed in and out my little pussyhole. Every night my servants and some bodyguards asked early in the morning politely, if they could fuck me too and of course they were allowed, my braves! It was a carnival that lasted 3 years! I screamed with lust and horniness until sunrise, Telemachos accompanied me silently crying every morning to my marriage bed. He sat sadly with me at the bed of my sins for 30 nights, his eyes glowing dangerously as often as I died in agony and in orgasm, probably a hundred times in orgasm, every night. One night he smashed the sin-bed with an axe, demonstratively took me by the hand and led me to the marriage bed. How starved he was, the star of my life! He fucked me until sunrise and further until noon, until he went limp. My pussy screamed with joy and pleasure, I can tell you! It didn't matter to us that our lovemaking was heard all the way down to the banquet hall.

---

## Telemachos storytelling (II)

---

I rode off quickly, I wanted to find Daddy that week and return to Mommy as soon as possible, because I had a very bad feeling about leaving her in that pack of quirky-dirty characters. She gave me her faithful stallion Protraktes and I had to promise her to masturbate him every day, as he was so much used to it. I did not find the father on the first day, nor in the first month, nor in the first year, nor in the second year, nor in the third year. I had to return home after three years, I had searched every house, village and town in Greece in vain. As promised, I had the good Protraktes masturbated daily, squirting by the wayside or in the grass. I refused to allow the mothers to lie with me, saying, that I was not travelling for whoring the wives of honorable men but to find my dear father and slept only with their youngest or virgin daughters every night. I did not deny them a deflowering and the orgasm or several orgasms that the most depraved and obscene ones begged me for. I returned home.

How everything had changed! The noble gentlemen were fucking Queen Penelope, my mother, every night purely as a rehearsal. The Queen had started a weaving and never finished it, so the faithful servant helped her to stall the gentlemen. I lay down at the banquet with the mistresses of the Lords, I kissed and caressed these naked most beautifuls of the country with delicacy, feeling their jewels curiously. Some of these beautiful creatures, in contrary to any sense of shame and decency, were publicly fucked and humiliated at the banquet by their masters and then by some of their depraved servants. Outrageous! The girls were often left crying, humiliated, sexually aroused and horny to bursting. I wiped the semen from their sweet little holes and when they could laugh again, I covered their bodies shamefully with my body, penetrated their sweet little holes with my cock and masturbated them friendly, so they could be happy again. That hidden masturbation situation aroused me that much, that I squirted secretly in their sweet little holes without moving an inch, and without having to fuck them visibly. Penelope was the only one to notice, she smiled and blinked with an eye to me. I would say during these 40 banquets I squirted multiple times in every sweet little

pussy of all these magnificent creatures, in all of them and noticed by no one. I fucked all of these beauties, all of them!

I felt sorry for Penelope from the bottom of my heart. She was powerfully fucked every night on a lottery bed by so many nobles. She screamed her soul out of horniness and lust. I no longer recognized my usually gently, pleasurable and decently fucking mother. She was like a fury, she often fucked several men at once and her insatiable pussy sucked the cocks greedily and mercilessly empty. She roared like a madwoman for the next stiff cock and the spectators loitering around her bed ducked at her screams. Was this still my mother, was this vulgar monster roaring for “more!” still my lovely, gentle and decently fucking mother?

I sat down at the head end and put her head on my thighs. My faithful cock stood over her head, her forehead and nose to over her full lips, a little bit dripping on her lips in arousal. I placed one hand protectively on her clit and quickly rubbed her to orgasm as she raced toward it. My cock spurted a rich jet into her mouth and she laughingly licked my glans. I reassured her I had saved my semen on the journey and I was indeed able to squirt down her throat until dawn.

One day it was enough, just enough! I grabbed one of the giant axes and furiously smashed the lottery bed to pieces! Then I took Penelope by the hand and led her up to the marriage bed. We fucked for the first time in three years, she scratched, hissed and screamed with lust! It wasn't until noon the next day that I was exhausted. That the sounds and noises of our lovemaking could be heard all the way down the hall, we both didn't care, but so what!

---

A half-blind old beggar came into our royal yard. He was insulted, kicked and beaten up, but he would not let to be chased away. Telemachos was one of those who treated him kindly. The ragged old man said he was Odysseus, his father. Telemachos remained polite, but of course he didn't believe a single word. Place here, here, and here three quivers of 20 arrows each of Odysseus, the old man said, and hold a contest like Odysseus to shoot an arrow through 12 ax-

eyes. Telemachos was puzzled, how did the old man know about this? It hadn't been played for 15 years! He nodded and promised to set it up that way. After all, there was no mortal who could stretch Odysseus' strong bow even an inch.

The contest began, not one of the contestants could draw the bow. They giggled in embarrassment, the bow must be bewitched. I looked at Telemachos in confusion, what was my son up to? Why was he wearing body armor and a sharp sword at his side? Telemachos calmly returned my gaze. Trust me, mother! said his look. The old beggar joined them, he also wanted to do archery. The candidates kicked after him, but Telemachos thundered down from the balustrade, "Let the old man draw the bow!" The noblemen reluctantly made way. The beggar drew the bow like nothing! The arrow whirled through the 12 axe-eyes without any touch! The Kings and Princes looked at each other in horror. The beggar had won the Queen?!

The beggar drew the bow, again and again, arrow after arrow! Each arrow struck one of my admirers, driving unerringly into head, heart or neck. Only a few moments passed, then all the candidates lay dead or dying on the ground. Telemachos stepped next to the dying and cut their throats mercilessly. Then he bent the knee to the beggar, "Welcome home, my father, King Odysseus!" I stood frozen. Telemachos must have gone mad! I looked into the beggar's one eye, scanning his face. No, impossible! This could never be my husband! Telemachos stroked the beggar's face with his blood-stained hand. "Ask him something, dear mother, that only your husband can know!" I pondered. I discarded the idea of asking about some peculiarity of my body, far too many men have seen me naked, though they were all dead ... The old man smiled. "Your clit is two fingertips long and has grown slightly to the left from all that heavy masturbating!" smiled the old man with a frivolous grin. "Phew!" I exclaimed angrily, "you're just imagining it!" I huffed and blushed because it was true, but only my servant girl could know that. "You hiss and scratch with pleasure and lust like a wild panther when you get fucked good!" the old man added with a broad obscene grin. I didn't dignify him with a glance, the cheeky guy had overheard me fucking at some point! — "I got it," I exclaimed. "How many servants does it take to push my marital bed into the corner of the bedroom?" He

couldn't have known that. I pretended hypocritically to help him, "four, six, or eight?"

The old man laughed uproariously, "Four, six or eight, what, oxen maybe?" He laughed and held his side laughing, the wretched fellow! He looked me in the eye, laughing. "Not a single one, my Queen," he said quietly, "Not a single one! I carpentered our marriage bed myself, it is built around the trunk of an ancient oak, and no mortal could move it a thread!" My knees almost gave way and Telemachos jumped over to support me. Only I and Odysseus knew of this, not a single servant or servant girl, not even Telemachos knew of this. But how could this be my Odysseus? No matter, it had to be him! I gathered all my courage, I approached the old beggar, I embraced him in his rags and offered him my lips for a kiss. At that moment a golden mist came over him, the Goddess transformed him back into Odysseus in his magnificent robes. I kissed him, I hugged him, I held him tight; never would I let him go again! He embraced me and Telemachos, and our happiness brought tears to our eyes. Odysseus ordered the servants to take the mistresses and dead masters home for a proper burial.

Six weeks later Telemachos came home sad and broken. The Goddess had revealed everything to Odysseus in a dream. My fucking with all Kings and Princes, languishing and hornily roaring for the next, without being physically forced. That he, Telemachos, had lain with me like a man, for years. The father had embraced him and kissed him and said that he was the only one who had the right to lie with me, because I had treated you as the only one decently and chivalrously, Telemachos said and burst into tears again. His father had told him to take good care of me and to lie with me in the future. The Goddess, he said, had called him to set out at once. The father embraced him earnestly and kissed him, turned around and went down the path to the harbor. A ship had suddenly appeared and Telemachos had sadly watched the ship until it disappeared on the horizon.

I have given the Kingdom over to Telemachos. He is a wise, just and loving King, but there is no Queen, as Telemachos has been faithfully lying in my bed for decades, giving me physical pleasures

and unbridled lust. Whenever his duties allow him, he accompanies me to the stallions at noon. I do the fucking with the stallion and my masturbation now in plain sight, in public. The women know that I come daily and give me the most fiery stallions. The people no longer greet me as Queen, but as “Dear Mother!”, which makes me proud and happy.

In the evening I still ride to my rock above the sea to prepare myself for the night with the young King. Protraktes already has a lot of gray hair and gently sniffs my pussy while I am masturbating to get his cock out really long. I think he watches me like one who knows exactly what I’m doing and when I’m done, he comes to stand over me and brings his lance within easy reach. I remain seated while I masturbate him long and very vigorously. I don’t mind if he squirts on my belly or my pussy. I hug him like a dear friend, because he still needs it badly, the good old fellow!

I have asked my servant girl to join us earlier and she masturbates shyly and devoutly watching as I lie in Telemachos’ arms. I had figured out that the girl likes to watch the fucking. Her face lies in front of my pussyhole and she holds her breath, when his cock pumps forcefully in my pussyhole. He then waits patiently until she has made me tired by gently masturbating me. Afterwards, she lets him fuck her two or three times shyly and girlishly or as long as it takes him and lowers her eyes like a virgin when he kisses her on the lips as she leaves again. I pray that I may live this wonderfully full life for a long time to come, until one day I will join my ancestors.

Every year, on this particular day, I sit on the rock above the sea. I wait and pray imploringly to the Goddess to let him return home to me.

---

My servant Eleni accompanied me every noon when I went to the main square to be fucked by a stallion in front of the leering populace. Eleni was the only one who felt how much this daily ritual shamed me, how shy I really was inside and how I despised myself for offering this daily show to the voyeuristic plebs. I looked her in

the eyes with shame and full of shyness, when immediately afterwards I masturbated in public as if driven by an evil demon.

Eleni was my young servant at that time, who was constantly seen fucking someone somewhere in our palace. I did not count, of course, but in her youth she fucked during the day with certainly a dozen boys or young boys. She had no taboos, no reservations about age, sex, skin color or social standing. I often believed she had a special soft spot for our black slaves with the mighty cocks. But I was very much mistaken, because she preferred to fuck the young boys, the very young boys with their slender, childlike cocks, she once told me. And she was then the most beautiful midnight interlude at great banquets that King Odysseus sometimes gave for his guests from far-away places. There she came in to the high society, slim and tall like a Goddess, with an aristocratic look and a wonderfully straight nose, followed by a strong black slave with a huge cock and strong loins. Well visible to all the guests, she let the handsome man fuck her three times without interruption. It was dead silent, only the couple's excited gasps could be heard, their moans of pleasure when things were going well uphill and her giggles and whoops when she had an orgasm, downhill exhaling with a long, satisfied moaning. Like two fierce mountain lions, they both fought on to have her as many orgasms as possible. When he had triumphantly squirted into her twitching, rapturous little fuckhole for the third time, the king would toss him a bag of money; he had done his job well. When Eleni was still highly aroused, she hid behind the slave and masturbated and exploded twitching and quivering. She never let anyone watch her masturbate. The company thumped their cups on the table, they had enjoyed the performance! Mostly the high guests demanded that Eleni spent the night with them. She willingly fucked the foreign King and his 3 or 4 companions until the next morning and she satisfied them all. None of the High Lords was able to bring her to orgasm. Usually after such a night she was hopelessly horny and went to a room to masturbate alone, often King Odysseus took his time and fucked his poor horny needy servant to orgasm until her satisfaction.

Eleni was from the beginning of my marriage for years the servant girl who masturbated gracefully and passionately next to us when

King Odysseus fucked me. Delicately and routinely as hardly any other she masturbated me to sleep. The King then fucked her with animal lust, she let my spouse fuck her exulting and cheering and drove him wildly until he had emptied all his semen and his cock softened. But when she married, that was over, she belonged only to her husband and would not let herself be fucked, not even by the King.

Eleni had sunk faintly into the arms of the herald who announced to her the death of her husband before the walls of Troy. Her 13 and 14 year old sons, Heron and Thybates supported her and brought her into the house. She slept for two days and awoke dazed. Tragedy struck her again with full force, but she could cry no more.

Heron awoke next to her. "Oh, you're awake already, mother!" he exclaimed. She wanted to scold her 14-year-old about what he was doing in her bed, in his father's place. She had already opened her mouth when the law occurred to her mind. She was a widow and he, as the eldest son, was obliged to take his father's place, to protect her from nightly sexual raids and to fuck her well and conscientiously. She shuddered, for she had not fucked in over four years and had masturbated every night thinking of her husband until she fell asleep dead tired.

Heron looked at her arrogantly and cockily. He had fucked her a dozen times, the big guy bragged, a dozen times while she slept like a dead woman. No, he said meekly, she had allowed herself to be fucked completely passively in her sleep and had not woken up even in orgasm. Her first orgasm, he said, had come so unexpectedly and so violently, as if her body was making up for the senselessly wasted time. Her body was shaking as if a demon tried to tear her apart, he had never seen a girl or a grown up woman having such a heavy orgasm.

Eleni listened to him with speechless amazement. Her body has reacted to the first fucking since so many years with a really big orgasm, that was fine with her. He had already taken his right, he had not hesitated for a second to fuck her rightfully. Thy, the younger son, had said to him, shaking his head, that he should wait to fuck

her until she was awake, but Heron didn't wait a moment. He had waited four years, he heard her sigh and groan and shivering in orgasm after orgasm every night. Thy held the sleeping Eleni in his strong arms so that she wouldn't slip away during Heron's fucking. Thy masturbated her clit from orgasm to orgasm and cried softly, because Heron fucking the sleeping over and over again was certainly not right.

Eleni now let Heron embrace her apathetically, she could see his enormous morning wood after all. It was a strange feeling to lie down in fuck position after so many years in chastity, spreading her legs willingly and pushing and smoothing her pubic hair sideways with her fingers. Oh, when was the last time she had done this, when her beloved husband went off to the ill-fated war 4 years ago! Heron penetrated her immediately and fucked not bad at all! She couldn't even tell now if he wasn't fucking as well as his father. Eleni was completely surprised at how quickly her pussy heated up and felt her orgasm rising quickly. She clutched Heron with both arms and pressed her cunt against his cock. The orgasm burst upon her like a thunderstorm, she gasped and whimpered in her pleasure at his ear. She immediately calmed down and passively lowered herself. Her horniness was completely gone, she looked at Heron's fucking quite distantly. He increased his pace and gasped with bared teeth. He tore his mouth and eyes wide open and spurted wildly, spurting in rhythmic jets deep inside her.

Six months later, Eleni sat on her favorite stone bench in the shade and looked out to sea. Thy sat beside her and snuggled up, his head with its black mane resting on her chest. He had slipped his hand under her tunic and his fingers were playing with the teat of her breast, making her incredibly horny. He had sat down next to her day after day, lost in thought, playing with her teats. She looked at his cock, which was erect as always, but she never touched it before the squirting. She was not one of those mothers who masturbated their sons from the age of 7 and usually fucked them later, sometimes it was a sister. This was quite common, but Eleni never did it after she showed the son for the first time how to masturbate and let him fuck her for three months on a trial basis, an eternity ago. She thought they should develop on their own. He stroked his cock and played

with her breast and teat, rubbing his cock harder and putting his face on her breast as soon as he felt the squirting rising. The first time he masturbated himself next to her, she looked out of the corner of her eye at his fist, at the thick red glans that kept disappearing into it and coming out again. She was hopelessly horny from watching, his fingers playing incessantly with her breast and with the teat. He paused this first time and buried his face on her breast. "Is something wrong?" she asked softly, and he nodded. "You do it, please!" he said hoarsely. "A mother doesn't masturbate her son," she said petulantly. "Please, Eleni, just to cum, just to squirt!" She hesitated a few moments, then grabbed his cock and made him cum in a high arc into the grass. Jet after jet in a high arc, and he sighed deeply. She rubbed the last drops from his cock with two fingers, stroking firmly, and murmured that she didn't really want to masturbate him. "If you want me to make you squirt after you have masturbated, that's fine by me! Just give me a sign." He nodded after that first time, and that's how they did it every day after that. Now, he sighed contentedly as she grabbed his cock instantly and powerfully let the twitching jets squirt out in a wide arc, jet after jet after jet and then rubbed the last drops out of his cock with two fingers for a very long time, that's what she did every day for the last six months.

She came to her favorite bench in the midday siesta to masturbate, she needed that throughout her marriage because her husband could never give her an orgasm. She was not particularly disappointed, because hardly any man fucked as well as the King. Her husband was the King's swordsman, a feared warrior, highly respected and famous. He fucked her every night and squirted powerfully into her pussyhole, sometimes she could seduce him into a second course. But she never came to orgasm, as she usually did with the King. — Thy's squirting had finally made her very horny, now she turned her back to him, squirting had finally made her very horny, now she turned her back to him, put her soles on the stone bench and her head in his lap, she pulled her tunic up to her navel and whispered that he was not allowed to look! She folded her knees apart and then she masturbated as long and as often until she was satisfied. Thy knew very well that he was not supposed to watch her, but he always watched her and lovingly stroked her head that was lying in his lap. He saw her clit up close for the first time, it was certainly three fin-

gertips long and was shaped like a little boy's penis. After her ass cheeks and clit trembled ever so slightly in orgasm, she turned her head to his cock, gently pulled back the foreskin and let her tongue dance on his glans for a few moments, then gently let the foreskin slide forward and continued masturbating. If her clit had softened after masturbation, Thy's cock had become burstingly stiff. Pulling back the foreskin and exposing the glans, she took it into her mouth and let him squirt in her mouth. Thy's semen tasted like bitter honey.

Eleni sat on her favorite stone bench in the shade and looked out to sea, as every day she had come to masturbate. But today it was somehow different than usual. Thy sat beside her and snuggled up, his head with its black mane resting on her chest. He had slipped his hand under her tunic as every day and his fingers were playing with the teat of her breast, making her incredibly horny.

"I want to fuck you so badly, Eleni," he whispered softly. His stiff cock was visible under his tunic and looked at her in a demanding way. Desire rose immediately in her pussy. She hadn't masturbated his cock before in years, the last time being many years ago when she had rubbed his tiny cock stiffly and let it squirt into her palm to show him how to masturbate.

Eleni never did or allowed sexual acts with her sons in earlier times. Only once, when they squirted the first time and came to her confused, she rubbed the little cock stiff and masturbated him patiently. She let the little one squirt in her palm and explained everything to him, from now on he had to masturbate this way himself, because it was not the mother's task or responsibility. She explained fucking to him in full detail and of course he was allowed to try it out right away. She let him fuck all afternoon, every afternoon for three months, then it was enough in her opinion. She had told her husband right away and he was strictly against it, he had never been allowed to fuck his mother, he lied impudently.

As a kid he had watched with his thumb in his mouth for years, as first the oldest brother and then both older brothers fucked the widowed mother alternately round after round. Only when he could squirt was he allowed to fuck her secretly every afternoon without

the older brothers knowing. In the afternoon she belonged to him alone, it had simply come about because she masturbated absent-mindedly every afternoon and he cheekily mounted her while she masturbated, fucked her and jerked off into the faraway without her noticing the first few times. He had learned secrecy and dissimulation so very early. He waited until the mother started the final spurt with loud gasping and he penetrated her with a quick jerk. He thrust with his lance like a warrior thrusting into an evil Spartan maid who had robbed him of his father. He fucked fast and hard as he had seen his brothers do. She stared at him with her mouth open and her eyes wide in horror as if he were an evil demon. He stared at her with wide open eyes and fucked her hard like in a sexual contest, she raced toward her orgasm, and he squirted and squirted and squirted. Won! With a shrill squeal like a little piglet her orgasm came, she twitched and wriggled and calmed down immediately. She really needed this everyday afternoon orgasm, because at night, when the big sons as true brothers took turns fucking her one and the other time, she never got an orgasm. She never masturbated a second time, because the huge orgasm when she was fucked in horror by the evil demon was enough for her. She hugged her little naughty goat boy and kissed him on the crown, smiling she let him fuck again so many times until his little cock had become soft. — After that Eleni didn't tell her husband that she let the son fuck her and cum every afternoon for the next three months.

Eleni knew, of course, that Queen Penelope smilingly sent all importunate men to her for fucking. The Queen knew how much horny Eleni always was from her obsessively nightly masturbating and wanted only good things for her when she sent the fucking horny cocks to her. But she remained rock solid and made it clear to them that she was not fucking anyone, never. Whether it was first her virginity, then her marital fidelity or her chaste widowhood, she rebuffed them all. As a stopgap measure, she offered them a handjob, which almost all of them accepted. She was very good at it, routinely with fine and powerful rubbing she made them all cum, that was the end of it. That meant she did two or five handjobs every day, sometimes more, until she married.

Now it was the first time that Thy's cock was staring at her, bloody horny and demanding. For the first time he didn't masturbate. Thy pushed her tunic from her shoulders, caressed her breasts and excited her teats with his fingers. She had to overcome her shyness, her inhibitions and shamfulness and groped for his cock with shivering fingers. She had pulled his stiff cock half out from under his tunic and very very slowly pulled back the foreskin. Thy breathed heavily and stopped breathing. She slowly drove the exposed glans thoughtfully with her thumb left and right, slowly ran her thumb thoughtfully back and forth on the exposed glans, for minutes. After all, she had decades of experience with cocks and knew exactly where the special spots were with which she could make any cock squirt in an instant. She continued to rub the glans with her thumb, which twitched sensitively with each stroke over it. A jet shot forth and as her thumb continued to rub it, another jet shot forth and another and another. She stopped her thumb. No, this was no longer the little boy's cock she had shown him years ago to masturbate and had allowed to fuck her. This was a sizable cock, probably quite a bit larger than his older brother's.

"You know the law, Heron is the older one, he has the right." Eleni wondered how flat and unconvincing her voice sounded.

"I've been watching both of you fucking for months now, and I can too fuck very well!" Thy whispered, but his voice was clear and firm.

"I don't even know if you can fuck in reality yet, my darling!" Eleni actually didn't know, she had only watched him masturbate when Thy stood beside Heron, when he was fucking her at night. She had long ago forgotten that Thy was fucking the Andromachis bitch so often.

"I've been fucking for a year, now! And I fuck really good, of course!" said Thy, pressed. The smart rubbing of her hand had almost made him squirt. His hand immediately slipped lower, slipped from her teat to her pussy and his finger searched for her clit. She sighed deeply, spread her legs in powerless surrender and pressed her clit on his finger, she wanted badly to have it now. It flashed through her mind briefly, maybe she shouldn't have masturbated

with her head lying in his lap every day after all, maybe he had been watching her despite everything. Shame constricted her throat for a moment, then she surrendered her clit to his finger. May the Goddess forgive her for it!

For minutes there was silence. She gently and very slowly rubbed his cock and he routinely let his finger rotate fast and faster and furiously. She held his cock motionless, closed her eyes and surrendered to his masturbating finger. From her earliest youth, after her father had deflowered her and fucked her daily until her marriage, her skill in educating children sexually had spread. She led the boy and sometimes his little girlfriend to the stone bench at the back of the house and took him in her arms like a baby. She uncovered one breast and let the boy lick and suck her breast and her teat, while she masturbated him. She masturbated him several times until he could no longer squirt. She probed her horny clit with her finger and only had to rub once-twice to trigger a light, only slightly trembling orgasm, which the kids never noticed. The taller ones she led to the stone bench and told him to stand between her legs after she had taken off her tunic and sat completely naked in front of the children. He was allowed to rub her teats with his fingers or explore her body caressing while she patiently showed him how to masturbate. She showed him her sex and explained labia, clit and vagina in great detail. He was allowed to insert his index finger into her vagina and feel it. She didn't hesitate to stroke her clit two or three times during his education so she could bring herself slowly to shivering. Some also wanted to try fucking and she patiently let him fuck and cum inside, that was not real fucking for her. She also showed the girls how to masturbate, but she herself never masturbated in front of the children. Most of the boys continued to come to her for years, often there were as many as twenty of them, fucking the beautiful woman in the afternoon with childlike zeal. They would stand between her legs, pull the foreskin all the way back and moisten the glans with saliva. Eleni pressed a finger protectively on her clit and her finger vibrated ever so slightly when the orgasm made her tremble slightly. Her ass cheeks still trembled and quivered when the next little man penetrated her. But she never thought it was real fucking and that were real orgasms. She had instructed the little girlfriends to suck and lick the cocks of the boys who sat next to her, waiting for their turn, to be

wet when they positioned themselves between Eleni's spread legs. The girls knew they had to swallow the semen and most of the boys squirted into her mouth. Eleni's ass cheeks trembled slightly, as fucking the boys gave her a gentle orgasm, light and only trembling in her clit, on which she had placed a vibrating finger. The first little orgasm was followed by those tiny orgasms she loved so much with each boy.

When she got married, all that stopped, she had promised herself to her husband and was ironcladly faithful to him.

Eleni opened her eyes. She pulled back the foreskin on Thy's cock very slowly, letting the glans emerge slowly. She rubbed his glans with her thumb until a jet shot out, then she stopped. Thy breathed heavily as her thumb let his jets shot, jet after jet until he stopped squirting. She gently wiped the glans with her thumb, wiped away the drops of semen and let the foreskin slowly slide over the glans again. She closed her eyes and surrendered to his finger.

She saw in her mind the images that had followed every night. After all, she had the task of preparing the Queen for fucking in the evening and masturbating her to sleep, only then she belonged to the impetuous King. Queen Penelope loved it when Eleni made her hot with French kisses and hugs and then masturbated her vigorously. Neither she nor the Queen were lesbians, yet the Queen loved it very much when she embraced Penelope stormily like a lover and made love to her with dominant, breathtaking French kisses. The King watched the heated women's kissing and tongueplaying hornily and made his cock's way to Penelope's pussy. Eleni masturbated while the two fucked once or twice and then gently stroked Penelope's clit slowly until she fell asleep. Eleni knew how this excited the King and was very much looking forward to being fucked by him with animalistic ferocity until his seed dried up and his cock softened.

Once again she opened her eyes and very slowly pulled Thy's foreskin back, once-twice. He held his breath and his finger rested motionless upon her horny clit. She rubbed his glans with her thumb until a jet shot out, jet after jet she let shoot out until nothing more came, then she stopped. She gently wiped the glans with her thumb, wiped away the drops of semen and let the foreskin slide slowly over

the glans again. Thy again masturbated her wonderfully and she closed her eyes in horniness.

A sculptor had come to sculpt a nude of Penelope. The Queen had sent her to the artist, he was to sculpt her on Eleni's body and only later sculpt her head. The artist was only into boys and worked obsessively on the clay model while an assistant with an erect cock crouched over Eleni, representing a buck-footed faun. The assistant held out for a long time, but when he couldn't take it anymore he fucked her wildly. It was dead silent in the studio, only the gasps, moans and groans of the two could be heard as they fucked for relieving him. The artist formed her orgasm in clay as if by magic, and she fucked the assistant nonstop on four afternoons, greedy, wild and with animal lust. The artist did not care whether she lay motionless model or fucked with the always stiff assistant.

When she got married all that stopped, she had pledged herself to her husband and remained ironcladly faithful to him.

Eleni now felt very clearly that she was about to orgasm. She opened her eyes and pulled Thy's foreskin down very tightly, she stared at the little hole in his glans and let her orgasm come. Where her boy had learned to do that so perfectly, Eleni thought as she jerked more rapidly than usual in orgasm. She wrenched her knees wide apart as her body wriggled and jerked in spasms as if it would tear her apart. She twitched and jerked as Thy continued to rub her clit powerfully. Without pause the next orgasm made her tremble, Thy continued unperturbed and she got orgasm after orgasm. She trembled, twitched and writhed in sweet spasms, she needed so much of these orgasms every day! She stopped his hand and exhaled in a long shuddering breath. Her ass cheeks trembled for a long time after and she almost passed out from shame. She had always masturbated alone, not even in front of her husband. And that, now! She concentrated anew on Thy's cock.

Eleni remembered how her still young sons, 9 and 10, enthusiastically went to the Andromachis' parties. The rich patrician offered the children a fine buffet and let her sons and all the boys fuck her with relish. She designated a virgin to be deflowered by her sons and

fucked by all the boys in turn. Eleni saw the girl crying bitterly after this ordeal and dissuaded her sons from continuing to go to Andromachis. Fucking the grown up patrician woman would be fine, but fucking the poor girl for hours hard and powerfully was really very mean! But the sons never fucked the poor whimpering virgin, she knew that, and the boys only fucked the old bitch because it was so exciting to fuck a grown up, a big woman. They went on for a while and fucked their brains out, but a year later they had enough.

“And who’s the lucky one, if I may ask?” Eleni sounded more mocking than she meant it. She felt very clearly how his cock stiffened and twitched in her masturbating hand.

“You have to squirt already?” she asked, and he nodded. She pulled his foreskin back really hard, rubbed his cock back and forth really fast and let his semen splash into the grass. She made him cum in a high arc, she pulled his foreskin back again and again at the right pace, so that he squirted jet after jet in a high arc. She smiled with satisfaction, because making men cum beautifully was something she had known how to do all her life. Thy buried his face against her breast and his hand sought her teat. She continued to rub him for a while until he stopped squirting.

Thy had calmed down. “Inea, she is!” he said in a firm voice. Eleni was startled for a moment. “Inea, from next door?” she asked, knowing at once that it was true. Inea was a neighbor, butt-ugly, but of a very kind and amiable nature. She was much older than her, she already had three grown up daughters and was perhaps already a grandmother.

“She calls me quietly if I can fuck her whenever she feels like fucking.” Thy sighed deeply satisfied as Eleni used two fingers to rub the last drops out of his cock with very firm strokes.

“Inea is all right,” Eleni said, as mother having the right to comment. “I’m just a little surprised because she’s already such an old woman,” she added uncertainly.

Thy nodded and smiled. “Yes, she is already 54. Her huge breasts are very heavy and hang lower than her belly button,” the boy grinned “and her hole is deep as a well dug deep! But she loves to fuck insanely and has taught me everything I need to know about fucking a woman to an orgasm and waiting to cum. She taught me how to masturbate a woman very effectively, you know?” Eleni brushed a strand of hair out of his eyes. She felt the burgeoning horniness in her cunt rise again demandingly.

“You are my love,” Thy whispered, “you have been my only Goddess since ever!” Eleni just now remembered that Heron had ridden out, he had a little 14 year old on the outskirts of the town that he fucked almost every day at this time. Eleni had encouraged him, it was good if he had a lover younger than his mother.

Thy kneaded his cock, which was already stiff again. “I want to fuck you so badly, Eleni, I almost can’t take it anymore!” She looked at his beautiful cock and said directly, but smiling: “And — what are you waiting for?” she asked, giggling almost inaudibly. He looked at her in surprise.

“Right now? Fucking?” his voice broke. “Do you have any other plans?” she asked in an occupied voice. He shook his head ever so slightly. “Right now? Fucking?” he asked incredulously. She nodded. “But not until we get inside!” she laughed. They ran into the house giggling boisterously.

They lay naked next to each other for the first time since he was a child. He has a really big and beautiful cock, Eleni thought. She felt the tugging of horniness in her abdomen and pulled him on top of her. He really fucks as good as his father and for sure better than Heron, it went through her mind. He actually let her orgasm first and only squirted long after she did. Heron was not so patient, although she usually came to orgasm. However, Heron squirted when he felt like it. Eleni and Thy dozed for fifteen minutes and then fucked the second time. She was damn sure she wanted to fuck him every night, even if the law was on Heron’s side.

They were in the middle of the third fucking when Heron appeared under the door. He had come in silently, they had not heard him. "This is my place, dear brother!" and he sounded offended and stern. He waited patiently a few moments for Thy to cum powerfully and when he had finished squirting, he left silently as he had come. The next few days the brothers avoided each other and Eleni angrily refused to fuck Heron for two days. Then she straightened her shoulders and ordered that from now on Thy would also lie with her. If he wanted to protest, she hissed at Heron, then he should go to the city council. But both brothers shook their heads, they agreed, of course, she was the boss after all, it was her bed.

The two brothers prepared Eleni from then on wonderful hours of fucking. They took turns and hardly let her catch her breath. She still masturbated a lot before falling asleep, even when they had fucked her nonstop and she was already dead tired from her many orgasms. She had always masturbated a lot before sleeping all her life and had the most beautiful fantasies that she never had while fucking. This was a very important element that spoke in favor of masturbating, therefore she did it all her life. She was pregnant three times, but the fetuses came off way too early.

During her marriage until her husband's death, Eleni had been ironcladly faithful to her husband, as she had sworn. She left Penelope and Odysseus on good terms, she did never fuck anyone, and she also stopped the afternoons with the young boys completely. Now that she was a young widow and the two sons fucked her satisfactorily at night, she resumed the afternoons, the fucking with young boys in the siesta. The boys between 8 and 13 flocked again to her stone bench behind the house, the young girls swallowed the boys' semen and the boys fucked her as before. Her ass cheeks trembled in orgasm, her clit quivered under her vibrating finger, and she sighed happily. Two girls, 15 and 16, who like her especially loved the young boys, evolved into her "assistants". They eagerly licked the sweet little cocks and swallowed the semen like honey. When it occurred, they too let themselves be fucked by the boys. But they had much stronger orgasms than Eleni, they twitched and wriggled while the next one was already entering their cunts.

The new Queen sent her almost every week in the afternoon a man who was quite in sexual need and did not want to go to the whores outside the city. The girls and boys surrounded the stone bench on which old Eleni lay down naked. She willingly let the man fuck her and the children watched very closely as the powerful cock plowed into her old fuckhole. Mostly they were soldiers or traveling warriors who liked to fuck a second time right away and some of them gave her a real, violent orgasm at the second time. The children asked her in amazement if a woman always got such a violent orgasm? She smiled wisely and answered that it only depended on the fact that the good man gave the woman enough time to come to orgasm.

Eleni was rapidly getting older, her breasts became huge at 56 and since they were full and heavy, they hung down to her belly button. She pulled the tunic over her head, she was willowy and her naked body a real feast for the eyes. Her pubic hair had fallen out before she was married and if you just looked at her virginal looking pussy, you would have thought she was much younger. The tip of her clit usually peeked out excitedly and cheekily between her labia. She looked smiling at the taller girls lying in the grass and letting the guys fuck their brains out. She got a little whimsical after her sons married and had families of their own. She had no problem to engage bigger boys to spend the night with her and get fucked powerfully by two or three of the boys. They always liked to come to her because she could fuck heavenly well. She became a bit careless and masturbated at night after fucking in front of the jacks without being ashamed like before. And she now played the Madonna more and more often. She took little boys in her arms, gave them a breast, on whose teats they licked and sucked. She masturbated her babies with pleasure until they were before squirting. She took the little cocks in her mouth and her tongue searched for the magic spots to make the little ones squirt into her mouth. She swallowed the bitter honey and sucked the cocks until she had sucked them completely dry. Of course, she also licked the clits of the young girls, who held her ton of breast with both hands, sucked her teats and almost choked in orgasm. The older the girls got, the more they liked to play the baby, intensely sucking Eleni's breasts and teats. Eleni held her little ass in one hand and guided the open fruity chalice to her mouth, she licked the clit to the first orgasm and continued to lick it from orgasm to orgasm. When a

bigger boy found himself fucking her at the same time, she let her fingers move to the clit after masturbating the “baby” and prolonged her soft, trembling orgasm or triggered it first. She was no longer embarrassed or ashamed to let her finger vibrate on her clit and trigger her light orgasms with trembling ass cheeks and a quivering clit.

Fucking with the young boys lasted until her old age. They pulled her tunic over her head, because even as an old woman she was a beautiful naked woman. Even then, when her breasts hung full and heavy lower than her belly button and rested on her thighs while she was sitting, she trembled in the little orgasms and her teats trembled on her thighs hornily. She loved these light trembling orgasms more than anything, her ass cheeks and clit trembled continuously and she pressed a vibrating finger on the trembling clit. The other hand had grabbed a teat and was squeezing and squeezing it to keep the horniness going. Some boys also understood that and took on the second teat, the whole magnificent breast and intensified her horniness.

She was very proud of the fact that the 13 to 16 year old boys stayed overnight at her place after her sons had their own family. She loved to be fucked powerfully at night by two or three of the boys until the end of her life. Heron and Thybates teased her affectionately that she was the only grandmother far and wide who let such young lovers fuck her. But they were very proud of her.

Eleni knew what a lucky woman she was.

---

Irene could not cry when she received the news of her husband's death at the gates of Troy. He had already left her a year before he had followed his king into the ill-fated war. She had been very angry that he had left her for a 14 year old slut. She had immediately reacted defiantly, for she had never fucked anyone but him. She took all four children, Castor and Pollux, Dion and Hebe into her bed. The 14 year old Castor had gone silent the day his father had moved in with the slut. He fucked Irene silently every night, and Pollux, who was 10 months younger, also fucked her just one day later. She fucked both sons every night, but she didn't get an orgasm while doing it. Dion and Hebe, who were much younger, lay to her right and

left, holding her hand or putting their hand on her small breasts and playing with the big, stiff teats. She was sad that she couldn't get an orgasm, even though the boys had quite respectable cocks and tried hard to fuck her well. It was like a knot in her head, she masturbated always after fucking until she fell asleep. Her husband despised her because she took the right to fuck like a widow with her sons. Now when the news came, Castor broke down completely. He didn't fuck her anymore, although from now on he would have been perfectly justified in doing so. He went to work at the stonemason every day in the morning, after Irene had masturbated his morning wood in her mouth, and came home in the early afternoon. He sat down on the big marital bed with his back against the wall and stayed there until morning, he even slept sitting up, his arms resting on his knees and his head on his arms.

Dion, whom her husband had named Dionysios, was actually too young to fuck at 10, but Irene did not deny it to him. She held her boy with a hand and directed his cock into her pussy with her hand and held it until he fucked properly. Pollux, who was not as sultry as Castor, fucked her happily every night, taking turns with little Dion. Hebe, a quiet and smart girl of 9, usually sat snuggled up to the silent Castor and watched her brothers fuck with Irene. Hebe masturbated Castor whenever he got hard, because she loved this brother idolatrously. He shook his head when he didn't want to be masturbated anymore, he put an arm around Hebe's shoulders and hugged her to him. She had told him she wanted to wait for him to deflower her, but he shook his head. She asked him almost every night if he could finally deflower her, she wanted to fuck so badly already. She always waited until the brothers were done fucking and only masturbated when Irene masturbated.

Pollux went to the Andromachis orgy at least twice a week and often talked for hours about how great it was to fuck a huge and very famous adult woman. He left early every time because he didn't want to participate in the deflowering and fucking of the crying virgin, he thought it was disgusting. But the Andromachis bitch, she was so great to fuck, he could rave about her for hours. Irene did not stop him, because he was already over 13 and had to know for himself what he liked with the rich old bitch.

Irene masturbated Castor's morning wood every morning and always made him squirt in her mouth. He was not very enthusiastic about it, but she loved it very much. From childhood on she had let the boys squirt in her mouth, she enjoyed the power over their cocks. She knew how to lick to make him squirt quickly or later. She was a master at it and she determined when he could squirt, not him. She had sucked the cocks all her life, so it was no surprise that she went into marriage a virgin and never fucked anyone but her husband. He was indifferent from the beginning that she kept her admirers at a distance and only sucked their cocks. He had allowed her to be fucked by others, because he himself picked every flower along the way. But she didn't want to fuck anyone else, that was her choice. She sat down on the stone bench in front of her door and took the admirer's cock in her mouth. If he didn't want it like that, in public, it was his problem, not hers. She willingly pushed the tunic aside when the admirer wanted to see her pussy during licking, but that was already the maximum of liberties she took for his sake.

Hebe wanted so much to be deflowered by Castor and fuck him, but he shook his head, he wasn't ready yet. He hugged his little sister very affectionately and kissed her on the top of her head. He was sorry, he hinted, she should not wait for him. When Irene masturbated, she looked at the stiff cock of the sleeping Castor. He was always semi-stiff and when he dreamed, the cock stiffened and sometimes he spurted a bright jet. Irene wondered, because she found this unusual and exciting. She masturbated at the same time with Hebe when the boys fell asleep and it sometimes took a very long time before she trembled in orgasm and then quickly fell asleep.

Six months after the death news, Castor's somber silence loosened. He sometimes whispered to Hebe, who was snuggled up to him, about her deflowering and promised to do it before winter if Irene agreed. The right to deflower the daughter probably passed from father to son, Hebe whispered, but she didn't know that for sure. One night he fucked Irene, the first time in more than half a year. He fucked long and thoughtfully, he gave Irene time to become aroused and she had an orgasm while fucking for the first time. She clung to him gratefully and let him finish fucking. She kissed him with tears of joy in her eyes and whispered that she had experienced

an orgasm at fucking for the first time. He nodded and lay down to sleep beside her for the first time in months.

Every night the sons fucked her, Pollux and Dion struggling in vain to bring her to orgasm like Castor. After the fucking Irene put her arm around Hebe when they both masturbated until they fell asleep.

Castor asked Irene very quietly if he could deflower Hebe, she had now turned 10 and needed it quite badly. Irene put a hand on his and sighed deeply. "Another child who doesn't want to be a child anymore!" She nodded and everyone gathered around Hebe, who lay down in the right position like an experienced woman. Irene held her hand as Castor gently and softly deflowered her. She bled a little but immediately said it didn't hurt at all and let Castor fuck her. The next week she fucked only with Castor, but she only learned to orgasm at the end of the week. Now Pollux and Dion were allowed to fuck their little sister and Castor held her in his strong arms and tried in vain to explain to the younger ones how they could make Hebe orgasm, because with him she had an orgasm like Irene every time. The brothers shared Irene and Hebe, they all hugged and cuddled, which they rarely did before.

Hebe regularly accompanied Pollux and Dion to the orgies of Andromachis. While the brothers fucked their brains out with the old countess, Hebe let herself be fucked by one boy after another. She found it very nice, she told Castor, all the boys had different cocks and each fucked differently. Irene kept reminding her that she would have to stop fucking when she got her period. Hebe didn't get her period until she was 19 and she kept Irene's advice.

Irene experienced many wonderful years with her children before they gradually grew up and started their own families.

# Kirke, the Sorceress

by Jack Faber © 2024

Kirke leaned on her elbows out of the window, which had been her favorite spot for centuries. When she pulled the light summer tunic up over her ass, she felt the light summer breeze coming from the sea, cooling her ass, pussy and whole body from behind. It was mid-summer and at midday the heat could only be endured in the shallow water on the sandy beach. Kirke saw a constantly changing view of the ships passing by on the sea. The purely human captains could not see Kirke's enchanted island, they sailed very close to it, so close that Kirke could see the sailors and make her choice when she wanted to have one to fuck. The sailor disappeared for a split second and was immediately back again, as if he had not spent hours fucking the beautiful young woman. There was only one captain who magically found his way to the island and brought fresh food and other things every month.

Up, on the hill above her beach, lay the large village, which offered a very tranquil life. The inhabitants could of course see neither the sandy beach nor Kirke's beautiful house, only the children. Kirke loved children, they were so innocent and trusting and had a completely uninhibited sexuality. Kirke looked at the sea and at the sailors on the ship, but she found no pleasure in them. Their hearts were black, their souls stunted and their thoughts insignificant. That's how most of them were, and she never teleported a guy like that to fuck.

Kirke's thoughts wandered. As a little girl, she was allowed to go to the royal palace with her father; he worked as a chief of the palace guard. She would stroll around for hours, going from guard to guard. They wore a tunic that covered half of their thighs, but as a little girl she could see their cocks and scrotums from below. She loved looking at the cocks, because they all looked different. Some of the older girls flirted with the grim guards, who weren't actually allowed to talk. But the girls touched their cocks unashamedly, they all did. They giggled like silly geese when they teased a cock until it became

stiff. The little girl marveled at the miracle of the erection and how the tip of the penis fought its way through the foreskin. The guard chased the cackling geese away; they couldn't use an erection right now. But little Kirke had often observed that a girl was allowed to rub the cock and the guard, his face bright red, squirted on the stone slabs.

At sunset they went to sleep, Kirke snuggled up naked to her tired father and rubbed sexually aroused her pussy and clit on his hip. He had become early a very rich man, he owned his own great estate, which the Greeks called Oikos, and in which he had absolute power over everyone there. He had married quite early three girls in a row, who bore him a son and died after giving birth. He let his sons marry, but he was the only one to fuck their young wives and fathered many grandchildren with them. He had a good, reliable cock and fucked one, two, or all three of his sons' wives every night until the sons were 30. His sons watched him fuck and ejaculated only from the outside onto their wives' pussies in thick jets. Only if the woman was already visibly pregnant was the son allowed to fuck his wife, after his father had fucked the wife contentedly. In this respect, he was ruthless and strict. Only when the son was 30 was he allowed to leave and found his own Oikos. When the last son had left, he married a very young demigod, Cliteis, whom he had won at dice from the father of the gods, Zeus, because he was more clever at cheating than Zeus. He fucked Zeus' 13 years old daughter day and night tirelessly, until she gave birth to a daughter, Kirke. Zeus now heard how he had been cheated out of his daughter, the daughter whom Zeus loved to bits and who he had fucked her since she could let him fuck her. Trembling with rage, Zeus kidnapped his daughter to his mountains, fucked her with greatest pleasure and made her a bunch of children. Cliteis loved Kirke's father Demetrios with all her heart, she desired him sexually and secretly teleported him during her many pregnancies to fuck him for hours. But in the real world he was only gone for a split second, for the blink of an eye.

Demetrios' mother was extremely rich, she was considered the best hetaera in the country, or at least the most expensive. Little Demetrios, fathered by the King of Attica, sometimes sneaked into his mother's bedroom to watch the fucking. He watched very care-

fully as his mother's long, white fingers guided the guest's cock to the entrance of her cunthole and let the cock penetrate. The little one got an erection and excitedly tugged at it while the big cock pushed into the cunthole tirelessly. His eyes widened when his mother clung to the man during her orgasm and he squirted inside. When he had left, she smiled contentedly. But if he didn't do a good job, she was left aroused and unsatisfied. Her fingers played with her clit until they triggered an orgasm. Demetrios knew all of this very well and once asked her if he could fuck her too? She took him in her arms, smiling, and he was allowed to penetrate her. He had never experienced anything more beautiful and he fucked her excitedly. He was still far too young to ejaculate, but he had an orgasm. She explained everything to him in a friendly way and he was allowed to fuck her again and again. He learned to ejaculate and soon slept with her every night because he had to ejaculate very often.

His mother organized an 'evening of love' two or three times a year, which brought the household together. Everyone was allowed to fuck everyone else, they were only a man and a woman. Demetrios was allowed to go first and fucked his mother, then everyone started to mate in pairs. Everyone could finally grab the one who was otherwise unattainable. Everyone was allowed to fuck the mistress and everyone else too, until everyone was exhausted. Demetrios' mother always let a girl with the stiffest clit fuck her clit at the end, she loved that very much and everyone formed a semicircle to watch this rare, very horny spectacle.

Kirke's father told his little girl the whole story truthfully and honestly, of how he fucked and impregnated his sons' wives, how he had swindled Kirke's mother Cliteis away from Zeus and how Kirke was born. Also that Zeus had kidnapped Cliteis again and had many, many children with her and she cheated on Zeus, fucking him in secrecy and regularly. Kirke often cried because of this, because she would then be a granddaughter of Zeus, but she never felt any divine blood in her veins. She loved her father very much, because he at least had a divine great cock that she was allowed to caress and cuddle from earliest childhood on. He didn't want a new wife, a new mother for Kirke. It was enough for him that his little daughter rubbed his cock every night with childlike enthusiasm and made him

squirt. Then the little girl masturbated herself to a fine orgasm and then they fell asleep. It was a quiet, peaceful life.

Finally, thought Kirke, finally her father noticed that she was growing small breasts and that a delicate fluffy down was sprouting above her slit. He hugged her again and again, his little wife, and he caressed, kissed and licked her little pussy to orgasm. He and his rough fingers were too clumsy to rub her clit properly, so she always did it herself when he gave up. She kept hearing the stupid geese chattering about losing their virginity and fucking, half of it was lies and the other half was pure nonsense. She only spoke to her father about these things, he knew almost everything and if not, he was honest, he would never lie to his little daughter, his everything.

Kirke saw another ship with an uninteresting crew. Her thoughts flew back to the evening she became Daddy's wife. It was not his decision and took him a little by surprise when she told him that she now wanted to lose her virginity and be fucked like an adult. So he nodded kindly and asked, how old she was. 12, she said, most 12-year-old girls have already lost their virginity and do fuck in secret. "We don't need any secrets, my lovely girl," he said, "if you want to be deflowered now, that's fine with me. And if you want to be fucked now, that's fine with me too. Just remember that I'm already 65 and a bit lame. But you're smart enough to understand that." Kirke nodded, because it was true that she was already very smart, much smarter than her teachers.

They did the deflowering together and very carefully. She guided his cock to the entrance of her pussyhole and whispered the magic words in a low voice, "Look, revered Goddess, it is my free and own will that he may tear the curtain and his cock may enter my sanctuary! We honor and love you, we ask for your favor and your blessing!" These words all honorable virgins said. Now he was allowed to penetrate, the hymen stretched and tore without much pain. He penetrated very deeply, his big cock stretching her little pussy hole wide until his cock reached the end. He also said the traditional words, "Be my wife, little Kirke!" and she nodded happily and kissed him on the mouth. From now on she was allowed to get him hot with French kisses before fucking. She was amazed at how well and effectively her

father could fuck. But she was far too excited now to have an orgasm before he squirted.

They fucked every night until he was exhausted. She became more and more womanly, but she didn't have her period and therefore no child. Every evening after fucking, Kirke went to the sandy beach, masturbated gracefully and passionately and went into the water to wash herself. The Goddess was very pleased with how decently and chastely the 22-year-old Kirke lived and faithfully fucked her old father, whose only joy in old age was some sex. She had never fucked anyone else, although all the men who had eyes in their heads besieged her day after day. She let the most intrusive men show her their cocks and took each one in her hand to examine it. She kept pulling back the foreskin and letting the glans pop out. She really enjoyed that very much and only stopped when the men came to ejaculate. With a smile she let the men masturbate and squirt on the floor. She took the cocks in her hand again if they were not yet relaxed and squeezed and rubbed them until they were stiff again and continued, until he was ready to ejaculate again. Then the guy was allowed to continue masturbating! She laughed heartily because he had to masturbate in public in front of onlookers and that was embarrassing and humiliating for most of them.

The Goddess had great respect for Kirke's father, who was one of the few mortals who had ever tricked Zeus. So the Goddess had decided to take him into her 'forest of pleasures' after his death. And he had fathered Kirke as a quarter goddess, the clever fellow!

Kirke was unswervingly faithful and the Goddess decided to perform a miracle. She sent one of her sea children to the beach, where Kirke dried herself after her bath.

Kirke pressed her thighs tightly together chastely as the young man rose from the sea and walked straight towards her. This was her way of signaling to the stranger that she was not to be fucked. She froze in amazement, she had never seen such a beautiful and large cock before, and she had already seen all the cocks in the area. The youth sat down next to her. "Greetings, lovely Kirke, I am Mooai, a son of the Goddess who wants to do you a favor. We will fuck today!"

Kirke shook her head firmly. “As inviting as your beautiful and big cock is, young Mooai, I only fuck with Daddy, I have sworn loyalty to him!” She nodded to confirm, “that’s right how it is!”

Mooai lowered his head. “Your father died an hour ago and is now in the lap of the Goddess!” Kirke cried out, you don’t joke about that! she cried, prove it! Mooai made a gesture and opened her eyes. There lay her father, smiling even in death. She lowered her head, “may you rest in peace!”

Kirke saw her father wandering through a forest, his body young and full of elasticity again, his cock hanging down mightily. There were hundreds of young women in the forest who smiled at him. When his cock slowly got erect, the girl smiled, turned her back to him and bent forward until her fingertips touched her toes. Her buttocks smiled at him, her little cunthole winked invitingly. This was one of his favorite positions and he fucked the girl from behind with a happy smile, holding her at her womanly hips and squirted into her pleasurehole with a proud roar. He walked on, relaxed, until he met the next willing creature. Kirke wanted to call out to him how much she loved him and how happy it made her, that he had thousands and thousands of girls to fuck, but Mooai made a gesture and the image disappeared.

Mooai explained the miracle to her. He would come to her every year on the same full moon night and fuck her three times. She could wish for something after each fucking and if it was nothing bad, he would grant the wish, three wishes every year. She listened to herself and heard the Goddess whispering as if she were sitting next to her. So it came about that every year, Kirke fucked the son of the Goddess, Mooai, three times in one night, was really fucked three times wonderfully and he had been granting her wishes for over 400 years now.

She got her magic island that no one else could see. She was supplied with food and everything every month, she could teleport sailors with pure hearts to her for sex. She remained 22 for all times, her beauty remained too forever. She fucked drowned lovers and gave them a new life in her enchanted village. She asked to love and

be loved by children, sexually. Her wishes were clever, she had a year to think about them. Fucking Mooai was a highlight of the year, he fucked her so well as nobody else and she enjoyed his lovemaking excited like a bride.

The midday heat was over, Kirke ate a bunch of grapes and drank a cup of cooled wine. A noisy crowd of children approached her window. "Andromache will do it to her brother Demetrios for the first time, she has never done it before!" the children shouted in confusion. The children knew Kirke and knew how they could please her. Demetrios stepped forward and stuck his little boy's cock in through the window. Kirke looked at the cute thing and touched it caressing. Then Andromache, a shy little girl with blonde braids, stepped next to her brother and grabbed his cock. She pursed her lips with the effort and masturbated him quite well. Andromache pushed his cock forward so that Demetrios squirted onto Kirke's full breasts. Kirke clapped her hands and applauded, "bravo, Andromache, you did well! And now, children, come in, because Demetrios is fucking me now!"

With loud screams and screeches the children streamed into the house and formed a semicircle around Kirke, who had let her short tunic fall to the floor. She looked stunningly good, like 22. Slim and slender, with womanly hips and large breasts. Her breasts were large, full and firm, successfully resisting gravity. Her nipples were large and pointed and she let the little ones suck and lick them. On the first day of her development as a magician, the Goddess had given her a colored tattoo, spread over her entire back. It was a friendly-looking, horny sea monster, whose octopus arms caressed her shoulders, her breasts and her inner thighs from behind. His large, human-shaped giant cock fucked her from behind, horny and greedy and very realistically portrayed. The children walking behind her screamed with delight, as the laughing monster fucked Kirke with every step, smiling.

She leaned back on the windowsill and stuck her ass out towards the crowd of children. Two girls spread her ass cheeks so that her pussyhole was clearly visible. Little Demetrios stood on his toes and penetrated her hole, it was his first time. Of course he knew what he

had to do, because he had watched Kirke every day when she was fucked by the boys. He was finished pretty quickly and squirted inside. Now Kirke clapped her hands and said, "There are grapes and chilled lemonade, my children, then go outside and play!"

The children had gone, Kirke had washed herself in the sea and was lying under the three palm trees that provided shade to dry off. The children were playing on the sandy beach, gleefully, the older boys dragged their giggling girls to Kirke in the shade and started fucking them. She admired these children, they were in their sexual prime. Kirke didn't count, of course, as some of the boys fucked four or five girls in a row. Kirke smiled good-naturedly, because she loved watching the childish fucking. She would laugh out loud when a young boy made a mistake while playing musical chairs and fucked her, the dear fellow! Kirke was sometimes sad that later generations accused her of turning her lovers into pigs! What a shameful nonsense!!! She would never do something so evil! She was loved and sexually desired by all children! In her long life she had let all boys fuck her as soon as they could stand on their tiptoes and their little cocks reached her pleasure hole. She had fucked thousands of boys, even many girls, although that was not her primary thing. All children loved her and desired to fuck her. She had also fucked thousands of men, kings and peasants, merchants and water carriers. Even Gods lay down with her, her lovemaking was legendary.

One boy only came in the morning, and he always came alone. He was a loner and a single, this Homeros. His parents, who had drowned between the Greek islands, had called him 'Man of Love'. Kirke liked the boy, he was still a child, but already wise as a man. He had a very conspicuous cock, Kirke called it 'Heracles' club'. It had a thin base and the cock got thicker towards the tip, the tip was thick and round, the giant glans well covered by the foreskin. That was Hercules' Club. The lustful wives in the village, who sometimes secretly let a boy fuck them, saw his monster and chased him away. The uneducated women thought he had a sick, infected cock.

Kirke was educated and knew that it was just a harmless freak of nature, or perhaps a joke from a God, who could tell the difference? She let Homer fuck her as often as he wanted in the morning until

noon. He wanted to fuck often. She grinned when he crept up from behind and lifted her tunic. She immediately loosened her buttocks so that he could penetrate more easily. He was the only boy who lay his upper body on her back and grabbed her breasts. He seemed to know how delicate it was to stimulate the nipples. He fucked long and hard, he ejaculated long and hard. "That's well all right!" said Kirke approvingly.

Homer was worried about his health, wasn't it bad for him to fuck every hour? Kirke laughed out loud. "Don't talk such nonsense, my dear friend! It doesn't matter whether you fuck five times in an hour or once in five hours! The only important thing is that you don't hurt, scratch or rub your cock until it bleeds." Homer lay down in front of Kirke and she had to examine his cock millimeter by millimeter. "Not a single scratch, not a single bruise, not a single bloody spot!" was her verdict. "Keep fucking, Homeros, as your instincts tell you!" She smiled. "You fuck me in the morning, when there aren't any annoying children making noise. But how do you do it in the afternoon?" Now Homer, the sly one, smiled. "On the edge of the village lives old Aurelia, who is blind and must be 100 years old. But she has lots of papyrus, ink and quills because she used to live as a poet on the island of Mitilini, where she lived as a total lesbian. But I can fuck her every hour, even though she apparently doesn't feel anything sexually. But she lets me fuck her as often as I want, because she likes me because I want to be a poet too. And in the evening I go to the beach to bathe, and there are always a few girls there who are happy to be fucked. So I'm well looked after from morning to evening, and at night I can fuck my Mom too, when my Dad is already asleep. She needs it at night just as badly as I do, it's a matter of heredity, she says, although she knows much less about heredity than about fucking."

Kirke was astonished that this young boy wanted to be a poet, like only old men or unattractive girls sadly in love. Homer promised to let her read something one day.

One morning, Mooai laid a drowned couple on the beach for her. Kirke undressed them; they were still children, not even 18 years old, and a beautiful couple. The boy had a nice, hard cock, as Kirke noted

with satisfaction. The girl had a pussy that still seemed virginal; she had probably only recently started fucking. Kirke knew what Mooai and the Goddess expected of her. She exposed the girl's clit and fucked her with her own clit very hard. The girl woke up in orgasm and looked at her in confusion. "I went under in the big waves," she murmured, "and — did you just fuck me, beautiful woman?" Kirke confirmed it; it was a spell that she could use to do good. "Now I must fuck your lover and bring him back to life!" The girl whispered that he was her husband. Kirke fucked the young man and his cock grew considerably. He was confused, but he had to keep fucking, he moaned and his cock grew a bit more. Kirke fucked him again, but he was only exhausted after the fifth time. Now he opened his eyes and only now saw how beautiful Kirke was, with whom he had fucked so well. "Oh, revered Goddess, you have brought me back to life! How can I thank you, because my wife is also well and alive!" Kirke smiled. "You get another chance! Go up to the village, Alkemias the headman is already waiting for you and will assign you a little house. How can you thank me? Make lots of children, girls and boys, and when they are no longer hanging on your skirt strings, send them to me, with me they learn to fuck very early! And now go and be happy!"

Homer had watched everything from a distance. He squirted into the bushes as Kirke fucked the girl like a fury. He continued to squirt into the bushes as Kirke fucked the boy and let him fuck her again and again. When the two had left, he approached Kirke. "So far I've only been allowed to fuck you from behind, can I now fuck you from the front like the man just did?" Kirke nodded, somewhat surprised. "Yes, of course, I'll just wash my pussy quickly, out of habit."

While Kirke washed her pussy thoroughly, Homer asked a thousand questions. How could she bring the dead back to life? Was she a witch or a Goddess? Was he allowed to write about all of this? Kirke smiled kindly and caressed her clean clit very slowly. "Raising the dead is a divine gift, you have to know how to fuck a woman and how to fuck a man, because you must know that they are very different to fuck. Watch up in the village how two girls or women fuck each other with their clitorises! And am I a witch? No, I never do anything bad. And of course a poet can write anything, even if an insulted king has

his head chopped off. That is sometimes the price, so think beforehand whether the thing is worth it! And now come on, fuck me!” Homer did not need a second invitation, now or never, as they said.

Homer read her a story, a second, a fifth. He fell silent when he saw Kirke’s face. He waited, fidgeting, until she spoke. “First, you must captivate your listener. Simply reciting the facts is simply boring. As like a drama in the theater, it must be exciting, unexpected, full of twists and turns and evoke feelings in the spectators. Second, and this is difficult to explain, you must sing, not talk. Sing! If you read the famous poets, you will rarely find a work that only rhymes. It is not without reason that they are called ‘The Canticles of Aphrillos’ and ‘The Canticles of Alcibiades’. You must write a song, not a poem. ‘The Canticles of Homer’, so they must one day report on it.”

Homer nodded very thoughtfully. “I’ve been working on a draft for a while to write about the Trojan War. It only ended recently and I wanted to be one of the first to write about it, maybe get some beautiful women to fuck, fool me! But everything I’ve written is nonsense. You can sum it up in one sentence. ‘They beat each other’s heads to pieces and in the end there are only losers.’ That’s all there is to it. What do you think?”

Kirke had to think for a long time; the back and forth of the Trojan War was known to everyone. “War reporting is not an easy business if you don’t want it to end up as wrapping paper on the fishmarket. Firstly, you have to report on the war itself in true details, your listeners will not be deceived.

Secondly, the gods have to have their say, their goodwill or their envy manipulates events, the heroes and guides their destinies cleverly or extremely stupidly, maybe the gods are even wrong or have a fight with each other?

Thirdly, where are the women? Men wage war, but there are women too. Sex, loyalty and infidelity, cuckolded husbands and poisonings. ‘Who is the prettier, her or me?’, you can destroy kingdoms with that sentence. Jealousy, envy, intrigues — you can cause unrest and kill with that.

And fourthly, in war, there is fucking, an incredible amount of fucking. With prisoners, queens, warriors, citizens' wives, maids and slaves; in short, with everyone. But you, capable poet and singer, must not use the word 'fuck' even once, if your work is to stand up to the eyes of the strict councilmen. So 'he spent the night with her' or 'she gave herself up voluntarily' or 'he brutally robbed her of her honour', things like that can get around the issue itself."

Kirke had given a long lecture, Homer lay with his upper body on her back and stimulated her breasts and especially her sensitive nipples, which made Kirke sigh tremblingly again and again. Our budding singer's strong club was in her pleasure hole the whole time, and whenever it was necessary, he grabbed her hips, fucked her wildly and squirted. Kirke could sing individual passages, adventures or fuck scenes, with a clear, beautiful melodic voice, and Homer listened in stunned awe. He understood more and more what she meant and he happily grabbed her hips and fucked her very quickly from behind, only to listen to her again after squirting.

Suddenly he realised how he had to proceed. The war events are only added at the end, because he did not need to invent the facts. He had to invent an onion, but from the inside out. A core with a basic outline. One shell picks up a part, the next shell starts at a different point. And when all the shells were woven, insert the war events between the shells as a filling, as a cream. It was already midday, he had to stop fucking Kirke, who was fucking him in a fantasy, and squirting into her. He straightened up and pulled out Heracles' club.

Kirke had more orgasms that morning than she had in a long time. She was immersed in her fantasies, Goddesses arguing about who was the most beautiful. A prince who had to fuck one of the Goddesses every night, in order to make his decision after 9 nights. A mishap, orchestrated by a fourth, jealous Goddess, so that the prize of victory rolled to the feet of the last one in line. The other two vowed to destroy the stupid prince.

The prince had only one weak point, fucking. He picked the wrong woman and fucked the wife of the fiercest king. Kidnapping, escape, the whole program. Troy, naive and presumptuous, offered asylum to

the fugitives. So the war began. It ended with the city burning and the pyres on which the best of the Greeks burned. That had to be the end, all the noble Greeks were gone, a boat rower became king of Mykonos and fucked the most beautiful daughter of the fierce king, who was murdered by his unfaithful queen. Under the rule of rowers, shining Greece sank into darkness. Kirke had sung that, carried by the fucking of her poet and her orgasms. Homer ran off to Aurelia, the blind woman, to write and fuck without interruption. He only found peace when he fucked girls on the beach in the evening and lay down with his mother at night.

Kirke couldn't sleep either, the story rattled around in her mind. Unusually for her, because she normally only let herself be fucked by little boys, she summoned two young girls to her. She fucked the frightened, shy children one after the other until dawn. She pressed her clit onto the girl's clit like a pointed battle spur and fucked her aggressively until she had an orgasm and continued until the poor girl passed out. She continued to develop the story. The grim king had set sail, trembling with anger, so hastily that he did not offer the God of the winds, Aeolus. The God was insulted and let the winds rest. He demanded that the grim king let his 12-year-old granddaughter be fucked on the sacrificial altar by the strongest men in his army for 40 days, then he promised favorable winds. The king gritted his teeth and had Iphigenia fucked like mad for 40 days. On the fortieth day, a good wind came up, the wind God kidnapped the violated child and took her as his concubine. He also kidnapped her twin brother, because only then could he take on his human form and fuck Iphigenia. In 40 days, the little girl had learned to fuck as well as the most expensive port whore on Mykonos. Iphigenia had fucked her twin brother Orestes from early childhood, they had learned it from the adults and fucked day after day in their youth. Now she fucked her brother and the wind god at the same time and passed away in Orestes' arms in a powerful orgasm, she had learned to fuck so well in those 40 days. Kirke gave the girls lots of sweets and sent them home at dawn.

Homer arrived early enough to watch Kirke brutally fuck the poor girls for a few more rounds. He didn't miss the opportunity to fuck the other girl in the meantime. When they had gone, he lay upon

Kirke's back, who was dozing a little and only woke up when the singer reared up and squirted into her. She listened to his sketch and sang him the story of Iphigenia and Orestes. He was very enthusiastic, her part went well with his. It wasn't until midday that he went to old Aurelia, who patiently like an ox let herself be fucked. She was ancient and her pussy was dry and wrinkled, but Homer fucked her hour after hour anyway. Neither her wrinkles nor her withered body bothered him, he was only interested in having a pussy in which he could fuck and squirt. Aurelia was happy, though, because she could remember the earlier, long-past orgasms in the arms of her favorite maid or the men who made pilgrimages to the sanctuary and had fucked her for a silver coin.

Homer's mother was amazed at how excited and energetic Homer fucked her at night, so hefty that even his father woke up. He watched for a while and pulled the foreskin back and forth on his cock, but he quickly fell asleep again. What his wife did with her son was dirty, perverted women's stuff and was none of his business. None.

Kirke and Homer each worked on two ends of the story. Kirke had centuries of sexual experience and described the fuck scenes to him so clearly and precisely that he couldn't stop fucking and squirting. He sang the half-finished parts to her; to Aurelia's amazement, he had been singing and writing and fucking all afternoon. She didn't yet know the whole picture, but when he sang and wrote down Kirke's fucking scenes, she smiled blissfully, because she too had once written and sung love songs.

Mooai had come on that full moon night, and like every year he fucked Kirke three times on the light-flooded sandy beach and listened to her wishes. As always, she wished for beautiful, clever and pleasant things. Her wish for intellectual fertilization while writing poetry only sounded unusual at first, but when she told him about writing poetry together with a boy, he immediately understood and granted it. He fucked her for the third time at dawn and continued to fuck her after her orgasm until she passed out. Kirke loved that very much, that made fucking with Mooai so special. When she came to

her senses, he had long since disappeared into the waves. He was the only one who fucked her in such an intense way.

Kirke knew that Homer lay with Klymene, his mother, at night. She was still a young, naive thing, had given birth to Homer at the age of 13 and loved him not only madly, but above all sexually. His father was now an old man, to whom Klymene occasionally gave a blowjob. He watched his wife's sexual activities with Homer indifferently, only rarely did he get an erection. He was a completely fair man, his wife was the same age as his granddaughters, she had fucked him devotedly for years until he could no longer fuck. It was only fair that she needed someone to fuck. Homer was a good son, he gave Klymene so many orgasms every night that she was totally satisfied sexually, it was never necessary for Klymene to have to fuck another man, although she fucked many lovers too. It was not at all unusual for her to let her son fuck her until he was exhausted. In ancient Greece, most mothers taught their sons to fuck from the age of 12 before they sent them out into the world. Clymene was perhaps a little too much in love with Homer, but that would probably pass. His father was wrong in this, and he would soon die. Homer stayed in Clymene's bed, who would die 15 years later.

Kirke also knew, of course, that Homer would go blind after Klymene's death. But he knew the songs and hymns to the gods that he had composed alone by heart and went from court to court singing them in an inimitably moving way. Homer lived to a ripe old age and Kirke was unrecognized among the many girls who mourned at the funeral of the old singer and lover of hundreds of virgins. Kirke's magic kept his loins youthfully powerful until the end, so that despite his blindness he was able to fuck many virgins and young girls. The blind old man felt the breasts of the young girls and chose the youngest to lead him. The young girl, usually still a child, led the blind man and lie down with him at night and willingly let the old singer fuck her. It was also Kirke who paid dozens of scribes to copy the Iliad and the Odyssey on papyrus.

Mooai woke Kirke long before sunrise. She ran to the sandy beach where Mooai had laid 22 drowned warriors. She immediately recognized who the leader was and had to fuck him very long and intensely

until he came back to life. Kirke fucked all of them until late afternoon, until all 22 woke up dazed. Kirke, totally exhausted from hours of fucking, told the warriors “that they were welcome in the village up above, but they had to be peaceful and friendly, the island was a place of love. The girls and women will happily give themselves to you, they are already waiting longingly for new, strong men’s thighs.”

She took the leader by the hand and led him to her bedchamber. She let the sexually starved hero fuck until he had had enough. “You are on Kirke’s island, great hero Odysseus,” she said, for she had immediately recognized the mighty warrior. He had never heard of the island and Kirke smiled, “no ordinary mortal has ever seen it, that’s how it is.” Odysseus was confused, for he was on his way home to his beloved wife and queen Penelope when Poseidon’s wrath overturned his ship and they all drowned. “The Goddess must love you very much that she brought you here so that I could give you a second life.” Odysseus bowed gratefully. “You are a great magician, Kirke! And thank you for the second life!”

He asked Kirke if she had any news of Penelope. She nodded, “I actually have two of them, but only one could be true. The first was that Penelope had been getting fucked by one of the 60 brideseekers every night since he left for Troy because she couldn’t decide to chose one of them. The other was that his son Telemachus had been lying with Penelope since his father’s departure and defended her honor with a sword in his hand. Penelope’s cries of pleasure echoed through the palace at night, for Telemachus was as strong in the loins as his father. Odysseus wept heartbreakingly. “And which one is true, oh Kirke?” he moaned. “Both, I fear,” Kirke replied, “I know people and the fiery pussies of women, and Penelope was known to be blessed with an insatiable sexual urge. But I have known Penelope since she was a child and I know how loyally her heart loves you despite everything!” Odysseus could not remember ever having seen Kirke with Penelope, but all the things Kirke knew about Penelope’s secret masturbation were true. Odysseus cried a lot, but Kirke asked him if he hadn’t any affairs other than Penelope and if he had the right to judge Penelope!?

Odysseus was not only a good fucker, he was also a real gossip. Kirke and Homer hung on his every word when he told of the 10 years of fucking in the Trojan War. Troy's girls and women streamed out of the city at sunset to fuck the Greek warriors. Odysseus sang of Penthesileia, the Amazon queen and her 40 female warriors who pounced on the Greek warriors in the evenings and fucked them to exhaustion. He himself had often shared Penthesileia with the fierce Achilles; the queen was insatiable and greedy, so the two heroes ran out of steam. Even the invincible Achilles, the Greek demigod, who had the biggest and strongest cock of all the warriors! Queen Penthesileia fucked man after man, one after the other, for half the night, and when she climaxed she roared like a wild bull, so that it echoed throughout the camp and the other women tried very hard to have such orgasms too.

There were also unpleasant things, such as Achilles, who deflowered King Priam's 11-year-old virgin granddaughter Briseis on the altar of Athena and abducted her to his tent, fucking the frightened girl a dozen times a night. Or Prince Paris, who not only caused the war when he fucked and abducted Menelaus' wife Helena. No, the sex offender Paris also assaulted his brother Hector's wife, he raped the chaste and shy young woman for weeks and made her a child, whereupon Hector lost his mind and sought death in battle. Or Ajax, who raped the holy virgin Cassandra in the temple of her Goddess Athena and then raped her every night like a whore.

Kirke and Homer hung on Odysseus' every word, his stories flowed into the story, which had now grown enormously. Kirke demanded that Homer write two versions, a shorter one that was cleaned of all sexual details and a longer one that still contained all the affairs, fucking and rapes that Odysseus had narrated. Odysseus fucked Kirke while he listened to Homer's songs. Then Homer lay with his upper body on Kirke's back and Heracles' club was stuck in Kirke's pleasure hole for hours, where he fucked her again and again and squirted powerfully into her. Kirke was fucked by both of them in turn and had orgasms like she hadn't had in a long time.

Odysseus' men had built a new ship and were urging him to leave. Kirke said to Odysseus, "Later generations will say that I put a spell

on you and didn't let you go, but those were the lies you told everyone, treacherous one! You can leave at any time, devious king, for it is only your lustful loins that cannot separate from my body! Go!"

One day many months later Odysseus set sail, he could no longer stop his men, although he would have loved to fuck the ever-horny Kirke until the end of time. But his men wanted to see the kingdom of Ithaca again and reminded Odysseus that Penelope was waiting for him longingly. He set sail for Ithaca and when he looked back, the island had disappeared. He sailed on determinedly, but Poseidon stopped him again and again, as we know.

Hercules' club was now stuck in Kirke's pleasure hole for the whole morning, he fucked her quite naturally and squirted in without pulling his cock out afterwards. She looked out to sea with a smile and they took turns singing the songs. The work gradually took shape, both versions. But Kirke did not neglect the children in the afternoon, she let the little girls masturbate the cocks to squirt, then the children surrounded her while she stuck her ass out to the boys and laughed as they fucked her.

Homer had fucked Klymene night after night for over 20 years, she only had affairs during the day and had already fucked all the men on the island. She remained naive and simple-minded all her life, she got involved with any man who wanted her. She had a beautiful funeral and Homer lured every evening a young girl to his bed, there were so many! Aurelia had long since disappeared, Homer reached into the pool of young girls with both hands when Kirke was letting the little boys fuck her in the afternoon. He was not interested in that at all, boys were not his thing. The works had long been finished, he sang the two versions of the Iliad in front of the villagers. This is how he perfected his performance.

Kirke let him go with a heavy heart, gifted him at goodbye the love of virgins and young girls forever. He went from court to court, the audience preferred to hear the longer version because they loved the filthy songs. He gradually lost his sight, he took a young girl into his bed every night. It was something special to have a shy virgin in bed and to deflower her, that was when he blossomed. But the girls loved

him very much and fought for a place in his bed. When Odysseus returned home and was once again abducted by the goddess into the mythical mists, Homer wrote the Odyssey. When he could no longer write himself, he dictated his hymns to the Gods to the scribes. He was lying in the arms of a deflowered virgin when he closed his eyes. Homer had a happy life.

Kirke missed Homer's hard-working Hercules bludgeon very much. She sat sadly on the sandy beach in the evenings and complained to Mooai about her suffering. One morning she found a drowned man on the beach. It was Yannis, a simple, kind-hearted farm boy who had jumped after a lamb that was about to drown in the maelstrom. Kirke was horrified at first; in all her 480 years she had never fucked such a huge, powerful cock as an elephant's trunk. She struggled so hard that tears rolled down her cheeks, but she fucked Yannis for over an hour until he opened his eyes in amazement. The 20 years old immediately fell in love with the Goddess who had brought him back to life and followed her everywhere. When at rest, his cock hung down halfway down his thigh, and when erect, down to his knees.

Kirke smiled gratefully because Mooai had given her a young man with such a big cock. Despite his youth, he was a great fucker; he had fucked his mother and big sister since he was 12, because they both liked to be fucked by his big cock. The two never argued about who he could fuck today, because he held out and fucked both of them. He laughed and was happy about their good sexual feelings, because he was the only man in the house. His cock didn't even go halfway in either of them, so the other could masturbate the other half with her fist. At the end she held his cock tightly to feel the semen shoot through. Mother and sister were both heavily pregnant when he jumped into the maelstrom.

Kirke always let Yannis fuck her when she felt like it. Yannis soon learned to fuck like Homer. She leaned on the window sill and looked out to sea, he leaned his upper body on her back and pushed his cock in from behind. His cock went well at full length into her cunthole, after some training. He fucked her as often as his cock got hard and squirted huge amounts into her pleasure hole.

In the afternoons he rested and lazily watched the little boys fucking his Goddess from behind. The young girls played enthusiastically with his elephant trunk and the older girls sometimes dared to put the elephant trunk in their little holes, but it only went in a quarter of the length and then he pushed the end. He smiled good-naturedly when one of the girls rode his elephant cock in horniness and let him squirt inside. The girls were very proud of that.

Kirke's island gradually disappeared forever.

• • •

# The Innocence of Lisa

by Jack Faber © 2024

Sister Antonia was born Lisa. Her parents were dirt poor, her father was unemployed. Mom cuddled with her little one endlessly because she loved her very much. She took the child in her arms and let her suck and lick her nipples to distract the child when Daddy fucked her, and he fucked her day and night because he had nothing else to do. As far back as Lisa could remember, she had been lying on her mother's big breasts when Daddy approached with his big cock to fuck Mom. Her mother had been a lesbian, at least when she was young, and later she often fucked men. That's how Lisa came about and they were a very loving family. As a child, Lisa stared at her Daddy's big cock, the tip of his glans protruding thick and red from under the foreskin, which he rubbed slowly with a grin. Her mother grabbed Lisa and put her to her breast. On the one hand she wanted to distract the child, on the other hand she loved it when Lisa licked and sucked her nipples, that was very hot. Lisa watched, of course, how Daddy's cock disappeared into Mom's big cunthole, and then Daddy pushed in and out of the cunthole really hard and Lisa excitedly sucked and sucked on Mom's teats, because the fucking was very exciting, Mom found it very exciting too and she hugged and kissed the little one in her inner turmoil. Daddy always thrust for a long time in and out, and then very slowly, that was the moment when he squirted inside. Mom gasped a little because she had become horny. She never had an orgasm when he fucked her, but after he had squirted she pressed Lisa tightly to her breasts because she had to masturbate straight after the fucking. Lisa had seen her masturbate many times, Mom's fingers rubbed her big, stiff clit really quickly and Mom pressed her against her breasts when she was soon hit by an orgasm.

Daddy lay happy and relaxed next to them, Mom tickled and cuddled Lisa, because now it was Lisa's turn. She cuddled with Mom because she knew what was coming next. Mom kissed and licked Lisa's pussy and it was wonderful. Lisa felt it rising in her abdomen, she pressed her pussyhole firmly against Mom's lips. Of course, she knew

how nice that was for the little one, her tongue licked the little pussy like a little snake. Her lips wrapped around the whole pussy and the tongue snake licked wildly between them. "Now, Mom, now!" gasped Lisa because she couldn't take it anymore. She leaned back because Mom's tongue had finally found her little clit. Lisa opened her thighs wide, she offered her pussy to Mom like an open flower blossom. Mom now licked her clit tirelessly. It was as if a giant was growing in Lisa's body, it got bigger and bigger and burst. Lisa loved it very much, because the orgasm made her tremble and shake for a few moments. Then it was over. Mom licked her clit a little longer until it was completely soft again. Lisa sank into her Mom's arms, she felt soft and safe there. That's why Lisa loved fucking from a young age on.

Her mother was seriously ill with tuberculosis and fucked less and less. Little Lisa took over, she learned to clamp Daddy's cock between her labia and slide back and forth until Daddy squirted. To start with, Mom showed her how to press her labia left and right onto Daddy's stiff cock and slide back and forth firmly. When she leaned forward a little, Mom said, she slid on her clit. She fucked Daddy's cock like that for a long time until he squirted. Sometimes Lisa shuddered and sank forward onto his chest, then Daddy caressed her buttocks, which trembled and shook in a small orgasm. Then Lisa started to fuck Dad's cock again. Mom was very grateful to the little girl for this and licked her clit to orgasm every time the little girl made Daddy squirt. Mom and Dad fucked less and less often, Lisa fucked Daddy often and conscientiously and Mom visibly deteriorated. She made Lisa promise not to really fuck men, to become a spiritual sister and to pray for her poor soul.

After the funeral, Lisa asked Papa if he wanted to fuck her the same way as Mom, now that Mom was gone. At 13, she was much too young to fuck, Papa said, she was much too young and it was enough for him if she clamped his cock between her labia and fucked him to squirt. He would deflower her and fuck her when she was old enough, he had promised. Lisa nodded because she understood and fucked him three or four times a day because Papa was getting sicker and sicker too. Lisa sometimes met Jerome in the garden, he was much older than her and when he came he took out his cock, but it

was much smaller than Dad's. She was allowed to grab the cock and pull the foreskin back until the tip of the glans came out completely. He always rubbed his cock himself and squirted on the elder bush. Mrs. Weber, who had watched the whole thing from the window, scolded him and called him into the house to fuck her. She was the only one in the house who fucked the mentally retarded boy day in, day out, everyone knew that and found it outrageous. Jerome's mother didn't come home until late in the evening, after dinner she went to bed and let Jerome fuck her indifferently, he had to do it again and again and she was too tired to feel anything.

Lisa never went to school, she cared for Papa lovingly and fucked him more and more often because she missed Mom's clit licking and orgasms so much. She woke up once or twice a night covered in sweat, her clit throbbing like mad and only calmed down when Lisa rubbed her clit quickly to orgasm like Mom had done it daily.

She earned a few coins when she went down to old Odin's bar late at night and fucked the men in her fashion for a few coins. It filled her with a strange pride that all the men admired her beautiful white ass and wet pussy when she fucked a man in the bar. She fucked in such a way that everyone could see it very clearly when her labia slid over the cock. Once a month she had to fuck old one-eyed Odin, that was the deal, and in return he told her wondrous tall tales. His real name was Odysseus and he was looking for his wife Penelope. For a very long time, said the old man, who looked like he was 100 years old. Lisa liked to hear his stories, even though they were probably all lies. But he could describe everything he had experienced so well, as if he had been there himself. Gods, sorceresses, giants and the immense expanse of the oceans. He also introduced Lisa to Madame Veronique, in whose house she could fuck lots of men in her own fashion and get paid for it. Madame and the men noticed that Lisa didn't want to fuck for real and only wanted to fuck the men in her own fashion, like she did with her Dad. She could do it perfectly and the men liked her fashion and kept coming back. She went to Madame every day and brought the money home. She was 26 when her Daddy died. She was alone.

The monastery welcomed her with open arms. She was only a novice and after taking her vows she was given a new name, Sister Antonia. She was 30 when the war broke out. It was only in the last days of the war that the Russian soldiers discovered the monastery full of women. Nothing and no one could stop them from fucking the women. Only two dared to refuse. Sister Hermengild and Sister Juda fought back with all their might, the Russians simply slit their throats and fucked their still warm pussies. After that, no one resisted. Sister Antonia hid for two days, then she was discovered.

It was a group of 8 men who looked more like Chinese. They called her 'saikhan emegtei'. The leader was a tall man, he took off her habit. She was full naked and today, at the age of 34, she lost her virginity. He had her lean against the wall with her hands, he spread her buttocks and penetrated her from behind. They were Mongolians and they all had very small dicks like Jerome, maybe even smaller. Antonia flinched when her hymen broke, but he didn't wait a moment and continued to fuck her while she was standing. She didn't get sexually aroused in the slightest, the fucking didn't turn her on for a moment. She let herself be fucked completely indifferently, one after the other man fucked her. The men stayed for three days, they fucked Sister Antonia again and again, which she took completely coldly. The emperor had given up and fled into exile in Holland. The war ended, the Russians left. Sister Antonia lived in another monastery, she was a very good and popular nurse and the war had left enough injured men. She cared for the injured and watched them masturbate when she had to. She didn't masturbate any of them, she just showed them her pussy to get them excited when they started to masturbate. Most of the time she would make the guys squirt when she masturbated her clit to orgasm in front of their eyes, she enjoyed doing that and it made her feel good. At 65, she lost her faith and respect for the churchmen. She went to the bishop and left the church and the monastery.

She wandered around aimlessly. Finally, after weeks, she found work as a nurse, which wasn't easy at 65. She went from job to job, and the year went by pretty quickly. Then she was extremely lucky. She was given a permanent job as a nurse for Baron von Wolkenstein, with full board and lodging and a generous pay. The Baron was

still a young man, maybe 23 or 24 years old and bedridden. He had been injured in the war and could no longer use his legs. He was a very friendly, serious boy who spent most of his time in bed reading all the newspapers and books.

Lisa had to wash him from head to toe in bed every morning, which she did with pleasure and thoroughly. He looked good, his body was beautiful and flawless. She only paused briefly before washing his cock for the first time. "What a beautiful and magnificent cock, sir," she exclaimed in surprise, as she grabbed his cock. "I have seen a thousand cocks in my life, but never a beautiful, strong and a big one as yours! If I wash it, it will definitely get hard and start dripping or squirting, I know that!" He nodded and said that she could rub it too and, as Lisa shook her head firmly that she had never done that before, that she really had to wash the cock properly! Lisa nodded and washed the cock with the foaming sponge. Of course it got even stiffer and she pulled the foreskin back firmly, several times back and forth, with the foaming sponge. She pulled the foreskin back firmly when the young man squirted in rich, fat jets. They didn't actually talk about it directly, but she washed his cock four or five times a day with the foaming sponge so that the boy could squirt a lot.

He wanted to write down her life story and she stayed sitting on his bed and caressed the magnificent, large cock absentmindedly, while she told him everything and answered his questions openly and honestly as he wrote. How she licked and sucked excitedly on her mother's nipples, her stiff teats, when Dad fucked Mom. How Mom cuddled with her, wrestled with her for fun, making the child hot and hotter and finally licked the clit of her child to orgasm. Her mother was very good at it and she licked her at least once a day. No, she had never masturbated as a little girl, Lisa answered.

The Baron wrote everything down. How, when she was 8, Mom showed her how to pinch Dad's cock between her little labia and slide up and down until Dad squirted. She called it 'fucking Dad', even though she had never really fucked Dad, never! The Baron nodded, he believed her. She had fucked Dad like that at least once a day until she was 26, when Dad died.

Lisa found it difficult to talk about the other men, but the Baron was very understanding. She had to earn a little money somehow so that they could afford meat, rice pudding was not a good long-term diet. But they were dirt poor. The Baron nodded, he knew about it, because he paid for the food of an orphanage. Lisa let herself out a little, talking about the public fucking in Odin's bar. How it turned her on to show the guests her pussyhole fucking shamelessly and exhibitionistically. She didn't know the word, but the Baron explained it to her, laughing friendly. She also told him about the agreement to fuck Old Odin once a month and listen to his tall tales. The Baron smiled after listening to one of the tall tales. "Odysseus and his quest actually existed 3,000 years ago, I have a book about it, the Odyssey. I can read it to you sometime, dear Lisa!" he said, knowing that she couldn't read.

Lisa breathed a sigh of relief, the gentleman was very understanding. She also told him about the years when she was allowed to fuck in Madame Veronique's house for good money. She wasn't sure whether she hadn't actually been a whore, but the gentleman waved her off, saying that it wasn't important. She then told him about the 30 years in the monastery and in the monastery hospital, where she had learned all that, the nursing job. No, those were 30 years of real chastity, no fucking, nothing at all. She spread her legs when she watched someone starting to masturbate, but she didn't touch a single cock and didn't let anyone touch her pussy either. She cleaned the cocks after they had ejaculated and made him continue ejaculating with her fist if he hadn't finished. And she only masturbated herself when she woke up at night with a stiff clit. That happened again and again, night for night and she had gotten used to it. The Baron wanted to know exactly how this nightly masturbation went in detail, he was extremely interested. She understood why he was interested and described in great detail how she woke up from a filthy dream and masturbated her stiff, hard clit until she fell asleep again after the orgasm. His pencil raced across the writing pad and his cock became rock hard in her hand.

Lisa massaged him every morning and afternoon, all over his body with a scented oil. After massaging, she got the sponge and foamed him with the fist until he ejaculated. She also told him how the Rus-

sians attacked the monastery and fucked all the novices and sisters for days. How she was deflowered and powerfully fucked by all the men for three days, the first and only time, because she never fucked again in the following 30 years. She was very sad when she told him this and she cried a little, but she bravely told him in great detail how she was deflowered and how the men fucked her for three days. She had only been able to sleep for a short time between sex sessions before the next man came along with his small, stiff cock. The Baron asked his questions carefully because he wanted to describe everything as realistically as possible.

He asked her directly if she would fuck him the way the Russians had fucked her, but Lisa shook her head firmly, No, never! He let a few days pass before he asked her again, fuck the other way, like her Dad? She shook her head again, but she was unsure. She had been with the Baron for a year, she had let him squirt in the sponge with her fist several times a day and she had told him everything about her sex life. He pestered her every day, he didn't give up, in fact she gave up. But she was an old, wrinkled woman of 70, not a pretty young thing. But he just laughed, he wasn't athletic enough for the pretty young things, was he!? So one day she gave in.

She took off her clothes and he looked at her curiously. She was small and really very fat. She had a bright, friendly face, but otherwise she was unattractive. Her large breasts hung down heavily and softly to her thick hips, her armpits- and pubic hair had fallen out. He spread her reddened labia with his fingers and exclaimed, "Oh God, your clit is so sore!" Lisa nodded, a bit ashamed. "I keep dreaming about your cock, sir," she admitted quietly, "I have really horny dreams about you squirting! And then I wake up two or three times a night and have to masturbate, usually twice in a row. That's why!"

The young Baron smiled. "It's nice that your clit is so horny and insists on its rights!" She didn't really understand it, so she climbed into his bed for the first time. For the first time in years, she masturbated his cock with her naked fist to make it stiff. For the first time in 40 or 45 years, her labia wrapped around the long shaft, she supported herself with both hands on his chest and slid back and forth.

A shiver ran down her spine, the old feeling awoke again. She slid back and forth for half an hour and reliably made him squirt.

She stayed lying next to him, they had become intimate. He said he hadn't fucked since he was wounded. Before that he had only fucked one woman. His mother, the old baroness, had taken him to her bed when he was 11 because his father had never returned from Africa. The boy watched masturbate the 65 years old Mom every morning, she let him watch, dirty smiling. When he could squirt, she fucked him, every day and every night, he usually had to fuck five times a day, his drive was very strong at the time. She showed him how she liked it best. She started to masturbate and his cock grew just by watching her. When she orgasmed, he was allowed to fuck her hard and brutally during her orgasm and squirt quickly inside her when her orgasm subsided. He was very sad when he returned home from the war badly injured and found his dear mother dying. He lay next to her, sad and desperate, until she died in his arms days later.

From then on, Lisa lay down next to him and fucked him two or three times a day. He was very happy, it was much nicer than squirting in the bath sponge. She fucked him for a whole year and one day she decided to fuck him "like the Russians," she said to him. "Like the Russians?" he asked doubtfully. Smiling, she rubbed his cock with her fist until it was stiff and stuffed his cock decidedly into her pleasure hole. It was the first time in 40 years. She rode him, but again she felt sexually nothing. After squirting, she lay down next to him and opened her heart to him. He laughed dryly. "Dear Lisa, think of something hot while you fuck me and masturbate your clit while you do it. That will turn you on!" She smiled, but she did it the next time. It worked. From then on, she fucked him and made herself an orgasm, when she wanted it. The Baron must also have liked watching her clitrubbing, she could feel that very clearly on his cock. She took her time to rub her clit, as the old woman had to fight for a long time, until the orgasm made her fall and collapse over his loins, long after the young man had already squirted.

The Baron was dismayed when Hitler became Chancellor. He became more and more desperate as the Reich was heading towards the next war at the speed of an express train. There was nothing any-

one could do about it, that was just the way it was. The only way to stop the disaster was with a bullet. He laughed hysterically, he couldn't even leave his room. A bullet! He laughed until he cried.

On September 1st, Hitler invaded Poland.

• • •

# The Innocent Maid of Toledo

by Jack Faber © 2024

Ria, actually Rinalda, was the 14-year-old daughter of Don Rodrigo, the Lord of Toledo. He had been away with his small army for 6 weeks now, fighting alongside the royals against the Moors who were attacking Catholic Spain from the south. Ria's mother Isabella had died of phthisis 4 years ago, Ria lived alone in the large castle on the banks of the Tajo. Ria loved to sit on the river bank and look out over the Tajo, which flowed majestically through the small town. This little spot belonged to her alone. Only Alejandro came here, he loved Ria passionately. He cared little about the fact that Ria was already promised to a nobleman in Madrid, engaged since she was 7 years old.

Alejandro appeared quietly, approaching like a predator. She looked up as he sat down next to her on the grass. She loved his face, his body and everything. He was the man of her heart, and since they made love, he had never touched anyone else. He had already fucked a whole lot of mature, chaste wives, he was like poison to these chaste, faithful wives who began to tremble with desire as soon as they saw him. He fucked them all without conscience, even though he knew full well that the men were fighting against the Moors. He had an unmistakable sense of what would happen if the woman's pussy got wet at his fiery glances and she started to tremble when he undressed and fucked her. But now he belonged to Ria, body and soul, and love for the Duke's daughter was not stupid either.

They kissed for a long time and rolled on the grass until Ria asked, "Shall I? You're already very hard again!" She had learned to masturbate his cock a few days ago and did it every afternoon when his cock got hard while kissing. Ria had grown up very sheltered, she had no idea about sexuality until a few days ago and Alejandro's cock was the first one she could take in her hand and explore. She had learned to masturbate him in a few minutes, she screamed with pleasure when she let him ejaculate on the grass. Alejandro knew that with a virgin, one of high birth, he had to take it slowly. But today it was

time for the next step. He took out his cock and let her masturbate him.

Ria wiped the semen from his cock with a handkerchief and lay down next to him. They hugged each other endlessly. Alejandro's hand ventured to the hem of her skirt for the first time, touched her ankles and caressed her lower legs. Ria put her hand on his and stopped him. "No, Alejandro, my love!" She held his hand very lightly. "I am still a virgin, untouched and chaste!" He nodded kindly. "I know, beloved Ria, I would never rob you of your virginity, never! I know how to wait until you want to be my wife and give me your virginity of your own accord. I just want to caress your body because my heart is overflowing with love and I just want to touch and caress your naked flesh, your naked skin, your precious body!" His insinuating words flowed like the waters of the Tajo. Her hand loosened and his hand continued to wander under her skirt. She sighed with her eyes closed as he touched her bare skin under her skirt, caressing it until he reached her knees. She sighed and sighed as his hand caressed the bare skin of her inner thighs. His hand would instantly turn around if he happened to touch her pussy for a second. He instinctively felt that he must not go any further now. She relaxed when he did not go any higher. She let him caress the bare, sensitive skin of her inner thighs for an hour, a hot, unknown desire raging in her wet pussy. Alejandro left when the churchbell rang. Ria lay awake late in the evening, caressing her inner thighs as he had done, but it was not the same.

She waited for him impatiently, she wanted to feel his hand on her inner thighs. She was dying of desire, she felt his hand slip an inch higher than yesterday and touching her pussy every time. This couldn't be a coincidence! The bell rang much too early.

He did not come the next day, a little girl slipped into her garden and told Ria that Don Alejandro was sick and would come tomorrow. The girl came three times, Ria was beside herself with desire and longing. Alejandro came, pale around the nose and with a slight fever, but he was no longer sick. His illness was called Donna Elvira, who had held him sick for three days. He was humiliated, he had cheated on Ria, he was a vile scoundrel. But Ria was excited, she

pulled his cock out of his pants, something she had never done before, she masturbated his cock and dabbed the semen off it with a tissue. She put his hand on the curve of her butt. "I was dying for you, Alejandro! I missed you so much, I missed the caress of your hand so much, I would have preferred to die when you didn't come!" Alejandro lowered his head. What a love, what a naturalness! He cursed Elvira, who had fucked him nonstop but felt no more affection for him than for her lapdog. Damn her, damn her! But he had to admit to himself that it takes two to fuck, two sinners, not just one!

"Forgive me, Ria, I'm such a failure, I made you wait three days! It will never happen again!" he swore and bit his tongue, because there were still so many Elviras in the city, he wouldn't be able to resist, not him! "Can I caress you again?" he asked and she gave him a little slap on the hand with a smile. "You seem to have completely forgotten where we left off!" she said with mock annoyance. She pulled her skirt up to just above her knees. Alejandro saw his chance. He let his hand slide up her leg, past her knees, to the middle of her inner thighs and let his hand rest on the fluff of her pubic hair. Her eyes widened. "No, no, I'm untouched!" But Alejandro's hand was close to the target and he didn't give an inch.

"Your fluff is so soft!" he whispered, "it feels divine." Suddenly he lifted her skirt so that she was completely naked and knelt down in front of her. "How beautiful your pussy is," he said as he parted her labia gently with his fingers. "And a clit, damn it, it's as big and stiff as a little finger!" He kissed her pussy, her clit, gently and reverently. They were silent, Ria was completely taken aback. Only one man had ever touched her like that, her father. When he came in at night to kiss her goodnight. Since Mama had died, he had pushed her nightgown up to her chin and gently caressed her naked body, all over. It was he who noticed that her breasts were slowly blossoming. It was his gentle, loving hand that tenderly caressed and parted her slit and labia to caress her sanctuary and who discovered the first fluff above her slit. She had instinctively spread her legs and sighed happily as he gently caressed her pussy and clit a while. Then he had pulled her nightgown down again, kissed her goodnight and walked with heavy steps. That was her father, her dearest father.

And now Alejandro's hand rested on her pussy, his fingers playing with the soft fluff. She held her breath as a finger slid into her slit. "I'm still a virgin, my love," she breathed softly and reproachfully. The hot flood rose up to her throat. Alejandro asked, "don't you ever do it?" and she asked what he meant. His finger touched her clit. "There, that's where the girls do it!" Ria shook her head, no, she didn't know what he meant.

He began to caress her clit very gently. Her breathing was short, it was so fine, so beautiful and — what word was there for it? Exciting, arousing? Her thighs relaxed as he whispered that it was basically the same as when she masturbated him. Her clit was stiff and firm, just like it was at night when she caressed her pussy lightly and innocently. She relaxed and slowly let her thighs slide apart. A fiery giant grew inside her, it grew bigger and bigger and burst. She jumped and slammed her thighs together. It was her first orgasm.

Alejandro held her in his arms and explained it to her as best he could. Ria suddenly felt that she was no longer a child. She was growing up. They whispered for a long time that they would masturbate each other in the future, that was right and okay. Since that afternoon, Ria masturbated every night, sighed and was able to fall asleep immediately. She felt the desire and longing completely differently than before, it just told her that she needed an orgasm now. Now.

Alejandro spread her thighs wide and he dove deep. She felt the young man's lips upon her pussy. "Alejandro, what are you doing?" she exclaimed in surprise, "No! what are you doing?" His tongue licked her clit and it was so wonderful that Ria almost jumped out of her skin, squirming and twitching. She grabbed his head by the hair and pressed his lips firmly to her pussy. He licked her clit until she pressed her thighs against his ears in orgasm. Licking her clit was the best invention and she let him lick her every afternoon. Alejandro knelt in front of her pussy, he had pushed her skirt up to her chest. His cock approached and touched her labia. "No, Alejandro, don't!" Ria cried anxiously, but he smiled. "I will never rob you of your virginity," he said, "trust me!" His glans penetrated between her labia until he touched the hymen. He took her hand and let her masturbate him. She did it, anxiously trying not to let his cock through her

hymen. He squirted in her vestibule and was very happy. She hadn't felt anything sexually, but she understood how much he enjoyed it. They did it every day, he squirted in her vestibule and licked her to a jubilant orgasm.

Ria did not hear Rodrigo's footsteps, not even when he came in quietly as always. He stopped under the door, the light behind him illuminating the naked Ria, who was masturbating, completely absorbed in herself. For father Rodrigo was just only new that Ria was masturbating. He had seen it a thousand times, his wife Isabella masturbated every night and left the candle burning so he could see her doing it. But Isabella was no more.

Ria opened her eyes when she was finished and blinked in the light. Naked as she was, she jumped out of the bed and hugged her father passionately. "Papa, I didn't know you were coming today, otherwise I would have been waiting for you with a delicious meal!" He kissed her too and returned the hug. They sat down on the bed and he told her briefly how the campaign had ended, the Moors had fled headlong to the south and they had been let go.

"I was just surprised at how grown up you have become, my little one!" he stated, "you're already masturbating! Like Isabella, your poor mother, God rest her soul! She masturbated every night before she went to sleep, usually lying in my arms and masturbating with passion and delight. I loved her very much, my Isabella!" They were silent, both lost in their thoughts. Rodrigo kissed her goodnight and left.

One of the next evenings he came into her bedroom and sat down at the foot of the bed. She could see in the dim light that he was crying silently. Her heart clenched. "What's wrong, Papa?" she asked very quietly. He was silent for a long time. He pulled down her blanket; she was totally naked. "Let me see it," he stammered awkwardly. She knew immediately what he meant. "Shall I light the candle?" she asked, but he had already leaned forward and lit the candle. He wiped the tears from his eyes and smiled awkwardly. Ria said, "I'm a little ashamed, Papa, will you hold me in your arms?" She lay down in his arms and hesitated for a long time, then she pulled herself to-

gether and masturbated, very shy and full of shame. He watched in silence and finally left quietly.

In the morning a maid woke her up very early, which was unusual. “Breakfast with the Lord,” whispered the maid. Ria quickly got dressed and went into the dining room; there was indeed breakfast. She gave him a good morning kiss. He looked up. “I was in Madrid two weeks ago. I saw your fiancé. I spoke to his father and called off the engagement.” He continued eating calmly, but Ria was dismayed. He continued speaking when he noticed. “He has turned into a slovenly dirtbag. I would rather give you to a stable boy than to this scum! I don’t care about the financial loss, I don’t really care. I’ll find you someone else, someone decent, I owe that to Isabella.” They continued eating in silence; Ria would have liked to know why he turned Don Fernando down, but she decided to ask him at a better opportunity.

The father had finished breakfast. He said he was riding out on a tour of inspection and would be back in the evening. Wouldn’t she spend the night with him, in the big double bed? he asked casually. “I don’t want to sleep alone anymore,” he added. Ria nodded with a dry throat and swallowed deeply. “Good,” he said and left. In the afternoon Ria made a decision, and it was not an easy one. “Father has come home and we are not allowed to see each other anymore. Not until he has left again,” she said to Alejandro. She said nothing about the broken engagement, not until she knew more. He wanted to protest, but she did not accept any counterarguments. “If he catches us, he will cut off your head. He is the Duke, he can do that. I will not allow that.” Alejandro was surprised at how clearly and maturely she spoke. Ria was no longer a little girl. She said that she was sad because they would not have another date. He nodded and pretended to be sad too. She looked at him contemptuously. “You will find a Donna Elvira for the meantime,” she said dryly. He looked surprised, but she said very dryly, “In such a small town, it gets around quickly, people have nothing else to do but gossip. I assume so, you don’t need to pretend to be ill, my love!” The shot hit home. She left before she could be talked out of it.

After dinner, she followed Papa into the large parents' bedroom. He shook his head when she wanted to put on her nightgown. He left a candle burning and hugged her before she went to sleep. It was not until the third night that he took her in his arms. He didn't need to say anything. She snuggled up deep in his arms and played with her clit until desire rose within her. She masturbated every night in his arms, he watched without saying a word and kissed the top of her head each time after. She knew that every afternoon he mounted and fucked a different maid, she heard the maids whispering.

Don Fernando, her former fiancé, had become a drunkard and gambler, he lost all his money at the gaming table and got into more and more debt when his father refused to give him money. He drank far too much and woke up every morning in a strange bed. They were usually not whores, but respectable and chaste wives, he had no conscience at all and never thought about the husbands, who mostly served on the battlefields while Fernando fucked their wives. Ria was grateful to her father because she had poisoned Don Fernando in the first week. Her father knew that Ria was not joking.

Ria really enjoyed spending the night with him, it had already been six months and she was 15. She claimed that it didn't bother her that he fucked the maids. He said he was only 43 and not an old man yet, his cock wanted to fuck every day, that was normal. She sheepishly admitted that she was a little jealous. Why didn't he fuck her!?

Her father was perplexed, fuck you!? He thought about it for a long time. He had often thought about it, she was looking more and more like Isabella, having her queenlike slim body, Isabellas big boobs and a face reminding him to his wife. He didn't care about the opinion of the almighty church, he believed in his God and didn't need the priests. They would burn him at the stake, but that didn't bother him. They argued for days, for weeks. Ria was sure she would get him to do it. She didn't have to think seriously about contraception at the moment, she didn't have her period yet. He just had to be reminded of the idea every night until he gave in. He gave finally in.

He wanted to know if she had a boyfriend. She nodded and said she had sent him packing, he wasn't a man for life, more like some-

one who just awakened her sexuality. And it was nice to be completely in love and to experience the feeling of wanting to give yourself completely to a man, even if she hadn't taken the final step.

Her father had her tell him everything in detail. How she had learned to masturbate him to squirt. How he had explored her body millimeter by millimeter and triggered the desire and longing in her pussy. How he had taught her to masturbate. After that, she had always let him fuck her in the vestibule of her vagina, because he was meticulous about her hymen. She rubbed his cock at the same time and let him squirt in the vestibule of her vagina as often as he wanted. She only did that for him, she herself felt absolutely nothing sexual about it. And if she hadn't been engaged at the time, then... Her father nodded, that was good. She hadn't done anything wrong and hadn't cheated on her distant fiancé before marriage. She hadn't given any reason for a heated argument with Don Fernando. He hugged and kissed her spontaneously. "Isabella has brought you up well and I'm very proud of you!"

She didn't want to wait any longer, she said as she pulled him between her thighs one evening. "Of course you're my father. But you're exactly the man I love, the man I love more than anything. Be my first!" He was taken aback, but not unhappy. "Be my little wife, Ria!" he said. She nodded and kissed him. "Love me, Daddy, because I love you more than anyone else!" He penetrated her carefully and considerately, he had a lot of experience in deflowering. Ria felt her hymen tear, but it didn't hurt much. He fucked her, and how! He was very good at fucking, he brought Ria to orgasm and squirted inside, he knew that she hadn't had her period yet. The maids couldn't fail to notice, but they liked the Duke because he continued to fuck them well in the afternoon. Ria was happy for him because she also thought it was normal for him to fuck his maids, which was quite normal and common in Spain of the 12th century.

She fucked him every day until she was 35. She didn't get her period until she was 26 and gave birth to 3 children, three girls. They loved their daughters more than anything and they lived a loving family life. He only went to the battlefield in exceptional cases when it was unavoidable. She mended his doublet of stitched triple-leather

with strong thread, the holes and cuts testifying to his bravery. He fell defending Toledo, which had fallen to the Moors for the second time in a hundred years. The victor, Mehmet Bey, had his body washed and sent to the city so that the Duke could be given a proper burial.

Ria was very faithful to Rodrigo, she only cheated on him twice. She followed Alejandro's life meticulously, there wasn't a single honest, chaste wife in Toledo that he hadn't fucked. Not a single one! He avoided virgins and young girls, he only fucked mature women, especially married women. If the daughters were present when their mother was being fucked, he naturally fucked the girls too. He grinned devilishly when he fucked an underage girl in front of her mother. No one knew where he got the power to subjugate any woman and fuck her as he pleased.

Alejandro visited Ria three times, each time she was already heavily pregnant. He caressed her round belly, "Rodrigo's?" he asked purely rhetorically. She was subject to his hypnotic magic, she didn't really want to cheat on Rodrigo or let Alejandro fuck her. But he had a devilish magic that made every woman subject to him, nobles, commoners and all the nuns in the convent. All of them! The Carmelite convent had 35 nuns of all ages and virgin novices. Alejandro was on a rampage and fucked all the nuns under 60 and all the novices like he was in a blood frenzy. All of them! Ria's whole body was shaking, she didn't want to let him fuck her, but she had to! She succumbed to his hypnotic magic, he undressed the trembling Ria and fucked her for two hours. The same thing happened with her second and third child, after which the sinister magician disappeared from her life.

The second was a dwarf, el Kebir, who taught her Arabic. Rodrigo thought that you had to know the enemy's language, but he quickly gave up, feeling inadequate. Ria studied with the dwarf every day, she learned very easily. He sat on the floor between her thighs and tried to catch a glimpse of her pussy. She lifted her skirt up above her knees and let the little one look her pussyhole. He masturbated non-stop, she smiled faintly because he ejaculated again and again when her finger touched her clit. El Kebir had a huge, chunky cock and ejaculated endlessly. When the class was over, the dwarf was allowed

to climb onto her chair and fuck her for an hour. He leaned on the armrests and waited patiently until she had rubbed his cock until it was stiff again. She inserted his giant cock very carefully with her fingers; the first time he had rammed his cock into her so roughly that she screamed in shock. Since then, she inserted the cock herself and closed her eyes. He really fucked excellently; his cock stayed stiff for about an hour and she quickly had an orgasm and stayed at the peak until he was finished. He couldn't squirt anymore, but that was fine with Ria. She really liked the way he fucked her and made her fly from orgasm to orgasm.

The Moors took over the city. The victor, Mehmet Bey, firstly gave the order to build the most beautiful mosque. Secondly, he was entitled to the wife of the defeated Duke, but the Duke had been a widower. So Mehmet took Ria and her little daughters in his harem. He was educated and a good, agreeable man in private. Ria was not forced to anything, she remained a Christian, of which there were several in the harem. She lay down with Mehmet, who was already quite old and had weak loins. He wisely gave one or two of his wives to a warrior for a night if he had distinguished himself. Ria was quite happy with that, she really enjoyed a strong cock. She looked at the warriors and chose one for the night, there was no reason not to get a good fuck! She stayed in the harem until she was 56 years old, she learned Arabic, kept her figure in good shape and fucked as much as she could. Her vagina had shrunk rapidly after Rodrigo's death, so her vagina had to adapt to the size of the cock when she was fucked. She especially loved the black Moors who had very big cocks and who fucked her several times in a row. She always had favorites with whom she fucked until she fell over.

Mehmet stubbornly insisted that her daughters be deflowered at 13 like all Moorish girls and then be available for fucking like the other harem women. Ria prepared her daughters conscientiously for deflowering and fucking. The daughters were often allowed to watch the fucking through a spy hole, Ria looked through the hole with them and discussed with them everything that went well and what went wrong. She was glad that it was a Moorish custom for the mother to be present at the deflowering. This was a wise custom. She lay naked next to her daughter and grabbed the cock of the black fa-

vorite. She rubbed her daughter's clit for the first time, but it was important that she was deflowered during orgasm. When the orgasm was very close, she grabbed the cock and rammed it into her daughter's pussy. The girl orgasmed and Ria drove the cock through the hymen. She let go of both of them and the black man fucked the child slowly and carefully. After he had squirted inside, she hugged her daughter and comforted her. She lay down under the black man and carefully inserted his cock. She whimpered and moaned endlessly until her atrophied vagina had adapted to the large black cock. The daughter saw for the first time how Ria let herself be fucked and fucked the black man. It took quite a long time and Ria screamed with lust and desire. Later, Ria supervised her daughter to ensure that she only let herself be fucked by good men and that she drank the tea made from devil's root for contraception. But the daughters did a good job and Ria could be really satisfied.

Mehmet died when Ria was 56 years old. His harem was dissolved, the new Bey did not sell the harem women into slavery because he was a good son who fulfilled his father's last wishes. The women scattered to the four winds.

Ria moved to Catholic Madrid with her daughters.

• • •