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A woman with long brown hair is depicted in a state of distress or shock, her mouth wide open. She is wearing a white, button-down shirt and a striped tie. She is surrounded by thick, green, tentacle-like vines that appear to be strangling her. The scene is set against a dark, textured background.

Mandrake

Volume 2

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The Way of a Virgin

by Jack Faber © 2023

We are a destitute family in Vietnam, my 13 year old brother Kwon, my 2 little half siblings that my father has from his much younger second wife. My mother died giving birth to Kwon when I was only a year old. Now I am 14. After her death, the very young neighbor girl came to Daddy's every night to fuck him. She claimed her husband didn't mind the fucking as long as she didn't let Daddy squirt inside, but we knew he usually squirted twice in her little pussyhole — the first time right in the middle of her finger-orgasm or shortly after, and the second time when she was riding him and her pussy was milking his semen out of his cock real hard and slowly. She always left the little light on and said to him that she never fucked in the darkness and that it didn't hurt the kids to see normal sex. Of course she knew that Kwon and I were watching. She masturbated beforehand every time to get Daddy hot and eager. She masturbated very strangely, kneeling naked in front of Daddy and rubbing her clit for an instant. Then, long before the orgasm came, she put her head back on the mattress and her body formed a kind of a curved bridge, her clit pinching out like a thorn. Now she rubbed her clit very fast for long, and when the orgasm shook her, the bridge twitched as if in convulsions. Daddy fucked her bridge forming pussy immediately during her orgasm and very soon squirted into her little hole, he had to squeeze his ass cheeks rhythmically with each jet, jet after jet. But then she rode him, we just saw her spread ass cheeks riding up and down on his cock which stuck deep in her pussyhole. When it came to him, she fucked him very slowly and her pussyhole milked his cock dry with strong strokes. When she had her period, she would take his cock in her mouth and rub it real fast and after she bravely swallowed his semen, she would kiss him fleetingly on the cheek and go home to her husband. She introduced Daddy and Mommy to each other a few years ago and Mommy is a great mother.

We share a room with 3 beds, one for the parents, one for Kwon and me and in the third the two midgets. Kwon and I have always slept naked together like the parents and we always spy when our

parents fuck. Mommy keeps the little light on too and also says that it didn't hurt the kids to see normal sex. Of course she knew that we were spying.

Daddy usually demands that Mommy get naked and masturbate in front of his — and our — eyes, because that makes him really horny. She lies on her back and spreads her knees apart and she masturbates wildly and passionately, she never did it as a fake show. The orgasm makes her wince spasmodically and that's the signal for Daddy to penetrate and fuck wildly away. That's how I learned to masturbate from a young age on, and of course I do it several times every night. Most of the time the parents just sloppily cover their nudity when they fuck, so that Kwon and I can see everything very clearly. Mommy isn't even 10 years older than me, but she already has a pretty big hole that Daddy forces his cock into and then fucks her, just like the dogs on the street. It doesn't take him very long, then he pinches his flat ass cheeks together rhythmically and squirts into Mommy's pussyhole jet after jet. Mommy never gets an orgasm while fucking, I actually don't know for sure if women can even have orgasms while fucking. He immediately turns over and falls asleep instantly, because he works from early in the morning until the evening and earns a little money. Mommy waits a bit and then masturbates very quickly. She doesn't make a sound, the orgasm only makes her twitch and wriggle violently like mad. Kwon and I watch silently with bated breath, Kwon lying half on my back while spying and thrusting his cock into my ass crease or pussy crack. Mostly into my pussy crack and he usually squirts inside through the large hole in my hymen. He is not allowed to fuck me in real in the dark, because he can't see where the hole is. The spying excites him very much and he squirts probably a dozen times a single jet without rubbing his cock. It excites me too, of course, lying on my belly and sliding a hand underneath to play with my clit. But I have less often a secret orgasm than Kwon, who jerks off a single rich jet every few minutes. First I play only with my clit and masturbate for real only when Mommy also masturbates for real breathlessly horny with racing fingers on her clit at the end. Then she turns off the light and falls asleep too. Then it's our turn, I masturbate Kwon with my fist while he's allowed to touch my little pussy parts and I let him squirt quickly, then it's my turn. I masturbate about the same as Mommy

with a breathless racing of my finger on my clit and mostly Kwon also masturbates at the same time when he watches me, for in the dim light you see everything. I need this violent and wild masturbation every night at least twice in quick succession, with Kwon hugging me lovingly during masturbation because his sperm is already emptied and he wants to feel my lusts with his body.

Mommy knows that we both masturbate in the evening, she showed me herself years ago how I have to masturbate Kwon with my fist. She masturbated him three times in a row with her fist and Kwon and I learned then. She then caught us once in the afternoon trying to fuck. She explained the hymen to both of us and told us not to tear it because I could sell it very expensively later on. With that money, a family could buy food for a year. That was a lot of money. Mommy showed Kwon exactly how to fuck me without damaging my hymen. The hymen has a big hole, so he can very carefully put his slim, long cock through it and fuck me normally. However, he has to hold still when he cums, because the cock is then very thick. He then has to wait until his cock softens and is then allowed to pull it out again. It sounds easy, but you have to be very careful. She watched the fucking very closely a few times in the beginning and corrected him until he understood. The hole in my hymen has grown a good bit in the meantime, but the hymen is still undamaged and there. She then said it was much safer if I masturbated him with my fist. That was clear, so we fuck for real every afternoon and in the evening I masturbate Kwon with my fist, that makes me a bit hornier myself and I can masturbate wonderfully afterwards. I once told her how fine the real fucking with Kwon was for me and she smiled, "Fuck as often as possible, it's healthy and gives a lot of pleasure!" Mommy doesn't mind at all if we fuck in the afternoon in the same room where she does something for the household or prepares food besides. She just looks a little bit to see if we are paying attention, and of course we are.

One afternoon Mommy let Kwon fuck her, so to speak for rehearsal she said, he was allowed to squirt three times in a row and on the third fuck she masturbated herself to orgasm. I crouched behind Kwon and it looked insanely awesome! She promised him next year he would be 14 and then he could fuck her every afternoon as often

as he wanted if he could keep it a secret from Daddy and the others. That was no incest, because he was not her son, we had learned in school. He nodded eagerly, still shaking so much from squirting into her pussyhole that I hugged him tightly and held him until he calmed down. Mommy got dressed again and told me Kwon couldn't fuck me anymore because I might have a baby. She didn't, she couldn't have another baby. Later, Kwon kept asking me out and I kept having to describe to him what his fucking had looked like in Mommy's pussyhole. I was pretty down about the baby-thing and a little jealous because he was so happy to be allowed to fuck her.

Mommy never talks about her work, but she brings a lot more money home than Daddy. Once I overheard her talking to our neighbor girl as they discussed fucking techniques, positions and masturbation, and I loved listening every day because the two women called a spade a spade and obviously had incredible experience with fucking and masturbating. I also liked listening to them because during their quiet conversations they both played very delicately with their clits under their skirts, and I soon found out that their deep sighs and the short silence afterwards were the only signs of their orgasms. I have to sit under the table on the floor since they need the table for drinking coffee. I pretend to study in my notebooks, but in truth I'm looking up their skirts left and right. When they play with their clits, their skirts slide up higher and I look right into their pussyholes and at their clits, it's very very exciting and my own clit usually gets very stiff and throbbing too, but I don't dare to touch my clit. I really like watching them orgasm. My Mommy sighed deeply and whispered after her orgasm that Daddy was still very very bad at fucking, he hardly fucked for a minute, the Europeans or Americans could do much better. I was very unsettled, I wonder how she knew that? At the time I suspected she was letting European and American tourists fuck her for money like the neighbor girl. But Daddy sometimes asks her in the evening, when she shows him her money, how many there were today, then she says, for example: "Eight big white and four small yellow fishlets" and then he laughs and says: "A good catch!" So I think she is working somewhere in the fish market nearby.

Mommy took a closer look at Kwon's cock the day after their rehearsal fucking and said it was too big and too thick for the hole in

my hymen by now. From that afternoon on she let Kwon fuck her every afternoon and of course we hid it from Daddy. I was quite sure that Kwon's cock was not a bit thicker than yesterday or the day before and I suspected she could not wait until he turned 14. He usually squirted in two or three times in a row and she masturbated throughout the fucking. I was allowed to lie next to her, watch the fucking up close and masturbate to my heart's liking. When Kwon was too tired to keep fucking, I masturbated his cock inside her little pussyhole and let him squirt in powerfully. Soon I wasn't jealous anymore, because Mommy had promised to sell my hymen very expensively, but I had to fuck a completely stranger for it. That's okay, I said, the money was important to all of us. "Then I'll bring you a little fishlet to you for a very very fine fucking, for a real fucking, my sweetheart!" she said with a loving smile. Kwon got lazier and lazier and regularly let me masturbate him in her pussyhole and squirted grunting contentedly. Mommy noticed me watching her masturbating curiously and asked me if I didn't want to masturbate her? I nodded and felt her clit. I had never touched another clit before and I was very excited. It felt very strange, it was warm and stiff. She ordered me to lick her clit for a very long time to moisten it profoundly, and the licking, which I have never done before, I found so insanely horny and arousing me, that I just continued to lick her and licked with such fervor that I accidentally licked her to orgasm, and continued to lick her wonderful clit from orgasm to orgasm, so that she still had to remind me violently twitching and laughing, but now to rub the clit with a finger. From now on she let me lick her clit with a grin while Kwon fucked her. But they both didn't understand how good this clit licking was for myself! She let herself slide backwards very relaxed and we both took over the activities. Kwon fucked her firmly and steadily, I licked her clit slowly and then faster and triggered her orgasm rapidly with my tongue. I waited until she nodded to me and I licked her again with great pleasure and lust, so she had many more orgasms than before and I could ignore Kwon, I had no capacity left to masturbate him.

I was already taking the pill for the third month, Mommy bought me three seductively skimpy dresses and showed me how I looked better with a little makeup. I got a new identity card with a false name and false address. And there I was already 19, that was because

of the police, when they frisked me, she explained that to me very precisely, because that was an important issue. I had very little pubic hair, but I had to shave myself every day now, because men didn't like pubic hair or stubble, it had to be really smooth like a baby's ass. I was very ashamed when she shaved me for the first time and my clit got really horny and all stiff and stood up between the shaved labia and stuck out an inch. It was obvious what it wanted and she nodded very kindly and asked if it was me or her who should do it? I was confused and nodded, not immediately knowing what to answer. She accepted and pulled my knees up, then spread them. I almost perished with shame, because my clit looked out even further with my legs open and it knew exactly what was coming now, the rascal! I have never been masturbated before, turned my head away and closed my eyes in horrified shame. She was masturbating me really quite delicately and exactly in the same way as I was used to. I jerked and wriggled convulsively in orgasm and saw Kwon's eyes almost fall out.

At lunchtime, Mommy came home only briefly to be fucked very hastily by Kwon and let me lick her clit during their fucking, before she went back to work quickly. The young neighbor took a lot of photos of me, in skimpy dresses, in portrait and naked, in many different positions, with legs spread, licking Mommy's clit devotedly or masturbating my own clit. Weeks later the time had come, Mommy called me and ordered me to a hotel. She was very excited and kept repeating what I had to do and what not to do. Her emergency number. No alcohol, just coke. No swallowing anything, no drugs, no smoking. We had gone over all this a hundred times before. "Did you bring your ID card?" My heart was pounding, but I was composed. "Which one?" I asked, and she pointed her chin toward the bar. A tall blond man with a full beard. "Now go on, that's the one, an American, your first fine little fishlet!" She had already gotten the money, she whispered. Off I went.

The American made me sit down and offered me a drink. I spoke English for the first time. "A Coke please, thank you very much, and thank you again!" It was not easy, I had only 4 years of English in school. He was already old, maybe 30, but not as old as Daddy. When he smiled, he seemed to be very nice. He was from Norway and his name was Thorfinn. He smiled sweetly and said something, some-

thing about ‘thundering’. I nodded like a submissive Japanese Geisha-Doll and whispered my fake name, Cai, which means ‘sweet girl’ and I was from here, Ho Chi Minh City. He took my hand and told me a long mouse tail of stuff that I only at half understood. He worked internationally with computers and had been to H.C.M.-City already 12 times. He had no wife and no children, he said, because when you work with computers, it is better that way. I whispered softly that I would start medical school soon. That was true, too, but not for another three years. We didn’t talk much more, he took my hand and led me to the elevator, to his room. He put down my Coke and pointed to the bathroom. “We’re taking a shower!” he announced. He soaped me up with lots of suds and washed me, his cock and himself off. I smiled and said it was swell to shower twice in one hour! and we were both laughing now. He dried us off and hugged me for the first time. I was shaking with excitement and nodded when he asked if I was ready?

It was actually the same as always, as with Kwon. He refrained from kissing and cuddling, knowing that it was not appropriate in our culture. I shook my head, for all I care he didn’t need a condom, I’m on the pill. Tenderly and considerately he embraced me before penetrating. I felt a violent prick and that was it. He fucked me with his medium sized cock for quite a while, then he squirted into my pussyhole. I could feel the warm jets quite clearly as he squirted in.

After that we sat side by side on the bed, he smoked and asked me if it was okay with me. I gulped and whispered that I was sorry there was a blood stain on the bed sheet. He laughed loudly and offered me a cigarette again, but I declined. He fondled my tiny little breasts, flat as a flatbread, and asked how old I really was. I thought back and forth and he smiled adorably. He just wanted to know and not cause any trouble. I trusted his smile and whispered I was 14 years and 8 months old. He nodded, okay. We did not fuck for a second time, although I would have wanted it badly and also desperately needed it. He got up and escorted me to the bar. He asked if I wanted another Coke, but I declined with thanks. Mommy sat like on hot coals and I said goodbye. I waited for Mommy on the street.

Well, now I had become a real woman! I told Mommy everything on the way home, I left nothing out. Even before we arrived home, I deposited my ownership of Kwon. There was no reason not to fuck me anymore, and she had Daddy, so Kwon was mine! I had expected resistance from her, but she smiled to my amazement and muttered that he fucked just as miserable as his father. With that, the cookie was eaten.

Of course, I let Kwon look at the naked pictures we had taken at the neighbor's house on my cell phone, but not copy them. I was too afraid they might get on the internet. We waited in the evening until Daddy was asleep and Mommy was done with the second masturbation, then we fucked quietly. No more masturbating with my fist, no more fucking with Mommy, no more fucking in the afternoon. Kwon was allowed to fuck me every night, as often as he wanted. I still masturbated several times before going to sleep until I was tired. I didn't get an orgasm while fucking, which really pissed Kwon off, but that's the way it was. Whether it would have gone if he could have fucked longer, I didn't know.

Kwon and I were now studying really hard and we became top of the class pretty quickly. I wanted to graduate as fast as I could, maybe as early as 17, and go to medical school right away. Mommy put aside most of the money I earned from my fucking for my studies. I tried very hard, I studied obsessively and fucked as many men as I could. Like Mommy, I felt I had to keep the money together and bought makeup and clothes very sparingly. She was absolutely right that I didn't smoke, drink alcohol or do drugs. We were a splendid pair in the years until I went to college, two splendid young whores.

Daddy only worked until noon and drowned his disappointment with alcohol. We couldn't talk him out of it. Then he got no work at all and sat motionless at the table until the afternoon. He didn't start drinking until late afternoon. He was still sober in the afternoon and lovingly occupied himself with the two youngest ones. He had never attended school and could neither read nor write. But since he wanted to help the little ones with their homework, he learned to read with me and Kwon and could really keep up with his children.

He knew very well from the first day that his wife worked as a whore and now earned the money for the family, for that he was grateful. We were usually only two at home before noon and the dear little neighbor girl came over every noon since he was out of work and fucked Daddy, just like she had done before. He was much too drunk in the evening to still fuck with Mommy. I always watched them fucking, even though I was sitting in front of my notebooks and was supposed to be studying. Only sometimes I masturbated secretly when they were doing it really horny. When she had scurried out, he often still sat on the bed and masturbated very thankful and slowly. If I opened my legs a little bit and he could see my little pussyhole and my finger playing with the clit, my dear daddy squirted immediately and that's what we did every day. He nodded with blurry eyes after jerking off when I told him one day that I was also working as a whore and putting the money aside to study later. Hastily and with a greedy and covetous look at my pussy he rubbed his cock in anticipation stiff again and asked me if he could fuck his whore daughter also at times? I knew what he meant and nodded in agreement.

It was clear to me that it was incest, but I immediately stripped naked and, lying on my back, masturbated quite wildly and passionately. As my orgasm approached, he penetrated me instantly and almost immediately squirted inside in the midst of my orgasm. We finished it at the same time. I have never masturbated before so wonderfully and passionately as now in front of my Daddy. I enjoyed it insanely that he fucked precisely into my orgasm and he actually needed not even half a minute to squirt in midst of my dawning orgasm and squirt in jet after jet. I felt his rhythmic squirting and my orgasm shaking me at the same time. We held each other tightly and let our orgasms fade out and subside at the same time. We could rarely repeat it more than twice, his seed had dried up. I enjoyed it with Daddy very much, he certainly didn't fuck the way Mommy or the cute neighbor girl expected, but he fucked just right for me so that I was completely satisfied and happy. He kept saying how nice fucking me was, and he always said it when he was sober. I let him fuck me every day at lunch for a few weeks, as often as he wanted. But he insisted for months to fuck at noon also with the cute little neighbor girl, so we shared him sisterly and enjoyed the fine masturbating as well as his squirting midst into our orgasms.

Honestly, I felt sorry for him, he had been a hardworking and honest man all his life and couldn't help it that the New Age had overtaken him and didn't need him anymore, that was very bitter for him. I spoke quite openly with Mommy and later with the fine neighbor girl that the three of us took turns to fuck Daddy before noon. Two of us could make money with fucking at noon and one of the three of us would lie down with Daddy to fuck. It was an important and simple decision that was good for everyone. Mommy no longer had to worry that he was roaming around and maybe taking advantage of kids or raping someone like others or something. The neighbor girl was not allowed to masturbate with her husband or with the clientele, but with Daddy she was always allowed to masturbate happily, passionately and completely uninhibited before fucking. I was glad that I didn't have to shoulder the whole burden alone and didn't lose valuable time every day for studying or for paid fucking with the tourists. And I was certainly the only one who could enjoy fucking with Daddy as much as with no paying customer, but I could justify this unfairness. At not yet 50, alcohol had destroyed his virility.

At night, Daddy sleeps away intoxicated and Mommy meanwhile masturbates silently four or five times in a row before turning out the light and falling asleep. Kwon now lies on my back whenever we watch Mommy masturbate and sticks his cock in my fuckhole from behind. He keeps squirting because Mommy's masturbating excites him even more than it excites me. He mostly fucks already lying on my back and I am very happy with him. He is the only one who is allowed to fuck me from behind. I'll keep fucking him until the Gods break us apart.

I am now in my third year of medical school, it is very easy for me and I don't even have to spend as much time on it as I did at the end of college. We continue life and fucking as before, since the boarding school obligation is gone and I can continue to live in our one-bedroom apartment. Only Kwon has changed a bit. He sneaks over to Mommy every few days when she is in the middle of her nightly masturbation and fucks her, but she just lets it happen with a smile. Sometimes he fucks the neighbor girl at lunch when she's done with Daddy. I scold him smiling, the prankster, and then we laugh at his cock, which obviously loves variety.

Mommy often calls me softly when she starts to masturbate at night. “Don’t you like to come clit licking, my sweetheart?” she calls very softly, and she pauses patiently until Kwon had finished squirting inside me. Then I sneak up to her, followed by Kwon. Her clit is all mine, I love it insanely hot because it was the best, most beautiful and most receptive clit I had ever licked. I experienced such wonderful feelings as if I was orgasming myself and I licked her clit up to orgasm and continued licking her clit to prolongue her orgasm for minutes until she clawed my hair and pulled my head away. Neither of us paid any attention to Kwon, who poured into her from time to time until he had flung all of his seed into her. I was blissful as she demanded it more and more often.

She also sold me to tourist ladies as the “Best Tongue” in town. I did not like them, they were fat and arrogant, ‘cause they had paid after all, or not? I turned my head to the side, because I did not want to cuddle and kiss. First I cleaned her pussy with an alco-tissue, then I licked her clit to orgasm. It was a job, not a pleasure. Likewise, it was just a job when I was frisked twice by the police. They found neither money nor drugs, yet they dragged me to the police station. It was immediately clear, they were fucking me for hours amidst all the other women in the cell. I turned my head to the side and closed my eyes, couldn’t they see how ashamed I was? I hid my orgasms as best I could and after a few hours they let me go, everyone had fucked enough and there was no reason to hold me any longer. It was half as bad and the police lost their terror for me.

Since fucking at the police station, I knew that I could very well have an orgasm while fucking if I was just fucked long enough. I was finally able to teach Kwon, with a lot of training, to fuck me until I had an orgasm. When the orgasm had subsided, I nodded to him that he was allowed to squirt now and enjoyed it very much when he rhythmically squirted jet after jet into me.

I still have four years of study ahead of me and I’m really looking forward to becoming a doctor. Until then I will fuck hundreds of tourists, as I have fucked hundreds already. I am thankful to the Gods that I don’t have such a messed up life like many other whores,

that I have been able to stay away from horrible perversions and diseases.

Whenever I can squeeze it in my time schedule, I visit the Gods in the Temples and thank them for their blessings.

The Immaculate Virgin

by Jack Faber © 2023

I have lived on the upper floor of the parochal rectory all my life. From childhood on I cleaned the whole rectory and still do today. I don't need to go to school, said the old priest, he would teach me everything. Some were spiteful and murmured that he was my father, but I had neither mother nor father, I was a gift from God, said the old priest smiling. He washed me every night in the shower, wrapped me in a bath towel and carried me to my bed. He often read me beautiful saint stories and caressed my thighs and Mumu while reading to me.

Then the pointy thing in my Mumu got hot and hard and peeked out demandingly. I nodded satisfied and said, now we could do it already and spread my legs willingly. He rubbed the pointy thing very finely until it twitched heavily and I gasped and wriggled quite violently. He continued for so long and I had to wriggle gasping until the tip became soft and disappeared again in my mumu. I had to learn it too and at 6 I could do it all by myself. If he had gone and had extinguished the light, I made it still quite long, because it went better from day to day and because I fantasized so beautifully about the saints and their bizarre stories.

When someone spent the night in the guest room, he would say after the reading that I had to do it alone today because he had to calm the woman in the guest room in the same way as he usually calmed me down. I was still a very young child and said, that's okay with me. As he had said it, you could hear them rumbling, sighing and moaning in the guest room, then it became quiet. When I curiously crept to the door and peeked in through a crack, he was usually sitting on the bed with the sheet wrapped around his hips, watching the woman all naked and rubbing her Mumu. I looked at them very closely, because most of them were nuns, who looked very different in the robe than they did naked. Sometimes they were other women, the mayor's wife, the doctor's wife, or Mrs. Schmitt.

Mostly he would lie between the thighs of the nuns and do push-ups, his naked ass pumping up and down. I found that quite boring and went again, I had never heard of fucking at that time. It was only exciting when the young countess spent the night with us. She was the only one who had no pubic hair and had to calm her smooth Mumu very often and he watched her smiling.

Normally, however, the countess would lie on top of him and pump her ass cheeks up and down. I didn't know then that men had cocks and that it was his cock between her ass cheeks. I nearly burst with excitement when the young countess pumped slower and slower and — like the saint virgins in my fantasies — whispered aloud “please-please make me a baby now!” I would not have understood at that time that the Count was a very old man and the Countess had to let herself be impregnated by the priest. She pumped slower and slower and lay on top of him. Her ass cheeks trembled now and drove very slowly back and forth, devouring his cock each time. I ran there always quite ecstatic in my room and had to calm my Mumu immediately down.

Of course I asked him why he was doing push-ups between the nuns' thighs or why the countess was pumping her ass up and down, but he was always angry about it and scolded me for spying. And he said that people had different ways of calming their raptures in the Mumu down. Some needed it like me and rubbed their mumu with a finger, with others he just did push-ups. He always left the countess questions unanswered. He didn't like to talk about these things, so I kept quiet and stopped asking when I spied. Of course, I kept spying every time, he only did push-ups with all the nuns and the many other honorable wives from the village, only the countess was allowed to pump him with her ass cheeks. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that she was the only one who always begged him to please make her a baby? Why could the priest make her a baby? I watched this very closely. She lay upon him for a long time and then she pumped him again, like before.

He taught me to pray, a lot, sometimes in German, sometimes in Latin. Reading or writing was not necessary for cleaning, that was true. Sometimes guests stayed overnight in the second room, usually

they were spiritual sisters, rarely priests. The old priest had told them that I did it to myself every night. They came into my room at night, uncovered me and looked at my naked Mumu, but they did not touch me. I knew what they expected, and I did it right away. When I was already bigger, I think 9 or 10, and already getting the first raptures at night, they uncovered me naked and watched very curiously as I soothed my naked Mumu, even if I had to do it two- or three times in a row. Most of the nuns sat on the edge of the bed, flipped up their robes, and I saw that they were rubbing the pointy thing in their Mumu just as I was. Most of the time I had done it three times before they finished with loud sighs and shuddering breaths and they then quietly left again and of course forgot to tuck me in again.

When I had turned 16 and all my pubic hair had fallen out, the nuns showed me how to make each other hot with French kissing, which I loved from the first kiss on and loved to kiss the nuns all the years. From then on the nuns came almost every night to French kiss and rub their thing in the Mumu, until it gradually stopped from 40 on. After I was about 40, no more guests came, although night after night I woke up sweating in raptures and then had to do it at least three times in a row.

I lived chastely all my life, was never intimate with a man, and consecrated myself to St. Carmen of Toledo. St. Carmen had been tortured to death by the Moors, she was tied to a pole in the main square of the city of Toledo for 4 days and all the men were having their way with her. I had no idea what the “way with her” meant, but Sister Rosi suggested it was what the dogs do to the bitches, jumping on them. From then on I dreamed of Carmen, how the men jumped on her from behind and wiggled their asses. I hadn’t seen a man’s cock all my life and neither had Rosi, but she knew they had cocks, but not hairy like the dogs, but quite smooth and in front between their legs. The Moors in my dreams jumped on Carmen from behind and stabbed her with slick cocks. I found that very brutal, what I saw there in the dream, and I could not imagine almost, how Carmen was so raptured thereby for 4 days that she died with “great joy and holy rapture”. I only learned much later what “raptured” actually means, how could Carmen be raptured when the Moors were stabbing her? But she was so much enraptured that her heart stopped. I dreamed

about these things all my life, and when I woke up in the night, drenched in sweat, I felt the rapture between my legs. Then I would rub there until the rapture exploded and then I would be calm again. Almost every night I woke up and had to calm me down. It was as easy as eating or drinking, I had to do that “calming down” every night.

The new pastor assigned me a lodger, his name was John and he was a 17-year-old student. He would stay for maybe two years, the pastor said. We got along very well from the beginning, even though I was a good 45 years older than he was. Jo, so he was called, called me every evening, I should soap and scrub his back after the shower. I was happy to do that, he had a very nice back and butt, after a few weeks I also soaped and washed the butt, while he apparently soaped and rubbed quite firmly in the front between his legs. He had said, after the washing of the asscheeks I should reach under through between the asscheeks and to caress the little bag with the two balls very gently and tenderly like the hair of a dear child. So long, until he was done with rubbing in the front. I caressed the bag as gently and as sweetly as I could, while he apparently soaped and rubbed himself quite firmly between the legs. I first looked only at his back and buttocks, and then at the violently shaking little sacklet, which I caressed so long tenderly and delicately, until he was also finished with the scrubbing on the front. Then I went to my room and was every time so enraptured by the sacklet-caressing that I calmed down comfortably the Mumu between my legs.

To prevent my dress from getting wet all the time, Jo said I could come into the bathroom without a dress, no one would see us, and besides, I had panties and bra on, so that was enough. I thought about it all day long, lying on the bed, and I had so many raptures that I stripped naked already at noon and had to calm me down continuously until dinner. But after dinner I went to Jo's bathroom in just panties and bra and was madly ecstatic while doing all the back-and-asscheeks washing and powerful scrubbing. I looked at the little sacklet, which I held in one hand and caressed it with the other hand very tenderly and gently for a quarter of an hour. I felt as if I were soothing Jo with the gentle stroking of the little sacklet the same as I was rubbing my Mumu, and I immediately heard his satisfied moans

as I stroked the little sacklet as I was rubbing my Mumu, only much more gently. This excited me so much that my pointy thing in my Mumu came out forward horny and demanding. I asked Jo, who rubbed quite firmly between his legs, if he was now also very enraptured, but he just gasped and moaned and said nothing. I later handed him the bath towel so he could cover himself and turn around. He chided himself that my bra was soaking wet and reached around me and undid the clasp. My large, heavy breasts sank down to my belly button. Jo looked at them closely and said I had nice breasts, and I blushed with pride.

Jo said my panties were soaking wet too and pulled them down. I got out and hung them on the string next to the bra. Jo looked at my Mumu for a long time and asked if my clit always peeked out like that? I didn't know what he meant with "clit" and he pointed to it. Yes, I nodded eagerly, always when I'm very raptured, but when I've calmed down, it doesn't. I saw that Jo was thinking for a while. He asked, as he had before, if I had never been with a man intimate, and I nodded that I hadn't. But he shook his head and smiled, "you're already 60," and I nodded, 61. "And you don't have pubic hair," he said with a grin, and I explained that after a few years it had fallen out on its own just like the armpit hair. He nodded seriously, that sometimes happens.

From that day on, I took off my panties and bra even before I washed him so they wouldn't get wet. I was very ecstatic when I had to stroke his little sacklet very gently for quite a long time until he was finished in rubbing his frontside. It was very horny in itself that we were both completely naked. But then to reach down between his ass cheeks and gently touch the sacklet was just insanely horny. I was more and more convinced from day to day that Jo rubbed himself on his front side similarly to how I rubbed the stiff thing in my Mumu and I supported him well with the gentle rubbing of his sacklet. I didn't have a little sack like Jo's and I always resolved to ask him about his rubbing, but I just didn't dare. We did it the same way for weeks and I was really convinced that we were soothing his Mumu somehow together. It was so arousing and exciting that I had to do it right away.

I mumbled, I have to calm down now and went to my room. Moments later Jo stuck his head through the door, asking if he could watch it? I nodded, yes of course, because no one has ever wanted to watch me when I made me “calming” down, only in early years. He sat down at the edge of the bed and watched me soothe my Mumu. It was all over soon and I was still properly raptured so I did it again until I calmed down and the pointy thing in my Mumu softened and disappeared. He nodded very kindly and left, we did that for the next two or three months, it was okay for both of us. He never stayed when I picked up the rosary and started praying. He had once said, smiling, that he himself never prayed and that he admired me because I prayed so much and so diligently. The praise made me proud. — I rarely woke up in the night with a rapture anymore.

One night the bath towel slipped around Jo’s hips. I stopped in mid-soothing and stared at the thing. After all, he always turned his back on me when he scrubbed so powerfully his front side; I had never seen him from the front. I stared at his thing and wanted to ask him, but he flipped the bath towel back over and muttered for me to just keep going. I was enraptured as I had rarely been before and kept going. I was too cowardly to ask him for two weeks. I dreamed of his thing, the slippery thing with which now the Moors in my dreams pricked poor Carmen between her buttocks, her wonderful snowwhite asscheeks. I always woke up at night in great rapture and had to calm down, the Moors and their things and poor Carmen, in whose butt crease the bad blacks were poking their things.

Jo was not at all embarrassed when I asked him two weeks later. He pushed the bath towel aside and explained the cock to me. Shaft, foreskin, glans and the testicles. I was learning all these new words and I had to grab each part with my hand and say the correct name. The dick was for peeing and fucking with women or girls, he said. That’s where the kids come from, I heard in amazement him say. I never thought about where the kids come from. The cock always hangs down softly, only when the horniness comes, then it becomes stiff, so that you can put it in the hole. I looked uncertain, horny? Horniness? “That’s the rapture, as you call it!” said Jo, the horniness makes you want to masturbate. Masturbate? “That’s called masturbating, when you rub your clit with your finger and soothe it.” Lots

of new words, but I remembered them well. I asked him if he was less glad now and when does he masturbate? He smiled, “every evening when you caress my little sacklet!” I mused, when he jiggled his front? “Yes,” he said, “tomorrow you can watch me doing it if you like!” I was allowed to touch his cock again, which was half soft and he showed me how I was allowed to rub up and down. I let his glans disappear again and again in the foreskin and then pulled the foreskin back completely, then the glans came out again. “That’s kind of how masturbation goes,” he said, “but I can only cum once a night.” I was allowed to do it for quite a long time and he went to sleep, I had quite strong raptures and had to do it three times until I fell asleep.

Jo showed me the other day masturbating, which he did himself. I watched very excited because it made me very horny. Jo had asked and I had let him caress my breasts, he liked it very much. He let me try it the next day and it actually worked out quite well, I was now allowed to masturbate him every day and I was very excited every time because I had such nice feelings about it. He wanted, while I was allowed to masturbate his cock, to play with my beautiful, big breasts and the teats and it was huge fun for him when he was allowed to squirt on my breasts. He finished squirting and said “Amen!” and bit a little bit in my teats playfully, he was amused to hear me praying. I always prayed only half aloud because he didn’t want to hear it, but it was important to me to pray during the masturbation.

Jo had incited me a little bit to spy into the refectory, although this was strictly forbidden. Only after a few times I told Jo about it, I had had quite red ears. I had seen that the woman who had come for a private confession was kneeling in front of the priest, rubbing his cock in her mouth and letting him squirt in. All 8 women I had observed swallowed “it”! I was clutching my rosary when I noticed that Jo was laughing heartily. I lay with my back against his chest and he held me gently. He continued to laugh for quite a while because the confessionals rubbed his cock and swallowed his seed, even though the priest ranted about the sins of the flesh in the pulpit every Sunday. Jo said I could try it myself tomorrow. It tasted a little strange the first time, but he liked it very much to squirt in my mouth and I was also quite happy. I now masturbated him daily in my mouth and

swallowed his semen, that was much more preferable to him than to squirt upon my breasts.

I masturbated every time afterwards and I prayed, because I always pray half aloud while masturbating, not only when Jo was watching. He asked something once, I don't remember what, and I stopped masturbating and praying. He then explained the many parts of my Mumu. They called it namely pussy, cunt and many other names that I immediately forgot. I spread my legs and he showed me labia, clit and pussy hole. "You still have a hymen!" he exclaimed surprised, "you really have never fucked before!" Fucking, also new. The man thrusts his cock in and out of the pussyhole very finely, they both get horny and have an orgasm at the end. He squirts into the pussyhole when orgasming and sometimes the woman also gets an orgasm, that was the exploding at the end of masturbating, I had paid good attention.

Jo replied my question immediately. He had fucked for the first time when he was over 10, until a few months ago when he came to my shared apartment. No, it wasn't a girl, it was his sanctimonious aunt. She was fat and very ugly, she had never found a man and was still a virgin at 25. And she pretended to everyone how God-fearing and pious she was. In truth, she seduced the 10-year-old on the second day, it was the first time for both of them. Jo said she shone like a polished gold coin when he deflowered her, and she shone every afternoon when they fucked. Otherwise she was grumpy because she hated all the praying. They fucked every afternoon, once or twice, for 7 years and he was glad he didn't have to masturbate with his hand.

I told him the saint's story of Carmen. He had never heard of her, but he understood everything immediately. The Moors fucked Carmen for 4 days in the main square and that was definitely very shameful and humiliating for the virgin. Apart from the physical strains, she had so many orgasms that her heart couldn't take it anymore. She had "died in the most beautiful raptures", the legend said, she had died from far too many orgasms, Jo said with certainty. I thought for a long time. I had already had enough after two, at the latest three orgasms. But if I had orgasm after orgasm for 4 days, I would probably die, I understood that now. How stupid of the priests

or Sister Rosi to talk about her raptures as if she had glimpsed God? She had been fucked until she was dead, Jo had realized that correctly. I masturbated again right away, fantasizing about Carmen having beautiful orgasms and the Moors' cocks driving in and out of her fuckhole. When I was done, Jo got up and left. He turned around one more time and asked if I really didn't want to fuck? I was very self-oriented, poor Carmen had been fucked to death, I didn't want that. Jo smiled when I said that and went to sleep. I masturbated more than I ever had, I was very very horny with my fantasies about Carmen and her fucking.

He said his fat ugly aunt had only very small shriveled breasts on which she tore quite firmly when she came to orgasm while masturbating. She did not orgasm very often while fucking and masturbated like a fury every time after fucking, even when she already had orgasmed. He felt always very sad after fucking and hated himself because he had to watch her masturbating and her face always distorted into a devilish grimace while masturbating. She always masturbated two or three times and he could not avert his eyes.

He was really happy that I had such nice full breasts, he licked my teats after cuming and bit playfully on them, that was very horny. I quickly ran to my room to masturbate and Jo came right after to watch me masturbate, he still liked that. He had listened to me open-mouthed when I told him that back when I was a kid, the nuns and priests had watched me masturbate naked at night until I was 40. Jo asked a gazillion questions, but I had to tell him that they had never touched me on the Mumu. The nuns reached under their robes with one hand and wiggled like the priests too, and I described to Jo in great detail how the nuns sat on the edge of the bed, watched me masturbate and masturbated themselves. The priest has probably fucked all the respectable and honorable wives of the village over the years, I said, because I had spied on every visitor for all those years, watched him doing push-ups and also when they masturbated themselves or let him masturbate them. The countess had given birth to a girl and for many years she came to ride and fuck the priest and she had another boy and two girls. Jo asked a thousand things and I answered everything honestly. It made him very horny.

When I had masturbated often enough, he would take me in his arms and we would talk for many pleasant hours. Often it was about fucking and he always described in clear words how the fucking with the aunt was. He reassured me that it almost never happened that a woman was fucked to death. That was precisely why they told the legend of Carmen, because it was something special. I believed him, because I had also never heard that a woman had been fucked to death except Carmen. We talked about fucking for months, it became more and more familiar to me and I found myself fantasizing more often about letting Jo fuck me.

As every evening, I was lying with my back against his chest and he had hugged me and masturbated me very gently, which I really liked that way. But instead of praying as usual, I told him about the bad things I had observed spying in the last few weeks. Yes, the women masturbating the priest's cock in their mouths and swallowing it down was not all, I had left way too early so far. The women sat on his thigh and whispered something in his ear all the time. They seemed to tell him something very funny or horny, because they laughed in between like whores. Sooner or later they grabbed his cock and rubbed it, slowly or quickly, until it was stiff. They would trade places, she would lie down with her chest on the padded chair and flip up her skirt, sometimes he would flip up her skirt. He patted her ass cheeks with pleasure and spread them. — I had to take a break because Jo had brought me to orgasm. After I calmed down I kept talking and put Jo's hand on my clit.

The priest penetrated the cunt from behind and fucked the confession child for a very long time. I could see quite clearly when he squirted in. Sometimes he fucked her in the asshole, which was very strange. The worst thing I found was that they were all respectable wives, Mrs. Schmitt, Mrs. Müller and all. They pretended to the outside world how pious and chaste they were and then they let themselves be fucked by the young priest during confession! Jo laughed that he was not surprised at all, he knew from the example of his aunt how mendacious they all were. I kept silent, because he brought me to orgasm again and I leaned back relaxed as a sign that I had now had enough orgasms.

For weeks he asked me if I wanted to fuck and I always shook my head, I was way too scared to be fucked to death like my poor Carmen. I told him that I would never fuck, I was way too scared. He hugged me sweetly from behind when I prayed my rosary with my back against his chest and masturbated me so finely that I just breathlessly reeled off the Hail Marys with deep emotion and orgasmed with a loud “in mulieribus, Amen!”. He then kissed my neck and murmured how much nicer fucking would be, but I shook my head. No, no, never! At one point he said he was going to deflower and fuck me next week. I shook my head and feared every day that he would deflower me, that he would fuck me, I feared every day, really! For weeks he asked me if I wanted to fuck and I always shook my head. I told him that I would never fuck, I was way too scared. He hugged me sweetly from behind when I prayed my rosary with my back against his chest and masturbated me so finely that I just breathlessly orgasmed. He then kissed my neck and murmured how much nicer fucking would be, but I shook my head. No, no, never! At one point he repeated he was going to deflower me and fuck me next week. I shook my head and feared every day that he would deflower me, fuck me, I feared every day, really!

I had turned 62, Jo had been with me for 10 months now. Today he did not want to be masturbated after showering and led me to my room. I almost couldn't breathe for fear, I was so scared. He silently laid me on the bed and I whispered that I was as afraid of being fucked to death like poor Carmen. I begged him to “please-please don't deflower me”, I was so scared. He gently stroked my hair and whispered that my clit wanted it though! I looked down, the clit betrayed me shamelessly, it stood out perky and bold, I felt the horniness blaze in it like fire. “No, please don't deflower me, please don't fuck me!” I shouted as quietly as I could. He knelt between my thighs and moistened his glans with lots of saliva and lay on top of me. I even begged him not to deflower me as he was already gently penetrating my fuckhole.

I felt nothing of the deflowering, although he had prepared me for the prick. He fucked fast and hard and I became insanely horny. He squirted in solid jets into my fuckhole and after a dozen times of jetting in, he sank down breathlessly next to me. “And, are you still

alive?” he asked smiling out of breath and I nodded, Yes, I had become quite wonderfully horny while fucking! “Unfortunately you didn’t get an orgasm, sorry!” he said, still out of breath. I should masturbate, he whispered. I masturbated to orgasm with three rapid strokes only, because I had already been close. He was too tired and couldn’t fuck a second time, his cock was no longer stiffening. I was insanely glad and grateful that he had not fucked me to death, I said, but by then he had already fallen asleep.

We have been fucking for a year now, he can only do it once at a time and I can’t get an orgasm during our fucking. I am always very close to it and masturbating immediately afterwards takes only seconds to make a few strokes. He falls asleep instantly and I then always masturbate quite often as long as I have horny fantasies. I am very glad that I do now experience fucking after all, although I had been too stupid all my life.

One day I decided to let the unfaithful priest fuck me and it was really quite simple. I scrubbed the floor on all fours and my short cleaning dress slipped up of course. I pretended not to notice that I had forgotten to put my panties on and the Priest stared at my bare ass cheeks, my bare pussy and my stiff clit. I couldn’t even have counted to 3 when the High Lord knelt behind me and his cock penetrated me immediately. We fucked wordlessly, only our panting and loud breathing revealed that the floor was not scrubbed here. I got a wonderful orgasm just before he squirted inside. Since then I let myself be fucked as often as possible by the priest, because I love these fucking orgasms very much. We fuck silently always in the same manner, the priest doesn’t talk to a cleaning woman after all. I immediately slink away with lowered eyes, I would die of shame to look him in the eyes after this sin. Of course I’m smart enough to get fucked before the lady comes for confession, otherwise I might go empty-handed. Jo had moved out two months ago and I have been able to get the pastor to fuck me every day before lunch so far, but it has become clear to me that I need to look for a new man on longer term. I have never done this before and still have a good feeling that it will work out.

I have missed a lot and am slowly catching up.

The Lesbian Virgin

by Jack Faber © 2023

I have been a housekeeper in the rectory for 35 years. Unfortunately, the old vicar retired and the new one is a scumbag.

I clean and cook. I have been a lesbian since birth, I have never been intimate with a man and I masturbate every night before I go to sleep, rarely twice or more often if I had become very horny by the evening. I have a mistress in this tiny village where everyone knows everything about everyone. Erna is the young wife of the baker and probably bisexual.

The story begins with the new guy creeping around my calves for the first few weeks. Then, one morning, he asked me into the bathroom. I thought maybe I hadn't cleaned carefully enough, but he just wordlessly motioned for me to sit on the stool. He stripped naked and I wanted to leave immediately, but he blocked my way and showed me his cell phone.

I wanted to sink into the floor. Erna, the bakers wife and me. Making out on the sofa for minutes. Grabbing each other's blouses. Caressing the breast. Pushing up our skirts. Masturbating each other under the hem of the panties. Waiting until the other had also come to orgasm. Kissing, kissing, kissing.

I collapsed on the stool and slapped my hands in front of my face. Crying didn't help. What did he want, I asked pressed after a while. "Just sit and watch me!" the new guy said. He began to masturbate in front of me. I calmed down, this was nothing new for me, I had seen the old priest masturbating every day without him knowing it. He was a decent man who adhered to celibacy, he had never had anything with a woman.

The new guy took my hand and squirted inside. That was all. He was satisfied and let me go. But every morning before breakfast I had

to follow him to the bathroom, he masturbated every morning and squirted into my hand.

It was not enough for him. I had to masturbate him and let him squirt into my hand. It caused me no problem, I have certainly masturbated the young fellows hundreds of times in my youth, so that was nothing out of the ordinary. Even that was only enough for him for a few months, then he increased again. He wanted me to strip naked. Of course I refused, but for the first time he openly threatened to spread the video. That would be the end of me, but Erna would also have to give up her present life. Bakery, husband, everything! I gave in. I was crimson with shame when I took off the house dress.

I stood indecisive in panties and bra for a long time. I was deeply ashamed of my huge breasts, to be honest. I took off the panties first and his gaze sucked on my pubic hair. He didn't give me any more time, the bra had to come off too. I loosened it and held my breasts up with my forearm, then lowered them. My breasts reached like huge melons to below my belly button, the teats hardened and pointed to the floor.

He made me sit on the stool and I was to masturbate him. My breasts jiggled indecently like pudding, but he seemed to get excited by just that. The other day he parted my pussy with his fingers and looked at everything very closely. He teased my clit with his fingertip until it stiffened. He grinned like an idiot and nodded, I was now allowed to start masturbating him. I wanted to put my legs together decorously, but he protested immediately, I had to spread them very wide. He masturbated my clit very skillfully, and whether it was Erna or him, I stopped masturbating his cock and let my orgasm rise wonderfully. He visibly enjoyed my orgasm and continued to rub the clit, making me twitch and wriggle endlessly. Then I withdrew from him and continued to masturbate him. He no longer wanted to squirt into my hand, he squirted upon me from top to bottom. He was really very good at masturbating me, but even that only lasted for some months, until the end of that year. The increase came, he wanted to fuck me!

I shook my head, that was out of the question! I backed out of the way, he pushed me further and further backwards until I was standing in his room. He grinned and reached for me. I dodged, he chased me across the room to the bed. I fled on all fours over the bed to the wall, he behind me. I felt his hard cock in the crease of my ass. I screamed, I didn't want this, I would still be a virgin! He laughed. "Fifty-eight and a virgin? That's a laugh!" I felt his hands gripping my ass cheeks tightly like a vice. I lowered my head, the mare surrendering on all fours, the stallion snorting with greed behind her. I cried, cried and cried. No escape!

I felt the brutal jolt with which he pierced my hymen and penetrated deeply. "Uh-huh!" he exclaimed, "really still a virgin!" But there was no sympathy there, but contempt for me and stupid pride. I have done something incredibly forbidden, kick-a-ree-kee! cried the stupid rooster.

He fucked me for a very long time, my head slumped between my forearms. I must be crazy, I thought in amazement, I felt my orgasm coming! The orgasm jerked and shuttered me, he slipped out of my vagina and I twitched and wriggled for what seemed like an eternity. He grabbed my ass cheeks tightly again and fucked me wildly. I felt his cock rearing up and then he squirted, squirted and squirted without stopping. Then he let me go.

I stayed in bed all day. There was no breakfast, no lunch, and no dinner. No one cleaned up. I didn't care at all. He had started it! I caressed my battered body, my poor pussy, my clit. I cried until I had no tears left. I felt resistance inside me. I was clear that he was going to fuck me every day from now on. I won't fight it, I decided, I will not allow him such a spectacle, the spectacle of the vanquished virgin. I was not conquered, I was raped. I laughed wickedly to myself, I would challenge him, make him grovel at his knees. I was suddenly so joyful that I felt like masturbating. I didn't stop until I was already dead tired.

He fucked me in the doggie position every morning since then. It was fine with me, I didn't want to look him in the eye when my body was happily racing to orgasm. I let the orgasm come as it wanted and

of course his cock slipped out. After he squirted, I stayed down. He might have left, but I grabbed his cock with a devilish smile. I took him in my mouth with pleasure, as a young girl I had done many blowjobs. I sucked and licked him until he was really stiff again. Then I got down on all fours and let him fuck me for the second time. I grinned, he was already having a hard time. I let my second orgasm come just as nicely as the first, he slipped right out and had to start over. I don't know how long he fucked me, but I was well on my way to the third orgasm when he squirted inside. I didn't care, I would make up for that three-quarter-orgasm after breakfast and masturbate it fully out, which I had never done on duty before. Work would suffer a little bit, but I didn't care. He had started it, not me!

After two or three months, he had gotten used to my licking him stiff and having him fuck me for a second time. He was even happy at breakfast, so I kept turning the screw a little more. I licked his cock after the first squirting and let him — which I had not done before with him — squirt deep in my throat. I had loved this as a young girl and now I felt deep satisfaction again doing it. He was completely confused. I continued to lick him after a few moments, he now took considerably longer to get hard again. Then I went demanding on all fours. He had to, his ridiculous ego wouldn't allow anything else. He took an incredibly long time, I had a very nice orgasm and pinched his cock so that it did not slip out. He continued doggedly and squirted minimally at the end. I was very satisfied.

It took him several months to come to terms with the increased demands. I hadn't even figured out what my next move was when he approached me, and not awkwardly! He copied "the video" to my phone and I puzzled why. He looked at me with calculating eyes. He wanted to fuck Erna, my baker girl whom I had left a year ago. I had one day to get Erna here, the video would convince her. I was frozen with shock, then I spoke to Erna. She swallowed hard seeing the video, then she understood why I had left her. She dragged me into her bedroom and we made love like drowning women. She shrugged her shoulders, she really didn't care about fucking with the new guy, I shouldn't worry about that. Whether she fucked him or her husband, it didn't matter.

Erna came punctually in the morning. I wordlessly led her to the new guy, who was still asleep. I went to my room, where I could look into his room through the hidden little window, as I had watched the old priest masturbating earlier. Erna quickly undressed and lay down with him. She woke him by sucking and licking his morning wood. He was immediately in the know and threw the bedspread to the floor. I watched them fucking very curiously, Erna could fuck insanely well and faked him an orgasm. She took his cock in her mouth and licked it stiff again. The second fucking she got a real orgasm, I could see that. I stopped masturbating when Erna got dressed again, went downstairs and prepared breakfast. "Well, there we go!" was his only comment. Erna and I took turns every day, he was very complacent and it went quite well for almost half a year. I couldn't complain and neither could Erna, because her husband fucked her only once a week on Saturday night, he squirted very fast and didn't care if she still masturbated to orgasm or not. She said all the fucking and orgasms with the new guy was doing her quite good. I never told her that I watched them secretly every time.

Now the new guy was getting cocky and cheeky. He demanded from both of us that we got him a different woman every day, it may be gladly our former lesbian lovers. Apart from the fact that I was the only lesbian woman in the village, our lovers were all respectable, chaste married wives who did not whore around. Erna and I consulted as to whom we could persuade. We managed, the doctor's wife came first. She had been my 14-year-old lover ages ago, since then she had become a grown woman. I looked at her clean-shaven pussy almost nostalgically as she lay down with him. She rather impassively allowed herself to be fucked twice in quick succession and had no orgasm. Every other day Erna or I fucked him, I liked the orgasms while fucking quite a bit, Erna as well, although she had a harder time and only came to orgasm the second time they fucked, but her real orgasms were much more intense than mine. We swarmed out and looked for the next one.

The wives of the school principal, the elementary school teacher and the composer who played the organ on Sunday came. The wife of the engineer, the car dealer and the widows Schmitt and Müller. I watched them all secretly, they were all very excited because they

were usually faithful and did not cheat on their husbands, except for the two widows who whored around the village quite a bit. They had already fucked all the men in the village and now the last one, the young priest. I went to Erna again quite often and we masturbated each other through whole afternoons. So a whole year passed, Erna and I took turns fucking the new guy and masturbating a lot together. Every other day he got to fuck a respectable, blameless wife of a good man. Our small village doesn't have that many inhabitants, all the women kept getting their turn, not a single one resisted. I filmed everything with my cell phone from the beginning and carefully collected the memory cards. I would let Erna copy them one day, but I put it off for a very long time. We transferred everything to Erna's laptop. She laughed at my contrite face, saying there was nothing wrong with that, my spying! Now she always came along to spy and we had to be very quiet so as not to give ourselves away. In the afternoon we watched the movies together, it was horny and very exciting to watch all the pious, chaste and shy women fucking or masturbating.

One morning the new guy's coffee cup fell out of his hand. His head hit the tabletop heavily. I waited another two hours before calling the doctor. He could only diagnose his cardiac death. The doctor's wife arranged very inconspicuously for the new guy to be cremated the very next day. The whole village was at the funeral and beautiful speeches were made.

I called the Lord Bishop and asked to be released, I wanted to enter the convent. The abbess was very kind when she took me in. She did not bat an eye when I meekly said that I was a lesbian. She smiled finely and remarked that in the convent every second one was lesbian and the rest bisexual. The old woman laughed as bright as a sunshine when she saw my befuddled face.

I'm fine at the convent, sleeping with one for a while before moving on to the next. The sisters have shown me fucking clit to clit and I love it. It does not matter if the sister is lesbian or bisexual, fucking clit to clit they all like. Most wanted to be fucked submissively and I was damn good at that. They called me smiling the best man who had ever fucked them. I am also counted among the bisexuals be-

cause I also let the men fuck me willingly when my bedmate had a gentleman visitor. Some very few were still virgins and asked me if I would accompany them through the deflowering act. I sat at the head of the bed and held them lovingly embraced and caressed their breasts while I paid close attention that the lad penetrated her very gently and deflowered them softly. The subsequent fucking made me so hot that I could hardly wait until he had gone to masturbate immediately.

I never went back to the village.

The Convent Maiden

by Jack Faber © 2023

I grew up in a monastery of women, I never had parents. I believed I was the daughter of a nun, this was not uncommon in those days because there were many children in the monastery and sometimes you would see a pregnant nun, usually well hidden.

I have been deaf and dumb since birth, I never attended school and for the work in the herb garden and in the kitchen hand signals were enough. I never really missed speaking, what I didn't understand when I looked, I didn't need to know. I didn't need my own cell either, I slept with this one for a few months and then with another. I cuddled up naked to the naked nun under the bedspread and they taught me to masturbate right from the start when I was a kid. Most of the time we masturbated together, snuggled close to each other and I only noticed their orgasm by their breathing. Some wanted to masturbate with the little light on and we sat naked opposite each other and masturbated, watching the other masturbate.

Some nuns did not masturbate, we held each other close and kissed each other with our tongues, almost everyone liked that kind of kissing. The nuns who didn't masturbate themselves embraced me very intimately when I masturbated. They held me very tightly pressed against their naked shivering bodies. When the orgasm made me wriggle and twitch, then they embraced me very lovingly and kissed me with their tongues. Only a single one allowed me to masturbate her afterwards for months.

Sometimes a little pastor or a little monk came to our cell in the evening. The nun unwrapped his cock awkwardly and then she masturbated him by hand. I paid attention very well and a few times I was allowed to masturbate him, but the second time I had to rub for ages until he squirted. I looked at the cocks of course very closely, they were as different as the breasts of us nuns.

Once the priest who had said mass in the morning came, but he had not come to be masturbated. Of course, I did not understand what they were talking about, but he really wanted something and she did not want it at all. After all, we were in the middle of masturbating when the priest slipped in, and it was quite obvious that her clit was still hot burning like hell from masturbating. He grabbed her rather roughly and she clung to my neck with wide open fearful eyes in search of help. She shook her head, but at the same time she stretched her white ass cheeks back, towards him demandingly. I looked over her shoulder, his cock entered her little hole with a brutal jerk and she winced as if he had impaled her. I stroked her back soothingly and then caressed her asscheeks while the priest fucked her brutally. He was having a very hard time making himself cum and kept thrusting in hard to squirt. He pulled his pants up and left with an angry look on his face. She wiped a bit of blood from her thigh crying and wept bitterly hanging from my neck. I didn't know anything about deflowering at that time. But the wicked priest came every night and fucked her from behind while she hung on my neck and cried no more, so I was caressing her white asscheeks when she was brutally fucked from behind. After having squirted into her little hole he went without thinking that she maybe wanted to orgasm. After a few months he stopped coming and I was glad about that, because he always made such an evil face.

Few nuns let themselves be fucked, but most of those obviously liked it and usually had a nice orgasm too. With these I loved the fucking of the men very much. When they were fucked from behind, I would hug them lovingly, caress their buttocks and their ass creases, which most of them demanded, and feel their orgasm in their breath. When they were getting fucked lying on their backs, I would lay their head on my bare pubic, fondle their breasts or twirl their teats and look at the cock driving busily in and out beneath her masturbating finger. When their head jerked in my lap, I knew they were orgasming. The priests then had to pull out their cock and masturbate. I then spread their semen playfully with my fingers on her ass cheeks or her cunt.

I had learned very early to fuck the nuns clit to clit. Most nuns wanted to be fucked by me, and I liked it very much. I felt a bit like a

man when I kept fucking a nun very hard after her first orgasm. I looked at their excited faces, which distorted devilish in orgasm and softened again, until the next orgasm. The nuns who loved to be fucked by me the most were the ones who did not masturbate themselves. They submitted themselves completely to me and let me do the aggressive clit fucking dominantly, they winced and twitched in their orgasms. They had quite a few orgasms and many cried afterwards with laughing eyes. When I was about 16 years old, we masturbated only as an exception, I should fuck them all clit to clit until they went limp. To me that was quite right, because when I fucked one, I myself also had many orgasms.

How I loved this, the fucking clit to clit! I bent over her, holding her wrists and bending them behind her head. I looked at her firmly, her wrists were not allowed to move! I saw her gaze wander like a little bird, trying to escape. Like a bird of prey I pounced on her lips, brutally forcing them apart and seeking her tongue, she did not escape me. My tongue attacked, overpowering the other and I kissed her aggressively until I saw in her eyes that she was defeated. I slid slowly over her body and my clit sought hers. She had to meet me, we both knew that. Her clit was seeking mine, I was seeking hers. Finally! Now I began to fuck her, slowly and carefully, so as not to miss her clit and not to lose it. I thrust harder and harder, watching her face slowly changing. The first orgasm came gradually, I kept fucking, aggressively and furiously. There, finally, the face changed to a devilish grimace as her first orgasm erupted. The clits lost themselves, her abdomen twitched and wriggled for a moment, then she calmed down. The clits immediately found each other again, I leaned on her wrists and continued to fuck firmly. The next orgasms came after only moments, I continued to fuck firmly and determinedly and she orgasmed every second. These orgasms didn't tear her around as the first one did, her face contorted from orgasm to orgasm again to the devilish grimace and she exhaled trembling and lightly shivering. It was over. I lowered my head, my own orgasms had exhausted me. She sought my mouth, my tongue. We kissed until our heartbeats and breathing calmed again.

Most dear to me were the most chaste virgins, the ones who never masturbated themselves, who never let a man fuck them, and who at

night, bathed in sweat, awoke in a dreamed orgasm and, full of shyness and embarrassment, pressed a finger upon their clit until it calmed down and came to the relaxed resting position. They trembled like aspen leaves when I laid down with them for the first time. Shy, confused by their own feelings and full of shame, they allowed themselves to be embraced. The first French kiss was the decisive one, it was the door opener. Fucking clit to clit I didn't need to teach anyone, they had already had it explained to them a hundred times before they decided to dare. These virgins had the most beautiful orgasms, rapturously listening inside they felt the rise of the orgasm. Shy and girlish their facial expression at the orgasm, amazed and surprised they opened their eyes. I could see stars in their eyes!

I had fucked all the nuns over the many years, even the Sister Superior. The older ones didn't need to be seduced with French kisses and they kissed very little. She was quite old and smiled gently as I approached. She, like all the elders, had only gentle, trembling and shivering orgasms and knew exactly how to bring on the many small orgasms in quick succession after the first big one. She patted my buttocks kindly and nodded contentedly as I left.

War was raging outside and the convent was gradually closed. The nuns disappeared one by one and the Sister Superior explained with many gestures that the Emperor had been chased away and the war could not last much longer. I didn't know much about the world outside and I only knew the Emperor from the big photo next to the Christ and Our Lady. I nodded, I didn't care about the Emperor any more than I cared about Our Lady, I just felt sorry for the poor crucified Christ. He looked very unhappy and I thought to myself how uncomfortable it must have been to be nailed to a wooden cross. That all the nuns were in love with him I noticed, of course, but that was probably part of their lives. The Sister Superior then made it clear to me that a horse-drawn carriage would take me to a village and I would live there in the rectory. I understood her and left with a very heavy heart after hugging all the remaining nuns.

The new parish priest had not yet arrived. The old housekeeper took a very long time to explain to me that she would only stay for so long and then leave, where to I could not understand. I was then the

new housekeeper and she showed me everything. It was certainly not difficult. After a few days the new priest arrived, he had come back from the war and had only two fingers on one hand. He was very young, I must have been three times his age, he was 27 and I 61, a sad child he was, coming back very desillusioned from the war. But he was friendly and I cooked very well, because the farmers of the village brought really fine foodstuffs, better than we had available in the monastery.

He dragged me into the bathroom the first morning, I had to wash him thoroughly in the shower. I did that with pleasure, I had washed the nuns too, if they wanted it. Of course, I also washed his cock, which naturally stiffened. I rubbed his cock very lovingly until he stopped my hand just before squirting. He turned to the wall and immediately squirted on the tiles. I held his ass cheeks and bent over to see him masturbating. I grabbed the little sacklet and the shaft from behind and caressed it very gently, because I knew that's something the men wanted. He stopped masturbating and let me rub his cock from behind, leaving me to make him squirt. He only allowed me to reach between his ass cheeks from behind and caress his cock until he stopped masturbating before squirting and I was allowed to rub him hard from behind and make him squirt. After cuming, he turned back to me and I rubbed the drops of semen out of his cock, pulling out the last drops of semen at the end with firm fingerstrokes. I washed his cock and handed him the towel. But only after three months he allowed me to rub his cock until he squirted. I did it, I knew exactly how to do it. He was very pleased and friendly and after a few weeks he meant that I should not wet my dress and take it off. It was fine with me, I washed him in my panties and bra and masturbated him conscientiously every morning. Sometimes he would look into my room late at night and nod friendly when he saw me masturbating, because without the nuns I had to masturbate obsessively every night until I fell asleep tired. When he looked in, I would uncover myself and masturbate naked one after another time until I was tired. Weeks later he unhooked the bra, before I washed and masturbated him. I was very embarrassed for the first time, because they were hanging down like fat melons and the teats were getting pointy and stiff. But they seemed to please him very much.

I washed and masturbated him in my panties over the next few months and my melonlike-breasts swung back and forth like church bells so that sometimes we both had to laugh. He asked if he could squirt into my mouth and I nodded, I've seen that with the nuns too. I always let him squirt in my mouth when he wanted it. He put his cock deep in my throat and squirted with his eyes closed. He told me that some French women had done it like that to him during the war. He never raped or fucked a French woman against her will, he was not a monster like others. But he admitted, never saying No to a willing French woman. I liked how good he did our conversations, which was not an easy task, but he desperately wanted me to understand him.

Then, weeks later, he made me sit on the stool. He took off my panties and looked at my pussy and clit. He touched my clit and looked at me questioningly. I nodded in agreement and spread my legs willingly. He was not unskilled in masturbating a woman and I came trembling and twitching to orgasm. After that I masturbated him and this went on for half a year, he had learned to masturbate me quite well and I was able to have an orgasm every morning before I masturbated him.

He now came to my room every night, sat next to me on the bed and uncovered me. He wanted to watch me masturbate when I was completely naked and that was fine with me, I masturbated one after another time until I had enough. One night he took off his clothes and lay with me. He didn't bother me while I masturbated, he only hugged me and pressed his naked body against me while I masturbated. I could feel his cock getting hard, and mostly he was fine with me masturbating him afterwards. This went on for months.

After one of my nightly orgasms, he lay upon me between my legs. I felt how firmly and demanding his cock wanted to penetrate my pussy. I shook my head, No, it was locked down there, I had never fucked before! He continued to press, although I shook my head in protest. I had never fucked, my lips formed, my fuckhole hasn't been opened! He pressed and pressed and suddenly my hymen tore, I could feel it very clearly. He fucked me very slowly and powerfully. He kissed my neck and paused deep inside me. His cock twitched

and squirted several times, then he lowered himself next to me and instantly fell asleep. He went to his room a few hours later.

We've been fucking for years now without much change, I still wash him every morning in the shower, but I don't masturbate him every day. I run his household conscientiously and neatly. Only on Friday afternoon, when he comes back from hearing confession, he has to fuck me immediately because of his horniness. I do not know what the women tell him exactly in confession. I had asked him sometimes about it and he just shook his head sadly and made the hand sign for fucking and masturbating and the cock rubbing in the mouth, which he himself was very fond of. Yes, all of them, he pointed, mainly the cock rubbing in the mouth and fucking, but not with her own husband. He explained to me that many poor women made love to other women and girls and that it was not allowed if one or both were married. He described that the women masturbated each other or licked their clits. I had also often licked clits, but I did not enjoy it so much, only when I was licked, but it was not very common among the nuns. It was often the same poor women, he explained to me, who fucked other men, their girlfriends' husbands, their neighbors, the mailman or the craftsman. Married women are not allowed to do that, he explained to me, they are only allowed to fuck with their own husbands. I understood what he was explaining, but I found it quite strange and really boring. There were also two widows in the village who fucked with their own sons, that was quite sinful!

I didn't understand much about these things and what was allowed or not allowed, but I saw in his sad look that much of what he heard in confession was not allowed. I pressed his head to my chest, I didn't want him to fret too much about what the pious wives were doing with their cunts. I didn't ask further, I didn't really want to know.

King Arthur's Spies

by Jack Faber © 2023

The two orphan boys Bob and Ric met at the age of 8 and stayed together all their lives. Robert and Eric were their names, and they slept in barns and stables and went to help people on farms to earn a meal or foodstuff. They had given up begging, it was no way to survive. They slept close together and warmed each other, likewise they masturbated together or masturbated the other.

They curiously stroked around the maids and servants to watch them masturbate or fuck. They got bigger and got a No after another No, none of the young maids wanted to fuck 10 or 11 year old boys. Only the old, the very old maids, no longer able to entice anyone to fuck them, let the boys fuck them willingly. They would go forward into a secluded room, bend over and flip up their skirts, offering their old worn cunts between the asscheeks to be fucked from behind. Most people fucked like this at the time, face to face only married couples or long time lovers fucked. For years the boys fucked the old broads every day at least twice. That was a good training.

They would sneak into the kitchens when the mistress was getting fucked from behind by a visitor, guest or deliveryman, as was the custom in those days. There were a few mistresses who also let the two boys fuck them after the guest. The maids would watch the mistress, but they were too fine to fuck the boys. Some let the boys watch them masturbate and squirt upon them, and only a few taught the boys to masturbate a girl. Bob and Ric quite soon knew which mistress, which maid tolerated their presence while they fucked and would sometimes let them fuck her. But for daily fucking, they still had to go to the old maids for a very long time.

They eventually got tired of the old, tired pussies of the old women and very soon moved on to assaulting and fucking younger maids. In pairs they approached their victim, wrestled her to the ground and one held her by the wrists, the other flipped up her skirt or took off her dress completely and fucked her. They took turns until they had

enough. The other maids and servants watched impassively, it was none of their business. They only had to fear the master of the house, because the maid was his property. But they were never called to account and fucked a maid every day. They fucked a mistress only if she allowed it, and there were some. They did their mischief for more than two years, they had no bad conscience about it, because they only wanted to fuck younger women and not plow in the really old pussies anymore. And most of the maids didn't even put up a fight, because fucking the half-breeds was a welcome entertainment in their joyless daily routine.

When they were about 13 years old, they were allowed to do minor work in the king's castle, in Camelot. They spied on the noblemen, soon knew who with whom and where. The people in the castle changed partners like the clouds in the skies and many noblewomen lay down in the grass in secluded corners of the parks to masturbate undisturbed. These were the situations that the two depraved boys took advantage of. They watched the girls masturbating and when she gradually recovered afterwards, they came out of their hiding place. One would hold the girl by the wrists and the second would fuck her quickly and hastily, then they would take turns until they had fucked often enough. Not a single girl ever betrayed them, most allowed themselves to be fucked shyly and ashamedly. While the really chaste ones avoided the gardens, there were some who came back for years and let the well-built boys fuck them voluntarily.

Brangaine, the young Queen's servant, came to the garden at least once a week for several months to be fucked by the young boys. She took life easy and enjoyed being fucked like no other. Once she even told them in which secluded chamber the young Queen Guinevere was secretly fucking her lover Sir Lancelot. Brangaine had ridden to Cornwall to marry her Sir Cadwynn. The two boys spied with bated breath when the Queen fucked her lover. Sir Lancelot was a muscular giant in build who fucked Guinevere to the brink of fainting with his giant club. He had the biggest cock Bob and Ric had ever seen and Guinevere orgasmed wonderfully. The two knew they were playing with death when spying the couple, for neither Guinevere nor Lancelot would let them live. They had little to fear from the other damsels, they would be insulted at most, but certainly not whipped.

Bob and Ric were very popular and very successful as scouts in the war campaigns. Even King Arthur listened to their reports, he was very pleased with the two of them. When they reported that there were 126 horsemen in the enemy's east wing, it was not 125 or 127, but exactly 126. Such people could be relied upon by the King or an army commander. They were unimaginably skilled at sneaking, they were never caught, and they performed many a feat. Once they stole the gilded helmet of King Pellinore from his tent and the next day King Arthur rode to meet Pellinore and offered him smiling his helmet. The war was over before it began and Pellinore bowed his knee to Arthur and became one of the most loyal knights.

Bob and Ric stayed at the castle until the end. Every day they found a maiden in the garden who liked to be fucked by both of them. One day Guinevere was lying in the garden masturbating to herself, it was scorching hot and she couldn't stand it in her chamber anymore. The two of them could not see anything exactly, because Guinevere covered herself demurely in her skirt. After the second orgasm she remained dozing. The two approached in the usual manner. Bob held Guinevere by her wrists while Ric flipped up her skirt and fucked her. Guinevere was embarrassed, tired and shy, she just let it happen. The two boys took turns fucking her three times, Guinevere orgasmed from the second fuck on and orgasmed every time after that. When they had fucked enough, Guinevere sat up with flashing eyes and let them know that she was the Queen. The two cavaliers pretended not to know. They went down on their knees and begged for mercy. Guinevere thought long and shooed them away. It was wiser to remain silent, she thought. And she had had a good fuck, after all.

Bob and Ric grew more cautious; the garden offered too many dangers. They were now officially scouts for the army, and they were given a small chamber in Camelot. The girls, noblewomen and respectable married wives visited them there to let them fuck them all afternoon long. The women passed on the secret tip only to their peers, never a man learned about it. The time between the war campaigns the most beautiful, noble and pious faithful married wives spent the afternoons on the bedside of the two boys and let them fuck their brains out. The chaste women passed each other shyly and

with their eyes lowered in shame when one left and the other came. Usually one came too soon or the other wasn't finished yet, so she blushingly dropped her dress and lay naked with the others. Bob and Ric never minded fucking two cute chaste wives at the same time. If the wives wanted to get fucked again, they had to wait a little while for the guys to recover. They knew that the guys would get hard faster if they fucked clit to clit during the break. Every woman older than 12 or 13 knew this art in Camelot, which was assiduously practiced by all the noblewomen, virgins and married wives. Bob and Ric couldn't get enough of it and tried all sorts of tricks to seduce the shy and very reserved women and girls into fucking clit to clit. Every woman who let herself be fucked by the younglings was very happy to fuck clit to clit with the other woman.

Mordred, the illegitimate son of Arthur with his sister Morgause, had seized the throne when King Arthur was fighting in France. Bob and Ric were far too young to have experienced the events themselves. But they had listened well to the ancients when they told of those times at the bonfire. Morgause was as beautiful to look at as Guinevere, but she definitely had more sex-appeal and fire in her cunt than Guinevere, they all agreed. The royal family at one point could no longer deny that Arthur was Mordred's father, so they fabricated the legend that Arthur had been bewitched and had fucked Morgause in bewitchment only once. All the ancients laughed at this story.

Arthur had a problematic relationship with the cooler Guinevere, he never forgave her for fucking and letting Sir Lancelot deflower her just before she married Arthur. Arthur loved Guinevere, no one doubted that. But the fact that his wife Guinevere was still fucking his best friend Lancelot must have offended him deeply. On the other hand, Arthur could never free himself from his younger sister Morgause.

He had deflowered her at a young age of 12 and she clung to him, playing out the full keyboard of her sex-appeal and the fire in her pussy and he followed her blindly with sexual lust, sinful desire and sexual greed. He fucked Morgause for over 20 years and they fell out when Mordred was about 16. Supposedly the quarrel was about Mor-

dred, who had been fucking Guinevere for two years at that time. That this was true, the ancients knew that from their own observation. Whether it caused the quarrel between Morgause and Arthur, no one believed, however, no one knew why the bitter quarrel broke out. One day Morgause was found with her wrists slit and many thought it was a cowardly murder. Bob and Ric tried to keep track of this strange game.

Bob and Ric had moved against France with the king and still managed to squeeze all the information they could out of the messenger riders. Mordred had usurped the throne. With Morgause he lost not only his mother, but also his first and only love. That he fucked Morgause from his youth on was an open secret. Mordred had captured Arthur's wife, Guinevere, and fucked the naked Queen several times a day in the castle courtyard in front of the gawkers. If he wanted to award someone, they were also allowed to fuck the naked Queen.

Guinevere would have been indifferent in itself to be fucked in public. But she cursed her body, which enjoyed the fucking horribly and made her twitch, wriggle and scream in orgasm. She would never forgive Mordred for this humiliation! King Arthur left France and returned home in a flash. His army faced Mordred's army irreconcilably and furiously. Mordred fucked Guinevere in her cage several times a day in front of both armies, sometimes leaving her to a knight to fuck the naked Queen. Guinevere's scream resounded far and wide when she orgasmed. At night, when Mordred slept off his drunkenness, knights and soldiers fucked the Queen in the cage. Arthur buried his face in his hands and wept bitterly. Just now, when he and Guinevere so desperately needed the friend, Sir Lancelot, the invincible warrior and lover, the latter, distant from Arthur, sat in his castle of Joyeuse and fucked King Lot's 14-year-old daughter, the Princess Elaine, night after night with such fury and rage that Elaine soon lost consciousness. What Lancelot's rage did not mitigate, he fucked the unconscious girl until he had spilled all his seed. The 12 year old Elaine had seduced him 2 years ago, had let him deflower her and loved him idolatrously and possessively. She couldn't get over the fact that he was still fucking and loving Guinevere. She was

very vindictive and when Lancelot was not at home, she let all the pageboys and younglings fuck her brains out.

Before the final battle of Camlann, Bob and Ric crept into Mordred's camp, stole the sword of the sleeping Prince, and left in its place a scrawny stick. They brought the sword to the King, who immediately recognized it. Mordred came to the battle the next morning very distraught and unsettled, for whoever could steal the sword could also have cut his throat. Instead of the sword, he swung an axe at the King, who cut it instantly in two. The fight was actually decided, Mordred disarmed and beaten to the ground. But Guinevere's rapist, who had fucked her for months in captivity, was the usurper and knew that an ignominious death awaited him. He grabbed a broken spear and rammed it into his father's chest. Mortally wounded, Arthur rammed his sword into Mordred's heart. That day the battle ended, only a handful of men survived.

Elaine held Sir Lancelot until it was too late. Guinevere had been in Mordred's grip for many months by then, and when Lancelot finally rode off, the Battle of Camlann had already been fought. He slew all who held Guinevere in the cage and brought her and the dying King to the Nuns of Avalon.

Somewhere, under a mountain of corpses, Bob and Ric, both 17 years old, also lay united in death.

King Pellinore

by Jack Faber © 2023

Little Ali grew up in a large Arab city, his father was the most powerful merchant for miles around.

At the age of 8, his very special curiosity awakened. He picked up the floor-length dresses of women, most of them immediately chased him away. Some let him look, but under the black dresses he saw practically nothing. A few showed him their cunts willingly and invited him to touch the cunt. He was very, very impressed. He uncovered one or two slave girls in the noon siesta, some let him look. One took off her dress completely and Ali saw a naked woman for the first time and it was very exciting. She was masturbating and he didn't know what exactly she was doing. He clearly felt his cock getting hard like never before. She beckoned him and grabbed his stiff cock out. He could fuck her tomorrow, she said, and he nodded, although he didn't know what she meant. She rubbed his foreskin back and forth and let him squirt. Just at that moment his mother came, scolded the naked slave girl and led him to her chamber. They lay down naked for the siesta, and he saw his mother naked for the first time. She pressed him to her and did not care about his cock, which was poking stiffly into her side.

Every noon, he now lay with his mother, dozing in the midday heat. She stroked his stiff cock and sighed deeply, sighed deeply and stroked his cock gently. When he pressed too close, she turned away. He knelt up and stroked her beautiful white ass cheeks. He thrust his cock between her ass cheeks into her butt crack and she pinched her ass cheeks hard together. This was very pleasant, he rubbed back and forth in her ass crease and squirted to his amazement. She sighed deeply and groaned. He was having fun squirting in her butt crease. He had never cum before and was not interested in his cock until now.

She got down on all fours and stretched her ass cheeks back covetously, directing his small cock into her butthole with her hand. Ali

didn't find it strange at all and she spread her ass cheeks with both hands and moaned with horniness. She mumbled in a voice dying with horniness that he had to thrust in, thrust in again and again! He did it and the squirting in her butt hole was very pleasant and exciting. For weeks he thrust his cock into her asshole and squirted in. She obviously liked it a lot, only she was very displeased because he was always at the start poking in the wrong hole, in her fuckhole and she had to reach back to put his cock in her butt hole.

She hadn't pushed him out in weeks when he penetrated her fuckhole. He squirted almost instantly and she moaned aloud with lust. He left his cock inside and continued fucking after a few moments. She moaned with horniness and her finger raced over her clit. Her moans were drawn out as her orgasm soared. He usually squirted only moments before she squirmed in orgasm. A guilty conscience plagued her every time, and she didn't look him in the eye, so ashamed was she of it.

But she must have misunderstood something a few weeks later, because she started crying and sniffing that it wasn't right at all that he demanded to fuck her! He had made a mistake as usual and had pushed his cock into her fuck hole and cum immediately, then she had let him finish fucking her while masturbating and squirt in again. He had squirted in juicy and moaned how good it was to cum in that hole! "Ha! You can't do that! You can't squirt in there!" she exclaimed indignantly and pushed him out. "It's not right to ask me to let you fuck me!" Ali was silent, affected; he had not asked for it at all.

She was silent for a while longer and then said tearfully, "All right, in heavens name, so be it!" Sighing deeply, his mother turned on her back and pulled him onto her naked lap, sighing and sighing and sighing. "But you mustn't tell the father," she whispered through her tears, "because you fucking me is strictly forbidden!" Ali nodded and made a solemn promise. She cried as she took his cock and guided it into her cunthole. She put one hand on his butt cheek and rhythmically squeezed it in and out. "You have to thrust in and out like you've done it in my ass, until it squirts!" she whispered, wiping away the tears. She smiled again and he thrust and thrust. He squirted and

she let him sink down. “But don’t tell daddy!” she inculcated in him and he was now allowed to fuck her every noon, it was wonderful.

In the evenings, when Daddy was grunting done fucking and asleep booming loud, he had to wait until he heard her masturbating quietly. Then he was allowed to lie with her quietly and fuck her as long as she masturbated. Her orgasm was silent and she let herself tremble just a little bit. When she had her period, she called during the siesta one of the black slave girls and let him fuck the girl. When he got bigger, he called all three black girls and fucked them one by one. For the next 10 years he fucked at noon and night with much passion and lust.

When he was 18 years old, his father said that he had now learned everything a good merchant had to learn. He had got him a passage to France and he should prove himself there. “In France there are the most beautiful women in the world, lie down with them, choose the most beautiful ones! Your mother is getting old, you have to find younger ones to fuck!” Ali was blown away, his father knew everything and never said anything. Ali took leave and sailed to France as Prince Pellinore.

He learned there the knight’s craft, in it he was really very good and feared. Every night there was a court maiden in his bedstead and it was rarely the same as the one the previous week. He had to buy a second, third and even a fourth chest, because his wealth was growing rapidly. He had a royal armor made and one day he sailed to England to King Arthur in Camelot. He had come with warlike intentions, but one night his golden helmet was stolen from his tent, and the next day, when the battle was to begin and he was waiting bare-headed, King Arthur rode up to him and handed him his helmet. He could have brought him his head, the king grinned, but he had no reason to kill him. Pellinore was completely overwhelmed by the chivalrous gesture, bowed his knee to the King and swore allegiance to him. Thus King Pellinore came to Camelot and became one of the King’s most loyal knights.

The English had very different customs from the French as far as fucking was concerned. He could take a maid or slave girl to bed ev-

ery night and fuck her, what he of course did. But the noblewomen were not to be had, one was only allowed to love them platonically. One had to fall in love with one and worship her from a distance, that's how the English did it. The only exception was Queen Guinevere, Arthur's wife, who fucked her lover Sir Lancelot every afternoon. Arthur sat on his throne with a petrified face and tried not to listen when Guinevere screamed in orgasm with joy and pleasure. At night, when Arthur was allowed to fuck her, she never screamed.

Pellinore now found one with whom he could fall in love, it was Queen Mab, the wife of King Gawein, who was said to have dark magic arts. She was a very shy, chaste and not frivolous whoring young beauty, devoted to her old husband, King Gawein in iron loyalty. She graciously accepted his adoration and Pellinore played along with the stupid game of the English. He was only allowed to visit her in her bower after weeks, she pulled her dress up over her knees and wanted to see his cock. Every day the skirt slid a little higher, Queen Mab looked at his cock for minutes before dismissing him. It was a few more days before she let her pussy be seen under the skirt. She wanted to see him masturbate, why not? He liked to step next to her because she wanted him to squirt on her breasts or thighs. It took a little while until she also masturbated and let him squirt all over her pussy. But he wanted to squirt in her cunt, he said, and she shook her head. All right, she relented, "to cum you may enter, but only to cum!" He did as told.

King Gawein never liked to fuck very much, Mab whispered, only once every two or three months, three or four times a year at all, she whispered tearfully in his ear. Pellinore understood her woes well, Gawein was three times Mab's age when she had to marry him at 14. She was much younger than Pellinore, not even 19 and breathed words of love into his ear when he entered her tight fuck hole to cum. "You mustn't fuck me, though!" she whispered for a few more days, then fell silent and listened inwardly while Pellinore fucked her sitting up under her skirt. He was very impressed because she had a virgin tight vagina, much tighter and finer than the black slave girl he had been fucking for months. The black girl fucked excitingly and very passionately, but now he had conquered Queen Mab and fucked her every afternoon when she sat on the windowsill looking out to

see if her consort had returned from hunting. Her favorite thing was to lean out the window and let Pellinore fuck her from behind as often as he wanted. They spent the afternoons fucking and masturbating, because when he needed a break, she masturbated shyly and bashfully, not looking him in the eyes. Only when she masturbated did she have an orgasm, and when her husband fell asleep at night, she often masturbated for hours, because the orgasms always relaxed her. Several times they had to stop fucking because her husband rode in to the castle gate.

Pellinore was happy with the circumstances. The black slave girl was the one who fucked him night after night until he exhausted his seed. The English treated him very well because he courted so devotedly the chaste and shy Queen Mab. That the two of them disappeared for hours every afternoon in her bower was noted approvingly, probably he was lying at her feet and reciting love songs to her.

King Arthur had a huge row with his best friend, Sir Lancelot. Lancelot slammed the door behind him, he cursed like never before and shouted he was never coming back to Camelot! Pellinore shook his head sadly as Arthur looked at him, the timing of the brotherly quarrel over his wife was most unfortunate. Arthur was preparing for a war campaign to France and now lost his best friend, an undefeated commander and his best warrior. Arthur wanted to free Pellinore from the clutches of the evil sorceress Mab and gave him the mission to search for the Holy Grail. Pellinore was not allowed to go to France, he was to search for the Holy Grail and case by case to see if Queen Guinevere was safe in Camelot.

With a heavy heart, Pellinore rode off, seeking the Grail with a pure heart. He had no idea what it looked like, but Arthur assured him he would unfailingly recognize it. He stayed with peasants and country bumpkins, the first peasant had only one bed and offered him his only maid for the night. He accepted gratefully and fucked the scrawny, ugly maid next to the peasant couple. The peasants wife had turned to the side and stretched her fat white ass to them, between which the black pubic hair glistened wetly. Pellinore had to grin because her finger was clearly visible rubbing her clit. When Pellinore finished fucking the maid, the farmer's husband rolled over

on top of the maid. He only fucked her, the farmer said, his wife had not wanted to fuck for a long time. The maid clasped the farmer passionately and had a long orgasm.

Pellinore moved on, slept at the peasants with their maids and daughters. He was morose, the maids and daughters just let themselves be fucked shamefully, shyly and girlishly, leaving him with a guilty conscience. He was not to blame, the King had sent him on a journey and the maids and daughters had to serve a knight on a journey, that was the law. He rode back to Camelot after two weeks.

Queen Guinevere was well, suffering only from loneliness. Husband and lover had broken up in a quarrel, leaving her alone. That was unfair, wasn't it? Pellinore agreed, saying it made him sad because she had to sleep and masturbate alone without a good man's cock to make her scream. The queen talked to him for another two hours, she told him about her obsessive masturbation and finally showed him her pussy and her clit, sore from all the hourslong masturbating, which he was allowed to rub with a healing ointment. He noticed much too late how skillfully she had cast her net around him. He ended up in Guinevere's bed.

What a wonderful woman, after all the skinny maids, one who fucked like a world champion! He didn't think about Mab or Mkele the black slave girl after two seconds. He asked Guinevere to hold a pillow over her mouth, he didn't want to make her scream through the halls. They fucked all night, slept an hour at dawn, and continued fucking until noon. Pellinore was exhausted to death, but he grinned all over his face. He stayed another night fucking Guinevere and rode off again at dawn to seek the Grail.

He lay with the maids and the daughters again, he squirted his seed the first time unwilling, for fucking with the maids gave him little pleasure. He much preferred it when the farmer had no maid and no daughter, because the farmer's wives at least fucked passionately and enthusiastically, they were sexually starved and and left horny and unsatisfied at the farmer's side. He often rejected the scrawny maid or the childish daughter when the peasant left him his wife shrugging his shoulders with indifference. Pellinore paid attention at

the meager supper to whether the farmer's wife gave him lustful or curious glances. After three months he rode to Camelot.

Who was with the Queen, he asked the old servant who had brought him the welcome drink and a snack. Guinevere's sounds of love resounded in the hall. The servant laughed mischievously, it was Prince Mordred, Arthur's 16 year old son, whom he had begotten with his sister Morgause. Pellinore had never heard of it and was told everything. Arthur, who had deflowered his sister when she was 12. Arthur fucked her to this day, the old servant said melancholically, the poor king was hopelessly addicted to her, bewitched by her black magic arts. Prince Mordred fucked his mother since he could squirt, they never hid that. In Morgause's castle they fucked sometimes for all to see in public, and whoever didn't like it could leave. Prince Mordred came to the Queen now and then for two years and fucked her, much to the King's displeasure. The boy was just a boy like all the other boys, he had to fuck adult women, because he did not feel like young girls.

Pellinore went to Mab, who almost devoured him, and then went to sleep. The black Mkele woke him gently and fucked him. Who was that screaming so happily, he asked, and she said it was the Queen and Prince Mordred, hadn't he ever heard of the messed up relationships in the royal house? He shook his head and the black girl told him the same thing as the old servant. Only about Mordred's fucking with Morgause she knew much more details than the old servant, who was already quite indifferent to all of this. She told Pellinore in great detail about the sexual preferences of Queen Morgause. She also knew more about Arthur's quarrel with Guinevere over Mordred. The King was very disappointed with his wife who let his son fuck her, that was somehow sacrilegious.

Pellinore rode out again. He had pocketed a sack full of gold coins. He gave one coin to each maid and each daughter after fucking, two to each peasant wife, and five if he was allowed to deflower a girl. This was a signal to the peasants and the land junior Lords, they came to meet him and directed him to the nearest virgin maiden. Five gold coins was more than a peasant could earn in two years. He loved the virgins and they loved him. The peasants slept in the barn

or with the animals to allow him to deflower and fuck the virgin undisturbed. He had to ride to Camelot twice in the next six months to refill his purse. By the time he got to Camelot the third time, Mordred had usurped the throne and imprisoned Guinevere.

Pellinore faced Mordred for the first time. The 18-year-old was a handsome, muscular man and he wore a mourning bow on his arm. Pellinore had already heard, Mordred's mother Morgause had slit her wrists. He condoled with Mordred, who said his mother had been murdered, by order of the King. He looked Pellinore straight in the eye. "King Pellinore, I have no quarrel with you," Mordred said, "for God's love, pack your things and leave Camelot. I will kill Arthur, so do not stand in my way!" He hesitated for a moment, "Arthur's knights have all left, including King Gawain and Queen Mab, they have been gone for two weeks. You are the last from Arthur's service, go or fight me!"

Pellinore said he would leave before daybreak, he wanted to take his black slave with him. Mordred nodded somberly, "tomorrow morning, not a moment later!" Pellinore was still about to bid farewell to Queen Guinevere, when Mordred laughed loudly and grimly. "Drink your wine, eat your supper! You will see the Queen again soon enough!" Pellinore remained seated, eating and drinking. There were perhaps 8 or 10 rude men in the hall, loud and sinister fellows. Pellinore placed his sword handy on the bench beside him and ignored Mordred's men, though he watched them closely. He had ordered a servant to have Mkele ready to leave for him tonight.

An old woman with repulsive features led Guinevere into the hall. She was naked and tied at the wrists, and the old woman dragged her to a bench. Mordred stood in front of her and fiddled with his pants until he had his cock out. The sinister fellows fell silent in tense silence. Mordred grabbed Guinevere's ass cheeks and lifted her. She impassively let her legs fall apart and Mordred fucked her fast and hard, here, in front of everyone! Pellinore could not avert his gaze, but he hated what he was seeing. Guinevere's face contorted more and more and she jerked her head up, looked at the ceiling and screamed, screamed liberated and happy in orgasm. She was trem-

bling all over and looked contemptuously around. Only, recognizing Pellinore, she smiled shyly.

Mordred walked up to Pellinore. “You wished to bid her farewell, so then, she be yours!”

Mordred turned to Guinevere. “Do you want Sir Pellinore to fuck you?”

Guinevere’s face said it all. “Yes,” she whispered barely audibly, “come, Sir Pellinore, give me the honor!” Tears rolled down her cheeks.

“Come, Sir Pellinore, come — it is I, your Guinevere!”

It took Pellinore a few moments to stand up decisively. “You would have it so, Sir Mordred?” he asked sharply, and Mordred nodded with a grin.

“This way, or no other way!” laughed Mordred, making a welcoming gesture complete with a courtly bow. “She’s yours, dig in heartily!”

Pellinore stepped close to Guinevere. “Do it, dear Pellinore,” she whispered silently, “he will kill us both if you don’t!”

Pellinore looked into her eyes, she smiled again. “Fuck me lovingly, noble Pellinore, fuck me gently and tenderly! Not like those wild animals!”

He saw that she meant it too and nodded. He took out his cock and hugged her gently. She put her bound arms over his head and on his neck. He steered his cock and gently penetrated. Guinevere closed her eyes and listened inside. He looked at her face, which was gradually changing, slowly contorting into a grimace, and she wrenched her eyes open in orgasm, not screaming, her eyes laughing and her ass cheeks quivering.

He was nowhere near ready. “Tell Arthur how sorry I am, and that I wouldn’t have wanted any of this!” No one heard her but him. He

fucked her vigorously and felt that he must cum soon. "I must, Guinevere!" he whispered, and her face contorted anew. "Me too!" she brought out and her face contorted into a devilish grimace. She wrenched her eyes open and thrust herself fiercely against him as he firmly fucked and thrust squirting into her hole.

He kept his cock inside her so it would stay stiff. The onlookers were restless, but they waited anxiously. He kept fucking her and he whispered how sorry he was for all of this.

"Don't hold back your scream," he whispered, "I'm already done!"

Her face contorted ever so slowly, contorting into a grimace, and she opened her mouth, gasping. He kissed her dirty neck and clasped her ass cheeks with both hands. He held her like a vice and squirted with all his might, squirting and squirting and squirting. He heard her soft, drawn-out scream and felt the violent trembling of her ass cheeks. He held her for minutes more until they both calmed down. He let go of her.

The old woman was already standing very impatiently next to Guinevere, so he bent down and kissed her lips. "Farewell, Guinevere, farewell! I hope Arthur will still come in due time!"

He went without a greeting to the rear side, where he had been assigned a bower. Mkele was already waiting, she had a small bag and a food basket. He closed the door and said he would take her to Joyeuse, Sir Lancelot's castle. She would have to make up her mind right away. Now!

The black slave girl had already made up her mind. They walked quickly and wordlessly to the stables. The two pack mules had already loaded his four chests and one groom was saddling his horse, a second saddling a mule for Mkele. Mordred stood under the gate, leaning against it and smiling maliciously. Pellinore rode out without a greeting, Mkele behind him, leading the pack mules.

They rode all night and did not rest until sunrise. They were not pursued, which was reassuring. Three days later, they arrived at

Joyeuse and were welcomed with open arms. They slept together in the big bed, Mkele did not leave his side and they slept until the next afternoon.

He told Mkele he would have their charter written today and witnessed by Sir Lancelot. Mkele wept with joy, for a slave the charter was the gateway to a new life.

But then she shook her head decisively. "I will stay with you, free or not, I will remain your maid!"

He could say what he wanted, let her live free and give her 50 gold coins, she shook her head. No. No. And no again.

Pellinore gave up. "Even the mules are not as stubborn as you!" he said, shaking his head.

He went to Lancelot, the charter was quickly issued and he gave it to Mkele. "Welcome to your new life!" he said after kissing her on the mouth. It was their first kiss.

Elaine had given Mkele a dress, she was sitting at a table like a noblewoman for the first time in her life. Elaine's maids had bathed and coiffed her, and Pellinore saw how beautiful the 21-year-old actually was. After dinner she sat down with Elaine and talked with the 14 year old about sex, Elaine wanted to know everything from her and also gave away her secrets.

Pellinore sat with Lancelot at the window and they talked about the situation. Lancelot's grudge against Arthur ran deep and he could argue all he wanted, Lancelot was dead set on it. That Mordred had usurped the throne and Camelot, he casually dismissed. "I need only cough once and the Punch and Judy show is over!" he kept repeating, "but first Arthur must give in!" Pellinore still didn't know what that quarrel was all about, but Lancelot evaded.

Pellinore had to talk about Guinevere at some point and was afraid, because Lancelot had been her lover for ages. He told of the last evening. Lancelot did not move a muscle. Guinevere had been

letting Mordred fuck her for two years, he said, and that it was in public suited Guinevere well. She was very exhibitionistic, that was nothing new. How often had she ordered her maids to watch her masturbate. She would have wanted them to watch his fucking too, but he didn't want that.

Lancelot told him about the ill-fated, secret love that had bound them since she had allowed him to deflower her. Arthur's anger that she had given herself to him, Lancelot, before the wedding.

Pellinore drew in his shoulders as he recounted his last fucking of Guinevere. Lancelot nodded grimly, that suited the debauched boy who had had to fuck his mother since he was 8 years old! They had fucked so many times in public that it brought no blush of shame to his face to fuck Guinevere in public too!

Lancelot was furious. Not at Pellinore, Mordred, or Guinevere. He was angry at Arthur, for he had left Camelot and Guinevere to their own devices. He tapped Pellinore's shoulder amicably. "I hope you fucked her with honor and decorum!" and now Pellinore related in detail how it had gone and what they had whispered. Lancelot nodded and nodded, "that was well done, my friend!" Pellinore had to recount the fucking with Guinevere three more times before they all went to sleep.

Mkele snuggled up to him after the first fuck in three days. She told him about Elaine's love life, her obsessive masturbation and fucking with the little boys when Lancelot was not home. They heard Elaine's cries of pleasure and that immediately made Pellinore stiff again. Elaine's cries stopped abruptly and Mkele said, now she has fainted, she always faints at orgasm when Lancelot fucks her.

They took breaks and fucked until Pellinore had enough. Mkele asked if she could masturbate, because she didn't always get an orgasm when they fucked. She had never masturbated when she was with Pellinore. He said if she wanted to be his maid, he could accept that. But she was not his property. So if she still had fire in her ass after fucking him, she should put it out. Mkele whispered that so far she had always waited until he fell asleep and only then put out her

fire. He laughed and hugged her affectionately. “Go ahead and masturbate, my dear wife, to your liking! I always enjoy watching, so do as you please!” She kissed him gratefully and lay down on his chest, then began to masturbate slowly, without haste, without hurry — but with quiet enjoyment. He nodded and soon fell asleep, though Mkele was far from finished.

They stayed on Joyeuse for months. Neither Lancelot nor Elaine would let them go, and Mkele asked Pellinore one evening if she could fuck Sir Lancelot. Pellinore was taken aback. She explained to him that Lancelot wanted to fuck her and she had told him she would have to ask her master. Pellinore growled that she was a free woman, to which she replied as usual, “I am your maid!” He laughed and asked what her pussy said to that? She bowed her head and whispered that she sometimes thought about it. Yes, she wanted it.

So it came to pass, Mkele slipped over in a transparent veil and already in the doorway Elaine met her in her veil. Elaine dropped the veil and lay down with Pellinore. She snuggled up and stroked him. He was actually not thrilled to now fuck Lancelot’s wife as well.

Mkeles lust could be heard all the way to them. Elaine focused on his cock and asked in a whisper, “Won’t you fuck me, Sir Pellinore?” He gave a jerk, Mkele had obviously found her lust and he really wanted to fuck the pretty young thing. They cuddled and kissed and Elaine knew how to kiss with her tongue. He started fucking her, she had a tight little cunt and moved really gracefully and passionately, she knew how to get a girl orgasm while he was fucking her. He had just really got going when she rolled her eyes in rapture and her orgasm made her tremble violently. She was unconscious.

He broke off and waited a few minutes until she awoke, dazed. With a glance, she realized that he had not cum. She always fainted when she orgasmed, Elaine said, except with the young boys, she didn’t orgasm there. He was welcome to fuck her in the faint and squirt in, Lancelot always did it. They fucked again and she got the orgasm just as fast as before. She rolled her eyes, she shivered violently and passed out. He held her tight and kept fucking, she gradually woke up and he was ready. She looked with wide open childlike

eyes as he cum. She pulled his cock out immediately and rubbed the jets of semen out with firm fingers. She rubbed every squirting jet after jet and nodded satisfied, she did the same with the boys and he asked, what boys? She told him that she always fucked the young page boys when Lancelot was not at home. She giggled, usually taking two or three, but sometimes five, and letting them fuck her in turn, but the cocks were too small to bring her to orgasm.

Mkele scurried in and lay on his other side. A young girl and a mature woman. He kissed Elaine on the lips and told her to leave. He asked Mkele if she still wanted to masturbate, but she shook her head. Now they told each other how they had fucked. She had liked it super, she whispered, her pussy had a lot of pleasure with Sir Lancelot. But she didn't have the beautiful feelings of love as she had with him, her master.

Every few days the women swapped men. Mkele loved it as much as he did, fucking with Elaine was indeed special, but he liked it as a very pleasant entertainment. When she was unconscious, he squirted in her tight fuckhole, otherwise she would rip his cock out and made him squirt in her throat, that he liked more than be made squirting by hand.

New messengers had arrived. The armies faced each other irreconcilably. Lancelot smashed his drinking jug against the wall and walked into the garden brooding dully. He was not ready, and Elaine, the jealous little witch, would not let him go.

Mkele lay by his side and listened. He told her about his youth. The beautiful black slave girls who masturbated under their flowing robes at the noon siesta. The one who stripped naked and let him watch from close by. The one who took out his cock after a few days and said he could fuck her one day. The mother. Midday siesta. She turned her back on him. He stuck his cock in her ass crease. She pinched her ass cheeks fearfully. He fucked in her ass crease for weeks and squirted. How she showed him to fuck her in the asshole for weeks. Her strange transformation and fear to let him fuck her in the real way. The trembling sighs of the mother. She turned on her back and inserted his cock into her fuck hole with her hand. Fucking

and squirting, in every noon siesta. The black slave girls would sometimes peek in and leave immediately. Sneaking in to her at night, as she had told him to do. That's when he could fuck her so often, because she always masturbated for hours. Ten years later, the fright. The father had always known and never said anything. The trip to France. The knight's craft. Every night a noblewoman. England. In the service of King Arthur. The seduction of the shy, demure and chaste Queen Mab, by then he already knew Mkele. The search for the Holy Grail. The boring fucking with the maids, the daughters and with peasant women who didn't want to be fucked. The peasant wives who wanted to be fucked and sent their husbands to the stables to be able to fuck undisturbed. The many, many virgins he was allowed to deflower.

They had a fine time on Joyeuse. Sir Lancelot set off for Arthur one morning. Elaine lay with them at night and he fucked both women in turn. Elaine seduced Mkele during his rest breaks. Watching the two girls make love quickly made him horny again. He had double of work, but also the double pleasure. Sometimes, when he had fucked Elaine to unconsciousness, Mkele would lick Elaine's clit from orgasm to orgasm until she awoke.

Lancelot returned with Guinevere. Arthur they had buried in Avalon, Mordred they left to the ravens. Guinevere slept with Lancelot, Elaine had endured a week with them, watching enviously as her husband passionately fucked the emaciated Queen. Elaine could take it no more, she now came back to Pellinore and Mkele and let him fuck her and Mkele lick her to orgasm. Elaine loved the clit licking as much as Mkele.

Guinevere had again and again seduced Pellinore and lay naked with him when Elaine and Mkele were with Lancelot. He fucked Guinevere very passionately, but his heart belonged to Mkele. He did not think much of Guinevere's character, at heart she was just a noble whore.

They stayed on Joyeuse for three more months, then they rode on.

For the next two years they lived quietly and contentedly in Wales. One evening, Mkele kissed him fervently and breathed that she was pregnant.

The Angel of Death

by Jack Faber © 2023

Aline's mother had died when she was 10, and she was allowed to sleep with Daddy and cry herself to sleep. Daddy rubbed his cock every night before he went to sleep, then he turned out the light. They slept naked since she was allowed to sleep with Daddy and tortured him until she was allowed to rub his cock. It wasn't hard to learn and it sent nice shivers down her spine when he stroked her pussy very finely and intensely in the meantime.

Immediately after the funeral Aunt Renate had stayed with them, she was the 20 years older sister of her mother and a real nun. She came every day in the late afternoon, cooked dinner and took care of the kitchen. She always got to bed very late, awkwardly took off her black robe and lay down next to Daddy. She was really old and roundly fat, her face not pretty and her breasts hung down to her belly button like fat bags. She had quite no pubic hair left and her little clit was always red and sore.

Aunt Renate didn't care that Aline rubbed Daddy's cock, she lay down, bent her legs and masturbated with her eyes closed. When Aline had let Daddy cum, she put her head between Renate's thick thighs and watched the masturbation very closely. After a few days she was able to do it and with each day better.

One evening Daddy stopped the hand of Aline and rolled over to Renate. She was surprised and stopped masturbating. He wants to fuck her, Papa said. Renate shook her head in refusal. She had never fucked before, she said angrily, and she was too old for it. But Daddy's cock was already stiff and he really wanted to fuck, not discuss it. Aline sat up on the edge of the bed because Daddy was gripping Renate's wrists tightly. She turned her head away when he tried to kiss her. "Oh my God, I'm a virgin after all," Renate gasped, pressed, "please don't do this to me, please don't hurt me!"

Daddy was very determined and even though Renate tried to pull her cunt from him, Aline could see his glans latching onto her cleft. Suddenly Renate gave up. Daddy immediately reached for his cock and put it in the right position. He stroked Renate's cheek with one hand and thrust very hard. She gave a surprised exclamation, then Daddy began to fuck her intensely. Aline had never seen the fucking before and watched everything keenly. Renate was not angry, on the contrary. She first made a face like a poor bunny, later she kicked her legs and panted like a dog, tongue half stuck out. Fucking obviously made her very horny and you could tell she was having a hell of a lot of fun. He fucked faster and faster and Renate's body and legs were rocked wildly. Daddy was now thrusting slowly and deeply and Aline knew he was cuming.

Daddy lay down next to Aline and slowly dozed off, Renate started to masturbate with a first quick orgasm only seconds after the fucking and then continued to masturbate like every night and Aline turned off the light. She would ask Daddy everything tomorrow, now she took care of her clit, which had become all stiff and horny from watching their fucking. Yes, she would ask him tomorrow.

The next two years went on evenly. Daddy initially fucked Renate every night, who took it wordlessly and then masturbated. Aline followed the fucking with interest, Renate always got horny very quickly and usually had an orgasm before he cum. Renate watched him wordlessly as he got into it and then squirted into her fuckhole. Daddy didn't have much fun with fucking, because Renate doesn't do it right, he complained to Aline. Renate would just have to fuck along, said Daddy, not just lie there like a punching bag. Aline understood this and once spoke to Renate about it when they were cooking dinner together. Renate kept silent grimly and worked on the vegetables with a pinch. Perhaps she was of the opinion that a 12-year-old did not need to give her advice.

Aline was very proud of her breasts, which had finally started to grow. Daddy had to feel and caress them every evening and compliment them. Aline was almost 13 and now went shopping all by herself with the grocery cards and a little money. If she didn't get something on Renate's shopping list, she improvised and looked for a sub-

stitute. As Daddy had said, she dodged the German roadblocking soldiers, and that always worked. "Paris belongs to us French," Papa said often, "one day we'll chase the damn Germans away!" Aline said nothing to this, for she had often looked at the German soldiers and there were some very pretty ones among them.

Slowly she approached the subject. Renate really never felt like getting fucked further after her quick orgasm and lay there like a buff sandbag while fucking and let it happen. Daddy fucked Renate every day to her orgasm and Aline did him later with her hand. She was old enough to fuck now, she kept telling Daddy, though he shook his head. She would sometimes pull his hard-on in front of her pussy and look, but it was way too big. She got him to fuck and cum in her vaginal entrance only. However, it took several more weeks before he was ready.

"Deflowering hurts a little," he said, and she nodded. She'd seen it happen at Renate's, and it was over in a moment, she said. She certainly wouldn't lie there like a punching bag either, she said giggling. He was kneeling between her thighs and the glans was already in her vaginal entrance.

"Okay?" he asked, and she nodded excitedly. "Okay," Aline whispered, holding him by the hips. She felt just a little prick and then how the warm cock penetrated quite deeply. Daddy kissed her on the mouth, his tongue seeking hers. They had never kissed like this before and she embraced his neck. The French kissing was actually quite light and it made her tremble, the shivers ran down her spine so beautifully. She closed her eyes and listened inside, the thrusting made her hornier and hornier. She gently pushed along, exactly in time with him. He moaned and squirted, squirting and squirting all at once. She knew his cock would go soft right after that and was a little sad that it was already over. He lowered himself next to her, he was dog tired. He stroked her face and asked quietly if it was okay with her. She nodded and said she was almost at orgasm, maybe next time. He nodded and dozed off. Aline looked at Renate, who was masturbating silently. Aline turned out the light and devoted herself to her clit. She was mighty proud that she had fucked and she had al-

most come to orgasm. The residual excitement grew as she touched her clit.

After 14 days Aline had already figured out what she had to do to orgasm while fucking. Daddy was obviously very happy with their fucking and only fucked Renate briefly, mostly just as an appetizer to the main course with Aline. He fucked without squirting Renate, who came very easily to orgasm and immediately lay down with Aline. He fucked her long and extensively and squirted into her after she had orgasmed. Aline masturbated every night until her eyes closed. The tiredness came when she had relaxed a few times. Those were probably the three best years Aline had with Daddy.

Renate had called, saying she was staying with the nuns in solidarity because the damned Germans had occupied the convent. She would stay with her sisters even though there were rumors that they would all be deported to Poland. That's what happened, the nuns were taken to Poland and Daddy went to the Résistance meetings every night. Aline was 17 and was also allowed to go with him. The Résistance could make good use of a young girl and they both couldn't go home because the Germans had searched their apartment and Daddy was put on the wanted list.

Daddy accompanied her to the Rue Barbès. He took her to the most expensive establishment in Paris, the Flamingo Club. "It's a whore house, I know" he said, "but the safest place in this damn war!" He paused, for two people were passing close by. "I know the Madame, she's a leader in the Résistance and extremely reliable, you can trust her. I'm going to disappear, I have to. But I'll visit you as often as I can!" It was the moment when they had to part. She hugged Daddy and felt that it was a goodbye forever.

A pretty young woman led her to the second floor, to Madame's office. She had to wait a few minutes, Madame was on the phone. She was a very old woman, very elegantly dressed and beautifully made up. She was very energetic, Aline recognized that immediately, although she didn't understand the language, it was probably Italian or Spanish. She hung up the phone, some women left the office. Two women remained and a four-toned giant. Ben, whom she was to get

to know better later. The greeting was friendly and Madame asked this and that. How far she had come at the Lycée and that the school had been closed for a year.

Whether she knew what the Flamingo Club was and Aline nodded, an expensive whore house. Madame smiled finely, that was true of course, but we are talking about an establishment, that sounded better. Aline nodded, she apologize. Madame laughed and flashed her flawless teeth. Never again should she apologize, one stand by one's convictions or learn quietly. "I've known your father for a very long time, he's one of the best!" Madame spoke of the Résistance without calling the child by name. Madame leaned back and told her to undress. Aline looked at the two women and Ben, but Madame nodded, go ahead! Aline quickly removed the dress and stood in front of the foursome in her panties. Madame pointed with her long cigarette holder, that too! Very unsettled, Aline took off the panties.

The four looked at her very closely and smiled kindly. Madame asked if she had shaved her pubic hair, but Aline shook her head, they had not grown at all yet. And no, she was not menstruating yet either. Madame nodded kindly, that makes you precious. Aline replied that she spoke German quite well besides French, her mother was from Austria. Madame looked at her papers, yes, von Waldenberg. The Baroness, and Aline already wanted to deny it, but she kept her mouth shut, she didn't really know. And of course she also had 5 years of Latin, but she didn't speak it. Ben grinned impudently and winked happily at her, then petrified himself back into a statue. Yes, her mother and her sister Renate always spoke German to her.

Madame exchanged a meaningful glance with the two women, who nodded in agreement. "But now for something else," Madame said, asking how she felt about the German occupiers and the French resistance? Aline concentrated and completely forgot that she was naked. She looked at the four of them and replied, "My father said I could speak openly with Madame." Madame nodded, then said those present could hear everything. Aline thought for a moment. She didn't know any Germans personally and only knew what was generally said about them. Even if only half of it was true, they were scum

and not honorable men. Madame remained silent and awkwardly lit a cigarette.

She had been going along with her father to the secret meetings for almost a year, and she thought it right and just that they should send the Germans away again or throw them out by force. If she were not only 17, she would have joined the fighters, but the father had forbidden it. Madame lingered on this point for a long time. She said that many Germans came to the establishment, they loved the shows, the champagne and the girls. She would like to have Aline work in the establishment, drink champagne with the Germans and go to the room with them. She looked at Aline questioningly. Aline nodded in agreement and mumbled that she was happy to do that, but she had never had Champagne or other alcohol before.

And going to the room with the gentlemen was no problem, she had been fucking already for 4 years. Madame did a quick calculation and asked if she had fucked many lovers in those 4 years? Aline shook her head, No, it was only one. She didn't want to say it was Daddy and when Madame asked if her lover might mind, she shook her head. "He's with the Résistance, I don't know where he is or if we'll meet again," Aline said in a firm voice, suppressing tears. Madame now spoke to one of the two women and then told Aline that Yvonne would show her the room, take her to the dressmaker to have beautiful clothes made, and explain everything to her in detail, how things were done in the establishment, what was all right and what was not. Madame stood up, nodded to her and disappeared behind a heavy curtain.

Aline dressed quickly, Yvonne introduced her to Monique and Ben. Ben was responsible for keeping the house in order, watching out for all the girls and kicking out the ruffians. Aline shook hands with them and squealed because Ben's handshake was painful. Ben looked at her kindly, if there was a problem with a guest, she should press the emergency button, he would be right there. Gradually the picture formed for Aline. Yvonne showed her the room, went with her to the dressmaker, who measured her very carefully. Yvonne made an appointment for the next day with the photographer, she giggled while talking on the phone. "That guy tries to fuck for free ev-

ery time!” she said laughing to Aline. “A very important point: whoever you fuck, that’s up to you, but never for free! Everyone has to pay, really everyone!”

The photographer tried it the other day, of course, and Aline told him the price, 2,000 francs. That was already a friendship price, she added, because the pomaded and made-up photographer was not a pleasant appearance. Yvonne smiled in the background. Aline had never been photographed naked before and she only did what Yvonne told her to do. Whatever the photographer thought of, she always looked at Yvonne. She was very uncomfortable that the photographer kept touching her body at any moment.

In the evening she picked up Monique and sat down with her in the crowded club. Monique explained exactly how it went down and gave her valuable advice on what to look out for. She drank a glass of Champagne and it tasted quite good. After the second glass she stopped, feeling only a very slight dizziness. Monique said she had to drink with the guests, but it was better if she just sipped the glass, it was much wiser. If she was thirsty, then a juice or mineral water would do. Most of the girls do it that way, it was an unspeakable stupidity to get drunk at work. Aline nodded, she would remember that well, I promise! It was much more difficult to listen to the guests and make conversation. One should only say something vague and approximate, preferably repeating the meaning of what the guest said. In no case to say one’s own opinion or conviction, even if it was often difficult. That was just as important as drinking, that could go wrong very quickly! Aline nodded, that was easy to understand.

A young German, after asking politely, sat down with them and ordered a Champagne. Monique answered in the affirmative as she quietly asked if she should do it with him. “You decide and not for free,” Monique murmured and left after a few minutes. The German chatted the whole time, obviously happy to be able to talk German with a girl. Aline listened and just said the same thing he had said, *mutatis mutandis*. At some point he wanted to get intimate with her. She didn’t mind, he wasn’t sober anymore, but he was a smart guy and of course he wanted to pay. She preceded him towards her room,

but Ben was standing in the corridor pointing to a completely different room.

They fucked quite happily and she had no bad impression of the young German. He paid as agreed and kissed her on the mouth before going out. She exchanged a quick glance with Ben, who had been waiting a few steps beside the room. It was a good start. Over the next year, Aline fucked hundreds of Germans and most of them seemed like decent people to her. Ben only had to throw out a handful and she was grateful because he was always there when she needed him. Ben had fucked Aline only a few times in the beginning, and despite his small cock, he managed to make her really horny and usually bring her to orgasm. He was completely infatuated with the young, childlike girl who masturbated so naturally when she didn't have an orgasm while fucking. Later they fucked regularly every day in the early afternoon, when the business had not yet started.

Madame took a drag on her cigarette holder and sipped her liquor. Aline waited a little excitedly, as she usually greeted Madame from a distance, but it was special to be summoned to her office. She was quite sure that she had not done anything wrong. She had fit into the establishment like a living organism. Madame looked up. She said only a few sentences of small talk and got down to business. Was she still in line with the Resistance?

Aline nodded in agreement, Yes, she was still ready to drive the Germans out of Paris. Her face began to glow. Madame nodded and smiled. She would have an assignment for her. To put a few drops in a Champagne glass for a certain officer. "Think that it is only a laxative, my sweet," Madame said with a smile, "but I will not lie to you. It is a poison, a slow-acting poison. He won't die until two days later, so no one can suspect you." Madame looked straight at her and took a drag on her cigarette. "We don't kill innocent people, my sweetheart, only the most disgusting pigs." They fell silent and Aline nodded in agreement, she understood that, she murmured almost inaudibly. "I am ready, Madame Lavernier!" she said in a firm voice. Madame nodded and briefly explained how it was to be done. Aline went out 15 minutes later and leaned against the wall of the corridor. She was shaking all over. Finally she could do something for the Ré-

sistance, but on the other hand she was terrified. She had never killed anyone before, not even slapped anyone. Ben stepped behind her and hugged her from behind. "Don't worry, little one, I'll take care of you!" Aline leaned back, the big bear gradually reassuring her. "Do you like to fuck me now?" she asked softly, walking with him to her room.

Yvonne gave her a small vial a few days later. Five drops, she whispered, pointing her chin at the man at her table. Aline took the vial and 10 minutes later went to the room with the German. Ben was standing in front of the "fuck room" and Aline could see that he was clutching his pistol under his jacket with one hand. It was a piece of cake, five drops and the guy left after fucking.

Aline soon lost count, there were close to 80 or 90 men she poisoned over the course of the next months. Once, the German collapsed after being fucked. She called Ben, who took the dying man to the back exit and threw him into a waiting car. That was a signal for them all to be even more careful. Nevertheless, the raids became more frequent, one or another of their protectors or waiters disappeared without a trace. Monique was arrested one day behind the bar counter. She was a dirty Jew cunt, Aline could hear as the Germans left.

Madame and Aline were arrested at the same time. Ben would not let them go, he engaged in a shootout with the Germans and was shot in the leg. Aline could only give him one last look before the black car took her and Madame away.

Aline was interrogated for many hours, forced to wait on a bench in the corridor when they took a break. A crowd of Germans dragged the lifeless Madame past her. Aline snapped that she had poisoned herself during the interrogation. This shook her immensely. Things had to be very bad when a steely-eyed woman like Madame committed suicide. Aline straightened up. She would not reveal anything, she remained rock solid with her story that she had only worked as a whore and an animator. She had nothing to do with Madame Lavernier and knew nothing of the Resistance or any drug deals. She had only drunk and fucked with the men. She had to look at several hun-

dred photographs to see if she could recognize anyone. She found a handful of German officers who had been infiltrated into the folders. She was quite sure they were German officers she was “revealing.”

On the fourth day, the interrogations stopped. For seven days she waited in the cell without anything happening. On the 8th day they led her into a small room, there she stood together with 3 other women in front of the judge’s bench. The German occupiers were obviously confused and walked around in a rather undisciplined manner. Aline picked up scraps of words, the Germans were obviously on the run, just get away from here!

The judge spoke such a strong dialect that Aline could hardly follow. She was called by a completely false name and, like the 3 other women, sentenced to death as members of the Résistance. Three minutes later they were taken away and crammed into a van. She screamed her name and that she was not that other, but no one paid any attention to her. An hour later, they arrived at Mont Valérien.

One last night in the small chapel where 30 people sat or lay huddled together. Not a single familiar face. Aline smiled despite the frightening situation. She was now officially part of the Resistance, the dumbed-down bureaucratic apparatus had promoted her there. What irony!

The chapel was emptying. The dry rifle volleys made those who remained cringe every quarter of an hour. Through the night, crowds of Germans poured into the old fort and ran away again. Aline could not tear herself away from the small window. It was just frightening the way things were going outside. They were only five left when the door opened for the last time. Those who were called walked out with their heads bowed. Aline did not move; her name was not called. A soldier stepped up to her and beat her out with the butt of his rifle.

She shook her head in denial like the others, she didn’t want a blindfold. One last moment in the dusk of that August 19, 1944, tears rolled down Aline’s cheeks. “I’m not even 20 yet,” she thought. And she wondered where her father was?

She stared into the gun barrels. A mop of blond, tousled hair under his cap. Light blue, empty eyes. A child's face. The sergeant cleared his throat for the third or fourth time.

“Fire!”

On the island

by Jack Faber © 2023

Astrid was swimming for her life. The storm had slapped two of the dragon boats against the rocks, and her father and husband had perished in the floods, disappeared with man and mouse. Few of her compatriots could swim at all, but she excelled. She spotted the shock of red hair on Erik, her husband's 12-year-old son. She grabbed him and yanked his face up. He gasped, choking. She held him under the armpit and swam, away from the rocks.

The gods had caught sight of her, a longboat was rowed past at arm's length beside her, away from the rocks! The helmsman threw her a rope, she held on. The boat shot forward, entering calmer waters. The storm stopped as quickly as it had come up. She looked back. A total of 4 ships had been wrecked, 3 had escaped the storm and the rocks. She held on to herself and Erik. Fifteen minutes later, the men brought them both aboard. Three days later they had arrived at their destination, one of the Orkney-Islands.

It took weeks to find a suitable place to settle, and months for them to build enough huts. Astrid and Erik had built a small hut with the help of the others. Astrid was the only one who understood willow weaving. There was plenty of willow and good, hard grass, which she needed. The pain of losing her father, husband and many friends in the raging sea gradually faded. She was needed, Erik was needed. There were only two women among the many men besides her.

Astrid remembered the first evening. People found several caves to spend the night. She had a small cave for the two of them alone. Most of the time she held Erik in her arms, he was deathly sad because his father and grandfather had perished in the floods this morning. She laid out a bedstead of furs and spread out her wet clothes. It was a warm evening and she did not mind staying naked. It was tedious to take off Erik's wet clothes. He was not used to nudity and could not take his eyes off her naked body, he had never seen her naked before. She pressed the crying, naked boy against her.

She didn't need to warm him, she needed to comfort him. He buried his face against her chest and cried silently. She stroked him soothingly and he actually calmed down. She could feel his stiff cock and caressed it. She knew exactly what would follow and he was torn between sadness and horniness. Never had a girl or woman touched his cock, he had only ever masturbated secretly under cover of darkness behind the house while father and new mother fucked inside. Of course, both the father and Astrid knew he was masturbating outside, but that was okay. Astrid distracted him from the sadness, she stroked his cock very deliberately and soon achieved that he stopped crying and concentrated on his arousal. She caressed him insistently and tried to make him squirt. She could feel the squirting coming. She put her fingers protectively on his cock and let him squirt. While he was still squirting she continued to caress his cock until he had finished squirting. She stroked his head that was resting on her breasts and whispered that it was alright and that it was okay to squirt. "You men need it every day," she whispered, "it's perfectly fine with me that you squirt!" She hugged her stepson more lovingly than she ever had before and told him to go to sleep now. She held him tightly until he fell asleep. Only then did she have time to be afraid of the totally uncertain future. Her husband and father had drowned early this morning, the exciting future they had imagined had gone down with them. She cried until she tiredly fell asleep.

Erik could no longer sleep alone at night. He snuggled up to her, they were both naked, warmed each other and of course she felt it when he pressed his stiff cock against her naked body. She didn't move when he sat in a corner of the cabin and masturbated with his back to her. He had to do it like this, he was told once. After a few days, she said he could safely lie down beside her and masturbate, it was fine with her. He was pleased on the one hand, frightened on the other. Lying naked next to each other while sleeping, okay. But while masturbating? She insisted. "If you want to touch me because it makes you horny, then do it, I don't mind!" In the beginning she let him masturbate alone and he was allowed to caress her during masturbation, that excited him a lot. He trusted her, fondled her breasts and masturbated. His hand slid to her pubic the other day and she nodded with a smile, that was okay. He curiously palpated her pussy and she opened her legs smiling, that was okay too. He stared at her

pussy and masturbated. She stroked his inner thighs soothingly as the boy masturbated wildly and furiously. She silently prayed to the gods when Erik masturbated and his semen squirted all over her hips, thighs or pussy. She nodded at him in affirmation, go ahead, it's okay! For a few days he stared at her pussy and masturbated blissfully, squirting on her pussy in a high arc. She caressed him, he was allowed to lie on top of her while masturbating if he preferred. He cuddled up to her after he had squirted and cried. He had first lost his mother and little sister years ago, and now his father and grandfather during the sea crossing. He sobbed against Astrid's chest and she caressed his cock. He calmed down because it was so nice when she caressed his cock right in front of her pussy and immediately let it go before it came to squirt. She excited his testicles with her fingers and he squirted all by himself on her pussy, without having to touch the cock.

He lay on top of her every night, she caressed his cock very lightly until he was ready to squirt. He moved back and forth on her body, rocking and thrusting his cock on her pussy. She let go of his cock and stroked his butt cheeks, he rubbed his body against hers and squirted the moment her hand stroked his asscheeks and asscrease. She let her hand slide lower, stroking his testicles and the root of his cock. This made him squirt the best, her fingers slid between his asscheeks and grabbed his sacklet from behind, later purposefully grabbing his cock. He moaned when she caressed his cock from below, from behind, until he squirted. That was their scenario for the first few weeks.

She had made Erik squirt twice, had excited his testicles with gentle touches and caressed his cock lightly from behind. He was highly aroused and slid up and down on her body until he cum. He wanted her to masturbate him with her hand the second time. She let him sink back and pulled his foreskin all the way back. She licked his glans until he squirted in her mouth and then she masturbated him for the first time while finishing the squirting. She pulled the last drops out of his cock with two fingers and asked if it was good? He nodded and she rubbed the drops all the way out. He said the cum in her mouth had been quite wonderful, much nicer than masturbating

by hand. "I'll be happy to do you again with my mouth, because I like that too," Astrid said, broadly smiling.

Erik preferred to sit between her legs and masturbate, his eyes fixed on her pussy. She had put her fingers on her clit and allowed him to squirt directly onto her pussy. He moved very close to her so that his glans touched her labia as he masturbated. She smiled sweetly and directed his glans to her clit. There he should rub his glans against it, she liked that very much. He nodded and rubbed the glans very hard on her clit until he squirted. She took the glans and rubbed it firmly on her clit, she circled her finger on the clit and suppressed the orgasm. She trembled ever so slightly and let go of his glans.

He needed it again, after a brief pause. She nodded that she would masturbate him with her hand and inserted his glans into her little hole. He widened his eyes, he didn't expect that! She rubbed his cock and he turned his head to the side, for he was ashamed that all he could think about was fucking her. She quickly made him squirt and pulled his cock halfway into her hole as he squirted. He grabbed her hips and shuddered, his cock twitching and jerking inside her and squirting inside. They sat motionless facing each other for a few more minutes, he had his eyes closed and was feeling her hole from the inside with his cock. She pulled out his soft cock and pulled him into her embrace. "This is how we'll do it from now on, I'll do you with my mouth first and then you get to cum inside, good?" she said, stroking his head. He nodded quite excitedly, because he would never have dared to ask her explicitly about it. They did it like this for many days, usually he still had an erection after the second squirt and she patiently let him squirt in again for the third time. But then he was completely done and soon fell asleep.

Erik loved to squirt in Astrid's mouth at the beginning, her fingers masturbated his cock only very gently, the main work was done by her tongue. She smiled so sweetly while she did it that it got him all hot. His cock remained hard and he penetrated her vagina very quickly and deeply. He almost always had to squirt immediately and was then quite embarrassed. But she smiled again and grabbed his cock as best she could. He stayed stiff and deep inside her, so it was

quite difficult for her to masturbate him. The heel of her hand rubbed her clit while she masturbated him. It always took her a long time to make him cum and the fingers of her other hand circled upon her clit. She suppressed her orgasm and only let her thighs tremble slightly. She kept eye contact with him to hide her secret masturbation and orgasms. When she felt he remained stiff, she masturbated him again. She pulled out his soft cock and, if she was still aroused, she pulled the foreskin all the way back and let his glans dance on her clit until her thighs trembled. Then it was time to go to sleep.

She thought of her father and husband who would never fuck her again. She had always loved to fuck, but she never got pregnant. She missed her father, her husband, the fucking very much. When Erik had squirted two or three times, he would fall asleep. It was very difficult for her to masturbate at first. She had not masturbated since she could fuck, but now she masturbated every night and probably more often than ever before. Only when she got tired from the orgasms did she fall asleep. She masturbated not because she was horny, but because her clit demanded it. The more hopeless her situation was, the more she was afraid of tomorrow, the more urgently her clit throbbed. She hid masturbating from Erik as long as they didn't fuck each other.

The men knew where to find her, on the riverbank, by the willows. The men came for her, of course, not for the willows. She didn't turn anyone away, she lay down in the grass with them and they fucked. There were some who could fuck very well and with whom she came to orgasm. Many, however, squirted way too early and didn't care that she was amped up and unsatisfied. Most of the men had enough chores and work to do, only one or two sneaked off to the pastures during the week. That didn't bother her, she had enough work too, the willow baskets didn't weave themselves.

Rangalf was the leader. He was very old and visited her at the willows because he valued her as a clever conversationalist. He laughed grimly when she asked him once. His well had dried up, he said, it no longer urged him to lie down with a woman. Astrid was startled, for she had never known anyone who was done with it. He was, after all, the oldest person she knew. Rangalf usually came around noon,

shared his snack and water with her. He usually talked about issues and matters of the community and listened to her thoughts very attentively.

Rangalf saw a problem coming, for the other two women, who were married and whose husbands worked their ass off in the woods, were growing bolder in their whoring. On the one hand, the two women were there with their husbands, and on the other hand, they were not very desirable, Astrid said. Rangalf nodded in agreement, he had already observed the ugly women fucking and agreed with her. He was mainly bothered by the shamelessness with which they fucked in public, that had to lead to problems one day. The men gathered around the women when they got fucked and everyone got the opportunity to fuck them too. Rangalf did not interfere, because the men had to blow off steam. Astrid had seen both of them fucking other men in public over and over again in front of everyone, but they didn't get the really desirable men. One day the husbands will no longer be able to look the other way and then there would really be a problem.

In the course of time she told him everything about herself. How the black disease had taken her mother and her sisters within a few days. That she had lain with her father and he had deflowered the 12 year old. She liked to be her father's wife, they loved each other very much and she stopped masturbating there, because she got the orgasms while fucking with him. The father had said that he had never seen a woman who came to orgasm as quickly and easily as she did. Even when she married at 19, she continued to fuck with her father, her husband had to admit to her. But he got along very well with her father and felt no jealousy. Her husband's first wife had died in childbirth, leaving him with 10-year-old Erik. She told Rangalf that she might not have any children, it was such a dull feeling that gnawed at her. But she would fuck any man who felt like fucking, because maybe she could get pregnant after all.

Astrid cried as she told Rangalf. He waited silently until she had cried herself out. He knew how the blows of the gods could strike someone, how much you suffered when a loved one was torn from

you. He took Astrid's hand and stroked it gently. He also knew that the tears would eventually stop.

One evening loud trampling, loudly bawling drunks approached her hut. She held Erik tightly and murmured in his ear that he should not mutter. The drunks, it was the 4 Halgrim-brothers, came in. She pushed Erik aside and covered her breasts and pubic with her hands. They didn't come to interrupt her, the boys grunted happily, they had only come to fuck a little bit and she could go ahead with Erik, the men said laughing. Erik sat down in the furthest corner, clutching his knees and making himself as small as possible.

Astrid smiled reassuringly at him, that was no problem! The 4 guys fucked her one by one and laughed, roared and accompanied each other's fucking with raunchy words. Astrid could see how aroused Erik was getting despite his initial fear, his cock spurting at irregular intervals without Erik touching himself. The boys were done, they could take no more. Loudly and with booming laughs they left. Astrid was tired from the orgasms and beckoned Erik to her. She held him embraced and soon fell asleep.

She thought of how much the Halgrim-brothers' fucking the night before had confused him. Had it hurt her, the fucking, yesterday? She smiled, but no, the brothers had not hurt her, fucking was something natural after all. Could he fuck her too? Erik asked softly. She laughed, he was still quite young and for fucking his cock would have to be stiff. She squeezed the soft cock and gave him a kiss on the cheek. She held him embraced and soon fell asleep.

She masturbated Erik every night, usually twice with a break. At starting she made him cum in her mouth, which he liked very much. She told him all about fucking during the break and how husband and wife fucking usually went, because that's what he wanted to know. After that she quickly masturbated the impatient boy inside her hole and he turned over to sleep. She waited a bit and masturbated. The moon was shining brightly in the doorway when she stopped much later and opened her eyes. Erik was sitting upright and had been watching her. She immediately saw his stiff cock. He

waited until she calmed down and gently caressed her pussy. He just looked at her and knelt between her legs.

They didn't speak a word. He bent over and moved his cock into position. Sighing, she opened her legs and unfolded her knees. He pushed in. She held onto his shoulders as he fucked her. He had been paying attention, after all, and knew how to do it. Despite her tiredness, she felt the orgasm approaching and let it happen, clinging to him and letting the orgasm shake her violently without losing his cock. It took him quite a while before he squirted. She looked at his face, it was very clear how much he liked it. From now on they fucked every night, sometimes twice when he was stiff again.

The Halgrim-brothers came irregularly, for they rarely brewed booze, but they came every few weeks. Astrid smiled kindly and also took a big sip of the booze. Everything had to be peaceful, because the drunken boys could also smash everything to pieces. Erik hid, because he was very afraid of the drunks. Astrid was completely exhausted after fucking with the Halgrim-brothers and did not let Erik fuck her. Tomorrow, she mumbled sleepily, tomorrow!

The Merchant's Daughter

by Jack Faber © 2023

Anna was hopelessly in love with the young count who was courting her. She had masturbated every night since her earliest youth, but now she increased her lust so much that her clit still hurt when she got up in the morning. She was a good child, she knew nothing about love, sex or the customs of court. She was so much in love with the Count that she gave herself to him even before the wedding. They lived together like man and wife even before the splendid wedding, secretly of course.

She understood fucking very quickly. She understood just as quickly what the count expected from her. When he returned from hunting, and he was hunting almost every day, he expected her to get fucked as soon as he got home. She smiled when he rode out and went straight to the bathroom, because he wanted to be received by his young wife clean, fragrant and wrapped in a transparent veil. That was fine, he laid her across the bed, pulled off her veil and fucked her. It seemed very unseemly to her that two or three of his hunting buddies came with him, wine goblets in hand, sat down and watched them while the count fucked her. The first time she held the veil crying to her breasts and shook her head. But her husband grinned wryly, pulled away the veil and showed his friends her nudity, parting her labia with his fingers and showing them her little hole and her unusually large clit. He masturbated her clit until she squirmed as if in convulsions and fucked her in front of his buddies. She buried her face in the pillows and howled with shame. The men laughed quite amiably and went their way.

She was shocked each time because her husband stripped her naked in the presence of his buddies and fucked her in front of them, but each time she also became more indifferent. The count did not want to talk about it, she had to accept what the husband wanted, period! She felt a very special tickle when she looked into the greedy eyes of his buddies. She smiled at them because when the count had cum and withdrawn, she masturbated her clit for a few seconds to

trigger the orgasm. She stared into the eyes of his buddies while the orgasm violently pounded her. The count was very impressed and pleased with his young pregnant wife.

The buddies stepped very close as soon as she masturbated. One put a hand on her little tummy and stroked her and the child, the second continued to rub her clit firmly and she plunged from one orgasm to the next. She lay splayed out in front of them and let them caress her, her look telling them how liberated and satisfied she was. She was still smiling as the two men masturbated and squirted their seed all over her body. This was probably the moment when the final hurdle fell.

The next day, after he had cum, the count moved aside and let a buddy join her with his pants down. Before she realized it, he had penetrated her and continued fucking her where the count had left off. She actually wanted to push him away indignantly, but the fellow fucked damn well and she felt the orgasm rising. Unfortunately, he squirted now, a moment too soon, and she held him for a moment, disappointed and angry. But now the second man penetrated her immediately and fucked her further. The orgasm took a second try, leaving her just enough time to feel gratitude. She pressed her body and clit against him, clinging to him in orgasm. The orgasm lasted for a while and she was still orgasming when he cum. He was a level-headed hunt master, keeping his cock inside her and finishing up his squirting. When he came up she closed her eyes, not wanting to look her husband or his buddies in the eye.

That night, her husband was ready to talk. A little bit. She said that it was terrible for her to break her marriage vows. It's not a bad thing, he replied, it was done with his permission after all, so it was okay with him. She kept silent, what could she say in response? He had allowed it, that was what mattered. He kissed her fingertips and turned away to sleep. He knew she still wanted to masturbate, but that was none of his business. She continued to masturbate for quite a long time, recalling it over and over: fucked with three men in a row and finished with a nice orgasm!

Two or three times a week the hunting party came to her bed. Perhaps it was because of her pregnancy that she quickly learned to finish with an orgasm on each of the three fucks. With the first, her husband, she still helped a little and briefly rubbed her clit with her finger, but with Gernot and Volker she was already in the flow and got the orgasms without touching herself. Only a few weeks before the date the men let go of her. Thank God she had a quick, uncomplicated birth and gave birth to a splendid son for the count. The count carried her on his hands, he overflowed with gratitude.

The count rode to Constance for the Pontifical Council at the invitation of Duke Sigismund, he stayed two months and came again. He was boisterous and cheerful, he had deepened friendship with the duke and had every night a beautiful daughter of the town in his bed, but also many well-behaved married wives who were unfaithful to their husbands only exceptionally during the Pontifical Council. It was downright exciting how these chaste married wives let themselves be uncovered bit by bit with a bashful look and lay down shyly like virgins beside him. Coyly they covered their breasts, though with practiced movements they lay down prepared to fuck. He sensed their embarrassment as most wept at their own lasciviousness. He had not pressed or forced a single one; they all gave themselves willingly to him. He enjoyed the spectacle for a while, then fucked them lustily and passionately. He was puzzled at first because, in keeping with the spirit of the times, they all masturbated while fucking, something Anna very rarely did.

Anna was very happy with her little son and remained faithful to her husband. Only every morning she let a little 14 year old pageboy fuck her and pulled out his cock to make him squirt by her hand, because the squirting inside seemed too dangerous for her. She masturbated the boy with her hand again and sent him away. Her maids, who did not miss all this, rolled their eyes to the sky. Anna slowly regained sexual desire and masturbated every night.

Anna had become accustomed over the years to being fucked two or three times a week by the hunting party. She had improved her orgasmic ability even more and rarely needed it during the night. The noblewoman who had charge of her son was a lesbian and seduced

Anna a few times. However, she was not a lesbian and did not let her get too close. Nevertheless, she enjoyed being licked to orgasm by her very much. Anna had two more girls and a son born, but she was not sure if her husband, Gernot or Volker was the father of the children. It was also beside the point, they were children of the count. Period!

When the Lords rode out to hunt, she would more and more often fetch a young pageboy to bed. She had a preference for the young boys, she was very aware of that. But they usually fucked with much passion and she let her finger dance on her clit. When she masturbated the boyish cock of the pageboy, it reminded her of her childhood where she had masturbated such cocks and let them squirt laughing happily. It was a wonderful appetizer before the gentlemen came to the main course. Of course, her husband had heard about the pageboys by rumor, but he didn't dare to ask her. He did not want a war of roses with the mother of his splendid sons and daughters. He shooed away the rumors like pesky flies and swatted the most gossipy across the mouth. The countess was not an issue, period!

Duke Sigismund once came to visit. He was received royally, the count talked for hours with the ruler and they decided many things. At night the duke was allowed to spend the night in the bed of the count. Anna awaited him fragrantly in her transparent veil. The duke was already an old man, but he did not miss this beautiful tidbit. She stroked him stiffly and sat on the old gentlemans cock. She rode him very gently and made him squirt. He dozed off right away and she quietly went into the other room to her husband. He listened to her report and was very pleased. The duke was a very important man who needed to be pampered carefully. Anna washed her pussy and grinned. It had been 25 years since she had any idea about fucking and now she was fucking for five nights a total stranger old man because it was very important for her husband. — What a world!

One day the count returned early from hunting, supported by his friends. She shooed away the naked pageboy and had her husband laid on the bed. He wanted to fuck her one last time, the dying man whispered. They undressed him and she snuggled up to him. But he was so tired, deadly tired. Two minutes later, he was dead.

The oldest son Sigbert was 18 and the new count. Anna withdrew after the first few weeks, Sigbert did his job well. Anna mourned her husband for more months, she knelt in the chapel and prayed for him, they had led a beautiful and quiet marriage. Before the end of the year of mourning, she took a 14-year-old pageboy into her bed. About this time Sigbert confessed to her how much he had missed her during the year of mourning, how little love the married girls gave him when they fucked. He had little pleasure with them, by God! She was silent and said nothing.

That night she slipped into his bedroom, which was just one door down. She lay down with him without a word. She was already over 50, but the fire still burned in her clit. She came to him every night until after 3 years he had to take a wife at the behest of the council. She helped him to make a good choice and get one that had fire in her clit.

She had taught Sigbert to masturbate when he was 11. She had pinned up her skirt and sat cross-legged on his bed opposite him. She patiently masturbated him for a few days and he stared mesmerized at her pussy. She explained everything to him about fucking, deflowering and men chasing women in great detail. No, she would not let him fuck her, she said firmly, before giving in. Just a little, just to try it out, she said. Just before he cum, she took out his cock and finished masturbating him with her hand. The next days she let him cum inside quietly, why not? — After two weeks of trial fucking, she left Sigbert to masturbate himself.

Of course, that wasn't the end, the trial fucking was just the beginning. He was incredibly adept at getting the timing right. His father rode off to hunt and she was about to go off to find a willing pageboy. Standing in front of her, he could feel her horny anticipation for the pageboy's fucking. She saw his big begging eyes and it warmed her heart instantly. So all these years Sigbert managed to fuck her regularly in the morning. He didn't stop her for long, she could still fuck her pageboy afterwards, but he grinned to himself. He enjoyed fucking her in her positive upbeat mood, her first fucking and orgasms of the day, it was always a very lovingly nice and quick fucking.

After all, she had taught him from a young age not to listen to the prohibitions of the clergy and to follow his cock everywhere, it was a pretty good compass needle. The 13-year-old had followed his mother's advice and had diligently fucked all the noblewomen and married wives, of whom there were a lot willingly ready to be fucked. The mother had spied on him only at the beginning, but the boy did everything right.

Anna had found a good bride for her son and he liked the girl very much. She was not a beauty, which could be improved with a little makeup and noble clothes. But she was a cannon in bed, masterful in fucking and had a lot of experience. Sigbert could lose himself in her pussy and finally let Anna go. Anna was able to retire and let the young pageboys fuck her again, because even though she was already well over 50, she exerted a magical effect with her restrained and at the same time alluring sex-appeal. The young pageboys were still unspoiled, they fucked her without calculation or ulterior motives. They fucked for the sake of fucking a really sexy woman. Anna gave the boys rich gifts, partly because she had to keep everything secret.

Her son, Count Sigbert, suppressed any gossip about his mother with success.

The Stepmother

by Jack Faber © 2023

Although Jack was already a young man at almost 18, he was very simple in mind. When others sprinted off in their minds at the speed of light and missed easily, he leisurely strolled to the finish line on a marathon. Many thought he was stupid because of this.

Since his earliest youth, his mother Eva came naked to the bathroom twice a week, showered and washed him conscientiously, and then she weighed his cock examiningly in her hand. The cock was already like a grown man's, she concluded satisfied, but he had inherited it from his father: he couldn't really squirt and fuck until he was 21 either. Jack listened to her devoutly, because it was so fine when she rubbed his cock in her hand. Yes, he really couldn't squirt yet, why should he? He wasn't masturbating either, even with Eva's skill in asking him out. He was flooded with the wonderful feelings when she pulled the foreskin all the way back over the glans, again and again, until the cock throbbed. She did this every time after she had showered him, she masturbated him very gently and until his cock began to throb. "I'm almost exploding!" gasped Jack, and she paused and pulled the foreskin back very tightly. The glans was swollen deep red and she rubbed it hard with her thumb. The glans nodded in a continuous motion as she rubbed it, while Jack nearly exploded. "You really can't squirt yet," she noted. He shrugged, why should he squirt?

He found her nudity quite normal, only when she leaned down and turned her ass towards him did he get very excited. He saw the thick labia under the fold of her ass and the wet hole in the dense bush. His cock and heart were throbbing wildly. He knew what the little hole was for, he had always spied on Eva and the father when they fucked. The first few times it was very exciting, later it wasn't. In the meantime he spied only on Sunday mornings, there Eva brought the father three or four times to fuck her, she masturbated him in between and took his cock in her mouth, that was really exciting! When

he unintentionally squirted in her mouth, she swallowed the semen reluctantly and scolded him quietly.

Jack, of course, didn't know that she was intentionally showing him her pussyhole in such a frivolous way. She had discovered, when he was still a young boy, that he was rubbing his cock thoughtfully when she bent over to mop the floor after a shower. The little boy stared at her cunt, and she bent again and spread her labia with her fingers. For five minutes he stared into her pussyhole with his mouth open, rubbing his cock. He gasped, "It's exploding, Mom!" and she straightened up, stroked his hair with her hand, and reassured him that it was okay to explode. From that day on, she masturbated him twice a week after showering him until he moaned that it was exploding now. After the shower, she would always handle herself bent over and let him look inside her pussyhole. He rubbed thoughtfully and then she masturbated him quite quickly. She was glad that it didn't take too long.

Eva taught literature at the university one morning a week and usually read on her bed all day. That didn't change until their last year together began — she would be leaving for good at the end of the year. The father had a new job and was now on the road steering a heavy truck for several weeks, leaving Eva and Jack alone. Eva now sometimes brought strange men or students to fuck in the afternoon. Jack was really confused, why was she now cheating on dad with all these guys, she had never done that before? "He left me, am I supposed to give up sex because of that?" she hissed angrily when he asked her.

Jack spied curiously as she fucked the guys. The fucking usually lasted a long time and Eva masturbated while doing it, although Jack couldn't see exactly how she did it. He saw her beautiful face gradually contorting into a grimace and then she became beautiful and soft again and smiled.

At one point he cautiously asked her why the fucking was taking so long and how it was with her grimace. She looked at him reproachfully and scolded a bit because spying was not decent. But she answered his questions. "Your daddy fucks way too fast and way too

short, that's the difference. I need a guy to fuck me long enough for me to have an orgasm!" She thought for a few moments. "People get the grimace when they have an orgasm, that's normal." He understood after she explained it in more detail. And no, she wasn't going to show him her masturbating, that was really private, she snorted indignantly.

That night he couldn't fall asleep. He stood indecisively with his massive hard-on wrestling with himself, then mustered all his courage and went into Eva's bedroom. "What is it?" she asked sleepily, turning over on her back. "I'd like to be with you" said Jack timidly and took off his pajamas, for Eva was lying naked on her bed as usual. In the dim light you couldn't see much, but of course Eva could see his erection. He didn't wait for her answer, unceremoniously lay down next to her and embraced her, pressing his body and cock against her. She stroked him gently and let him stroke her gently. Usually they hugged while dressed, but now he felt her nakedness with his naked skin, caressed and hugged her over and over again. He said, he loved her so much, much more than the guys she was fucking with in the afternoon! He pressed his body against her and virtually impaled her with his hard-on, she laughed brightly at his stormy embraces.

Earlier than he himself, she realized that he wanted to lie on top of her. No, I can't do that, she thought and turned on her stomach, I'm not going to let him fuck me! He pressed his stiff cock against her ass cheek and made wild fucking movements. She turned on the little light and grabbed his cock. She masturbated him very gently until he gasped he was going to explode. The other day the same, she rubbed his cock and asked if he really wanted to play fucking? "Yes," of course he did and knelt quickly behind her. Greedily staring at her wet fuckhole, he approached it with his cock. She stopped him energetically when he penetrated her. He stroked her ass cheeks hornily and she whispered that if he wanted to play fuck with his stiff cock between her ass cheeks, it was fine with her. "Just, don't disturb me while I do me" she whispered without him understanding right away. But he knelt behind her and pressed his stiff cock into her butt crack. Ahh, that felt good! He darted back and forth, and after a while he noticed that Eva's fingers were rubbing under her belly. He kept

darting back and forth for a long time and kept going even as Eva's body twitched and wriggled. "Stop it," she groaned, "stop it! I'm already done!" He lay down next to her and she quietly explained that it was only fine during masturbation, but not afterwards.

From now on in the evenings he went straight to her bedroom. She was already lying on her stomach and turned off the big light after he lay down with her and left the small one burning. He was again allowed to eagerly whet in her butt crease while she masturbated. Sometimes he would straighten up and try to make out her finger rubbing rapidly in the dim light. But he couldn't make out much. The next evening she asked him, smiling, if he might prefer to play fucking in her ass-hole? "You may do it, it's quite fine and I like it too!" she said cooing and Jack nodded eagerly, yes, fucking, he definitely wanted to! But in the asshole? He asked how that would go, staring unblinkingly at her wet little hole. She moistened his cock with saliva and also her asshole. She helped him to penetrate, but it was very laborious. Finally it was done and she masturbated lying on her stomach. He stared at the finger that was rubbing like crazy. Fucking her asshole wasn't as great as he thought it would be, but she seemed to enjoy it a lot, he thought, she moaned in one go how fine it was and rubbed her clit rapidly. He pulled out his throbbing cock as she began to twitch tremulously. He had learned that lesson.

Soon he was no longer content to fuck her asshole. He tried to go deeper with his cock and penetrate, but the first few times she shook him off indignantly. He penetrated her fuckhole anyway, "just to get the cock wet," he stubbornly claimed. She growled gruffly that he was not allowed to do that, but she no longer denied him. He then dutifully fucked her asshole and pondered how he could come to fucking.

He was unsettled by her refusal and waited the next time with his cock stuck in her hole "to make it wet". Maybe it was better to wait longer in her little hole, because now she did not reject him anymore. She just grunted indignantly as he slowly fucked in her fuck hole and she concentrated on masturbating, she needed it badly now! Screw it, she told herself, let him fuck then!

Was that fine! He fucked very slowly, like he had seen do the men she cheated on father with. Her grunting protest turned into pleasurable moans, he fucked until her finger began to race. Now he pulled his cock out, just in time because she was twitching and wriggling. She hugged him as they lay side by side again. "My God! What are you doing to me!" she gasped, and Jack suddenly felt a little bit bad. "But not a word to your father, will you?" He nodded, guess that went without saying. "It's so wonderful to be fucked while masturbating," she said dreamily, nuzzling his hair, "but you must never do it again!" she said, still smiling, before they fell asleep.

Naturally, he did it every night. At first he dreaded a little when she had let herself be fucked in the afternoon, wondering if the lover's seed was still "inside", but soon he didn't care anymore. She had told him to spread her ass cheeks firmly apart and push them up. Having her ass cheeks firmly spread apart would add to her pleasure, she explained.

Sometimes Eva would bring a student girl with her. Spying on them was very horny. She licked the student or let her lick her. He couldn't see it in detail, of course, but what he could see was very exciting. Also, when they did it to each other with their hands and fingers. He asked Eva one evening and she was upset about the spying, but she explained it to him succinctly. One afternoon, when she was in bed with her friend Renate, she called him in. He had to undress and Renate felt his cock, which was soon stiff to bursting. Young Renate was very shy about the cock because she had never fucked with a man, only with girls. Eva told Renate that the boy could fuck great, if she didn't want to try it? The discussion went back and forth, he lay between the women who took turns groping his cock. "No, he can't squirt yet, don't worry about that!" said Eva. Renate let herself be persuaded, he lay down on a girl for the first time in the missionary position. Eva guided his cock to Renate's vaginal entrance and he penetrated her carefully. He was now allowed to fuck Renate until she masturbated herself to orgasm. He pulled his throbbing cock out and noticed the glint in Eva's eyes, but she shook her head in denial. It wasn't the only time Eva let him fuck a student after he confessed to her how fine it was. Eva loved her son and now all her lesbian

lovers had to fuck him, she didn't take no for an answer. Jack stayed with them afterwards and watched their lesbian game.

One day Eva walked away with her lover Paul. Jack hugged her, crying bitterly, as she left. He didn't cry again after that, although it had made him very sad.

The new stepmother was very strange and a horny piece, Jack thought. After she bathed him the first night, she sat down on the little stool in the bathroom and he had to stand naked in front of her.

"Your father had said you couldn't squirt yet. — So, can you squirt yet?" she asked, unhooking her bra. She let it slide carelessly to the floor. He didn't understand her question. He wouldn't tell her a single word about Eva, even if he had to play dumb.

"I don't understand, what do you want me to squirt?" he asked unsurely, staring at her thick breasts that hung down almost to her thighs.

She grabbed his cock with one hand and rubbed it for a moment. She looked searchingly into his eyes. "Is it squirting yet when you rub it?"

Jack felt uncomfortable. He couldn't tear his eyes away from her breasts and felt his cock stiffen all over.

"I never rub myself down there," he said weakly. She was obviously surprised. She drank the wine cup empty now, her spirits rising with the wine.

"So, don't you like it?" she asked, grabbing his cock anew. He said nothing, for it was so fine when she held his cock rubbing.

"Don't you know how to do it?" she asked and he shook his head in denial. He really didn't know, he pretended.

"Do you want me to show you?" she asked, and he didn't move. He understood exactly what she meant.

She pulled his foreskin all the way back. “Look, it goes like this!” she said, rubbing his cock for a while. He nodded when she asked if he understood it now.

“Then do it yourself now, let’s see if you can squirt yet.” She let go of his cock. Jack now continued to rub himself exactly as she had shown him. He stared at her hand and fingers playing stealthily under the hem of her panties.

He couldn’t take his eyes off her body. His father was on the road again with the truck and would not be back for weeks. His new step-mother, Beate, had just moved in with them today and had given Jack a bath after dinner, she wore bra and panties only. Now he stood naked in front of her, staring at her large breasts and at the fingers in her panties. “Oh, you like to look, do you?” she grinned happily, pushing the hem of her panties aside a little bit and pushed a finger in her vagina. He rubbed and rubbed, it was a very nice feeling in his cock and he almost exploded when he saw her finger in her vagina.

Beate stared at his red swollen glans and said he had to rub faster now. He obeyed and the nice feeling in his cock became even nicer. He didn’t have to pee, he knew, but it was a very similar feeling. He was getting more and more excited. Groaning, he stopped rubbing, his cock throbbing and throbbing. He looked uncertainly at Beate.

She pulled her fingers out from under the panties and touched the red swollen glans. She wiped away the drop that had formed on the tip of the glans and rubbed the glans with her thumb for minutes. “Okay,” Beate said, “so you can’t squirt yet!” He lowered his head, was this for her good or bad? She let go of his cock as it stopped throbbing, and his dick gradually drooped.

“All right,” Beate said, standing up, “let’s go to sleep!” He nodded sadly, as his father let him watch TV in the evening until he fell asleep. He trotted behind Beate into the master bedroom.

“Do you like to sleep in the nursery or with me in the big bed?” asked Beate and Jack gave no answer, he didn’t know. His father had

always let him sleep in the nursery. “Okay,” she nodded, “lie down then!” He obeyed and lay down in the big matrimonial bed, he hadn’t done that since his mother left.

Beate took off her panties and turned around a few moments in front of the dressing mirror, admiring herself and Jack looked with eyes wide open, he had not often seen a naked woman before.

Actually she doesn’t look bad, Jack thought, she was much younger than his mother, small and roundly, but not fat. Most noticeable were her large, full breasts, which now hung without a bra down to her belly button. Her pubic area was hidden under a thick blonde bush, her ass was tender and round. The light blond shoulder-length hair framed her flat face, where the light green eyes caught the attention.

Beate turned in front of the mirror around and around for a long time and admired herself, then lay down in bed and turned off the light. She grabbed Jack by the shoulders and pressed him against her. He loved it very much when their naked bodies pressed against each other. After a few minutes of cuddling, she reached down. Even though it was pitch black, he could feel that she had started rubbing herself.

“Now I’ll do me and you can rub your cock when it’s stiff too!” Beate whispered. He felt very clearly that she was rubbing somewhere, somehow — probably just like Eva did it? He could feel his cock gradually getting hard again. He rubbed his cock conscientiously and had to smile, now they were both rubbing themselves. He stopped when the cock throbbed really hard and he felt it explode.

Beate let go of him, she needed both hands now. Jack pressed himself against her jiggling body, his hands groping for her breasts. She let him do that to his astonishment, she gasped now really hard and then her body jerked a few times. She let out the held breath and hugged Jack.

“There we are, that was fine, now good night!” He nodded in the darkness. “Good night, Beate!” he whispered.

The next night the same, she unhooked her bra and he had to stand in front of her and rub his cock until it throbbed. This went on for a couple of days. Now she would take off her panties too and he would stare at her fingers playing with her clit and hole. He kept looking at Julia's pee hole, as she was his best girlfriend and asking her, but she didn't know how the rubbing exactly went. He kept meaning to just ask Beate, but he was too chicken.

Beate asked him once why his mother had left and Jack stammered around, not really knowing, he said. He had only heard the parents arguing more and more often. The mother had yelled at the father that he was a failure in bed, he could never satisfy her like Paul, with whom she had run off in the end. Beate nodded thoughtfully.

"Your father really is a failure at fucking" she said to Jack with a lovely grin, "he can fuck for a minute at most and then he has to squirt immediately. That was way too short for your mother, I understand that. But I don't mind, I'll rub myself if I need to." Jack didn't quite understand the connection and didn't ask her until a few days later. She explained to him that his mother hadn't rubbed herself and was very disappointed because his father couldn't fuck her well. She then fucked Paul and he was apparently good in bed. "I see," said Jack, who didn't understand fully but guessed. Eva had rubbed herself every night, that's for sure, he thought. "I for myself don't mind," said Beate, "your father is a good, decent and honorable guy, that's the most important thing to me. And the fact that he doesn't fuck very well doesn't matter to me, I rub myself at night and that's enough for me." That was the end of the interesting conversation, although Jack still had a thousand questions.

The father came home every few weeks, that's when Jack slept in the nursery and spied on them fucking. But that wasn't very exciting, he had already seen his mother fuck his father. It was true, the father fucked Beate for barely a minute, then he squirted in really hard and deep, and then it was over. Five or six times on a weekend the two disappeared into the bedroom, and when Jack spied, it was always the same. Beate always beamed at the father and gave him a thou-

sand lovely kisses after he had squirted inside. Beate apparently never masturbated when his father was with her.

Again and again, Jack kept asking Beate questions. He wanted to know everything about fucking. She knew everything, but she didn't like to talk about it. At least she could explain to him why his best friend Julia didn't want to fuck really, and what the hymen was all about. Once, when he had dutifully rubbed himself to the point of throbbing in front of her in the evening, she pulled the labia apart with both hands and showed him everything. He looked into the big hole which his father had drilled in her and at the end she pointed to her clit, that was what she had to rub at night, she said smiling and grinning. But she let him look just this once.

He rubbed himself to the point of throbbing every night in front of Beate. He had gotten used to her nakedness and also to her rubbing his cock sometimes. One evening, his cock began to drip as it throbbed. She grinned, "Well, finally!" and continued to rub his cock very hard, but it stopped dripping.

It was another week before it squirted a bit for the first time. Beate held his glans with two fingers as he squirted. He stared at the splatter that had landed on her thigh. She smiled and wiped it away with her hand. He kept rubbing every night, Beate held his glans with two fingers and rubbed it with her thumb until he squirted, and soon it squirted properly. Beate was very pleased with this, she stroked the last drops out of his cock with two fingers after he squirted. He was finally a man, Beate said, and hugged him.

Julia liked to watch him when he squirted. She caught the semen with the palm of her hand and examined it very closely. She had discovered clit rubbing in cooperation with Jack and now masturbated every night. She thought it was great!

One day Beate talked about her past. She knew that she was not a beauty and could only score with good fucking. She had fucked with more than a dozen men and had also been in longer relationships for a while. She loved fucking and would fuck anyone who wanted to

fuck her. She didn't care much for marital fidelity and had married his father only on that condition.

Beate had told him that when he rubbed himself at night, he shouldn't squirt on the sheet, he should squirt on her belly. He obeyed and squirted on Beate's belly at night. Because she masturbated for a very long time, he usually squirted twice on her belly. Gradually it changed, he knelt up to squirt and squirted on her rubbing hand, which he dimly recognized in the darkness. That was okay with her, she said, and acquiesced as he knelt between her legs and let his glans touch her rubbing fingers. In the pause before the second time, he left his glans on her rubbing fingers, so he felt her masturbation quite clearly. When he squirted, he pressed the glans very firmly on her fingers and sometimes she grabbed the glans and pressed it against her flesh while squirting. He felt that his glans was pressed directly on her hole and squirted inside.

He had asked her over and over again if he could watch her masturbate, but she always refused. That was far too private, she said cowardly, and she had never let anyone watch. From a young age she hid and concealed masturbating. So no, she didn't show him. However, when she sat naked on the bathroom stool and watched him masturbate, her fingers now liked to play with her clit. She was just playing, not masturbating, she said. But sometimes she couldn't control herself and masturbated with her eyes closed. Afterwards, she would straighten up with her face reddened and try to figure out if he had seen it. He quickly looked to the ground and always pretended not to see it. After all, he knew from Julia how the girls masturbated.

Beate pressed his glans on her vaginal entrance at night and let him squirt in. He let his seed squirt in and it was wonderful. One night she whispered asking if he wanted to fuck her. He pretended not to hear it. A few days later she whispered that if he wanted to fuck her, during she masturbated, it was fine with her. Only his father must never know.

Jack let days go by. He wanted to, but he was afraid of taking action at the same time. She didn't push him, she didn't care if he wanted to fuck her or not. He took an incredibly long time, thrusting

a little when she pressed his glans on the vaginal entrance. He thrust a little more and she let him thrust. Then, one night, he thrust deep into her vagina while squirting. She let him glide deep inside to squirt.

Then, finally, he had made up his mind. While Beate masturbated, he knelt between her legs and whispered that he wanted to fuck her really. She nodded and her hand directed his cock into her vaginal entrance. He fucked her, for the first time. He had to squirt after only seconds, while she masturbated rapidly. She laughed and said he still had to learn to hold out longer. Since she wasn't done masturbating, he fucked her a second time. And held out longer.

He would learn it, Jack thought, he would learn it!

Comrades

by Jack Faber © 2023

Jack didn't arrive at the funeral until 10 minutes before the end. It had taken a long time for the commander to give him the 10 days home leave, but he had fought doggedly to get it. He was just able to catch a transport flight and raced to the cemetery in a cab. He stood at the very back and saluted as Roger's casket was lowered. He was one of the last to step up to Roger's widow, Jenny, and offered her his hand in condolence. She cried out softly and hugged him fiercely. "I knew you would come!" she said. Tears ran down her cheeks like a torrent.

He had to ride with her in the funeral home's pompous limousine, not comfortable in the parade uniform or in the company of so many chattering, smacking and drinking people he didn't know. Jenny's house was like all on the military bases: a large living room, two bedrooms, kitchen, bathroom and garage. Jenny had furnished it nicely and tastefully, so that you quickly felt at home. He could only exchange a few words with Jenny, thank God the state was not stingy in honoring its fallen son, she would get a good pension and be able to stay in the house on the base. He would have to sleep here, of course, Jenny said with finality, the empty house would fall on her head otherwise.

Jack had only one drink. He had given up drinking 8 years ago, that was the last time he was with Roger and Jenny. He stayed iron dry, he didn't want to go down in a drunken stupor like his parents. Jenny had gotten a big and fat ass and — yes, it was unmistakable — she drank quite a lot. Jack kept silently in the background, clutching his drink, which he had only sipped. He ate something from the buffet, but he wasn't very hungry. Finally the last of them left, and the caterers cleared the buffet, drinks and dishes. Jenny sighed when everyone was gone. "Sit down, Jack!" she said with relief, "I'm just going to go change, this tight dress is killing me!"

He sat down with his drink and heard her showering next door. He remembered how he and Roger used to date girls after school and when they could, they would both fuck the girl one after the other. They had started working at the same company after school, he and Roger were inseparable. Roger was like a brother to him, the orphan. Jack was of Hispanic descent, Roger came from a proud black family. Roger kept dating the slender beauty Jenny, acting very secretive and not taking him on dates yet. Jenny was the one, Roger said, she was the woman to marry! They had both fallen madly in love with each other and Jenny had let Roger deflower her very, very shyly, as he proudly reported.

Jack remembered how they had fucked the first time. Sometimes the three of them met, they had a lot of fun together and Roger fucked Jenny as often as he could. Jenny was very shy and terribly ashamed at the first time when Roger undressed and exposed her naked in front of Jack, pushing her thighs apart and spreading her cunt with his fingers. Roger pushed Jack forward so he could examine his lover's jewels. Jack clicked his tongue, what a beautiful little cunt! Then Roger fucked her while Jack watched the two of them drunkenly smiling as they fucked, reaching out his fingers to feel Jenny's cunt during their fucking. Jack kept drinking and nodding at her affirmatively, she didn't have to be embarrassed, he had said, they always did it that way. She was a very pretty girl, Jack purred, he hadn't seen such a beautiful cunt in a long time, her flowerlight shining pink on her beautiful black skin, he added poetically, groping her cunt insecurely and drunk. She looked uncertainly and confusedly at Roger, who nodded in agreement. Confused, she opened her thighs and Jack sobered up in one fell swoop. He reached down to Jenny's clit and rubbed it deftly, quickly and very effectively. She wrenched her eyes open and held her breath, his fingers making her clit dance and lightning bolts shot through her body. Her thighs trembled and she looked to Roger for help, but he just grinned. Her thighs trembled more and more violently and after a few moments she shyly withdrew from his greedy fingers. She tried in vain to suppress her orgasm, but her knees knocked to-

gether several times in orgasm. She smiled shyly and girlishly and felt somehow ashamed, because she was often been masturbated but only by her intimate girlfriends until now and never by a boy. Now Roger urged her to fuck Jack, too. Roger had to coax Jenny for a very long time until she gave in. She knew, after all, that he and Jack had fucked every girl together so far. Jack was already pretty drunk, but he sobered up in one fell swoop. He sat down next to the naked Jenny and quickly undressed. Roger demanded of Jenny with great emphasis that she fuck Jack, they always did! Jenny no longer dared to contradict Roger, lay down and dutifully opened her thighs. Tears flowed down her cheeks and she looked uncertainly and fearfully at Jack. Jenny had given in very unsteadily and wept bitterly as Jack mounted her. She cried and reached for his cock, sighing and crying endlessly as she dutifully moved his cock into position and slowly let him penetrate her, crying bitterly. "Yes, that's my good girl!" she heard Roger murmur, and now Jack was penetrating her as deeply as he could. Now she very shyly and girlishly gave herself to Jack's cock and he fucked her with great pleasure, because she could really fuck well. She was one of the few black women who orgasmed very easily. She was already very tired and exhausted after all the fucking and orgasming with Roger and she let Jack fuck her resistanceless. She gasped and moaned and after some times orgasmed. That triggered Jack's squirting instantly, he squirted off, squirting jet after jet into Jenny's quivering vagina. Finally she stopped crying only at the end, when the fucking was over. They fucked as a threesome for the next two years and Jenny really enjoyed it. First she always let Roger fuck her with his big black rod and got wonderful orgasms, and after that when Jack fucked the really tired girl with his smaller one, she orgasmed softly and gently mostly only once, with that she triggered his squirting. She knew that Roger liked to watch her masturbate and when the two guys had fucked to exhaustion, she would spread her long slender legs and masturbate in front of them with passion. They both fucked her every day until Jenny already had a huge belly and they were only allowed to fuck her very carefully. Jack had enlisted in the Marines and it was off to Iraq very quickly.

He was jolted out of his memories when Jenny walked in. She was wearing only a semi-sheer dress and nothing underneath, he realized immediately. She continued to drink heavily and deliberately and frivolously showed him every inch of her body so that he could not avert his eyes of her pussy. She was still a pretty young woman, the shoulder-length wavy black hair framed her friendly face. The slim black thighs merged into the big round ass. She noticed his gaze, of course, and opened her thighs a little more. "So, do you like what you see?" she asked in a cooing voice. He nodded without lifting his eyes from her pussy and said she had a shaved pussy now unlike before. Jenny smiled. She had been shaved in the hospital before giving birth and Roger had then urged her to keep shaving, saying her cunt looked even hotter. Abruptly she interrupted herself and asked how Roger had really died, the military had told her only vague and few details. He had to describe how Roger had perished, after all he had talked to Roger daily on the phone or they exchanged mails. They were stationed in different places, but since Kevin's death Roger had sought contact with him. He reported only what she already knew. Roger's commando had driven the Humvee into an explosive device and Roger, who was in the passenger seat, was blown apart by the device. Both legs torn off, he was dead after a minute as was the driver. Jenny cried heartbreakingly and Jack sat with her on the couch. He put her head on his shoulder, hugged her and stroked her back soothingly. Jenny smelled fresh and clean, but the smell of booze stung his nose at the same time. No, Roger didn't have to suffer long, certainly not, he murmured in her ear, he was dead in an instant! The comrades in the second and third Humvee recovered the injured and the two dead and took them to the base.

Jenny dried her tears and continued to drink heavily, she let her knees slide apart as if unintentionally and he could not tear his eyes away from her naked pussy. They chatted about how she was doing on the base. She really got into it, how generously the state took care of them all, how wonderfully the soldiers' wives stuck together. And there were only a few black sheep who cheated on their husbands. She looked at him with big black eyes when he asked. No, she had never cheated on Roger, never! She had promised him that, sworn to him by God and her salvation, when he was detached to Iraq. "I've

only fucked two men in my whole life,” Jenny said hoarsely, looking him straight in the eye, “only Roger and you.”

He nodded quickly, wanting to leave the subject quickly. Jenny got up and went to pee. *Just like Roger, he had visited the brothel once or twice a month, the mostly fat Arab girls with their pitch black pussies were not to his taste. He much preferred the willowy girls from Ethiopia or Eritrea, they had jet black skin and light pink pussies like Jenny. They were silent and were much more passionate at fucking than the Arab girls. He was very ashamed of this because these girls were probably enslaved or captives. Three or four times a year he got a week's home leave, so he secretly visited the wives of his comrades, those who were keen to getting fucked. He usually didn't have to call around for long, every time he found one. The sneakiness didn't bother him at all, the fucking was almost always of the finest and he fucked as much as he could. He didn't feel bad, these comrades were not his friends like Roger, whose wife Jenny he adamantly avoided. He would lose his friend and brother forever.*

Jenny came back and sat very close. She had been thinking and needed to get it off her chest. She finished her drink and immediately poured herself another. “I must something confess, for the sake of truth,” Jenny continued very thoughtfully, cuddling closest to him, “I had passionate sex with two women. They were lonely, I was lonely. We were doomed to remain faithful to our husbands and we had no choice but to masturbate. Masturbate, masturbate, masturbate! — So one thing led to another, my dear Jack!” she concluded the confession. Jack had no clue about sex between women and said so. Jenny clasped him more intimately and described to him that they masturbated together, sometimes each other, but rather rarely. “We spent hours making out, cuddling, caressing each others body and cunts. We kissed like you kiss a man, we got really hot with French kisses, then it was just a tiny step to masturbating. Mostly we pushed against each other and masturbated ourselves, only a couple of times we did it to each other, but that wasn't as good as masturbating ourselves. That's when you have a clear feedback.” Jenny leaned her head against his shoulder, her nipples had become stiff, he could see

that. Jack noticed that Jenny was gently caressing the stiff nipples as she continued the storytelling.

“The second woman had taught me fucking clit-on-clit. We lay in the missionary position, me mostly on the bottom. We crossed our legs so they formed an X.” Jack felt Jenny’s hand drop down and disappear between her thighs. “Now you could feel the two clits pressing against each other, the two pussies pressing against each other like two fish mouths kissing. The one on top was now thrusting like a man, she was really fucking the one on the bottom very hard. We just had to learn that our clits did not lose each other even in the highest excitement. This was no longer girlish play, my dear, this was real fucking!” Jack put a hand on hers, because he was actually uncomfortable with Jenny masturbating now. But she continued masturbating unperturbed. “We fucked every night for one-two weeks, and I quickly learned to lie on top and fuck her like a man. Our orgasms made us scream out loud, it was so wonderful!” Jenny continued to masturbate undaunted. “I then broke it off. It was real fucking and I had sworn high and holy fidelity to Roger. I never wanted to cheat on Roger, but this was close! — But for a few days it was the most beautiful and wonderful sex!” Jenny gasped loudly now. “Jack, I’m cumming, I’m cumming!” She pressed her lips onto his neck to keep from crying out loud as the orgasm made her wince violently a few times. They sat still and silent for a couple of minutes. She had missed Roger and fucking a lot during those years, Jenny whispered. She whispered “Sorry, but I really needed it right now, the memories of that girl fucking are still driving me nuts! A hundred times I had the phone already in my hand to call her, but then I thought of Roger and went to masturbate immediately!” Jack grumbled that was okay, she needed it after all, that he could understand. Jenny snuggled up to him gratefully. She masturbated every night, of course, she whispered, but without Roger it was only half a thing. - Quietly she whispered that every few months she couldn’t take it anymore and invited the girlfriend over for a sleepover, despite her guilty conscience towards Roger. They fucked all night until morning, fucking each other’s brains out, screaming their orgasms into the night. Then it was good again for weeks. That had been going on for 4 years, Jenny added softly, kissing Jack’s neck through her remorseful tears.

“I’m very tired,” Jack said, “still in Iraq at midnight tonight and then the miserable elongated flight ...” He broke off and got up to get the blanket next from the TV. Jenny finished her drink, stood up and seemed indecisive. She couldn’t find the right words. He nodded to her and wished her good night, then spread the blanket on the couch. Jenny had gone into her bedroom. He decided not to shower now, stripped down to his boxers, and lay down. He gradually dozed off.

Roger had kept sending him pictures of their son Kevin, a sweet, dear little boy. Roger joked that Kevin looked a lot like his father. Jack knew what Roger meant, the little guy was really noticeably brighter than his parents, but he had to be Roger’s son! Jenny agreed with him too, Roger said on the phone with a grin, but then they agreed amicably. Kevin was Roger’s son, period! Roger had also committed to military service and would soon arrive in Iraq. They now talked daily on the phone and wrote emails to each other after four years of sparse contact. Roger came to Iraq, but they were in different bases. — Then the disaster struck.

Little Kevin had been run over by a car and killed while playing with the neighbors kids in the street. Roger immediately flew home. When he returned, he made accusations to Jenny that she should have taken better care of the 5-year-old. That the drunk driver had been sentenced to three years didn’t help anyone. Jack was a good and reliable friend to Roger, he was not a psychiatrist, of course, but he was able to gradually straighten Roger out. It was a bad blow to his marriage, of course, but he regained his composure and no longer thought about divorce. Roger went back to regular home visits and reconciled with Jenny. “We fucked all week long like we did in the early days,” he said on the phone with a grin, and Jack laughed with him.

Jack slept the watchful sleep of soldiers, the slightest sound waking him. Jenny was standing naked in the moonlight. No, it was not the moon, it was the street lights. Jenny came closer, he sat up. She struggled for words. “I can’t sleep alone tonight,” she said softly, “please come and lie with me!” He nodded, “Okay, I’m coming!” She

led the way and he stood up, looking at her body from behind. Her ass had become fat and plump, he thought, she used to be slim and graceful like a black gazelle. He shook the thoughts out of his head. It wasn't about her body, she was dead sad and couldn't fall asleep.

He hugged her brotherly as they lay in bed. He shooed away all other thoughts, he had been in the brothel only two weeks ago and that was unthinkable now, they had just buried Roger a few hours ago. She clung to him like a lover, but he at least kept his distance inside. She cried and he let her cry. She sought physical contact, she needed physical contact. She stopped crying and cuddled up to him that it took his breath away. But when she put her hand on the boxers, felt the stiff cock and started to pull the boxers down, he grabbed her hand. "No, don't!" he said softly, not explaining that he was grieving for his brother without crying. They lay quietly side by side for half an hour. She had dozed off. He released her hand from him and turned his back to her, wanting to sleep.

She was awake, he could feel that, even though his back was to her. He could feel her every move, he could feel that she had started masturbating. He scolded himself a donkey and pressed a hand on his cock, for her masturbation was rapidly making him horny. He wrestled with himself, was he just an asshole donkey or an honest friend? Jenny masturbated for a very long time and gasped very loudly at the end. It was not new to him but it was still very exciting. Finally he heard her long breaths and fell asleep too.

The next day he showered before breakfast and put on fresh clothes, he accompanied Jenny on all her ways. They sat on the couch for two hours after dinner and talked. She thawed and told him about the charity organization she had been involved in for years. He listened intently because it made sense what she was doing. He drank orange juice and she drank her booze. She was quite drunk by the time they went to bed. Swaying slightly, she supplied the blanket next to the TV. "You're sleeping with me," she said, noting it wasn't a question. "And you fuck me," she added in the same tone, "I don't like masturbating tonight!" He was a little surprised by her directness, but he said nothing.

They were lying in bed entwined and he had kept his boxers on. She turned on the little light, she was definitely drunk and hot as hell. She started to take off his boxers. Although his cock was already popping out in anticipation, he stopped her hand and shook his head. "I can't, Jenny, I really can't" he said softly. "Just masturbate yourself, fine and passionately," he squeezed out, "watching is fun too!" He had expected her protest, but she settled down and masturbated. He looked at her masturbation very closely, her big ass was thankfully not visible. She parted her light pink labia with one hand, rubbing her clit up and down and all around with one finger. Her clit was still as small as before, but it was swollen deep red and resisted stubbornly her fingertip with its stiffness, again and again and again. She had been masturbating for 25 minutes now, but now she spread her legs wide apart and he got insanely horny from watching. She now started to gasp loudly and although he didn't touch himself, a bright jet squirted out of his cock over his thighs. He was stunned and covered himself in shame. What an asshole donkey he was, he scolded himself, there lying next to you is a hot woman I had fucked a thousand times and she is writhing lustily in orgasm! She turned out the light. He heard her long breaths and fell asleep too.

She said nothing the next night as they went to bed. He took off his boxers as a sign that he was now ready. She gently embraced him as he lay on top of her. "Foreplay is off today," he said with a grin, "we already had that yesterday!" Jenny laughed loud and gleefully. "Yes, come fuck me!" she murmured almost inaudibly, spreading her legs willingly. Her vagina is still as tight as before, as if she hadn't given birth, Jack thought. He fucked her for a very long time, having already squirted out the first wild load yesterday. Jenny came very quickly to orgasm and clung to him, he could clearly feel her wild twitching. He continued, he wanted to bring her to orgasm again today. He briefly had the old image in his mind: Roger's massive dick pounding in Jenny's virgin hole. He had seen that a hundred times. Jenny sighed and gasped loudly, she was on the verge of her orgasm. He thrust faster and faster and Jenny's orgasm erupted. She clung to him and her twitching vagina triggered his squirting. He squirted violently, squirting jet after jet inside while thrusting hard inside. He let himself fall to the side.

Jenny cuddled and kissed him off. “Just like in old times!” she whispered, and he sensed that she was completely sober now. “Yeah,” he said weakly, “only we’re ten years older!”

He stayed until the end of the week. They fucked in the mornings, afternoons and nights as often as he could. They didn’t talk much about it, that wasn’t their way. They sat on the stone bench next to the entrance door and enjoyed the sunshine. He felt a strange, pleasant peace that he had long forgotten. “If it’s a boy, name him Roger, Roger junior” he said with his eyes closed, feeling her nod in agreement without looking to her.

It is so beautiful and peaceful here, Jack thought.

Comrades Part 2

by Jack Faber © 2023

Jack took advantage of his next home leave to call Trixy. She was that woman who stayed over at Jenny's house every few weeks and fucked clit-on-clit with her all night long. Jenny had given him her number and promised to give Trixy a heads up. Jenny was not sure if Trixy even fucked men — as far as she knew, Trixy only had girls in her program. Jack laughed and said he would find out then, just call her now and prepare her, that he would call her in 10 or 12 weeks.

Now he put his ear to the receiver of the pay phone at the airport. Trixy had listened to him ask in innocuous terms for lodging and 'perhaps more'. The silence had lasted a minute, and Jack feared she would hang up. Finally she answered in a low, smoky voice. "Well, lodging is no problem," Trixy said, taking a long pause, "and as for 'maybe more,' I can't promise you anything, I'll leave that to later. I'm sure Jenny will have told you how our 'maybe more' is going usually." Jack nodded and noted her address, then got into the cab.

Trixy opened for him. In an instant, he took in her appearance. A tall, slim black woman, broad-shouldered, not particularly large breasts, loose black hair and an intelligent look in her black eyes. She also eyed him up and down. The handshake was firm as they said their names. "Come in, Jack!" she said kindly, making room. He immediately got the impression that there 'might be more' going on, definitely!

They sat in the living room and he didn't sip his drink once. "I don't drink alcohol anymore, Trixy," he said weakly, "I'd prefer a glass of water!" He put the drink down and she went into the kitchen, getting a large glass of orange juice. "Very sweet, thank you" he said and took the glass. The conversation continued normally for an hour, two people who didn't yet know each other moving from the superficial to the private. She was only 31; he would have guessed her to be 35. Trixy's husband was a colonel in an entirely different front section and she had an agreement with him: she was allowed to live out

her lesbian tendencies, marital fidelity was not an issue with the two of them. Even the colonel sometimes had a mistress and that was also okay.

The blisteringly hot August day was getting to Trixy. The air conditioner was on full blast, but she was sweating terribly. She excused herself and changed in the bedroom, returning in a light, long dress. He saw immediately that she was not wearing anything underneath. Now she sat back on the couch and pulled her legs up on couch. But she didn't let show an inch of skin, she sat in a decent, proper pose and they continued the conversation. He had already taken off his jacket at the beginning, but now his shirt was completely soaked with sweat. He was dressed too warmly for this weather; shorts and a T-shirt would be better. Trixy noticed and suggested he could take a shower and wash off the Iraqi dust, she said with a smile. He immediately went into the shower.

Moments later, the door to the bathroom opened and Trixy scurried in. Without asking Jack, she said she would wash his back. She took the washcloth and washed his back. She took a long, curious look at his cock. "Well, passed the test?" he asked, looking into her eyes. She nodded and grinned. "Take this bath towel," she said with a broad smile, "I'll go ahead to the bedroom!" and she left immediately. He put the bath towel around his hips and followed her.

She lay naked on the bed and stretched her arms out to him wordlessly. He lay down with her. She was really slim, her skin shining in deep black. Her small breasts pleased him very much and he looked at her shaved pussy. He embraced her wordlessly, and as they kissed, he felt her hot, libidinous tension. She put a hand on her cunt. "I just need a very little foreplay," she said with a broad smile, rubbing her clit very gently. He glanced down, in her ebony-black skin the light pink flesh of her cunt, labia and clit shone brightly. Her clit was barely the size of a small fingernail and she rubbed it harder than Jenny up and down and in between in circles, much like Jenny. She spread her legs apart more widely, the finger with the red-painted fingernail rubbing her clit fast and then faster.

Her body shivered, she sighed and relaxed. “Now, Jack, now!” He knelt between her parted legs and penetrated her bright pink cunt very slowly. “I’m using contraception,” Trixy said softly, “don’t worry about it.” Her vagina was all wet, felt very nice and a semi-tight, he liked the tight ones a lot. He began to fuck her very slowly. She had her eyes closed smiling and her pace quickened his. She drove him more and more and he felt he had to squirt. “I have to!” he said, very disappointed, “I have to squirt already!” She smiled. “Let it flow, just let it go!” she said, clutching him softly. He had to squirt instantly, spurting in rich, firm jets, and lay down next to her. She stroked his head and said, “I don’t orgasm when I fuck, it’s never worked before. I’ve fucked dozens, but I only orgasm when I masturbate or when I fuck a girl!” They were silent for a time.

Her red fingernail brushed her labia with relish, moistening the fingertip inside her vagina before masturbating her clit. He watched under half-open eyes, she masturbated like all the women he knew. She wrenched her legs apart in orgasm and pressed them tightly together again, pressing the finger hard on her clit. He caressed her hair softly and dozed off.

Not fifteen minutes later he woke up, Trixy had moved. She looked down at his cock, which was stiff again. “Again?” she asked in a whisper, and he nodded. She did her foreplay and he touched her clit. Immediately she left the clitrubbing to him and the foreplay turned into a skillful masturbation on his part and a magnificent orgasm on hers. Her body trembled before the orgasm and her body winced in orgasm. She had clung shivering to his neck before the orgasm and pressed her face onto his neck in orgasm. As soon as her orgasm was dying down, she drove him on: “Come now, Jack, come now!” He thrust in quickly and fucked her at the same pace as before. She fucked along smiling at him but did not orgasm. He squirted without asking a few droplets only and lay down next to her. They lay still and silent next to each other.

The door bell chimed. They straightened up at the same time. She called out softly, “What day is it?” and he, as if shot out of a pistol, “Wednesday, August 18!” “Wednesday,” she repeated, cursing, and quickly slipped into her dress. “I completely forgot her!” she cursed

aloud. The doorbell rang again, urgently. She closed the bedroom door and left. He put on his boxers, slacks and a T-shirt for any case and waited silently. Outside, there was whispering for minutes, then rustling for minutes, as if someone was rubbing a fabric. He had the impression that Trixy was cuddling heavily with the visitor. Then the bedroom door opened and Trixy pushed a young woman in front of her.

Jack took in her appearance with a glance. She was very young black girl, may be less than 25, short and slender, and apparently had quite full breasts. She had dyed blonde hair with some bright red streaks and a pageboy hairstyle. Her handshake was soft and uncertain as he gave her a squeeze and introduced himself, "Jack!" "June," she introduced herself, and he had the impression of a sly little mouse next to the selfconfident Trixy, who was now unbuttoning June's summer dress. June ducked her head anxiously. "But," she began, but Trixy immediately interrupted her in no uncertain terms. "Jack is with us and he gets to be with us tonight." Trixy unbuttoned the dress fully. June quietly told Trixy she didn't want to fuck a man, though. Trixy laughed out loud, "But you have fucked before, right?" and she certainly meant it only ironically. June winced as if under the lash of a whip. "Yes, with two, first Uncle Ed and then just Jim." June looked to Jack and explained, "Jim is my fiancé, he's actually serving in Iraq." Trixy, meanwhile, had taken off her dress and was now unhooking her bra. June had really nice firm round breasts. She held an arm in front of her breasts and whispered that she was very full of shame. Trixy took off her bra fully and said, "we're both taking off our clothes, too, of course," and Jack did so in a flash. "So, how old were you at Uncle Ed's?" continued Trixy, fiddling with the elastic of June's skimpy panties. "I was 13, almost 14" June replied in a tear choked voice, "Uncle Ed was drunk as a skunk and forcibly took my virginity and it hurt like hell, the fucking" she mumbled. Trixy let her hand softly slide into June's panties. "So, did you two fuck again then?" she asked sternly and June ducked her head. Like a little mouse, Jack thought, now standing naked beside the bed and putting his hand on his cock. "On and off, every few weeks" June whispered almost inaudibly, "but I never do it willingly. It wasn't until Jim beat him up when Uncle Ed was fucking me, but Ed always gives me that greedy dirty look he gives me like every time he comes to fuck me.."

June's voice died, and Trixy pulled her panties down to her ankles. Jack was thrilled, June's cunt was finely shaved like Trixy's and had a nice mound of venus with a childish looking slit. Trixy hugged her gently and stroked her head. "You'll tell about Jim when we're all in bed." There was a long silence. June lifted her head and looked up at Trixy. "But I don't want to fuck, I don't want to be fucked!" she breathed almost inaudibly. Trixy walked wordlessly to the bed, dropped her dress and lay down. Jack followed and then June lay down next to Trixy, but on the other side than Jack.

Trixy caressed June, fondling her breasts and sometimes her vulva. "Well, now you can tell about Jim doing you!" she said half aloud. June smiled and seemed to blossom up and immediately babbled away. "Jim has a much bigger cock than my Uncle. He has a hard time going in with me at first, he has to get my cunt wet with saliva first. I taught him to lick me like you and I do with each other. In the meantime he licks me to orgasm, afterwards my pussy is wet and soft and he can penetrate more easily and fuck me wonderfully. I try really hard, but he has to squirt much too early before I come to orgasm."

June winced as Trixy rubbed her clit rapidly. "And, go on!" commanded Trixy, and June continued, gasping. "We usually fuck twice, sometimes three times, and I masturbate afterwards every time, because he likes to watch me masturbating so much. Jim beats up Uncle Ed every time when he has home leave because Uncle Ed fucks me all the time when he's on tour in Iraq. Uncle Ed fucks me almost every week." June was silent, groaning and moaning and gasping loudly as Trixy brought her to orgasm. Jack watched very intently, having never seen one woman masturbate another. There was silence as June's orgasm had ended.

"Come, Jack, come fuck!" said Trixy half aloud, and he mounted her immediately. "June, darling, lick my nipples!" commanded Trixy and the babe obeyed immediately. "You don't have to cum" Trixy murmured softly and secretly in Jack's ear, "save it for June!" He nodded, that was a good plan. He didn't know how Trixy was going to do it, but the thought was exciting. He fucked Trixy for quite a long time, stopping before the squirting rose up. He straightened up

and exchanged a look with Trixy. He pulled back a little and now Trixy said in a commanding tone, “June, darling, please lick my clit!” Jack made room for June, who crouched down in front of Trixy and licked her clit. He would have liked to see it, but now he grabbed June’s ass cheeks, which stretched out to him like two beautiful peach halves. June suspected nothing as Trixy held her by the head and shoulders. “Now, Jack, now!” Trixy whispered silently, and he read it from her lips.

June cried out softly as she felt Jack’s cock pondering between her ass cheeks. “No, please don’t fuck me, I don’t want to be fucked!” she cried, trying to pull away from Trixy’s and Jack’s grip, but they didn’t give an inch. June cried, tears pouring down her cheeks like a waterfall. “No, don’t fuck me!” she whimpered. Trixy looked at her firmly. “Jack has a hard boner now, he has to fuck if he has a hard boner, doesn’t he?” Jack was amazed that June then bristled and nodded eagerly like a little mouse and stopped whimpering.

He parted her ass cheeks and very slowly penetrated her vagina, she was really goddamn tight! He felt June’s vaginal entrance gradually relax. He slowly and very carefully penetrated June’s tight vagina. Her vagina was much tighter than Trixy’s and Jack sighed with pleasure. He loved tight vaginas, Jenny was that tight too. He scratched with his fingernails over June’s ass cheeks and felt her shiver in arousal. Trixy murmured, “now what about my clit licking, huh?” and June obeyed immediately, licking and smacking and Trixy moaned soon in satisfaction. He fucked the girl gently and slowly at first, bending over her, but he couldn’t see the licking. He stepped up his game when he heard June sigh and gasp, but she dutifully kept licking Trixy’s clit. He fucked as best he could because he could hear exactly that her arousal was rising and rising. The little girl might be a dumb, timid little mouse, but she allowed herself to be fucked delightfully to orgasm. Jack was very proud when he realized that June had stopped licking and was pressing her face onto Trixy’s vulva. June orgasmed quickly and very briefly, and after a moment she continued licking Trixy’s clit. He saw that Trixy’s face was gradually contorting before orgasm and he squirted after her in a moment. He thrust and thrust his cock all the way deep into June’s vagina and

squirted it all inside. He dropped down next to Trixy and closed his eyes, needing to take a deep breath and catch his breath.

Trixy had half sat up and pressed June's back against her, hugging the little girl from behind. Her fingers played with June's nipples and one hand slid lower, landing on June's clit. He leaned far forward to watch the clit rub, that fascinated him. Trixy noticed after a while that his cock had stiffened as he watched. "Now, Jack, now!" she murmured, and he knelt in front of June. She opened her eyes and began to cry immediately when she saw his stiff cock. She closed her legs abruptly and shook her head in denial, "No, please don't fuck me anymore!" she whimpered and Trixy gave her a little slap. "You've fucked each other just a minute ago, so don't be so stupid!" she hissed angrily. Jack hugged the crying girl and thrust his cock slowly forward. She sobbed god-awfully and reluctantly opened her legs wide apart again. He penetrated her slowly, she was so goddamn tight!

He held onto Trixy's shoulders and fucked the little girl. Trixy kept rubbing June's clit and June stopped crying. She wrenched her eyes open and wriggled a bit, arousal rising up inside her like hot magma in a volcano. Trixy also felt June's arousal rising and continued to rub her clit more rapidly. June twitched and wriggled and orgasmed with a deep animal sound. The orgasm wouldn't and wouldn't stop, Jack kept thrusting and thrusting until she relaxed again. He thrust hard a few more times and squirted off, continuing to fuck her during the squirting. He dropped down next to Trixy. June chattered the whole time, finally having had an orgasm while fucking. Trixy noted that she had already had one when Jack had fucked her from behind. June mused, "but that was just a little one, the one now was a really big one!"

Trixy brought drinks and a bite from the kitchen. They ate and drank, then continued fucking until midnight. Trixy fucked June clit-to-clit several times and Jack put his face on June's belly to watch the clit fucking up close. Trixy's clit was only the size of his little fingernail and June's was even smaller, but Trixy obviously had a lot of experience in clutfucking and once she found June's clit with her clit, she never lost contact until the very end. Jack pushed June's mons

veneris down firmly with one hand so he could see both clits better. Trixy's pussy and clit pounded from bottom to top on June's clit, making her twitch each time as if a bolt of lightning was going through her clit. For minutes Trixy fucked the passively lying June, she became faster and faster and pushed the poor little girl with bared teeth and all her strength, because she got many little orgasms herself now. Jack slid his fingers forward, just above June's clit and felt the fucking with his fingertips. June twitched and wriggled more and more and then her orgasm came wild with a deep animal sound. June's mons veneris quivered under Jack's fingers. Trixy straightened up on her knees, spread her labia with one hand so that her clit stood out pointedly, and masturbated furiously. She let herself sink backwards and her body jerked violently in orgasm. She gasped and straightened up again, looking proud and satisfied into Jack's eyes. — It was fascinating! Trixy loved clutfucking very much and after a short break she fucked June again, several times in a row. Jack took advantage of some of the pauses and fucked June very hastily, only to quickly squirt his semen out again. Trixy smiled maliciously, as Jack had obviously taken a liking to June's young cunt. They were all three dead tired when they fell asleep.

Jack woke at dawn to the slightest noise. June was sitting next to him, Trixy still sound asleep. "You have a morning wood," June whispered devoutly, "just like Jim!" He smiled. "So, what's Jim doing with his morning wood?" June giggled softly. "He has to fuck me instantly!" she giggled like a little girl. Then her face changed. "And — do you have to fuck me right now too?" Jack grinned and laid her on her back. "Be nice, spread your legs apart and just let me fuck you!" he said kindly, but she shook her head in denial. He penetrated her tight vagina anyway and fucked her really hard. Her arousal rose, but she didn't orgasm. Trixy woke up as his squirting rose and blinked sleepily. "Are you still not done, or have you just started again?" She didn't expect an answer, of course, but June babbled on without thinking, that he had gotten a hard morning wood just like Jim and so he needed to fuck her right away just like Jim, the nice bad guy Jack! She kept her mouth shut because Jack was in the final spurt and it took her breath away when he cum and squirted in for a very long time.

They got dressed and went into the living room and had breakfast. Trixy had asked June if she was using contraception, and June said, of course not, we're going to get married and have a baby really quickly! But before Trixy or Jack could get to a retort, a key crunched in the door lock. In stepped — the Colonel, Trixy's husband.

Trixy flew to meet him and hugged him. "I didn't know you were coming!" she exclaimed, and he laughed. "Surprise! Surprise! Wedding day!" Trixy held him on arms length, wondering. "Next month, on September 18, my dear!" The Colonel blinked, oh yes, is that so? Jack had to bite back the grin, next month, my dear Colonel, next. He quickly retrieved his travel bag from the bedroom and they said goodbye to the couple with a handshake. He had to reach under June's arms because she didn't understand anything anymore and was staring at the handsome Colonel with her mouth open. Trixy called out to them that they would make a phone call and then they were on the street. They walked two corners and he stopped to call Jenny. But she was still at her parents and wouldn't be back until late tomorrow afternoon. He had to ask June now, even though he was embarrassed.

June thought, that was a difficult thing to do and said, tomorrow the aunt and uncle Ed came in the afternoon for coffee, so there he would have to be gone again. The aunt was 20 years older than Uncle Ed and she wanted to watch TV right away, she wasn't interested in anything else. She would only turn around sometimes to yell "Shh! Shhh!" while Uncle Ed unabashedly fucked her on the couch in arms length behind the back of the aunt. He always fucked her for a very long time, much longer than Jim, and if the aunt's TV show went on even longer, he fucked her a second time. He squirted very little semen in his condom, though, June babbled on, much less than her Jim! Jack interrupted her chatter. So he could stay the night, Jack asked patiently, if they don't come until the afternoon, and I'll be long gone by then! But you'll be gone by noon tomorrow, right? Well then, okay!

They took the bus to June's and Jim's house. They went straight to the bedroom and fucked all day, half the night, before breakfast and then again until noon. June masturbated during the breaks and liked

to let him watch up close. He put his face right in front of her pussy and watched June's fingers. She masturbated differently than Trixy or Jenny, June spread her fingers and fanned quickly from side to side. She laughed childishly and babbled that everyone had wanted to watch her masturbate all her life. But that was okay with her, she was happy to let anyone watch, she wasn't the least bit ashamed of masturbating in front of them. This was nothing special, she had been masturbating since an early age and didn't even remember when she started. Of course she masturbated every night before falling asleep, that was just part of it. When she was at school, she often masturbated together with her best girlfriends or let them masturbate her, which she found very exciting. But the boys were not particularly interested in it. She had learned doing handjobs and blowjobs, that made her more interesting for the boys.

Uncle Ed had once caught her secretly masturbating and brutally deflowered and raped her, that was actually nothing unusual in the countryside. The aunt knew of course that he fucked June every week, but she didn't care, on the contrary she was glad not to have to fuck him anymore. June said that Auntie definitely often watched furtively when Uncle Ed fucked her on the couch, but she always pretended she was just watching TV. But sometimes her TV show was finished and uncle Ed hadn't finished yet, she turned her head and watched until he was done. When Uncle Ed got up after fucking her and got dressed again, June still often stayed on the couch to masturbate. That's when they always watched her, she was sure of it. But she was so terribly horny after fucking that she absolutely had to masturbate immediately. Jack nodded in understanding, he knew the urging feeling. And it was good that she listened to her own feelings and wasn't ashamed to masturbate in front of the dopey old ones, he said.

They sat on the bed and smoked. June chattered away and opened her thighs willingly so Jack could masturbate her during the break. He did it the old fashioned way, up and down, and had to be careful as hell because June only had a very tiny clit. She leaned against him and hugged him while she let herself masturbate. She babbled on incessantly. "I was only 13 when Uncle Ed took my virginity and now I'm 19, he's been fucking me for over 5 years. In the beginning he

lured me to her house every day, right next to our house. The aunt was already in her mid-60s and he was 45, but she didn't let men fuck her anymore, Ed said. My mother, the aunt's youngest sister, listened to me with only half an ear and slid a pack of condoms across the table. She obviously hadn't heard that it was Uncle Ed. Always have him put on a condom so you don't get pregnant, was her only comment. Uncle Ed always used a condom except when deflowering, I had made that a condition. Auntie always sat across from us in the chair when Ed fucked me on her couch. In the early days she masturbated while watching our fucking, later she didn't. Apparently she got pretty hot watching Ed's little cock in my cunt, she couldn't get enough of it. She often moved the chair all the way over and bent down to my pussy to see the fucking up close." June began to twitch and held onto Jack as she orgasmed. After a few twitches, she whispered for him to do it again and kissed him on the neck, then babbled on.

"Auntie took off her panties and masturbated under her skirt. Uncle Ed always had to wait to squirt until she got into the final spurt, or until her orgasm was over. I always had to giggle because she contorted her ugly face into an ugly grimace. I used to look under Ed's arms when he had to wait for Auntie, and watched her masturbating. Later, after I moved here to live with Jim, the two of them would come every Thursday to fuck. She usually puts one hand under her skirt and I don't know if she masturbates while watching TV now, but she plays with her old dried up pussy." June kept getting nice little orgasms and Jack liked masturbating her, she reacted so nicely. He listened to her babble with only half an ear.

He talked to June for a very long time, that in the future she would have to masturbate while fucking, that would certainly be fine with Jim too. Many women do that, it's very common, because few women had orgasms while fucking. She was starting to get the picture.

They continued to masturbate and fucking all morning until he could take no more. He kissed her on the mouth and then left before noon. He was going to wait outside Jenny's house on the stone bench.

Jenny came home early in the afternoon. She threw her travel bag into the corner, tore off her sweaty summer dress and stormed into the bedroom. Jack followed her and undressed as well. “You can’t imagine how awful it was! Not a single minute undisturbed to myself! That night everyone was on the floor, no chance to masturbate and fucking with the cousins is something I never think about in my life! They are all much too young and embarrassing in their puberty. — Only in the evening before going to bed a few minutes on the toilet to masturbate and mom already knocked on the door, if I was not well? A hasty, half masturbating on the toilet-shell! — I love my family, but these visits are a torture!” Jack laughed softly and lay down next to her.

“You’ll have to do the foreplay yourself today,” Jack said, lying down with his face right in front of her pussy, “I’m exhausted and dead tired!” Jenny grinned knowingly, opened her legs and started to masturbate. He looked at her fingertip, which she had quickly dipped into her vagina to wet it. She was not masturbating like June, but more like Trixy. The fingertip touched her clit very lightly, stroking mostly up and down and sometimes in a circle. Even when she was already on her way to orgasm, she didn’t squeeze the clit hard, she just sped up. He told her how it had gone with Trixy and June. Jenny got her first orgasm when he told the first fucking with Trixy. She continued to masturbate and orgasmed as Trixy fucked June clit-to-clit. She got the third orgasm when he fucked June from behind for the first time while she licked Trixy’s clit. Jenny orgasmed one time after another and he had to describe everything in painstaking detail since she did not know June. When he reported how June lay down after fucking Uncle Ed and the two old ones watched her masturbate in front of them, Jenny exploded like a rocket. He held her in his arms until she calmed down. “I definitely have a strong lesbian tendency!” whispered Jenny with an unhappy expression on her face. Jack laughed and hugged her lovingly, he had known that for a long time and it was just part of her, it was something endearing, he laughed. Then he mounted her, because he had become insanely horny while watching her masturbate. The completely exhausted girl embraced him, “I can’t take any more, darling, I’m completely exhausted, Jack!” She clung to him passionately, enjoying being passively fucked and enjoyed his squirting with eyes closed.

She had fetched cigarettes and drinks, and they sat on the bed smoking. Into the silence, she dropped the bombshell. "I'm three months along, Jack!" and he took a few seconds. "You're pregnant?" he asked with a blank mind. Jenny nodded. Since his last visit, three months ago. Finally, the lights in his brain came on. "Wonderful! You're having a baby!" She stared at him from the side. She knew, she didn't even have to ask him. He would never marry, he had always said that, he was a soldier and didn't want to commit to a family.

Jack guessed what she was thinking about. He said, he was eager to check on her and the child during his home visits. He thought for a moment and asked quietly. Could she list Roger as the father? When had she last fucked with Roger? Jenny thought for only a split second. "Two weeks before ..." her voice trailed off, silent tears running slowly down her cheeks. She got herself together. Of course she could name Roger as the father, it worked out mathematically and would nip any critical question in the bud. She was disappointed, of course, but that was the way it was, Jack was not the marrying-type. He thought back and forth. "I don't want to make you a widow again," he said softly, for he was sure he would fall in combat, he had told Jenny that three months ago. She snuggled up to him. "I know, I know, don't think any more about it," she said clammily. She got herself together. "It would be nice if you came to see me on home leave. I remember how permanently horny I was during ... The first pregnancy, with Kevin. Poor Roger!" Jenny was smiling now. "I didn't give him a minute, I just wanted to fuck all day long and when he wasn't home, I masturbated every spare minute!" she giggled smiling.

Jack promised to always visit her, "and yes, the fucking, I'll have to think about that!" She nudged him in the side. "Other men would lick their ten fingers off at that offer!" she said in a Mickey-Mouse-voice. They laughed. It was good that they could laugh. He became serious again.

"I won't give you any superfluous advice, Jenny, but please remember that smoking and binge drinking are not good for the little guy. Period." He didn't look at her. He knew she would try hard, that was all there was to it.

“You know what I’ve been brooding about for the past few weeks?” Jack waited, she’d say it in a moment. “That Roger and I weren’t compatible, sort of, but you and I were. I let Roger squirt fully in my cunt a thousand times, sometimes several times a day. Yet I didn’t get pregnant, even after Kevin, and we fucked like maniacs because we desperately wanted another baby. But you only have to look at me once and — bang! — I’m pregnant again.” She looked at him with a lovely smile. He was silent; there was nothing he could say in reply. “After the third child, we should talk about birth control,” he muttered, grinning wryly. She burst into loud, hearty laughter.

She fixed dinner in the living room. Afterward, they showered and went to bed. He was refreshed and ready for anything.

He was firmly decided to visit Jenny on all home leaves and to be as good a father as he could be to Roger, jr.

Franzi Gets Fucked

by Jack Faber © 2024

Dr. Ariel Grienschnabl was very happy that he got a nurse and housekeeper from the Carmelite monastery. He didn't have to save money, but after the war it was difficult to find such staff. The war was lost, Kaiser Wilhelm II had abdicated and was living in exile in Holland. Ari was still very young, only 24 years old, but he had hit a mine while riding as a motorcycle courier and lost his left foot, which had been amputated above the ankle. He had received a medal and the Grand Cross of Merit, and his subsequent promotion to first lieutenant brought him a large pension. He could forget about working as an archaeologist, he limited himself to reading and lively correspondence with archaeologists all over the world. He was delighted when the contract with the monastery came through; a Sister Franziska would work with him all day and return to the monastery in the evening, which was only 15 minutes away.

At 11, his mother brought him into the marital bed; his father had become impotent. She was a 30-year-old beauty whose sexuality was in its best prime. She had agreed with her husband that Ari could lie down with her and in return she would not cheat on him with others. At first it took a lot of getting used to fucking her next to her husband. He learned quickly and fucked her night after night. After a while he was able to ejaculate and his drive awoke powerfully. He sometimes had to fuck her now 4 or 5 times in a row until he had ejaculated enough. She masturbated every night before going to sleep and let Ari watch because he liked to watch it. She didn't have an orgasm from fucking for a long time, because he was just a little boy and his little cock was very good for fucking, but she only had an orgasm from fucking with her coachman, who had a big, chunky cock, and with other men who could fuck well. Ari stayed in the marital bed, breathless because she had ordered him to watch her fucking up close, the coachman or the others. He held his breath when the big cock was rammed into her little hole, fucking her wildly and powerfully until she climaxed and then squirted everything into her, jet after jet. She didn't love these men, she just loved being fucked power-

fully by them. But he was learning how to make her an orgasm. She smiled gently when little Ari had to fuck her immediately after the man had left. He always got really horny when he watched her fucking, she could see that clearly and she let herself be fucked by horny little Ari good-naturedly.

She occasionally gave her husband a blowjob when he got an erection, which Ari also found very exciting. She took his cock in her mouth, licked and sucked it, then she masturbated him with her fist and made him squirt in her mouth. She swallowed his semen with a bit of disgust, but she did it. Ari fucked her with love and passion for ten years until he went to war. He was in northern France when he received the news that his parents had died in a fire.

Before the accident, he had fucked a woman every night, a Belgian, a Dutch or a French woman, depending on his deployment on the Western Front. He avoided the German whores of the Wehrmacht because it was so easy to pick up one of the chaste and shy wives or daughters in the occupied territories for sex. He was young and fiery and didn't give a damn if the whole family was watching them in dark silence, glancing hatefully. But most of these women were chaste and shy, they would not let themselves be fucked in front of others. They would cast a shy and confused look at their husband or family and lead him into their bedroom. He watched the women and girls very closely as they undressed. In his opinion, it made a difference whether they undressed quickly and indifferently or very hesitantly and slowly. He saw their uncertain or sad looks as they undressed bit by bit and looked at him, hoping that he would stop them from stripping completely naked. His eyes glowed when the last piece fell to the floor and they held one hand in front of their breasts and the other in front of their pubic area. Yes, that was always a difficult moment for them and he enjoyed this feeling of power very much!

He lay down on top of the trembling and shaking woman, kissed her passionately and parted her thighs. He penetrated forcefully, he was already very excited to fuck her. He knew that she felt disgust in the first few minutes, but it didn't take long before she overcame the humiliation and resigned herself to her fate. If she was going to get

fucked, she didn't have to suffer, she could enjoy it too. He would fuck them until he was exhausted, he would only fuck them in a decent way, never in a dirty or piggish way.

If he wanted a daughter, he would let the mother lead the girl into the bedroom and the mother had to lie down with them naked. If the girl was a virgin, he would deflower her with great pleasure and only fuck her very shortly. In these cases he would fuck the mother full of lust, round after round and the girl had to watch. And if the girl was not a virgin, he would fuck her and her mother alternately because it made him horny when the other one watched. That gave him a real kick and he would fuck both of them until he could no longer.

The Flemish women were much more reluctant to start with fucking than the shy French women. But they thawed out during sex and fucked with passion until they came to orgasm in the second or third round. Only a very few Flemish women touched their clits, many seemed to have no idea how to masturbate at all. The French women were completely different. They were much more chaste and shy than the Flemish women, many said with tears in their eyes that they had never cheated on their husbands and he believed them. They thawed out much more quickly than the Flemish women, they forgot the humiliation more quickly during sex and fucked more actively and passionately than the others. Many did not come to orgasm, although he tried very hard. Only a few rubbed their clit after sex, and masturbation was not very common among them either. He still got his money's worth, he fucked until he could no longer.

He never stole anything other than the innocence of the women and the girls, he would take neither food nor drink, people often did not have enough for themselves.

Ari had become friends with his commander on the Western Front. They ate together almost every Saturday evening, smoked a cigar and drank cognac. They had a great conversation; the commander was a historian and he was an archaeologist. And of course both understood how the war was developing and what was going wrong. The commander was a bon vivant and had a new favorite every two weeks. The 17 and 18 year old French prisoners fought for a place in

his bed; he didn't like older ones. The two men took turns fucking the favorite until the early morning; sex was one of the few pleasures you could have in wartime. The girl knew that it was mainly her lovemaking skills that made her the favorite and remained the favorite. The two men got on very well and rarely got into a competition. They resolved such competitions by taking turns fucking the girl alternately every other minute, one after the other. That was fun and amazingly hot for all three of them. They fucked until early morning when all three of them were exhausted.

Ari was seriously determined to fuck this Franziska, even though she was a holy nun, because he hadn't fucked for two years, since the accident!

Sister Franziska arrived promptly at 6 and helped him get up, she accompanied the naked Ari to the bathroom, helped him into the bathtub. She rolled up the sleeves of the habit and lathered him with liquid soap, then washed him. Ari said her to take off the habit, it would only get dirty and wet. Franziska thought for only a second, then actually took off the habit and hung it up. She was not wearing any underwear and Ari looked at her naked body, she apparently felt no shame about being naked. The 61-year-old had a flat face, short gray hair and was quite fat. Perhaps it was also because her melon-sized breasts hung heavily down. She had neither armpit- nor pubic hair, her slit was red and slightly open, revealing her medium-sized clit under the foreskin. Her ass didn't seem to be misshapen and quickly gave him unchaste thoughts. It was probably not an intentional gesture that she spread her labia wide with her fingers and pulled on her clitoris several times until it came out semi-hard. She rubbed it until it was stiff and hard and nodded in satisfaction, then knelt down next to the bathtub and he stared, spellbound, at her clit becoming stiff. Franziska washed him uninhibitedly with the bath sponge, leaving out his stiff cock.

Ari had started rubbing his cock ever since she knelt next to him, staring spellbound at her stiffening clit. When she was finished, she looked indifferently at his masturbating, caressing her clit absent-mindedly. He started to squirt and she grabbed his cock firmly. "I'll

finish it, doctor!” she said casually and rubbed his squirting cock, then she washed his cock clean with the bath sponge.

He told her to call him Ari and Franzi nodded, but never did. He asked her what her real name was. She obviously had to think about it. “Rachel Rosenblatt, doctor!” she finally said. “Then you’re Jewish, like me,” he said with a smile, but she shook her head firmly. “No, Catholic, doctor!” she replied firmly and he dropped the subject. “And, Franzi, do you learn how to get a man finished in a monastery?” he asked. She looked straight at him. “No, doctor, I learned how to do that in the field hospital during the war.” He told her what had happened to him in the war and how he had lost his foot on a mine. It was a shame, as an invalid you can’t find a decent woman to fuck. Franzi asked what kind of women he had fucked and he told her about many of his amorous adventures. He didn’t like going to the Wehrmacht whores, he preferred to fuck shy citizen women or their daughters in the occupied territories, as long as they didn’t resist too much. He hadn’t taken any of them by force, because that was against the spirit of fucking. Franzi nodded understandingly, she had seen so many women who had been raped, and they were all very sad stories.

Ari asked if she had ever fucked. Franzi laughed out loud. “But no, doctor, I’m still a virgin, a 61-year-old virgin, if you like! I’ve spent my whole life in the monastery, since I was 13. My father, Samuel, was killed in a skirmish with the French, my mother was dying and quickly sent me to the monastery, where I was for almost 50 years. Only during the war, I was in the hospital.” Ari asked her to tell him. Franziska told him everything openly and honestly, just as he had told her about his fucking.

“The first thing that bothered me was that I had to change my habit for a nurse’s uniform. My breasts were visible and my skirt only went down to my knees. I was very ashamed of my body and for months I only did work where no one stared at my breasts or between my thighs. Because that’s what all the doctors and all the patients did. They all stared at my full breasts, at my legs and along my inner thighs to my pussy when I had to bend over. It was only gradu-

ally that I didn't care and I bent over a hundred times a day and let my pussy flash on purpose.

I had to put the patients' cocks in the tube of the piss container and dab them after they had pissed. I had to learn it first because I hadn't seen a real cock for the first 50 years of my life. I had grown up so sheltered, but the Sister Superior made it clear to me that it was part of the job. She showed me how to do it and after pissing, she rubbed the cock with a grin and let him squirt into the pipe. "But you don't have to do that if you don't want to," she said with a broad grin, "I like doing it."

I was amazed when the patients masturbated. I hurried to put the tube of the piss container over their cocks when they ejaculated. They touched my knees while they masturbated and pushed them apart; they wanted to look at my pussyhole while they masturbated. I didn't care at all as long as they only stroked my knees and my inner thighs. Some tried to touch my pussy, but I hit their fingers. I learned from the patients that it was great to look at a pussy while they masturbated. I really didn't care; I let them look and ejaculate. At the beginning I squeezed out the last drops of semen from their cocks with my fingers, but over time I finished it off for them making them squirt when they had masturbated enough. So it came to be that I always finished it off for them. I can finish you off too, doctor, if you want!"

And so it happened. Ari masturbated and she sat next to the bathtub and rubbed her clit until it was rock hard and she paid close attention to, when she had to take over and rub him fast until he squirted. Half a year went by like this and Ari hadn't found a chance to fuck Franziska. He thought about it every time he masturbated or when he looked at her face when she was masturbating him. He let her masturbate him earlier and earlier and gradually she masturbated him right from the start. She did it very naturally and as a matter of course, she had also masturbated the patients in the past.

Ari noticed that her labia and clit were red and sore. "Franzi, why are you so red down there, your clit is so sore!" Franziska blushed and carefully cleaned his cock. "It plagued me last night like it hasn't in a long time," she said, concerned. Ari said he didn't understand.

She grabbed his cock again and stroked it slowly up and down. “It’s been like that since I came to the monastery at 13. I woke up in the night covered in sweat from a filthy sexual dream, my heart pounding wildly and so did my clit. That’s where I learned to saw the clit along the edge of my index finger until it exploded, until I had an orgasm. It was like that all those years, sometimes every night, sometimes not for weeks. The young chaplain said it wasn’t a sin, I didn’t have to confess it. And last night I kept dreaming that I was rubbing your cock and making it squirt, and I had to saw my clit over and over again until I had to orgasm, and that’s why it’s so red now, doctor!” She had made his cock hard again and masturbated him a second time, she did that quite often.

Ari had to smile, because of course Franziska knew the right words, masturbate and orgasm, but sometimes she used childish expressions. She had been masturbating him in the bathtub for a whole year, she was still excited every time he squirted and then put on a relaxed face. Ari noticed how her clit became red and stiff during her masturbate him. “Don’t you want to masturbate now, want to saw your clit?” he asked, but she shook her head for days, even though he noticed her strong arousal. She caressed her clit indecisively with her index finger, and it wasn’t long before she was masturbating while sitting there. He knew how important it was that he “didn’t notice”.

Later, she lay on her back, raised her knees and masturbated her clit in her own way. He could now lean on the edge of the bathtub and watch her openly, because she masturbated every time after she had “finished” him. To begin with, she placed two fingers on the foreskin of her clit and pulled it back and forth quickly until the clit woke up and poked its head out curiously. Then her index finger ran its edge along her clit, slowly and arousingly. The clit turned dark red and stiffened visibly, becoming an inch longer. For perhaps 10 minutes, she “sawed” the clit alternately on one side. She reached the finale and now the index finger was energetically scraping directly on the clit, she raised her ass up and arched her back before collapsing in orgasm. She looked him straight in the eyes and caressed her clit thoughtfully for minutes. He nodded and smiled, they were getting closer to fucking.

He got out of the tub as soon as she was in the middle of it. She shook her head and gasped, "No, please don't, doctor!" and pulled away from his cock. But he came closer every day, he waited longer until she was almost at orgasm. She withdrew her hole from him later and later, he could already penetrate between her labia before she reacted. A few more days later his glans touched her hymen, she reacted later and later every day when her hymen was touched. And then, one day, she didn't react rejectingly. She stopped masturbating, resting the finger and stared into his eyes in expectation. His cock pressed her hymen until it tore. His cock slid inside until it was deep inside. She gasped with her eyes wide open, "it's torn, it's torn!" He just nodded and started to fuck her. It had taken almost a year. But now she offered no resistance, none at all. She was just very curious, this was something completely new to her. He only fucked her for a few minutes and then squirted inside.

He sat down next to her. He said it was more comfortable in bed than on the cold floor tiles. And if she masturbated first and he started fucking her just before she climaxed, then they could have an orgasm at the same time, which was a very intense feeling. Franzi nodded silently, she was still completely overwhelmed by the first fucking. She would have to confess the sin, she said sadly. Ari shrugged his shoulders, he didn't believe in religion.

It was nice and wonderful, the fucking, said Ari. It couldn't be a sin, because it was nice, wonderful and you felt love, not hate. And God loved everyone, sinners and non-sinners alike. No, he wouldn't confess it to the young chaplain. Franzi thought about it for a long time and said she would keep it to herself, it was really nice that they both had an orgasm at the same time. She didn't need to confess it. It was good the way it was.

They fucked every day for the next 4 years, Franzi started masturbating in the morning and afternoon and he only mounted her when she was climaxing. Sometimes he let her finish masturbating because he liked watching her masturbate and orgasm. Then she continued masturbating and he squirted inside right in the middle of her orgasm.

After fucking they lay arm in arm and talked about everything. Hitler's gangs of thugs raided the Jewish shops, beat them up mercilessly and if one of them didn't get up again, it was barely worth three lines in the newspaper. "He wrote it," said Ari, "he wrote to kill all Jews like the vermin they were!" Ari sighed. "They're already going into the Jews' houses and dragging them away, God knows where."

He didn't want to wait for Hitler's brownshirts. "We're both Jews," Ari said to Franziska, "they don't care that you're a Catholic nun, to them you're Rachel, Rachel Rosenblatt. They'll just kill you because you're descended from Jews like me." Franzi closed her eyes, pressed her body even closer to Ari's and thought for a long time. Of course she was a Jew, according to the current way of thinking. But would these monsters really rape and kill a Catholic nun? They had both read the reports of how Jewish women and girls were brutally raped by the wild hordes before being taken away. Raped, fucked, raped by the whole squad, one after the other. Like animals.

One day they were eyewitnesses. The horde fucked a weeping young Jewish woman and her horrified underage daughter until they had all fucked both of them and were exhausted. Ari and Franzi had to be quiet and not move from the spot so that they would not be discovered.

He would take poison, Ari said. He neither wanted to run away and leave the country he had fought so bravely for, nor would he let the Hitlerists lock him up. He would take poison, Ari said.

They took the poison together, one rainy morning. They went to bed, hugged and fucked until they were dead.

Ari had written a farewell letter. "You all condemned us Jews to death, we are just getting there first. You made us wear the Star of David to show that we were condemned. We proudly follow the Star of David because it lights our way to the life of the righteous.
Dr. Ariel Jehuda Grienschnabl,
and below in childish school handwriting,
Sr. Franziska, (Rachel Rosenblatt).

The neighbors broke down the door after three weeks and found them in a loving embrace.

...

Uma, the Neanderthal

by Jack Faber © 2024

Uma held Ri's cock in her fist. "Wait, Ri! I heard that you fuck girls on the river bank!?" When her husband was away, Uma had always let Ri masturbate behind her ass, he had been allowed to squirt inside her pubic fold, in her ass crease or on her ass cheeks. He was already 15, he had to masturbate 4 or 5 times every evening and Uma, his stepmother, good-naturedly let him squirt in the crease of her ass or inside her pubic fold. But now she was clutching his cock in her fist and waiting for an answer.

Ri pushed his cock back and forth in her fist. She gripped his cock even tighter. "Well, don't you have anything to say to me!?" Uma asked sternly. "Yes, that's true," Ri admitted with shame. "Everyone fucks by the river," he added, softening his words. "Aha!" said Uma, and waited for his explanation. "Kaa lets anyone fuck her who wants to." Ri had thus revealed a big secret. Ri squirted in her fist, Uma rubbed his cock briefly and lovingly, she rubbed it until he had finished squirting. Then she grabbed the cock again really tightly and probed, "who of them?" Ri had no choice but to name the other two. "And do you fuck the poor girl one at a time or all at once?" Ri continued to thrust into Uma's clenched fist. "Only one at a time, Uma!" he stammered, "you have to wait until the other one has squirted!" Uma nodded. "Kaa isn't quite right in the head," said Uma, "you know that well! I've often heard that she lets anyone fuck her and squirt inside her at will. The poor thing, she'll have one child after another!"

Uma carefully placed his cock in her asshole. "There, you can fuck there," she sighed submissively and turned her back to him, "just fuck in my asshole, you're still too young for real fucking, I think." But Ri slid forward into her pubic fold and fucked twice more, then he had enough. Uma took his cock in her hand and forcefully squeezed out the last drops of semen. "Now sleep well, my little bull!"

Ri had learned to hunt from his grandfather. His grandfather had given him a long leather cord, a lasso, with which he could catch rabbits, partridges and deer after a lot of practice. He had made a sharp dagger for his grandson out of a deer's antler and taught him to stab the rabbit or deer in the heart, then they would die immediately. Grandfather was a very good teacher, and he was allowed to mount and fuck Uma once a month. She didn't let many people fuck her, only the ancient grandfather and her old husband Urg. Usually grandfather would lie on his back after mounting her, he would let Uma slide back and forth upon his cock. At the end she took grandfather's cock out of her pussyhole before the old man squirted and gave him a quick and hard fist. Ri always watched excitedly when Uma rode on Grandpa's cock, it was very hot to watch because Uma's clit swelled up and she had to rub it immediately. She tried not to let Grandpa squirt inside, only Urg was allowed to do that. She was very annoyed when someone else mounted her. She let him fuck her for a few minutes because that's what all women did, and chased the guy away before he could squirt inside.

After hunting, Ri always went down to the river bank and fucked Kaa two or three times until he had had enough. Kaa grinned friendly, she loved being fucked and rubbed her clit nonstop. She laughed shrilly when one of the boys came to the end, grabbed her by the hips and squirted inside. Immediately afterwards, she went into the shallow water and washed her pussy in the ice-cold mountain water, grinning. Kaa was a really fine buddy, Ri often said. Since he was allowed to fuck and squirt in Uma's ass crack and more and more often in her pubic crease, he also found his beautiful stepmother a fine buddy. Uma really was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, she had a friendly, kind face, beautiful and medium-sized breasts and a small black bush grew above her slit. She was Urg's fourth wife, she was not yet 30 and yet the boss of the clan, because Urg preferred to go hunting and leave the day-to-day business to her.

Ri also had an older sister, Lili, who was a few years older than him. Ri had never understood why Urg and Uma were not allowed to find out that Lili sometimes let a secret lover mount her and fuck her. Ri let her buy his secrecy, and he was sometimes allowed to mount Lili and fuck her too. They did it very secretly and in secret

places and he had to pull his cock out and squirt into the bushes before he squirted inside. Lili was a real secretive person.

Uma let him fuck her in the fold of her pussy for weeks afterward, he liked it and so did she, because she could masturbate well while she was being fucked. Ri had been watching some girls and women masturbate, but not many made it in full public. Uma's buttocks trembled when she had an orgasm. He enjoyed it because Uma was a good mother and a fine buddy and she always praised him when he came home from hunting and brought home rabbits or deer. Ri was happy about the praise because it was important to be a good hunter and able to feed the family.

Uma stopped one day in the middle of her masturbating and grabbed his cock. "So come on, fuck me, my little boy! But don't forget to pull it out before you squirt! Don't squirt inside!" Ri was completely surprised and nodded, "Yes, Uma, I don't squirt inside!" he repeated. Uma guided his cock and plunged it deep into her cunt-hole. Ri was very surprised, her cunthole was even tighter than Lili's, and of course also than Kaa's, whose cunthole was soft and wide. Uma's cunthole was very tight and his little boy's cock filled it very well. He was only allowed to fuck Uma from behind, as he had done in her asshole before, only this time she was stuffing his cock into her real hole herself. Still, it was the best thing he had ever experienced. Fucking Kaa was very easy and not very exciting. Fucking Lili was more exciting, because she didn't let herself be mounted very often, usually right after her lover had left. She was soft and unable to fight, Ri could mount his exhausted sister very quickly. She lowered her head and let Ri fuck her. Lili was only very careful that he pulled his cock out before he squirted, just like her many lovers. Fucking Uma, on the other hand, was very exciting, he felt her fingers dancing on her clit. That was very exciting in itself. He started to squirt inside and pulled his cock out. When Uma was deeply engrossed in masturbating, he could safely squirt inside her unnoticed. Uma always said that he should pull his cock out when he squirted, but she never scolded him for it. Uma once said that masturbating was especially nice when he fucked her at the same time. He was only allowed to fuck her from behind, so he reached forward, onto her full breasts. He had discovered that she loved it immensely when he twirled and

pinched her nipples with his fingers. Then she let him squirt inside and continued masturbating vigorously. He left his cock inside her and fucked her again. She let him squirt inside again when he tortured her nipples. After the second squirt, he left his soft cock inside until she had finished masturbating and her ass cheeks were shaking tightly. On the few days a month when Urg came home from hunting, Uma naturally fucked her husband and Ri had to stick to Kaa and Lili, but that was okay.

A stranger came by, Beg. He was a hunter wrapped in furs, he had a long spear, the likes of which Ri had never seen before. His accent was strange, but he was understood. He had come from far away and he wanted to take over Uma's cave immediately. The men had all gone hunting with Urg, so Uma had to make it clear to the ranger that she was the chief's wife and that the cave belonged to the chief. Beg was not welcome, he could set up camp over there under the apple trees, eat the apples and then move on, the men would be back soon. Beg hung around for days, looking at the cave and the pretty young woman with increasing avidity. Ri went hunting every day from sunrise to midday, and in the afternoon he went to Kaa at the river or spied on Lili to see if he could fuck her. So he came home at midday and put the two rabbits and the deer next to the fireplace. He heard Uma screaming.

Uma was lying on her back in the living area, Beg between her thighs, and the monster was fucking her. Ri saw the pool of semen under her ass, the guy had probably fucked her a few times. Uma screamed for help when she saw Ri. Like a predator, Ri jumped onto Beg's back and pulled him off Uma. They were wrestling on the floor, Uma had jumped up and was also beating Beg with her fists. Ri saw the spear coming towards him and rolled to the side. Had the guy gone mad, was he trying to impale him!? Beg stormed at the boy, his eyes bloodshot, and yelled that everything belonged to him now, the cave, the woman and the village. His spear stabbed and hit Ri in the shoulder. Ri was thrown over. He got up, the dagger made of deer antlers suddenly in his hand. With a quick thrust, he stabbed the dagger into Beg's throat, from side to side. Beg staggered, grabbed his throat and ran away screaming.

Ri immediately took care of Uma. “He jumped on me and mounted me and rammed his cock in as soon as you left. He fucked me nonstop, he came inside me at least 5 times and was nowhere near finished when you came.” Uma lowered her gaze to the ground. “He actually fucked me really well, I had more orgasms in a row than I have in a long time.” She looked at Ri shyly and vulnerable. “Don’t think badly of me, I screamed, bit and scratched him, but he is much stronger than me. He jumped on me and fucked me with a big grin, he hummed contentedly every time I had an orgasm.”

Uma cleaned the wound on his shoulder and bandaged it, it was just a deep scratch. “And now you’re running off to fuck Kaa or Lili?” He nodded, “my shoulder doesn’t hurt anymore,” he said. Uma looked at him for a long time. “I’ve known about Lili for a long time.” She took his hand and looked at him with teary eyes. “Please stay with me this afternoon. I want to cry on your shoulder and have a good fuck with you!” Ri looked at her for a long time. He was no longer a child, she spoke to him like to a man.

He lay down naked next to Uma. She let herself be fucked from the front for the first time, face to face like Beg, and she let him squirt inside her without saying anything, over and over again. She talked the whole time about fucking Beg, he had taken her brutally, but he had fucked her better than any man had in a long time.

Three days later he found Beg on the river bank, he had bled to death. He took his spear and his valuable long stone knife. Kaa undressed Beg, she wanted to take his leather clothing and the furs to the village. She had not understood what death meant. She played very excitedly with the dead man’s cock and was very disappointed that it did not become stiff. She let go of the cock and grumbled, “it’s no good anymore!”, then she helped Ri and the others to drag the dead man into deeper water and leave him to the stream.

The chief was told how Ri had saved his wife and killed the stranger. “You’ve grown up, son,” said the chief, “big and strong and a brave defender of our village and my wife! And I’m told you’re fucking little Kaa, that’s fine with me. We both know she’s not right in the head, but she’s good enough for practice!” The father laughed good-

naturedly. “Next year you’ll go hunting with me!” Ri was very proud, that was praise, spoken in front of everyone. He told his father that he wanted to keep the spear with the stone tip, but he gave the valuable knife to his father as a gift.

He told Lili that they didn’t need to be so secretive anymore, Uma knew everything. He fucked Lili and Kaa alternately, and at night he fucked Uma from behind again and again, that’s what she wanted. Often he squirted inside, sometimes not, because he knew that she preferred that. Nevertheless, he was very proud because, apart from his father and grandfather, he was the only one she let fuck her properly.

A new girl had come to the river bank and was watching the boys who were taking turns fucking Kaa on the bank. Ri asked her what her name was and where she came from. Her name was Aja and she came from the other village in the south. She was 13 summers old, Aja said. He asked her if she wanted to join in with the fucking, but Aja shook her head firmly. “Mama said I can’t fuck until I get hair down there, then I can fuck with Daddy!” Ri said he wanted to check if she had hair yet.

Aja looked at him for a long time, then she went behind the bushes. She picked up the fur that covered her crotch. Ri couldn’t find a single hair, not even a fluff. Aja’s pussy was smooth like all little girls’. Then he wanted to know what her mother meant by ‘fucking her father’? Aja looked around to see if anyone was listening. She had two little brothers, twins, who were only 3 years old. Her mother hadn’t fucked her father so often since thd were born. She had shown Aja how to rub her father with her fist until he squirted. Aja sat down in front of her father and clamped his cock between her labia. Then she rubbed it with her fist right in front of her little pussy. Her father liked that a lot and when Aja asked, her mother said she wasn’t allowed to fuck her father until she had hair on her pussy. Her father laughed and licked his lips. “We’re going to fuck wonderfully, little Aja!” he shouted, but he stuck to his wife’s instructions. She was the boss after all.

Aja stuck to his heels like a burr. She masturbated Ri every afternoon, she clamped his cock between her labia and did it with her fist, she was really good at that. He liked the little girl a lot and they became very close friends. As time went on, he told her that he not only fucked Kaa, but also Lili, his older sister. They were only allowed to fuck in secret, he said, and Lili had a very tight vagina and was really good to fuck, better than stupid Kaa. And after much hesitation, he also told her that he slept at his stepmother Uma's and fucked her too, every night when his father was away. Uma's vagina was even tighter than Lili's, but he was only allowed to fuck her from behind, under her ass. She almost always lay on her side and he had to hold on to her ass cheeks. Then he pushed his cock under her ass crack and she grabbed the cock and guided it into the cunthole. She was the best to fuck of all, she masturbated while fucking, she always did that. Aja asked what the masturbating was. Ri pressed a finger to Aja's clit and rubbed it a little. Aja pulled away. She had seen it many times in the village, because there were several girls who did it in full public, they spread their legs and rubbed their clits in front of everyone. But she never did it herself, not even in secret, because her Mom didn't do it either, not even when she was fucking her Dad. Aja said that her Mom didn't care at all if another man, usually someone from the village, mounted her. She let herself be fucked indifferently, like most women. Before he squirted, however, she pulled out his cock, nobody except her Dad was allowed to squirt inside.

Aja looked up at him, her hero, whom she loved with childlike zeal. She snuggled up to him and whispered how nice it would be to already have hair. She would fuck him right away, no matter what! Ri caressed her labia and clit a little too, but she rarely wanted to have an orgasm.

Ever since the deadly fight with Beg was sung about around the campfires, men came from near and far to mount the beautiful woman. She had explained to Ri a thousand times, that men had been doing this for ages and women had to humbly go along with it. The only thing that had changed was that they now waited until the husband was out of the house, and Urg was always out hunting. Even in great-great-grandfather's time, grandfather said, it wasn't like that; some men held the husband when it was necessary and then

one after the other mounted the indifferent woman, that's how it was! Uma also let herself be mounted and fucked with complete indifference, the man rammed his cock into her and fucked her. Uma usually let herself be fucked quite indifferently and only pulled the cock out very late to let him squirt on the floor. She did not believe that it was the good goddess who made women pregnant. Like some other young women, she believed that the man squirted the very tiny baby into the woman. She had lost every baby the men had injected into her. She had seen the very tiny fingernail-sized ones when they were lost. That's why she did not let the men squirt inside, only Urg and Ri, she said. Nevertheless, Ri sat in the cave, brooding, and watched Uma being fucked. Only rarely did Uma get hot during fucking, then her face would glow unearthly and she would touch her clit discreetly. Ri was inwardly angry during this fucking because she was obviously enjoying and lusting over the man's big cock; he did not yet know the word jealousy at that time.

He had agreed with Uma that she would position herself so, that he could see every detail of the fucking. She stood with her back to the man, pulled up her fur loincloth and bent forward so that she could support herself with her hands on the floor and thrust her buttocks towards the man. The man could support himself on her ass cheeks after he had mounted her. He mounted the beautiful woman smiling and rammed his cock into her cunthole from behind. Uma always screamed briefly because his big cock suddenly widened her tight cunthole. Then he fucked her for a few minutes and she reached back between her legs and pulled the cock out the moment he started to squirt. Of course the first jet usually squirted inside, but she let it squirt on the floor. She winked at Ri while being fucked and grinned, which made him even hornier, because watching her being fucked made the boy really horny.

The flickering of the campfire illuminated the scene when father Urg fucked his wife Uma. Urg grinned friendly because Ri was lying opposite them and watching everything. Urg always penetrated Uma's pussyhole slowly and carefully, he didn't want to hurt her. Ri watched as the big cock penetrated Uma's tight pussyhole and stretched her. Urg fucked Uma for a long time and she masturbated until she orgasmed. Now Urg increased his pace and squirted inside

for a long time. Usually he fucked her a second time after a while, Ri had slowly pushed his foreskin back and forth over the glans and squirted on the floor when Uma masturbated a third time after the second fuck.

The spring festival was something very special. People from the surrounding villages and settlements gathered in the village square, the elders called out prayers to the good Goddess and people sang and danced in a circle. The village chiefs fucked their favorite wives in front of the staring people, then everyone fucked each other. Everyone was allowed to fuck everyone else, of course most of them fucked women other than their own. For many women from the remote settlements this was the only way to fuck men other than their husbands, their fathers or their brothers. So they were like hell after fucking as many different men as possible. That made up for the long walk to the festival. That was the point of the spring festival, to fuck like crazy. Many women were already pregnant and after the festival there were a lot more.

Ri and Aja always hid behind the bushes, they took off their clothes and cuddled and snuggled close to each other, Ri had long since taught her how to French kiss. Aja masturbated him every afternoon, their bodies had become accustomed to the close skin contact of their naked bodies. They both watched as Aja's breasts began to bud. A delicate downy fluff of black hair began to bud on her pubic mound. Aja asked every day whether they shouldn't fuck now. She talked to Ri about the first fuck, when his cock had to penetrate the hymen and that was supposed to be painful. Ri had questioned both Lili and Uma, and both said it wasn't worth mentioning.

Ri decided on the day he would deflower Aja. She was incredibly excited, he promised not to hurt her, at least as much as he could. She inserted his cock into her vaginal vestibule, let go and closed her eyes. He penetrated very carefully and Aja screamed very quietly as her hymen tore. Ri penetrated deep into her vagina and waited. "Did it hurt a lot?" he asked worriedly, but she shook her head, "it doesn't hurt at all anymore!"

He fucked Aja for a long time in a deep embrace, he loved her very much. She didn't have an orgasm, but that was okay. He masturbated her clit after fucking because she had gradually lost the fear of her strong orgasm. He stopped fucking Kaa, instead he fucked Aja all afternoon long. He had only told Uma that he was fucking Aja and she said he should love and care for her, she knew the girl and thought she was a good choice. Uma's opinion was important to him. Aja told her parents about the fucking. Mom was astonished at first, but she immediately thought further and said that now she could fuck Dad too. Aja nodded delighted, and Mom helped her to insert Dad's stiff and big cock into her little hole. She lay next to the two of them while they fucked. She was happy with the result and Dad fucked Aja from then on every night, usually twice. Ri was very jealous and accompanied Aja home in the evenings. Uma agreed that he would sleep with Aja now. But things turned out completely differently.

When Aja's mother saw him fucking Aja for the first time, she desired him with unbridled desire. She had no desire to fuck Dad, and hadn't for a long time. But now she fell in love with Ri's cock and seduced him. She liked his way of fucking very much, and from then on she let Ri fuck her every time Dad fucked Aja. Ri liked fucking Aja's mother very much, and all four of them fucked each other for the next few years. Ri and Aja always fucked late at night after they had fucked Mom and Dad. Aja's mother became pregnant three times and had three sons. Aja and Ri whispered that the children could only be his, because the mother rarely let other men mount her. She also let these men fuck her like Uma until they squirted, she also let the men squirt on the floor.

Ri had managed to get a cave to live in; the previous owners had just died. It was a good place, half of it had been dug into the hill and the other part was built solidly out of stones. They told everyone that they would stay together from now on. Aja let the men mount her and fuck her with the same humble devotion as all the other women. She let them squirt on the floor, because what Uma said about squirting babies into women sounded reasonable. She only let Papa and Ri squirt inside. That's how it was.

A new people appeared. They were small and had white skin. There were only minor skirmishes and disagreements at the beginning because they spoke a different language. The vanguard explored the area, then the white people came in droves, in large droves. They were more numerous than the old people. They were good hunters, they brought good tools and knowledge with them. The old people thinned out. But it wasn't because of the wars!

It was the women. Among the old people, couples often stayed together for life; white women didn't care about pairing up. They fucked wildly everyone, there were often large groups of women, mothers and aunts who looked after the numerous offspring. And the white women soon discovered that the men of the old people fucked much better than the white men. With their big, hard cocks they fucked the little white women's little pussies to multiple orgasms, into seventh heaven. The white women simply seized the men of the old people. The offspring were white. The women of the old people had far fewer children than before; the white men did fuck them, but they had fewer and fewer children, and they were all white.

The men of the old people were great at fucking. Their cocks were bigger, thicker and much more enduring than those of the whites. Many of them fucked two or three white women a day and fathered white children. The white women hardly let themselves be fucked by white men anymore. White men would squirt in their mouths while the white woman was being fucked by one of the old people. It became a plague, many white men had not fucked a white woman for years, they were only allowed to squirt in her mouth, while the women let themselves be fucked by the old people. Usually three or four white men would gather around the woman's head, kneel, masturbate and finally squirt in the woman's mouth. The white men had to be content to squirt in a woman's mouth at least, because only the big men from the old people did the fucking. And the descendants were all white. The old people gradually disappeared, but not because an overpowering enemy defeated them. It was the unbridled white women and the compliant men of the old people who destroyed them within 20,000 years.

One day the ancient people, the Neanderthals, became extinct.



The sufferings of Marie P.

by Jack Faber © 2024

Marie Pauer was tried for witchcraft in Neuarkt. She was imprisoned for 22 months and interrogated on 287 days. The chairman, the Lord von Pfleger, instructed the clerk to prepare two reports because very saucy details were mentioned during the interrogations.

Marie was generally described as lazy and stubborn. The general public thought she was dissolute, her only interest was in sex. She stopped at nothing, she let herself be fucked by all the men in the town, by all the young men and boys from 8 years of age upwards, who thought that fucking and squirting was just a game. The neighbors knew that she didn't even stop at her father and that she let the grief-stricken widower fuck her hard and thoroughly every night.

Marie, a cheeky and dissolute 16-year-old girl, was examined by the court doctor on the first day. The chairman and his assessors were wide-eyed when the doctor uncovered and examined her pussy. Everyone stared at the young witch's open pussy hole. Only a light fluffy down was visible on her naked, childlike pussy. The doctor parted her surprisingly large, fleshy labia and covered them again after the inspection. "Virgo intacta," he dictated to the clerk, so Marie was still a virgin. This was in stark contrast to the accusations. And these were not the only discrepancies.

Marie contradicted the doctor when the chairman repeated it in German. "That can't be," she said, "my father took my virginity two years ago, when I was only 14." There was a long silence, then Lord von Pfleger asked Marie to tell him everything. "We had just buried my mother when he became very restless and ordered me to come to him in the marital bed. He took off my nightgown and touched my whole body, especially my clit, and I pulled away. "I'm not that kind of girl, Dad," I said to him, "I don't play with my clit like naughty girls do!" He was very surprised and questioned me further, but I was firm that I was a decent girl and only rubbed my clitoris a little bit sometimes, but not to orgasm. He grinned maliciously and said

he had always seen me rubbing my clit! That was true, but I said that I usually stop before I climax because it was a sin. He laughed cheekily, "I've watched you climax many times, so don't lie to me!" He looked at me triumphantly. "How often have I watched you slowly caress your clitoris until it became long and stiff, your little cock! And then how you rubbed it and rubbed it mercilessly until you were writhing like a worm in orgasm! So don't lie to me!" I was very ashamed because it was true, I had masturbated to orgasm every night even, back then. He just grunted smugly and spread my legs. I told him that I was still untouched, but he just grinned, and I cried when he had to ram his cock into my pussy three or four times until my hymen broke. He fucked me three times in a row the first time and grinned contentedly every time I had an orgasm. Since that day he has fucked me every night except on Saturdays, when he goes to confession and does not sin because he goes to the Holy Communion on Sundays." The doctor shook his head and indicated to the chairman that the little girl was totally crazy.

At the next interrogation she was supposed to talk about the devil. Marie blushed and had to be asked several times. "My Lord and Master only came to see me at night after my father had fucked me and squirted inside me. He always squirted inside me and it didn't matter to him whether I got pregnant." The chairman wanted to know what the devil looked like. "A very tall man with two thumb-sized bumps on his forehead, he looked like other men, only he had a very very big cock and a short tail at the back. His companion was much smaller, but he also had a much bigger cock than normal men. I had to call the big one Colonel. He made me sign a contract with a drop of blood, "I am yours and you are mine!" The Colonel snapped his fingers and I was a virgin again! He wanted to deflower me every time and fucked me for half an hour, then he disappeared. Now the smaller one fucked me, he fucked just as well as the Master, then he left me. It was like that every night, the Colonel deflowered me every time and then they both fucked me." The doctor examined Marie's pussy again, and she was no longer a virgin. Marie made serious accusations.

"How could I be a virgin, Doctor, when the two guards fuck me in the morning and in the afternoon, one after the other!" The chairman

summoned the two men, but they denied everything and denied everything again under oath. They were believed. Nevertheless, no one could explain how Marie had had three stillbirths during the two years of strict imprisonment.

Marie was questioned as to why pots and pans and tools like hammers flew through the air and made a hellish noise. Marie laughed loudly. "That's the companion, he makes music with them when the colonel fucks me!" The court was speechless. Then Marie was asked what happened with the forester Waldmann. Marie had to explain to the court that the colonel had taught her two magic spells, one to turn the wife to stone and a second to force the man to fuck her. The colonel had ordered her to cast a spell on the forester and his wife, but she tried for 20 days without success, because they remained loyal to the Lord Jesus Christ and did not give their souls to her Master.

The judge wanted to know how it went. Marie answered with astonishing openness, smiling. "I paralyzed the woman and put a spell on the forester. He wanted to mount his wife straight away, but I forced him between my thighs, because the forester has a nice, big cock. He fucked me reluctantly, but very well. Then I allowed him to fuck his helpless wife. I let him fuck me 20 days, but I didn't get his soul." The court questioned the forester and his wife, who confirmed everything. The forester's wife looked very venomously at Marie. "Your witchcraft didn't do you any good, because my husband loves me faithfully!" she shouted angrily.

Marie did not deny that she had done it with around 80 men in the town in the two years, she had let all of them fuck her, but hardly captured a soul, only a few. Even the preacher Father Anselm was one of her victims. The preacher was interrogated and he denied everything under oath. Marie screamed that it was a lie and that she could prove it! She claimed that there was a crescent-shaped mark on the preacher's cock, under the foreskin. The priest was forced to undress. The doctor rubbed the cock until it was stiff and the priest ejaculated on the floor. The doctor pulled the foreskin back completely and hey presto, there was the mark! The poor priest slunk away, dejected.

Marie was employed as a nanny at the Höllerwirt, for the 3-year-old daughter. But the young witch made advances on the boy, and she finally admitted this. The 8-year-old son had to fuck her, although he didn't understand the whole thing. He stuck his little cock in her pussy, fucked her for a while and squirted inside. The little boy was not questioned, but his mother reported that it was true, that she had seen it herself.

But that was not all. There was the matter with Liesl Hofmüller. Liesl was the same age as Marie, and Marie was reluctant to talk about it. They were good friends and they liked to roll around naked in Liesl's bed, hugging each other. Marie taught her how to kiss with her tongue, Liesl always got very excited and masturbated herself, because Marie didn't masturbate herself. But she let Liesl masturbate her until she had an orgasm, she liked that very much. After a few weeks she began to fuck Liesl. The chairman asked in astonishment how that was possible? Marie laughed haughtily. "It's very simple, sir! Liesl had to spread her legs and spread her pussy hole with her fingers so that her clit was visible. Then I pressed my clit against hers and fucked her until she climaxed, until she was mad. Liesl enjoyed it so much that I always had to do it with her clit!" The chairman's mouth fell open, because it was the first time he had heard that two women could actually fuck. Of course, the clerk was only allowed to write about it in the second report.

Marie was interrogated every second or third day, and more and more details came to light. Much of it was obviously lies, but some of it turned out to be true. Her father was interrogated, he denied everything, saying that his daughter just had a vivid imagination. But he was questioned more and more strictly and under oath he finally admitted that he had been fucking his daughter for years. Yes, she was still a virgin, he admitted, he had to deflower her first, but then she let him fuck her willingly and voluntarily. He stuck to that.

After 22 months in prison, the verdict was unanimous. Marie was a witch and was sentenced to death. She was beheaded at sunrise and then burned.

Marie Pauner was not the only witch to be convicted in Neumarkt.



Liz's Revenge

by Jack Faber © 2024

Liz had washed Ben's cock like she would any cock that wanted to fuck her. She took off her negligee and lay down on the bed. Ben, who was a tall and bulky-looking man, lay down on top of her nimbly and lithely. He began to fuck slowly and deliberately, Liz closed her eyes because Ben was fucking very well and her thoughts wandered back to the past.

She was lying under the covers as usual and masturbating like her brother Bob in the other child's bed. She had been masturbating for a long time, but it was not an issue between her and Bob. She must have been about 13 at the time and Bob was a year younger. They both knew that the other masturbated, but they both did it under the covers, breathing heavily and panting, but they had never let the other see it. Of course they had shown and examined their genitals now and then, but it was not a particular issue.

She heard the heavy footsteps of her father, Thomas Crumble, on the stairs. He came up for the first time, quietly entering the child's room. He sat down on the bed next to Liz and pulled her covers away. He saw her finger resting on her stiff, swollen clit. He looked at his naked daughter from top to bottom, he had never seen her so naked. Her father was her great love at the time, she was crazy about him and fantasized about him and other boys when she masturbated.

Her father ran his fingers over her body, caressed her inner thighs and her pussy. Liz shivered with pleasure, he had never touched her so sexually before. He touched her finger. "Keep going, my love, I want to see it, I want to watch you." he said quietly. Bob just raised his head, he wanted to see it too, but secretly. "Should I keep going, Dad?" Liz asked uncertainly, "Do you really want to see it?" He nodded, "Yes!" Liz could smell the whiskey, he must have come from the saloon where he played every evening, that was his only job and the family income. Her mother lay in bed all day and spat blood, she had it on her lungs.

Liz hesitated. She barely moved her finger on her clit, but then she saw her father's greedy look. Now she was convinced that he wanted to see her masturbate. She started and watched him, he stared at her finger, at her clit. She usually masturbated with her eyes closed, but now she was watching him, her dearest Daddy. Her buttocks had been shaking for a while, then the orgasm broke out. She writhed and twisted as always, then it was over.

The father stood up, covered his daughter and kissed the top of her head. "Good night, my love!" he said and left. He came up two or three times a week until the next summer to watch her masturbate. Liz turned 14, her breasts began to bud, her labia were now always swollen and covered her clit. She began to take an interest in the boys at school and watched some of them rub their cocks and squirt. But she didn't touch a cock; her love was her father, who loved to watch her masturbate.

Her father lay down heavily next to her, he smelled strongly of whiskey. He had won big today and was in high spirits. "I'd love to fuck you, my love!" he stammered. Liz was just surprised and not at all shocked. "Okay," she said after a while. He repeated, "fuck, that's what I meant. I really want to fuck you, my little one!" Liz hugged her father lovingly. "Yes, Daddy, I said okay. Come and fuck me!" Liz didn't think about her mother for a moment.

He fiddled with his pants and pulled out his stiff cock. "Come on, lie on your back, spread your legs and put my cock in," he gasped. She grabbed his cock, it seemed huge to her. But she pushed it into her vaginal vestibule until it hit the hymen and then let it go, hugging her father. "I love you very much, Daddy!" she whispered. He pierced her hymen with a jerk, Liz felt a small sting. The drunken father didn't fuck her for very long and squirted inside her with a satisfied grunt. They didn't think about contraception, Liz didn't have her period yet. He got up and kissed her on the top of her head as usual. "Good night, my love!" he said and left.

Bob whispered. "He fucked you! Did he really fuck you?" he wanted to know. "Yes," Liz answered in a whisper, "he deflowered me and fucked me!" Bob asked after a while, "What does deflowering

mean?” Liz explained it to him, he listened with his mouth open. “Can I see it?” he asked and Liz shrugged. Bob took the candle in his hand and spread her labia. “Indeed, I can only see a big hole, it goes right deep inside!” Liz mumbled that Daddy’s cock was very big and had drilled the hole. They went to sleep.

When father wasn’t too drunk, he came to Liz to fuck, almost every night. Sometimes Liz fell in love with a boy and let him fuck her, which was good for her soul. But nobody had a cock as big as Dad’s. Liz was 17 when mother died and she was now running the household alone. Bob just begged a little and then she let him fuck her, every afternoon. Bob was a natural talent when it came to fucking. He had a strong sexual drive and would often fuck Liz three times in an afternoon. Liz was confused because now she was loving two men at the same time, Dad and Bob. She loved Bob’s way of fucking her tenderly and gently. Dad, on the other hand, was hard and brutal when fucking, although he never really hurt her. Half a year later, Dad had won a considerable amount of money and announced that they would moving away from Boston to the West, to Dodge City, where gold was lying on the streets for him as a gambler. They didn’t leave until 4 months later, so that Bob could finish school.

Liz found out that there were only two girls in her class who fucked their fathers. One of them didn’t like to talk about it. Her father had taken advantage of her mother’s absence and raped, deflowered and fucked her against her will. Every few weeks he took advantage of this opportunity and fucked her secretly. She had no one to compare him to, but she thought he was a very bad fucker. He mounted her and fucked her only briefly, then he squirted inside, proud as a peacock.

The second was much more talkative, she had seduced her father and not the other way around. From the very beginning she went naked into the parents’ bedroom and threw herself at them with a war cry. She loved to cuddle with her parents, and she especially liked to rub her naked body against her father. Her mother had always scolded her when she snuggled up close to her father and masturbated with a naughty grin. She was rarely present when they were fucking. The mother always tried to scare her away, but she stuck out

her tongue cheekily and stayed until they continued and had finished fucking. Later she lay on her back, spread her legs and shouted, "Fuck me, Daddy, fuck me too!" He was of course exhausted from fucking and did nothing of the sort. But she annoyed the parents always and sometimes the mother shouted, "Fuck her now, Edy, so she'll shut up!" This happened more and more often until the father got a hard cock and lay between her thighs. The mother shouted, "Well, do it now, fuck her and shut her mouth!" The father was actually much too cowardly, he was a little afraid of the mother. But when she kept repeating that he should finally fuck her, he did it, because this time he had become quite horny when he was lying between her thighs, his cock tapping her cunt. He pierced her hymen and it didn't hurt at all. He fucked her for a very long time, because he had just used up all his ammunition. She was very surprised because she could feel every single jet as he squirted inside. Her mother watched in amazement, she had never thought that Edy had really done it! Since then, her father had to decide every evening whether he wanted to fuck his wife or his daughter. Her mother hated her ever since.

Dodge City was really a gold mine. Dad earned a lot of money at the gaming tables, he dressed like a westerner, wore a nice cowboy hat and a silver revolver in a holster. He also bought Bob a revolver. Bob practiced drawing a revolver every day, he had an old prairie rider show him how. He lined up empty bottles and practiced drawing and shooting. They lived in a fancy hotel and Liz started talking to the barmaids. After a few weeks she was working in the saloon across the street as a bar hostess and earned her own money, which she took to the bank. She was soon hardened and let the guests grope her, touch her bare skin, her breasts and her pussy. It was clear to everyone that touching her pussy was much more expensive than touching her breasts. If someone was very nice and paid good, she went with him into the dark corridor or behind the house and let him fuck her standing up. Papa was usually at the gaming table until late at night and didn't fuck her so often anymore. Bob was a loyal fuck buddy, he fucked her every morning, noon and afternoon. She loved Bob with all her heart. When her period came, she got advice from the barmaids about contraception.

They stayed in Dodge City for three years; Liz was now 22 years old. Now they moved on, Tombstone promised even more money. But Tombstone was a wild town, Sheriff Mike Rogers unfortunately only maintained a certain amount of order, but the town was full of wild guys who were hard to control. They moved into a large, comfortable hotel room and Papa accepted that Bob fucked Liz. He could also fuck Liz if he wanted to. But his loins had become lame, Bob was 21 and in the full bloom of his sexuality. The boy fucked Liz at least three times a day shamelessly in front of the father. Sometimes his father buried his face in the pillows, because he was most ashamed of himself for getting his cock up less and less often.

There were no barmaids or hostesses in Tombstone, only whores, Liz soon found out. Madame Gaultier, who owned the house in which the “Golden Nugget” saloon was, owned the brothel above the saloon. The girls roamed around the saloon, let themselves be invited for drinks and made acquaintances there. They paid a fixed amount to Madame for each customer, whose maids kept the rooms clean. Madame also took care of security, there was always an armed guard sitting in the corridor. But he didn’t have much to do, maybe punch someone on the nose if they didn’t want to pay or the girl had them thrown out because they were too drunk.

Liz made a deal with Madame. She was determined to earn ‘her own money’, because her mother was a terrible example of a woman who had no money of her own. Papa said nothing, it seemed as though he didn’t care that Liz worked now as a whore. Bob was quite insulted, but over time he understood her arguments. He worked in the hardware store, where he looked after the revolvers, guns and rifles and sold them. He once told Liz that he would have liked to be an armorer or gunsmith, but there weren’t any in Tombstone.

For two years everything went well in this wild town. All three worked and earned money, because Tombstone was not a cheap town. Liz was now 24 and had already fucked hundreds of men. Ordinary citizens, strangers passing through, cowboys and farmers.

Liz had learned to whore from the other girls, it wasn’t difficult. Spot a guy in the saloon, have a few drinks and lure him up. Pay in

advance, of course, and leave the money with the guard, just in case. You had to wash his cock thoroughly before fucking, an important hygiene measure. When fucking, you had to feign excitement and passion, probably the hardest part of it. Most people had enough of one fuck, if someone wanted a second round, that was OK too. It didn't take Liz long to learn to whore. She was amazed at how she could distinguish the purely business-like fucking in the whorehouse from the loving fucking with Bob or her father.

She had fallen in love with one of Madame's guards, Harry. He was a thoroughly honest person under his skin and was only a feared gunslinger on the outside. He was a tall, broad-shouldered guy with strong fists and a fast revolver. He didn't kill anyone if he could avoid it; a shot in the leg was always enough. He and Liz had slowly grown closer; they only fucked after months of being close friends. Liz wasn't thinking about marriage yet, but Harry would be an option for her. Harry was a good listener, an interesting conversationalist and he could be very romantic when he was with her. He fucked excellently, gently and honestly. He accepted the facts as they were. She had to earn her money as a whore, he had to play the tough guy and cool gunslinger, when he was on duty. It was just a job, it wasn't something you had to think about much.

He trained with Bob in his spare time and taught him to shoot well, because he used to be a marshal and hunted people. Bob learned more than just how to shoot from him, he learned about the laws and some things that were important for hunting people. Perhaps Bob would become a marshal himself one day, the governor paid quite well.

Father Thomas sat at the gaming tables every minute, he had always been a skilled cheat, but now he was old, his fingers were not as nimble as they used to be. More and more often he had to break off a trick and that was bad for business. And so misfortune came quietly upon the family. It was a feared bandit and gunslinger, Big Ben, who caught poor father Thomas Crumble cheating. There was a loud argument, Thomas jumped up and so did Big Ben.

Thomas had only fired his revolver a few times to practice and he made the same mistake as everyone who faced Big Ben. He stared at Big Ben's small revolver in the holster, not at the sawed-off shotgun Ben wore on his other hip. Thomas drew his revolver, Big Ben calmly left his revolver in the holster. His shotgun, only slightly larger than a revolver, was hinged to his hip. Big Ben did not draw the shotgun, he pushed it down to a horizontal position and fired immediately from his hip. The bullets tore through Thomas' chest, and he fell dead to the ground. Sheriff Mike Rogers stormed into the saloon minutes later, his gun at the ready. Ben was still standing tall and ready to fire behind the card table. "It was self-defense, Sheriff," he said loudly. The sheriff questioned those standing around, and it was true. Thomas had drawn first and aimed at Ben, but had no time to pull the trigger. The sheriff nodded and told Ben that he was not welcome in Tombstone and that he should get on the horse.

Big Ben leaned over to the dead Thomas and took out his wad of money. He counted out 200 dollars. "That's my share that he cheated me out of!" he said calmly to the sheriff and threw the remaining money on Thomas' corpse. "I ordered food and I'm leaving after that," said Big Ben and sat down again. Sheriff Rogers nodded reluctantly and went back into the sheriff's house.

Liz was lying next to Harry after fucking and they were talking about their future when Harry heard the shotgun fire. He sat up. "Nobody would be stupid enough to shoot around in the saloon with a shotgun!" he called quietly, then laid his head on the pillow. The deep bass of the sheriff could be heard, which was soothing.

A small boy ran into the hardware store and tugged on Bob's sleeve. "Big Ben just shot your father dead with a shotgun in the saloon!" the little boy called, and Bob turned pale. He grabbed the boy by the coat. "No, it's true!" the boy called, and Bob let go of him. He quickly walked across the street into the saloon.

Ben was sitting at the table eating calmly. Bob saw his father's body lying in a corner, his throat tightened. It was definitely his father lying there, with his chest torn and bloody. Bob immediately drew his revolver and fired at Big Ben. He had forgotten everything

Harry had taught him. Keep calm, aim carefully and shoot low, because a man shot in the stomach or leg was finished.

Bob had aimed far too high and fired far too quickly. His bullet ripped into the wall several inches above Ben's head. He aimed lower and fired again. The bullet grazed Ben's earlobe and also hit the wall. Ben was a practiced gunslinger, he was on his feet immediately and ripped the small revolver from its holster. His first shot hit Bob in the forehead, the second his chest. Bob was already dead before he hit the floor on his back.

Sheriff Mike Rogers stormed into the saloon with his gun ready. Big Ben lowered his revolver, he didn't want to mess with the sheriff, he never did. "I don't know the man, he stormed in and shot at me twice without saying a word. He only hit my ear, then I shot back, Sheriff!" Rogers leaned over Bob's body. "The son of the man you shot earlier, Ben! I heard 4 shots, does anyone have anything to say?" The people didn't move, Ben held the revolver in his hand, lowered to the ground. The sheriff then took each one individually and everyone confirmed Ben's words. It had been a completely unexpected attack by Bob, Ben was only defending himself. The sheriff swore aloud, the boy was only 20 or 21 at the most! He shouted at Big Ben to put the food in his pocket and get on his horse immediately. Immediately! Ben put the revolver away, threw a few dollar bills on the table and went ahead with the food in his hand to the stable. The sheriff stayed behind him with his gun at the ready until the stable boy hastily saddled up. Ben had eaten and got up in the saddle, cursing, and rode out of town in a cloud of dust.

Harry had gotten up and was getting dressed when he heard the sheriff yelling. He strapped on his holster and quickly checked his revolver. "Stay here, I'm going to take a look!" he said to Liz and left. There was great excitement in the saloon, everyone was shouting at the same time. It was only after a while that he had the facts. He looked into Bob's empty eyes. An ice-cold hand clenched around his throat. He didn't know Thomas, but he knew Bob very well; he had been something like an apprentice of his and he was Liz's little brother.

Liz's scream rang through the saloon. She was only wearing an underskirt petticoat and was screaming with all her might. She had stopped on the stairs, she recognized them both immediately. Her legs gave way, she crouched down on the stairs. In four long leaps, Harry was next to her, took her face to his chest and covered her view of the corpses. Liz's scream turned into a howl, only now did her tears flow down her cheeks. Harry comforted her as best he could. "Where's Big Ben!?" he shouted down into the saloon. A few people pointed to the door. "The sheriff! Over there, in the stable!" He was still holding Liz's head and comforting her. She raised her tear-stained face to him and stammered, "Did Big Ben do that!?" Harry hesitated, perhaps he hesitated a little too long. After a while, Liz jumped up and ran downstairs, running out towards the stables in her petticoat and naked cunt.

Big Ben swept past her. She could clearly see that his ear was bleeding. Seconds later, Harry was standing next to her. "Shoot! Shoot!" Liz screamed and ran after the cloud of dust. Harry caught up with her and held her with both arms. "He's already much too far away and besides, I'm not shooting anyone in the back! Not anyone!" he whispered in Liz's ear. It took her a while to calm down. They went back to the saloon.

Liz covered Bob's and Thomas' faces with their jackets. She couldn't look at their dead eyes any longer. Harry questioned the barman and others who seemed halfway sober, he wanted to hear every detail. The second barman had run to the carpenter when Ben had shot Thomas, now the two of them came to the saloon with a horse-drawn cart and a half-finished coffin. Thomas was laid in the coffin, Bob next to him on the bunk. Harry had emptied their pockets and wrapped everything in his scarf, finally he took off their gun belts and then let the carpenter drive off.

Liz was totally devastated and unable to make any decision. Harry was now her support. He had her wash her face, he found no black clothes in her trunk, only a coarse, dark brown dress and she changed. He brought her a hot tea to her room and then sat next to her for an hour silently. Then she looked up and asked him what had actually happened, why everything had happened. Harry searched

for words. “Your father cheated at the game and Ben caught him. There was an argument, your father pulled first and Ben shot him with the shotgun.”

“Bob must have found out, he came storming in and only took one look at the dead father. He immediately, without warning, shot at Big Ben, twice, but he only hit him in the ear. How can you not hit a target as big as the massive Ben at 6 paces? In any case, Ben shot back immediately, and that was it. The sheriff immediately chased Big Ben out of town, as you have seen.”

Liz was silent for a very long time. “What can we do?” she asked after a while, “can we pursue him, kill him?” Harry shook his head. “Liz, I understand you very well, I feel for you. But we would become criminals ourselves if we pursued and killed him. In the eyes of the law, Ben clearly shot in self-defense both times. And he was incredibly lucky, because otherwise I would already be in the saddle and would bring him back, alive or dead. Ben is known to be a good gunslinger and he knows exactly when to shoot in self-defense. The fact that he not only hurts people, as I always did, but kills them is a disgrace, but it’s covered by the law.” Harry was dejectedly silent and took Liz’s hand. “He’ll be back, Liz. He comes by here two or three times a year, whiskey and whores. He’ll come back and I’ll shoot him in self-defense, I give you my word.”

Liz nodded. A few days later she bought a small double-barreled Derringer pistol from the hardware store, and the owner gave her a box of cartridges. He didn’t ask, she didn’t say anything. Then she went with Harry to the meadow where he had been practicing shooting with Bob. He didn’t ask, she didn’t explain anything. “The first shot comes immediately, for the second you have to cock the hammer with your thumb.” They practiced in silence for half an hour, then Harry was satisfied, Liz had mastered the few movements. As she walked away, Liz murmured, “Maybe I can get him in front of the barrel!” She didn’t say anything else, but Harry nodded seriously. “You have to get close enough to him that you can touch him. Don’t get involved in anything else, you would lose, my love!” Liz nodded seriously, she knew that.

Father and son were buried next to each other. Liz had a beautiful wooden plaque carved with both names and the date they were murdered. She withdrew from the brothel business for a few weeks and spent most of her time with Harry. She was glad that he could keep quiet just like she could and that she could let her thoughts wander. One morning she woke up, kissed Harry on the forehead and said, "My mourning period is over, tonight I'm going to work in the saloon!" And so it happened, Liz was a popular and happy whore. The men liked to fuck her and let her fake the passion, only Harry got real passion and love.

She had come to an agreement with Harry. When this was over, but in a year at the latest, she would give up the life of a whore and move away with him. She wanted to be his wife and start a family with him, no matter where. Harry hugged her and said that was a good plan. But it would be another six months before Big Ben came back to Tombstone. Whiskey and women, as Harry had said. Liz stayed away from the saloon for a day, letting the murderer eat and drink and fuck. She had waited long enough, she was waiting for her chance. Harry had said he wanted to wait until Big Ben felt safe, then he would provoke him. Liz nodded absently, she had her own plan.

She whispered to the other girls that Big Ben was hers tonight. The girls grinned crookedly, the guy had a big cock and fucked three or four times in a row. "You'll feel like a mistreated mare in the morning, Liz!" they giggled and Liz forced herself to giggle too. Then she put on her most daring dress and approached Ben. He didn't know her, he suspected nothing. He bought drink after drink, he groped the pretty girl and followed her into the room. Prepayment, that was clear.

She washed Ben's cock thoroughly, took off her negligee and lay down on the bed. When he undressed and put his sawed-off shotgun on the floor within easy reach, she knew that she couldn't make a single mistake. She was surprised at how big his cock was, she knew other big men, but they usually had small cocks. Ben was a big, massive man with a very big cock and he fucked really well. She played her game well and let herself be fucked really well 4 times in total, but she avoided having an orgasm, she couldn't overexert herself, she

needed all her strength. “Well, wasn’t it good?” Ben asked with a victorious grin after the first squirting, “now let’s do it again!” Liz nodded and hugged the hated man. “You fuck much better than most, Ben!” she said and nodded in agreement, because that wasn’t a lie. Nevertheless, she let herself be fucked hard and well 4 times, Ben was really good at that, then he was exhausted and dozed off.

With infinite care she took the Derringer out of the drawer. Ben dozed and slept peacefully. A hot feeling ran through her, because she had never asked Harry exactly where she should shoot. Without hesitation, she shot Ben in the forehead and immediately cocked the hammer again. He jumped halfway up, his hand immediately grabbed the shotgun and he looked at her with a very strange squint. He was not dead, his finger curled and the shotgun burst into the door behind Liz. She held the Derringer in front of his face and pulled the trigger resolutely. The bullet went into his left eye. He let out a terrible scream and sank back onto the pillow. He was dead.

Liz was sitting there, naked as she was. She couldn’t think straight, her head was empty. Minutes later, Harry and Sheriff Rogers burst through the door. Rogers’ eyes widened in disbelief. He looked at the huge hole that the shotgun had torn in the door and the door panel. Then he saw Liz naked, the Derringer in her hand. He went to the bed and made sure it was Big Ben. He put the gun to the side. Harry had thrown a blanket over Liz’s nakedness and took the pistol from her hand. He hugged her comfortingly and stroked her head soothingly. Sheriff Mike Rogers listened carefully as Harry questioned Liz.

Ben was drunk and had woken up from his doze. He had immediately grabbed the big gun and she tried to rip it out of his fists. He shot at her, but he missed. She had ripped the Derringer out of the drawer and he aimed at her again. But it only clicked and she shot him twice in the face. She had stayed seated because “the Derringer had been fired and when he wakes up again he will shoot at me again.” Harry reassured her that Ben was dead and could not hurt her anymore.

The sheriff looked from one to the other. What a lousy spectacle! All visible things indicated that her story could be true. He himself had been sitting with Harry in the saloon, as the sheriff was concerned, Ben and Harry in the same town, that could go wrong, but Harry could have had nothing to do with it. He asked Harry to take care of the rest, get the carpenter and so on. Would they come to his office tomorrow afternoon to take care of the formalities? Harry, who was holding Liz in his arms, nodded. Two men from the saloon helped to hoist the heavy body onto the carpenter's bunk. Harry took Liz's trunk and put it in another room. They spoke in quiet whispers and Liz told him how it had happened really .

They sat opposite Mike Rogers in the sheriff's office. He read his report from the logbook. All three of them nodded, that's all true. The sheriff asked Harry to sign as a witness, which Harry did and added "former Marshal of the Governor of New Mexico" after his name so that everything was correct. Then Rogers closed the book and took a wad of banknotes out of the safe. "7,200 dollars, that's the bounty for good old Ben, it's yours," he said to Liz, who signed the receipt. She and Harry looked at each other, that was a hell of a lot of money!

The sheriff carefully put the receipt away and got 3 glasses and a bottle of whiskey. "So, that was the official part," said Rogers, "now let's have a drink and be completely unofficial." He poured and they drank. "To that bloody scoundrel Ben Cartwright, may he burn in hell!" said Rogers, leaning back. "I'm not completely stupid, Liz," he continued, "I realize that you caught him off guard and took revenge! But it's fine with me, Ben was a multiple murderer and a plague on this world. He just got what was long overdue. I was on the wrong track, because I thought Harry would finish it. But you must be a very brave woman to take on that dangerous monster. I don't know anyone else with as much guts!"

Liz wanted to say something, but Harry interrupted her. "Never mind, love! We've heard the official report and his unofficial opinion. He's perfectly entitled to believe what he wants." Liz kept her mouth shut and as they left, she shook the sheriff's hand. "Thank you, Mike!" and then they left.

They stayed in Tombstone for more than half a year. She continued to work happily in the brothel, Harry rode to the governor and came back with good news. The governor would ask him if a sheriff's position became available. So they had to wait another half a year until the governor offered him the sheriff's position in the small town of Tucson. But how astonished Harry was when three strangers came to Tombstone. He knew one of them well and greeted him warmly, they knew each other from before. It was Marshal Wyatt Earp and two of his brothers. Like two old buddies, they sat in the saloon in the evenings and exchanged old memories. Wyatt promised to ride to Tucson for their wedding, it wasn't far. It would be a great honor to be his best man! The three Earps fucked Liz over and over, always three of them coming at the same time. Wyatt was always the first and the other two watched. They took turns quickly so that Liz didn't lose her excitement. Virgil was always the third, she had her orgasm, a strong orgasm in the middle of his fucking and he prolonged her orgasm for many seconds until he squirted inside. The Earps thought she was a really great fucker, damnit! Wyatt was very impressed by Liz, because of course he had heard about the story of Big Ben's end.

One month later they rode to Tucson.

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The Black Nora

by Jack Faber © 2024

Leo had met Nora when he was giving some lectures at the university. His position as managing director enabled him to organize his time himself. Nora was the first black girl he met. She came from Nigeria, but had lived here since she was born and was now studying at the university. He was fascinated by the black beauty and courted her. It took months before they ended up in a hotel room for the first time.

He looked at her in amazement, her skin was pitch black, but the mucous membranes like her mouth or pussy hole were light pink shining. She was no longer a virgin and it took her a long time to tell him, but there had only been one. But now they fucked wonderfully, she was very experienced and always got him going. Leo was 29 and had a lot of experience in fucking, but she was the first to fuck him from afternoon to dawn, over and over again. They were madly in love with each other.

They married six months later, without their families and in complete silence. He swore to be faithful to her as long as she didn't get a fat ass. Nora was slender with big, full breasts and a very small ass, so she laughed, "No danger, my love!" She dropped out of college when she got pregnant. They called the child Eva, she had light brown skin and only an expert recognized her as a mixed-race black child.

The unexpected happened while she was still breastfeeding. Nora's bottom grew. Slowly but steadily. Leo smiled, so that was the end of the marital fidelity! Nora cried desperately, but he took her in his arms and calmed her down. He was fully occupied with fucking her night after night, he didn't need anyone else. Nora smiled again, because she loved him very much and loved fucking him. He loved her very much too, that was true.

She lay on his chest, purring contentedly, and told him about her first lover, Leo had asked her several times. It was her father. "Okay," said Leo, "I have to tell you something too, but go on now!" Her mother, his wife, had moved back to Nigeria with her latest lover when Nora was 13. Her father suffered greatly and she crawled nakedly into the large, empty bed to comfort him. She hugged him again and again when he had stopped crying. Since they were both lying naked in bed, she often noticed that his cock was getting stiff. She often asked him if she should do it with her fist, but he didn't want to hear about it for months. For months she stroked his stiff cock until one day he became weak. Now she did it him with her fist every night.

He asked her if she never did it herself? Nora smiled, "Every night, Dad, when you're asleep. I've been doing it for many years, ever since I saw Mom do it once." He became sad again, he didn't know until now that Mom did it. Nora said she thought Mom did it every night, but she didn't know for sure.

Dad wanted to see it and she did it in front of him. He was very reverent, tears glittering in his eyes. "The orgasm looks terrible, but before that your face shone like an angel's." He hugged her tightly. "Thank you for showing me!"

She turned 14 and Dad asked her what her greatest wish was. "I want to fuck you like a real woman," she said hesitantly. He winced. "But I'm your Dad!" Nora nodded, "That's exactly why! You're my hero, the hero of my sexual fantasies!" He was shocked and silent. "Do you really want it?" he asked and she nodded. "Like a real woman!" she confirmed. That same night he deflowered her and fucked her for quite a long time. "You can cum inside without worrying, Daddy," she whispered as he fucked her, "I don't have my period yet and I can't get pregnant." He nodded and much, much later he reared up and squirted inside. They fucked every night, she rarely had an orgasm while fucking, but she masturbated every night before going to sleep. They fucked every night until a year ago, then his father died and he went to Nigeria for the funeral. He stayed to take over his father's business and sent her a large check every month.

“That was my story,” said Nora, “I hope it didn’t shock you too much!” Leo shook his head, “No, not at all!”

Then he told his story, he felt obliged to do so. His parents had lived separately for as long as he could remember. He was with his father every other weekend, he would have been a good father, said Leo. He only got angry once when Leo kept asking why they were separated, they lived barely three bus stops apart. “She only loves little boys,” said his father full of disgust, “you’re an accident, so to speak. But I love you more than anything, little Leo!”

The mother nursed him, she breastfed him even when he was 10. She had large breasts and still had milk, she had very large, stiff nipples and loved it when he bit and tortured her nipples with his teeth. Then she was always close to orgasm. He thought about what his father had said, but he had never noticed his mother making advances on little boys, never! He was the only one, he drank her milk from her breasts and she rubbed his little cock, she always did that when she nursed him. At 11, he no longer liked his mother’s milk, but he licked and sucked her nipples because she liked it so much. Of course, he had already noticed that she was secretly touching her clit with a finger, triggering her orgasm while he was biting her nipples and sucking them hard. She also discovered that he could now ejaculate. She rubbed him day after day and made him ejaculate.

After a few weeks, she asked him if he wanted to fuck her, really fuck her? He had seen the fucking on the Internet, he told her, but it was always only adults. He asked her in surprise if he could, since he wasn’t an adult? She laughed out loud. “Of course you can, if you want to! Since you could squirt, you’re a real man!” He thought for a moment. “Okay, let me fuck you, but don’t laugh at me, I’ve never done it before!” She nodded, that was obvious! She took off all her clothes and him too, then they lay down on the bed.

It was a very strange and intense feeling when his cock penetrated her for the first time. “It’s really tight,” he said, “my cock is very difficult to get in!” She replied, “Yes, that’s exactly why I only fucked your father very rarely, his big cock tore my vagina often enough! Back then I only let little boys your age or a little older fuck me, so nothing

tore. But he caught me a few times and left me, left us.” Leo asked if he had torn her, but she said no. “Now come on, fuck me properly!”

Leo fucked her at least once a day, but usually more often because his urges became stronger and he had to ejaculate more often. Since then, she no longer rubbed him with her fist, she preferred to let him fuck her. They only stopped fucking 6 years ago when she had an operation on her abdomen. That was Leo’s story.

“Although they are very different things, we experienced similar things in our youth,” said Nora. “Yes,” said Leo, “I realized that when you first said that.” Nora smiled when she saw how stiff Leo’s cock had become. “Come on, fuck me, my darling!” she said softly. He said he wanted to fuck her from behind. She nodded in agreement, although they had never done it before. “I want your big ass right in front of me, maybe I and you will like it.” So they did it, and that was the new good. He spread her big ass cheeks with both hands and fucked her from behind with pleasure. Nora put her hand on her pussy and masturbated from orgasm to orgasm while fucking. On days like that, she no longer masturbated at night, she had had enough orgasms while fucking.

When they weren’t fucking, they brought little Eva into their marital bed. The little one loved to snuggle up naked to Nora or Leo. Leo caressed the childish pussy and the tiny clit and Eva laughed and squealed with delight. “Do you think a five-year-old can have already an orgasm?” Leo asked Nora when Eva squealed so sweetly. “I don’t know,” said Nora, “but maybe you shouldn’t masturbate her so deliberately!” Leo nodded, that was clear to him.

Nevertheless, it was clear that little Eva had an orgasm, a light, childish one, when he caressed her tiny clit. “Don’t spoil her before her time,” warned Nora, “she’ll discover it herself in time.” Leo nodded, but he didn’t stop. He put Eva back in the crib and went back to Nora with his cock bobbing, he wanted to fuck. Nora’s black ass was now huge, the doctor had said that it wasn’t an illness, but pure genetics. Lots of black women developed such a fat ass, some earlier, some later.

Leo enthusiastically fucked her from behind, and when she had her period or was ready to conceive, he happily fucked her in the asshole. Nora's period stuttered and stopped. The doctor said she couldn't have any more children and she didn't need to use contraception anymore. She was a little sad because she would have liked to have had more children, but Leo consoled her. At least they had Eva and the little one was their sunshine.

Nora got on all fours and let Leo fuck her from behind. She had gotten very used to masturbating while fucking and Leo was very enthusiastic about her and her fat ass. That were beautiful, quiet years, married life was peaceful. Leo had installed a one-sided mirror window in the storage room so he could watch Eva in the neighboring children's room. Nora thought it was crazy and continued reading her book, it didn't bother her much. He watched Eva with enthusiasm as she developed physically and watched her getting horny when Eva "discovered" masturbation. She masturbated every night, sometimes several times in a row.

She had turned 13, he had bought her a large dressing mirror, now she could look at herself naked and he could look at her too. She was slender, her breasts were beginning to bud and her skin was so pale that she could pass for a Greek or Italian. Leo went crazy when Eva sat on the chair in front of the mirror, spread the slit under the light fluff down with her fingers and looked at and dabbed at her clit. She had had her curly hair straightened by the hairdresser, now she had become a real European. Leo looked at her every day, he knew very soon when she was undressing and looking at herself in front of the mirror or masturbating in an armchair in front of the mirror. Nora had been right, Eva had "discovered" masturbation herself at the right time. Leo felt from day to day that he desired Eva, physically and sexually. He fucked Nora every day again, but with Eva in front of his eyes and not Nora's fat round ass.

After fucking, Leo lay next to Nora and smoked. "We need to talk," he said, meaning that he wanted to talk. "Nora, I'm hebephilic, I only found out recently. That means I like girls in puberty, on the threshold of becoming women. All the girls in the office that I told you about. They were all very, very young. No, they all wanted it them-

selves, I would never force one.” Nora loved her Leo very much, he was always honest with her and never hid the fact that he fucked women in the office. Nevertheless, she was amazed at his realization that they were all very young. She asked him whether there weren’t grown women among them, but he said no. The untouched, the innocent was what attracted him.

He was always near the girls that Eva brought into the house. His fingers had touched her breasts and her asses as if by chance, Leo said thoughtfully, her astonished looks and her shy avoidance were gold in his eyes. Nora said she had noticed this a few times, but nothing else. “No, you’re not too old for me, you’re my Nora,” he contradicted, “I’m in love with you like I was at the beginning! You’re the first and only one whose fat ass turns me on and who I love fucking from behind!” Nora breathed deeply, she didn’t get compliments very often, but this came from the heart.

“That brings me straight to Eva,” Leo continued. “I watch her all the time when she’s naked or when she’s masturbating, and she does it every day! I love her more than anything else, I desire her physically. Sexually. I’m dying to fuck her!” Nora backed away in shock. But he reminded her that she herself had done it with her father when she was 14. She lowered her head, that was true, but it was a completely different situation! Leo stuck to it, he wanted to fuck Eva. Nora’s arguments were getting weaker and weaker. “Have you talked to her about it?” she asked and he said no. He wanted to talk to her first, to his wife, his confidante, to Eva’s mother. They discussed it for a week, Nora gave in. Eva should decide for herself.

He got Eva out of the children’s room, no, she didn’t need to get dressed. Eva lay down in the middle, trembling slightly with nervousness. Nora put her warm hand on her stomach, she didn’t need to get upset, Leo just wanted to ask her something. “I want to fuck you,” Leo said simply, “I want to sleep with you!” Eva looked into Nora’s face and then stared at Leo’s stiff cock. “It’s your decision,” Nora said seriously. Leo hugged Eva. A thought twitched in her head. Her best girlfriend was the only one in the class who fucked her father, they had discussed it endlessly. “You are the hero in my dreams, Daddy,”

Eva whispered hoarsely. "If I wanted to give someone my virginity, you were always my candidate. Anything else would be a lie!"

Leo lay down on Eva, trembling with excitement. Nora grabbed his cock and pushed it into Eva's vaginal vestibule. "Be nice to her," she whispered and left her hand on Eva's fluffy down and pussy, she wanted to experience it up close. Leo pierced Eva's hymen with a jerk and penetrated deep into her small, tight vagina. Eva didn't scream, she just let out a loud breath. Leo fucked Eva with obvious satisfaction, he felt Nora's hand there. Eva kept her eyes closed, she felt the excitement rising in her pussy. Leo squirted everything in, he didn't have to pay attention because Eva hadn't had her period yet. Eva was very impressed by the fucking and loved it very much. "You have a big cock, Daddy!" she exclaimed enthusiastically on the first few days. "It's a normal cock, my love," Leo said modestly. "You're pretty reserved, darling," said Nora, who had already fucked some 100 other cocks in secret, "you don't need to be so modest, it's big and, above all, good and enduring!" How right she was!

Leo fucked Eva every night. Immediately afterwards he fucked Nora, who had become horny while watching. Eva sometimes filmed them fucking, Nora got on all fours, he spread her ass cheeks with both hands and penetrated her from behind. Eva only showed these videos to her best girlfriend. After he had fucked Nora too, he was completely exhausted. Sometimes Nora would skip the fucking if he had completely exhausted himself with Eva. Eva didn't have an orgasm very often and only when Leo held back his squirting for a long time and fucked her hard and long. But it was a good arrangement for all three of them. Eva masturbated every night before going to sleep, like Nora, but rarely in the marital bed, only when Leo specifically asked her to do it. Nora watched it, although she felt strange about seeing her daughter masturbating so exposed. Eva seemed to really enjoy rubbing her clit just a hand's breadth from his face. It was Eva's idea to wrap her legs around Leo's neck. Maybe she has a strong exhibitionist tendency, Nora thought. In any case, he couldn't turn his face away and stared at the finger and the clit, transfixed. His eyes glittered when Eva's orgasm broke out. He held Eva's ass cheeks with both hands so he didn't miss a second of it.

Eva had turned 17 and one day disappeared without a trace. Leo ran to the police, but was told that he could only report her missing after 72 hours. The lieutenant asked him to come to his office. 154 young girls had disappeared last year, 2 had fallen victim to a serial killer who had not yet been caught. A good 30 had reappeared with their families after days or weeks, having run away wildly and returned home repentant and broken. And almost 100 turned up in the prostitute districts, hardly any of them were able to return to their families, but at least they were alive. Leo was completely devastated when he heard the policeman's statistics. "Let's hope she's alive," said the police officer. Leo made his report after 72 hours. The police promised to look for Eva.

Nora sat in front of the phone all day. She was ready, no matter whether it was the police, a witness or kidnappers. She held back her tears, crying was of no use to anyone. Leo went to the pubs and bars from late afternoon, showed everyone Eva's photo and asked about her. For two months he went to the bars late into the night, until one day a barman knew something. She had been seen with the Albanians, three sinister brothers who rented out girls and spread fear and terror. It only took Leo a few days to track down the Albanians.

He had taken a vacation, took a different rental car every day and followed the three of them everywhere. He had his revolver in his pocket, a heavy Ruger revolver of .44 caliber, which he used in the shooting club because many of his customers were there. He had bought wadcutter ammunition, the flattened tips of which were only intended for killing. He watched as the brothers dropped the girls off at the hotels and picked them up again two hours later. This was how he saw Eva for the first time in months.

She was dressed and made up like a whore and walked very unsteadily on her feet, supported on either side by two Albanians. Was she drunk, on drugs or simply not used to walking in high heels? Day after day he watched as the criminals delivered her to the hotels and picked her up again. He played restlessly with the revolver, but he just couldn't find an opportunity. He thought feverishly about whether he should pretend to be a wealthy john. But then everything changed. The Albanians had delivered her to a hotel, but didn't bring

her out again until after midnight. As he later learned, the Albanians had learned that they were being persistently pursued by Eva's father.

The Albanians didn't drive to their usual base, they drove Eva to a dark, poorly lit shipping yard. Just the right place to eliminate someone. Leo crept up very close. They had tied Eva's hands with a cable tie, she was kneeling in front of them in the rain and one of them, the obvious leader, was letting her give him a blowjob. Leo clutched his revolver and cursed silently as his daughter had to give the criminal a blowjob. He saw his chance coming when she had finished with the first one. He fiddled with his pants and took care of his cock, the other two grinned dirtyly and fiddled with their pants and pulled out their cocks. They had no hands free. That was the moment.

Leo jumped out of his hiding place and immediately shot at the two of them, they fell over like sacks. His third shot missed. He jumped forward and the leader slipped and fell to his knees. Leo stood in front of Eva, who looked at him in disbelief. He shouted at the leader to put his hands up. But the idiot reached for the revolver in his waistband and pulled the revolver up. Leo shot him point blank in the face, in his eye, and his brains splattered across the asphalt. The leader died instantly. Leo knelt down next to Eva, but he had no knife to cut the cable tie. He called the emergency services.

Leo spent the following weeks in a daze. The media pounced on him, on the heroic father who had shot his daughter free. The police had confiscated the dashcam of his rental car, and the whole thing was shown in a grainy image. But you could see the criminal pull out the revolver and how Leo only then shot. Clearly self-defense.

Nora immediately took care of Eva. She had to get off heroin first, it was a tough procedure. She took Eva to a therapist who was supposed to heal the wounds in her childish soul. Eva was deeply humiliated, she had worked as a whore for the Albanians for months, that had stuck deep. Nora stood firmly by Eva's side, and that was good.

The other two Albanians had survived with a bullet in the chest and stomach. The trial began nine months later, when the brothers

were fit to stand trial again. The judge was an old, grumpy guy who showed no mercy. He played the dashcam recording a dozen times. The two had a long criminal record and they got 35 years. They would leave prison as old men. Leo got a long lecture from the judge. As a sports shooter, he had to know the law, and that weighed heavily. The judge sentenced him to 6 months probation. It could have been harder, Leo thought.

Eva's body quickly recovered from the heroin. Her mind recovered after many months of therapy.

But her soul kept the scars for life.

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The Diamond Necklace

by Jack Faber © 2024

To better understand the events of the time around 1790, one should first get to know the characters in the story.

There is Cardinal Rohan, the Prince-Bishop of Strasbourg. Coming from one of the oldest noble families, he was rich, an ordained priest and did not believe in celibacy. He lived in luxury and was a dissolute womanizer. He stayed in Vienna as French ambassador for two years, until Empress Maria Theresa had him recalled out of contempt for his lifestyle. She was disgusted that he did not even stop at her children, the princesses. When he was caught with his hand under the skirt of her 13-year-old daughter Marie Antoinette, it was all over. The Empress had raised her children modestly and the princesses all knew how important the hymen was for their marriage. Not a single princess had been fucked by Rohan, not a single one. He could only touch or rub the clits of all the princesses to orgasm, the little ones squealed with pleasure!

Marie Antoinette had been engaged to the French heir to the throne since childhood. She was 13 and of course still had her hymen, the court doctor examined her regularly. However, he recorded in the protocol that she only had a ring-shaped hymen, which was in a circle at the entrance to the vagina. What the good man could not have known was the young princess's active love life. She had learned to rub the boys' cocks and make them squirt. The cocks of the bigger boys were too big for the fucking-playing, but the little boys only had very small ones that fit into her pussyhole without damaging the hymen. She had fucked hundreds of times and let the boys squirt inside her, the fucking tickled so pleasantly. Cardinal Rohan was one of the few who dared to reach under the princess's skirt and play with her clit. She always laughed at him because he was far too clumsy and couldn't make her orgasm. Only she could do that, at night.

Marie Antoinette had of course been spying when her two sisters were visiting from Italy. She listened very carefully as they told each other about their marital tragedies. Amalia had the Duke of Ferrara on her back, he loved to hunt and mount peasant girls, when he came home he was tired and exhausted and fucked absentmindedly. Augusta had a guy, the Prince of Naples, who spent the nights drinking in brothels and was also not a good fucker. Every morning, before sunrise, our good Rohan sneaked into the bedroom where the two were sleeping. They liked to be properly fucked by the strong-armed man of God. When one of them was racing towards climax, the other grabbed her clit and triggered the orgasm. In any case, after 9 months there was happy news from Ferrara and days later from Naples. Maria Theresia was very happy to have become a grandmother and only few people knew that the children were French bastards.

The French heir to the throne, Louis, was born with phimosis. The foreskin was completely fused together at the front and there was only a tiny hole for peeing. He sometimes let very familiar girls give him a handjob; the semen didn't squirt out, but she had to press it out through the little hole with her fingers and let it ooze out. It was always an embarrassing procedure that he didn't have done very often. He was very ashamed of the phimosis and never had sex. He only had the phimosis corrected after he had already been married for 7 years and had never had sex with his wife.

Jeanne de la Motte grew up in poverty, her mother died giving birth to the third girl. Even as a child, Jeanne slept naked with her father, he fingered her clit and masturbated. Many neighbors were keen to look after the widower and his three little girls. He rewarded them with a good fuck, he had no money. He fucked them all and Jeanne often witnessed the fucking. No, he didn't want to fuck her, she was still much too young, said her father. But she was later on allowed to rub his cock and make him squirt, which she was pretty good at after a while. Her father died when Jeanne was 8 and she went begging with her sisters.

A Marquise de Boulainvilliers took pity on the little beggars who came from the royal bloodline. The old Marquise was asexual; she

had married the Marquis for family reasons and masturbated only rarely and very secretly. She accepted the Marquis's womanizing behavior without understanding. Now she saw the three little girls who were surviving on a few sous. The little ones soon found out that they earned the most money by giving handjobs. The Marquise crossed herself when she witnessed the handjobs. Jeannes father's death certificate, which recorded her bloodline, was Jeanne's only possession and was also her motivation to get to the top. Unfortunately, the Marquise died when Jeanne was 12. The Marquis immediately took her into his bed and deflowered her. He fucked her for five years, deflowering her sisters one by one, and fucking the 13 and 12 year old girls in turn. Jeanne, as the eldest, tried to attract his attention and was mostly successful. But she detested the pig when he went after her little sisters despite everything. Then she held his cock so that it did not penetrate the little pussy too violently. She held the disgusting child molester's cock firmly and let it penetrate the child's pussy very slowly. He grinned cheekily and arrogantly, because that made Jeanne his accomplice. She did not stop him from squirting everything in, because the sisters did not have their periods any more than she did. At 17, Jeanne ran away with her sisters and hid in a monastery. Two years later, she fell in love with an officer and married de la Motte. She had twins just a month later, but they died days later. She knew that the Marquis was the child's father, he had tracked her down in her hiding place and fucked the pretty and reluctant girl day in and day out. He left her forever when she was heavily pregnant. The youngest sister had died of pneumonia within a few days, the other had fled to another convent when the Marquis showed up and fucked them both like mad. After all, he thought the two girls belonged to him, so he fucked them whenever he could.

One day she was introduced to Cardinal de Rohan, Jeanne intended to fleece him financially and became his mistress. Rohan was a good fucker and Jeanne not only seduced him into fucking, but also into some pretty dirty practices, which she was the only one of his lovers to perform. At Rohan's court she also met Count Cagliostro and recognized in him the same predator that she herself had become. Although Cagliostro, unlike Rohan, was not a good fucker, she seduced him again and again. She wasn't sure if the con man preferred to fuck boys or girls, that remained his secret. But he tried re-

ally hard to fuck Jeanne properly, he gave everything his mediocre cock could handle. She thought that knowing such a high-profile con-man and money pocket cutter might be useful to her one day.

Cardinal Rohan was determined to become prime minister, but the royals had not forgotten that he had been chased out of Vienna years ago in disgrace by the queen's mother. Jeanne learned of Rohan's intentions, and now she wanted to meet the queen too and receive a royal pension because of her bloodline. After 7 years, Marie Antoinette was fed up with rubbing King Louis' cock and squeezing the semen out of the foreskin. Her brother, Emperor Joseph II, sent her his best doctor, Isaak Einsenstein. King Louis hesitated, but the chloroform worked quickly. Eisenstein circumcised the king's foreskin and removed it completely, so that the glans saw the light of day for the first time, and Joseph had him ejaculate while intoxicated by chloroform as a test. Joseph continued to masturbate the unconscious man and made him squirt in thick jets, which Joseph enjoyed very much. Then the doctor disappeared as quickly as he could. The king was taken by surprise, but after a few days he was able to properly fuck Marie Antoinette for the first time. They had four children in quick succession, and the king was proud and not dissatisfied. Marie Antoinette had had enough after four births and left the king to sleep alone. The king was understanding and kept a low profile when it came to his lovers.

Marie Antoinette let two people into her life, Jeanne, who became her favorite maid and chaperone. And Axel von Fersen, the Swedish diplomat, the first and only man the queen really desired with every fiber of her pussy and absolutely wanted to fuck. She had remained physically faithful to the king to this day, but that was now over. She let Axel come. Jeanne was mostly there when the well-built man fucked the queen and was really delighted when the queen came to orgasm, fucking the Swede was a mental and physical fulfillment for the queen, who only slowly awoke from the delirium of orgasming.

Jeanne quickly became the Queen's trusted, best friend. The queen told her how the king was freed from the curse of phimosis. Marie Antoinette's brother, Joseph, the future emperor, was visiting. He was very upset that she was still virgin after 7 years of marriage.

He even half-heartedly suggested deflowering and impregnating his own sister, but his sister waved him off. She rejected Joseph smiling, she compressed her labia tightly and let Joseph fuck her between her labia and ejaculate into her vaginal vestibule, which they had already done often as kids in Vienna. Marie Antoinette described to her brother how she masturbated King Louis and then squeezed the viscous semen out through the little hole in his foreskin. Joseph had brought along Doctor Eisenstein, who completely circumcised and removed the Frenchman's foreskin. Now Louis could fuck like normal, a whole series of ladies of the court, maids and chubby peasant girls made pilgrimages to him to be fucked.

Marie Antoinette had four births, but two children died very young. She agreed with the king to take it easy and that he should pull out his cock to ejaculate, as she did not want to be pregnant again. The king agreed, but he did not come for a long time. But he loved his wife very much and came after a while to her every day to fuck. Jeanne sat next to the queen's bed as ordered. She was very surprised when she saw the queen naked for the first time. She had a very small, almost girlish-looking pussy with a tiny pussy hole. That was astonishing, because she had given birth to four children. The queen trimmed her pubic hair with scissors, Jeanne already knew that, but seeing the childlike naked pussy in real life was exciting. The king's cock was average, Jeanne judged with a connoisseur's eye. Marie Antoinette caressed her husband's cock until it was rock hard, and now Jeanne recognized what was special about it. His glans swelled up like a balloon, at the tip the exaggeratedly large hole for squirting that was so typical of his family. Marie Antoinette inserted his cock very slowly into her tiny pussy hole, giving the cunthole time to adjust to the cock. When it was really all the way in, she lay down on the pillow and sighed, because she loved her Louis very much too. He fucked her slowly at first and then faster and faster until Jeanne had to intervene and pull the king's cock out. Jeanne masturbated the cock only briefly and let him squirt. He sometimes gave short orders as to where he wanted to squirt, on the queen's face or breasts. Marie Antoinette was still extremely aroused from the fucking, but she waited to masturbate until the king had left. She never had an orgasm with the king and never masturbated in his presence.

But after a few weeks the king had had enough and ordered Jeanne into his study, the place of his studies and sins of the flesh. Jeanne wordlessly dropped her dress and lay down naked on the chaise longue, spreading her thighs. “Very pretty, Countess, very pretty!” was one of the longest compliments he ever gave. He fucked Jeanne for weeks until he got tired of her. Jeanne had no opportunity to squeeze gold out of the king, she was just another cunthole for him to fuck and squirt inside. And the king fucked a lot of young girls and faithful wives and buxom peasant girls, but especially shy and timid wives who would never let anyone other than their husband fuck them and would give themselves crying up to the demand of the king, him without having the slightest affection or interest in the person. He really enjoyed fucking young wives who at first only cried because they wanted to be faithful to their husbands. Shy, ashamed and with tears in their eyes, they reluctantly gave in and obediently let the king fuck them. They sobbed crying in misery when the king squirted into their holy tabernacles, into which only their husbands were otherwise allowed to ejaculate inside. The king responded to the sobs with a satisfied grin. He knew most of the ladies of the court by name, the chubby peasant girls whom he preferred so much he didn’t even know by their first names. Why should he? He was the king, damnit, and all the pussyholes in his kingdom actually belonged to him. It was as simple as that.

Jeanne, the chaperone, sat motionless in the background when Axel von Fersen came to see the queen. It was actually very exciting to watch the two of them fucking in her armchair. Axel had a fairly large and enduring cock, which he pushed very carefully and considerably into the queen’s little pussyhole until it was all the way in. It certainly had something to do with Marie Antoinette’s infatuation that she had an orgasm every time. Only then did he let go and fucked her fast and wildly, then he straightened up and squirted inside. Jeanne was surprised that the queen didn’t get pregnant, because she always let the Swede squirt everything inside her cunt. He traveled a lot and was often in Paris only for a few days. It took several weeks until the queen stopped letting herself be fucked in the armchair under her wide skirt and retreated to the bedroom with Axel to fuck nakedly. Jeanne locked the bedroom door and now watched the fucking from the next room, through the spy hole.

Jeanne was rarely present at first, when the queen masturbated during her lunch break, Marie Antoinette preferred to be alone. But Jeanne was undeterred and stayed with the queen, caressing the queen's inner thighs and after a while lying naked next to the queen. Marie Antoinette had no lesbian tendencies at all and never touched Jeanne, but she let herself be served passively. Jeanne had learned a lot of lesbian things in the monastery 10 years ago. She licked Marie Antoinette's clit, whose head was hidden like a small pea above her inner labia, until it became stiff and hard and protruded a few millimeters. Now Marie Antoinette was ready, horny and defenseless. Jeanne had a much larger clit than the queen, she lay on top of her and fucked her and her clit with her clit until the queen arched up in orgasm and collapsed again. Marie Antoinette regularly let Jeanne fuck her when Axel was not in Paris.

Jeanne used her power skillfully. She made Cardinal Rohan pay her in gold if she let him look through the spyhole into the queen's bedroom. Jeanne knew that Rohan would never come closer to the queen, not a step. She never let Rohan near the spyhole when Marie Antoinette was alone and masturbating after lunch. It was a kind of sisterly impulse to protect the privacy of the queen and friend from the depraved voyeur. Jeanne let Rohan fuck her right there and then, because he had become very horny watching the Queen and Axel fuck. Jeanne let Rohan fuck her as well as her devoted, submissive husband, the secretary and the man for the rough stuff. On the one hand, she loved fucking, but on the other hand, it meant nothing to her. That was something these four men would never understand.

Jeanne spun her web carefully. She stole the Queen's stationery and memorized her handwriting and signature. She even managed to steal some discarded drafts of letters so that the secretary could practice forging the Queen's handwriting and signature. She stole as many love letters from Axel von Fersen as she could get her hands on. Just in case, she might have to use it one day.

Jeanne's favorite sex was with Cardinal Rohan. Not only did he have a cock like a stallion, he fucked her very well. He was the only one who could make her orgasm often. The secretary Rétaux de la Villette, like the man for the rough, only fucked briefly and brutally.

They just wanted to squirt, that was all. Her husband, who had named himself Count de la Motte, had only a small, boyish cock. She felt emotionally attracted to him because he was the companion of all her swindles and frauds. But he fucked her devoutly, almost submissively, because other women simply wouldn't let themselves be fucked by such a small cock. But Jeanne let him fuck her, he reminded her of all the little boy cocks she had rubbed in her youth or later fucked with. La Motte was grateful to her for that and did everything she asked of him. Everything.

Cardinal Rohan fell more and more under the charm and sexuality of Jeanne. He fell more and more under the queen, who fucked Axel von Fersen when he was in Paris. He stuck to the spy hole and fucked Jeanne, he became a desperate voyeur and became addicted to Jeanne's willing pussy. But he had no idea that Jeanne had been planning her big coup for over a year. By the time she had finished planning, the Cardinal de Rohan was lost, he was the useful, rich idiot that Jeanne needed.

For months she persuaded the enamored cardinal and good fucker that she was always talking about him with her friend, the queen. She told the cardinal his own stories, which he had told her himself. The queen, Jeanne ranted, often spoke of him with shining eyes, how he had reached under her skirt in her youth and stimulated the young girl's clit. The cardinal, in his love madness, listened spellbound, his memories becoming more and more glorified. How the queen still thought about it today! Jeanne pondered and thought that the clit game could have left a lasting impression on a 13-year-old girl. After months the cardinal was wrapped up, he was now convinced that the queen thought about his clit-game every day. Now Jeanne made the second move.

She offered Cardinal Rohan the secret transport of letters between him and the queen. Of course, she made the suggestion neither crudely nor directly, she let the cardinal come up with it himself. And she literally fucked the love-crazed cardinal's brains out. She talked as often and as flowerily as possible about the ambassador's clit-game until he was bursting with lust. She questioned Rohan very cleverly, because in his two years in Vienna he had fucked a whole lot

of noble women and girls. And he had played with the clits of all the princesses, the queen's sisters. Only the two eldest let themselves be fucked, because they were already unhappily married. Empress Maria Theresa would have been shocked to death if she had known about it. But the princesses kept quiet, they didn't want a scandal that would destroy them too. The cardinal laughed, the two had had to marry real wimps and were happy to be fucked well and hard by him. Jeanne memorized all this.

More months passed before the queen replied to Rohan's love letters. Jeanne dictated the letters to secretary de la Villette's herself. She made sure that the queen's answers were brief and reserved. Just enough to keep the cardinal on board and yet as unemotional as the queen actually was known. The more brief and reserved the answer, the more convinced the cardinal was. De la Villette implored the cardinal to burn the letter, but he kept the letters and only had them burned when he was arrested. At least the queen let it be known that she forgave the cardinal for his misdeeds in Vienna and then also that she took note of the idea that he wanted to be prime minister. Benevolently.

Jeanne knew, like everyone else in Versailles, that the former king had had a beautiful piece of jewelry made for his lover, Madame du Barry, by two jewelers in Paris. But the king died and du Barry disappeared with him. The jewelers presented the diamond necklace to the new king, who declined. For the price of 1.8 million livres, you could build two warships, the king grumbled. Marie Antoinette also thought it was far too expensive. She had received a diamond ring or diamond earrings when her children were born, but she would never hang two warships around her neck, she said, laughing. The jewelers turned to kings and queens, but no buyer was found. Jeanne was no longer satisfied with all the gold that Rohan was throwing at her. She wanted nothing less than the diamond necklace.

She cast her net cleverly. The Queen mentioned in passing that she could get the position of Prime Minister for a gift. The correspondence dragged on for a long time, and the Queen often took weeks to reply. Jeanne fucked the Cardinal every day, not because of her orgasms, but to observe him. After months, the breakthrough came.

The Queen was interested in the du Barry diamond necklace, but 1.8 million livres was too much, perhaps the dear Cardinal could negotiate a price? Of course he could, he pestered the jewelers until he had negotiated it down to 1.6 million livres. The Queen was delighted, she suggested four half-yearly payments of 400,000 livres, which she could just about manage.

Jeanne was very careful about what she discussed with Rohan. The ox had to go through the barn door, and he was nowhere near ready. Jeanne fucked Rohan like a wild woman, she had to make her moves. Rohan was flattered by how wild Jeanne was about fucking, what proof of his masculinity, his loin strength! He mounted the pretty young woman whenever he got the chance. He watched the queen fuck and smiled arrogantly when King Louis fucked his Marie Antoinette again for once. The king only had a very small cock, which looked downright ridiculous next to Axel von Fersen's Swedish cock. Marie Antoinette's face only betrayed her fulfillment of duty, she obediently let the king fuck her and feigned excitement to her husband. Cardinal Rohan had to laugh inwardly, because how different, how passionate and how excited the Queen was when she was being fucked by the Swede!

Jeanne worked Rohan over successfully, and in parallel to her good fucking she let her friend, the Queen, know that she was worried about whether she would be able to pay the 30,000 livres down payment that was required. She cleverly had Rohan cancel two appointments because the Queen was completely strapped for cash at the moment. She had to get the money past the watchful court officials, and that failed twice. Aha! Jeanne gave Rohan the idea of putting up the 30,000 himself. Yes, that was a good idea, said Jeanne after thinking about it for a long time. Cancelling another appointment would be a first-class disgrace.

So the ox went through the barn door. The jewelers brought the magnificent necklace and received the 30,000 livres. Jeanne's husband, dressed in the queen's livery, was waiting outside the door. Jeanne handed the necklace over to the supposed court official, who disappeared without a sound. That evening, Jeanne and her husband took the necklace apart and broke out the diamonds with brute force.

Count de la Motte went to various jewelers and diamond dealers in Paris, but no one wanted to buy the stones. Jeanne immediately decided that her husband had to go to the Stevens in London and sell the diamonds there.

The Stevens knew her from small joint deals on the fringes of legality. At that time, Jeanne had set her husband on Stevens, a very shy and faithful wife, and had him fuck the shy and intimidated girl hard and brutally, which bound her and her husband to her. The Stevens girl was completely frightened at first because she had never masturbated and never fucked anyone other than her Stevens and feared the worst. But her drunken husband pushed her under De la Motte himself and encouraged her with a dirty laugh to let the French stallion mount her. She prayed humbly and obediently as de la Motte mounted her and fucked her thoroughly. She had never been fucked so brutally before, but she really enjoyed the orgasms. Now De la Motte was back, she lowered her eyes demurely and, at her husband's insistence, let the French nobleman fuck her really hard and then her husband did the same. Madame Stevens was addicted to being fucked by the French nobleman and constantly urged him to mount her, which he did more or less willingly. De la Motte not only fucked the enamored Stevens girl, he actually sold a lot, lived in luxury in London and did what his wife denied him in Paris. He fucked everybody who would let him fuck. Young and old, nobles, commoners and serfs. He ejaculated more than ever before in his life.

Jeanne fucked de la Villette and the brute one for days and gave them money at the end. The brute disappeared and never returned, and de la Villette rented a room in Geneva, Switzerland. He had nothing else to do at the moment but spend Jeanne's money sparingly. He was from Geneva, had a few gold coins in his pocket and could now fuck all of his childhood sweethearts who had previously ignored him, the poor wretch. Now the beloved girls had become mature women and were disappointed with married sex life. They happily and willingly gave themselves over to the con man from Paris, he fucked a different one every day and enjoyed his power over his exes. Fucking the women he had adored then was more satisfying than ever!

Jeanne made the only mistake in her plan. She wanted to get a little more gold from the cardinal and fuck him a few more times, because he was pretty good at fucking!

The jewelers called in Versailles to collect the first installment. The queen called the king, who called the minister of police. He knew full well that Cardinal Rohan had bought the necklace for the queen, all of Versailles knew about it. The king was furious and had the cardinal arrested in front of the church. Then Cagliostro and hours later Jeanne. The game was over, but not in the way Jeanne had planned. All three were sent to the Bastille.

Rohan's gold opened the doors of the Bastille. Jeanne was able to slip into the cell where Rohan and Cagliostro were languishing every day. For months she fucked both men one after the other and was able to discuss the charges with them. In the end, however, both men were able to explain themselves and talk their way out of it, saying they had nothing to do with the brazen robbery. The agents of the French police were able to track down Jeanne's husband in London and gave a detailed report on the promiscuous and wasteful thief. The greatest coup, however, was that de la Villette was arrested in Geneva and brought to Paris. He talked like a waterfall and revealed Jeanne's plan.

The release of the stupid but popular Rohan was celebrated like a public festival, Cagliostro quietly left through the back door. Jeanne, pushed into a corner, now placed a heavy burden on the queen. No one believed her when she said the queen had stolen the necklace. But her love life, dragged into the light of day by Jeanne, dominated the press and gossip like hardly anything else. No one believed her chaste life, Axel von Fersen topped the endless list of her lovers, ministers and officials, servants and stable boys populated the queen's bed of lasciviousness. Nothing damaged the reputation of the royal family more than the queen's debauchery. The revolution came inevitably, the king and queen lost their heads on the guillotine, the Ancien Regime was dead.

Jeanne and her husband were the only ones who were convicted. Her husband was safe from persecution in London, which made it all

the harder for Jeanne. She was sentenced to be whipped with a broom, a V was to be burned into her shoulder as a sign that she was a “voleuse”, a thief, and then locked up for life in Salpetriere prison. She was whipped, but when they tried to brand her with a branding iron, she fought like a tiger. She tore off her clothes and fought naked against 6 men. The branding iron slipped and the V was burned into one of her breasts. She fainted and the men raped her on the spot in front of the gawking people, all 6 of them fucked her in public, and then she was locked up.

The magical hands of Cagliostro and the gold of Rohan helped her escape to England. Her husband was not very happy to have her back, but she wrote three books in London to expose her innocence and the Queen’s wild sexlife. She described how the queen dragged her, the poor innocent one, into her lesbian whore life and tried to make her an accomplice. She did not spare any saucy details regarding Marie Antoinette’s lesbian sex activities. Although of no legal value, her pamphlets sold like hotcakes in France, something that even the King could not prevent in the pre-revolutionary world, even when he had all the printed copies bought up. A single copy was enough to print a new edition. But Jeanne did not benefit much from her literary success; plagued by madness and paranoia, she threw herself out of a window and died at the age of 35 penniless in London.

The Revolution broke out, King Louis XVI and Queen Marie Antoinette were imprisoned and beheaded on the guillotine. Her daughter Marie Charlotte, only 14 years old, was sent to one of Marie Antoinette’s maids, Madame Elisabeth, the king’s sister and was then placed in the care of a tutor, Lord Frank Butterill from London. The son Louis was taken into the care of a shoemaker to be raised as a good citizen. The depraved boy, only 11 years old, fucked the shoemaker’s wife up to five times a day. But the shoemaker and his wife, who had tolerated and experienced the boy’s wild fucking, were sent to the guillotine and Louis was sent back to the Bastille, where he died of pneumonia that same month.

Frank taught Charlotte conscientiously and did not let himself be thrown off track when Charlotte’s hand disappeared under her skirt.

He only looked up when she sank back and quickly masturbated to an orgasm. The princess was an obsessed masturbator, completely addicted to constant orgasms. She learned well, however, and after half an hour at the latest her hand disappeared under her skirt again to masturbate. Frank asked her if she didn't want to fuck properly? "You mean like a grown woman? Would you want to make me a woman?" she whispered in surprise. Frank deflowered the princess and fucked her every day for two years until he lost his job and the princess was allowed to go to Austria. Madame Elisabeth was neither blind nor stupid, but she preferred an English Lord rather than a stinking revolutionary fucking her princess day in, day out.

As time went on, Marie Charlotte revealed everything about Marie Antoinette's last days. Prince Louis was used to lying on his back in his mother's lap and holding his cock in his hand. Marie Charlotte was already 14, but she had never seen a cock before. She was surprised at how big her brother's cock was, the foreskin stretched over the swollen glans, which had a large hole in the front from which he squirted his semen in thick jets. Marie Charlotte leaned forward and grabbed the cock and examined it. Marie Antoinette explained everything about the cock to her. The Queen stroked his head and placed her warm hand on his cock. "Don't masturbate so much, my love!" she would say. He nodded obediently, but when his mother took her hand away, he pulled back the foreskin so often that his cock became stiff, then he began to masturbate his surprisingly large cock. Marie Antoinette good-naturedly caressed the prince's balls and cock with a filthy grin, when he masturbated, and when he came to squirt, she energetically took over her son's cock and made him squirt from the big hole in his glans. She warned her son not to masturbate so often, it was bad for his health. But she did not stop him and made him squirt laughing, while looking into her daughter's astonished eyes with a haughty smile. She had rubbed her husband for 7 years without ever fucking him and she knew very well how strong the power of the person was, whose fist rubbed him.

This went on for a few weeks, then the guards came into the cell and raped the queen. Marie Antoinette resisted firmly, but they ripped off her dress and raped her, one after the other. Marie Antoinette laid her face in Marie Charlotte's lap and cried for hours. But

the next day, when the wild guys came again, the queen undressed herself so that they would not tear her dress. She laid her head in Marie Charlotte's lap and whispered that she should not be afraid, it would soon be over. The daughter caressed the face and hair of the queen on her lap who was being fucked by the rough guys. The wild guys had to fuck Marie Antoinette for a long time to bring her to the first orgasm, but then orgasm after orgasm followed and Marie Charlotte had to hold her and caress her because the queen was orgasming wildly.

The men left and the queen lay heavily in the princess's lap. "It's just a physical reaction, the orgasms," she said to the worried princess, "or do you think I love one of those pigs!?" The princess didn't understand a word. "It's just my body that reacts to fucking, my love!" Louis masturbated in front of the queen's pussy and squirted upon it. "I've fucked Mademoiselle Neville many times," the boy commented and Marie Charlotte scolded him loudly. The next day the guys came again, the queen let herself be fucked without resistance and when they left again and the queen lay completely exhausted in the princess's lap, Louis approached the queen's pussy-hole with his stiff cock. The princess saw her brother slowly rubbing his cock and the hole in his glans widening greedily. She screamed at him that he wasn't allowed to do it, but he didn't listen, his cock approached, parted her labia and now Louis mounted the queen and fucked her. The princess shouted at him, but Marie Antoinette, completely exhausted, waved off, "Let the dirty little bastard do, my love!" and so it happened that every time Louis fucked the queen after the rough guys. Every day, Marie Charlotte saw her brother stick his thick cock into Marie Antoinette's really small and tight pussy-hole and fuck her. She was usually far too tired, but again and again she arched up in orgasm and clung to the little sex offender who squirted inside like an idiot. She kept telling her daughter that it didn't matter to her if he was another bastard more, because she despised her son very much during those moments. The princess also despised Louis, because after he had squirted, he left his cock inside the queen and waited a moment, then he fucked Marie Antoinette a second and sometimes a third time. Marie Antoinette clung intimately to her fucking boy, whose cock filled her little pussyhole so wonderfully and aroused her very much. Obviously the thought of in-

cest excited her to the extreme, she whispered “Yes, fuck me well, my boy!” and her finger went secretly onto her clit. She usually orgasmed during the second fuck. Marie Charlotte, who held her mother’s head and face in her lap, felt her orgasm, as strong as if she were orgasming herself. The boy continued to fuck her until he reared up and squirted into her again. If he still hadn’t had enough, he continued to fuck her for the third time, triggering small, gentle orgasms that the queen only noticed tiredly as she was completely exhausted and drained. At the end he caressed her pussy very sadly and said, “I’m sorry, Mom, I just have a very strong urge, sorry!” Marie Antoinette sank deep into the princess’s lap and breathed gently, “Okay, Louis, I get it, it’s alright.” Marie Charlotte wasn’t sure whether she should hate Louis or admire his audacity. The completely depraved and libidinous Louis fucked Marie Antoinette two or three times a day in her last months and she wasn’t even angry with him but lovingly embraced him, and her daughter was very confused because she didn’t understand. Why did the mother let it happen without giving the lustful bastard an angry lecture!?

Marie Charlotte, who kept her hand under her skirt all day long because she couldn’t do anything else in the dungeon, was always amazed at how the mother reacted to her son’s urges. She stayed seated and lifted up her skirt. She spread her legs and let Louis stand between them, she offered him her bare cunt. “Come, my dear, come and squirt!” and she didn’t have to ask him twice. He leaned his head on his mother’s breasts and fucked while standing between her legs. Louis was always very sad after squirting inside, but she pressed his head against her breasts and kissed him on the top of his head. “You have a strong urge, my boy, you got that from your grandmother!” She pulled his cock out and rubbed out the last drops of semen with a firm grip of her fist. Marie Charlotte took her hand out of her skirt and hugged her mother and brother at the same time. She didn’t understand why she let him squirt inside several times a day? Marie Antoinette always said, “Because I love him as much as I love you, dear Charlotte!”

Marie Antoinette pulled Louis onto her lap and took off his pants completely. He lay in her arms like a baby and said tiredly and tearfully, “I love you very much, Mommy, and I just have to fuck!” She

stroked his head, “It’s okay, my Louis, don’t be sad about it!” He nodded obediently and fell asleep in her arms. She stroked his soft cock very gently and tenderly, without making it hard. “Listen, Charlotte, the fact that the dungeon masters rape me is simply disgusting. But the fact that my son fucks me because he has too strong an urge fills me with joy. He loves me with all his heart, like he loves no one else. It makes me very happy that someone still loves me and fucks me with love. Don’t look so horrified, I know very well that he is my son. When you grow up, let anyone who loves you fuck you! I mean that quite seriously, because I was not allowed to live by that advice, for me there was only Daddy and Axel, only those two. You are growing up in a new time, so remember my advice. Even if you are sold off to a wretch, only listen to your heart, fuck and love!”

Marie Antoinette’s hand played very gently and tenderly with the sleeping child’s cock. She paused as the semen oozed out of the soft cock, then after a while she continued to caress the soft cock. “Tell me, Charlotte, my love, do you always masturbate so much?” Charlotte lowered her gaze. “Yes, Mom!” she answered quietly, stubbornly ignoring her mother’s use of Madame. “And since when have you been doing it?” she asked, and Charlotte was once again embarrassed to answer. “I had my first orgasm when I was about 8. I immediately showed Mademoiselle de Taberney and she was not at all pleased. But she took my finger and showed me how to do it properly. She also made it clear to me that it was very private, that I was not even allowed to do it in her presence, and I stuck to that. Only — there is no privacy in this cramped cell!” Marie Antoinette was still stroking the cock, light and tender as a feather. It wasn’t long before the semen started seeping and oozing out of the cock, which was now a little bit stiffer. After a while the mother continued caressing his cock and continued talking. “When you are both asleep and I am consumed with longing for Axel to fuck me, I do it too,” she said, “and one orgasm is enough for me, but you make yourself two dozen orgasms or more, every day.” Marie Charlotte hesitated. “It’s not just the situation, Mom,” she said thoughtfully, “I’ve needed it so often for years, it’s like I’m addicted.” Her mother nodded smiling, and changed the subject. — Master Frank interrupted Charlotte. “I know you’re addicted to orgasms, masturbating and orgasming, but it’s not a bad or threatening addiction, it won’t harm you or your body!” —

Marie Antoinette continued to caress the cock of the child sleeping in her arms and Charlotte smiled as the cock continued to stand up. "The ambassador told me that the Emperor was heavily negotiating with the revolutionaries," Marie Antoinette said to Charlotte, who watched the cock stroking in fascination. "The rebels must eliminate the monarchy, there is no doubt about that. They will put Papa, the King, on trial, but the verdict has long been decided. He will be murdered, beheaded on the guillotine." The mother continued to stroke the cock thoughtfully. "The same fate awaits me, the verdicts have long been decided!" She looked absentmindedly at the cock, from which the semen was oozing again. "Apparently the rebels promised the Emperor that they would let you and Louis travel to Vienna." In a fit of emotion, she rubbed the cock very hard and Louis woke up smiling and actually squirting. Marie Antoinette woke from her absentmindedness. "I hope these barbarians keep their word!" she cried, completely agitated. She was really angry and squeezed the last drops of semen out of his cock with her fingers, then she let Louis go.

Sometimes, when she had let Louis fuck her, Marie Antoinette would throw herself on the bed in despair and cry for a long time. Then Charlotte would take Louis on her lap like her mother had done. He would push up her blouse and take Charlotte's little breast in his mouth like a baby, licking and sucking on her nipples tickled so fine! She would wait until he fell asleep and caressed his cock like her mother had done. She would let his semen flow out slowly and then continue after a while. It was the first time for Charlotte to let a boy's semen flow out, but Louis was asleep, smiling happily. When he woke up, she masturbated him violently because the little rascal was sucking hard on her teats.

Marie Charlotte found it very difficult to talk to Master Frank about what followed. Mademoiselle de Neville had completely corrupted and depraved the young prince, Neville had masturbated him a thousand times and let the young boy fuck her a thousand times. Louis was so lustful that he did not even stop at her, his sister. She secretly rubbed her clit and masturbated under her skirt, he sometimes approached her with his stiff cock and lifted up her skirt. She always had the presence of mind to form a tunnel in front of her pussy with both fists, in which tunnel the boy could fuck without en-

dangering her hymen. She let go when he ejaculated into her vaginal vestibule. The orgasm that followed was always powerful, as she rubbed the semen on her clit. But it happened not very often.

Marie Antoinette smiled as she talked to her daughter about it. "That is the only thing that still gives me joy in this deadly bitter situation, that you both have inherited your grandmother's sexual lust." She often spoke very openly about the love life of her mother, the empress. Maria Theresia was only recently married and complained of her suffering to the court's doctor. He suspected dyspareunia, the fear of mating, which prevented her from having orgasms when she was having sex. She ordered him to fuck her and make sure his opinion. He fucked much better than her husband, but no matter how often the brave doctor fucked her, she still couldn't reach orgasm. The young empress' pussy was burning brightly after each fucking because the doctor fucked her every time as if she were an ordinary peasant whore. Afterwards she experienced the first orgasms of her life thanks to the doctor's skillful fingers. The doctor showed the empress, who had been brought up in complete chastity, how to masturbate and recommended that she masturbate before, during or after fucking to relax her sexual excitement. At this time, Maria Theresa decided to let herself be fucked by a discreet confidant in addition to her husband, much to the chagrin of her husband, Franz Stephan. But he was a weak, submissive character and submitted to her decision. They both knew, that he wasn't a great fucker. Marie Antoinette reported how much her father was upset when a rival fucked his wife. Until she was very old, she let Franz Stephan and then one of her confidants fuck her in the morning before breakfast while she masturbated. She masturbated until she was sexually relaxed. The fact that the children were playing and romping around her did not bother her, she did not hide her sexuality from her children. So she, Marie Antoinette, also learned to masturbate and watched them fuck a thousand times. Franz Stephan crawled onto her fat, bulky and usually pregnant belly and fucked her quickly and furiously, because after him her confidant climbed onto the empress' bulky and unwieldy body to fuck her with great pleasure and delight while she masturbated nonstop. The Empress's big, fat asscheeks began to shake and twitch long before she orgasmed. Her husband was only

allowed to fuck her alone when the empress wanted to have a child, and she would not let anyone else fuck her in this time.

Master Frank, who had not known the Empress, who had died over 10 years ago, and knew very little about her, asked Marie Charlotte whether it was not clear to the Empress that her own behavior was in stark contrast to her sexual moral laws, prescriptions and to her 'chastity inspectors'? "But no," said Marie Charlotte, "she was only following Doctor Van Swieten's medical advice! She let herself be heavily fucked every morning to ignite the flames in her pussy and she masturbated to relax herself sexually. She only forbade her people from whoring, she would never have considered or described her own behavior as whoring!" Frank shook his head, because the image of the great ruler was becoming deeply cracked in his eyes.

The princess was very upset when she told Master Frank, Madame Elisabeth had found out everything that Louis was doing at the shoemaker's. The shoemaker's were incredibly impressed by his rank and put up with the little prince's assaults. The shoemaker's wife lowered her eyes in shame when the boy lifted her skirt for the first time. "I am a faithful and chaste wife!" she cried desperately to the boy. She was very young and had never fucked anyone other than her husband, she cast a desperate look at her husband when the boy pulled out his stiff cock. "You must let him do, he is the prince and heir to the throne!" murmured the shoemaker and nodded in confirmation. She held her skirt tight and grabbed the boy's cock. She buckled before the supposed authority, "in God's name!" she said quietly and shivering inserted the royal cock into her cunthole. He fucked her with pleasure and enthusiasm, but when he squirted inside, she let out a dismissive sound. She did not want to be impregnated by the completely depraved boy! But she obeyed her husband, the royalty and God, who demanded all this of her. She sighed in shame and submission when the prince mounted her and fucked her libidiously, again and again. The naughty prince showed her how to masturbate while fucking. She had the first and only orgasms of her life. She felt a little daring and frivolous when she masturbated while fucking and smiled blissfully with lust at her sad husband. For the young prince they were serfs, it was his right to fuck the woman in front of her husband. She surrendered to her fate with being fucked

by the lustful, libidinous prince over and over again for two months. Two months later the boy was dead like the shoemaker's.

The maids, who brought fresh clothes every week, brought a black dress, dressed the queen and did her hair nicely. They wept as the queen said goodbye to her daughter and walked out, head held high, truly royally, into the great courtyard where the guillotine stood. Axel was nowhere, he was detained in Denmark because he was not allowed to become entangled in the maelstrom of the French Revolution. She walked up the steps, looked contemptuously at the onlookers and prayed quietly. Then she bowed her neck.

The Ancien Regime ended at that very moment.

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