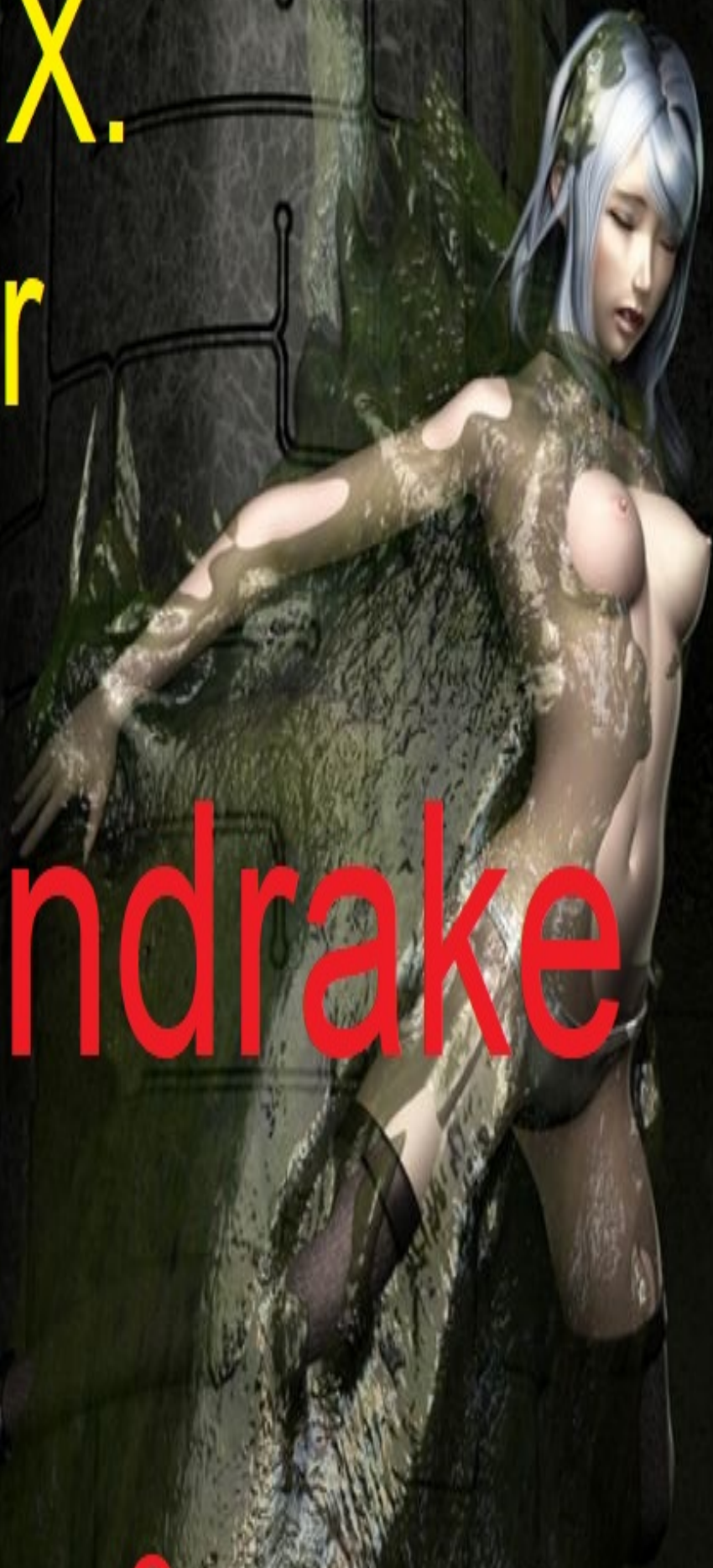


Jack X.  
Faber



Mandrake

Volume 3

# Mandrake - Volume 2

[A true quirk](#)

[Devil's Brat](#)

[On Vacation](#)

[A Widowers Fate](#)

[Children's Play](#)

[The Music Producer](#)

[A Godly Woman](#)

[Writing blockage](#)

[An Angel's Child](#)

[Tale of a Maid](#)

[The Widow Plunkett](#)

[Shipwrecked](#)

[The Healer of Lasalle](#)

[The Dragon Man](#)

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He would be happy to read your comments!

# A true quirk

by Jack Faber © 2023

I couldn't remember later how the accident had happened. A car had knocked me to the ground uninjured and the following truck had run over my legs. I was in the hospital for 8 weeks with broken lower legs and ankles. I couldn't get up, of course, and had to ring for the nurse myself to pee.

The nurse was very young and very shy when she washed me naked in bed or held my cock in the jar to pee. For two days I could control myself, but then I persisted after peeing. She would have to continue holding my cock while I began to masturbate. I watched her closely and saw the aroused glint in her eyes. I was too weak, I cheekily claimed, she had to keep rubbing. She was silent for a long time and after a minute said she hadn't done it very often and probably wouldn't do it well. I shrugged and said that was okay. She bit her lips and began. She really didn't do it very well, she was too slow and didn't squeeze the cock hard enough. Will it come soon, she asked whispering in between and I nodded, soon! An eternity later I finally squirted, she just held the cock and held it motionless in the glass neck of the vessel. She was deeply flushed and went fast away. But she did it dutifully every day until the end of the week. Then a new nurse arrived.

She was an older Filippina and didn't speak our language well. On the second day, after she had held my cock while peeing without batting an eye, I asked her. But she shook her head dismissively, Jesus no!, she never did anything like that! I was disappointed and angry, she had to hold the cock really tight, damn it! She obeyed and held her breath, startled. For I pushed back and forth in her fist. She squinted her eyes in horror and muttered softly in her language, but she held the cock really tight in her fist. She looked at me with deep disdain, but she didn't let up and held it tightly in her fist. After I had cum, she vigorously rubbed the last drops out of my cock with two fingers, as she knew very well, how it has to be finished. We repeated this throughout the week twice a day and the next week, she still

squinted her eyes into slits and muttered her pagan prayers, but she seemed to accept it. The second week I stopped in the middle and she vigorously rubbed my cock with her fist and made me cum. She masturbated me now from the beginning and I noticed that she had a great practice in it. She squeezed out the last drops with her fingers each time, we gave each other a friendly nod, and then she left. I gave her a fifty when she said that she was being transferred to another ward. The first time she smiled in two weeks.

Where the next one came from I did not find out. She spoke only Spanish, a strange rolling Spanish. My long spilled Spanish at least made her smile, I was a fine gentleman talking to her in her language. She held my cock in the jar five times a day and looked pretty pissed off. She wasn't enjoying it, God knows! I made a cautious advance, assuming that she was a damn stock Catholic. So it was. She didn't want to masturbate me or hold my cock when I started to thrust. She took the jar away vigorously, shaking her head, but she stopped for a moment before leaving. "I'm not doing that, I've never done it by hand before! I just do it right!" What could I possibly say in response? She looked back from the door and waited for me to stow my stiff cock away. "Okay, right then," I said half aloud and to my amazement she nodded and left quickly.

How amazed I was, however, when she came into my room late that evening and pushed the door latch forward. We didn't speak a word, me not because I was speechless and her not because she was determined. She was in her 40s, maybe 50s, chubby and round. She looked very different in civilian clothes, without her white bonnet. She got on top of me without a word, pulled her panties aside under her skirt and inserted my cock into her densely hairy cunt with a soft sigh, then pulled down her skirt, obviously not wanting me to look. Her vagina was soft, moist and pleasant. She propped her hands on my shoulder and rode me slowly. She smiled.

She rode me for what seemed like an eternity. Steadily and not quickly. I observed that she was aroused very soon, but she did not have an orgasm. She put my hand aside and shook her head, as I reached for her clit. She continued to fuck me even while I was cumming and only stopped when my cock went soft. She stayed on my

cock for a few moments. “Bueno?” she asked softly, was it good? I nodded enthusiastically. She stood up, straightened her clothes and put her hand on the door handle. “Do it right, bueno?” she asked and I nodded in agreement. “Bueno entonces bien!” — well then, and she scurried out. Every night for two weeks she came and fucked me without a word, having violent orgasm of my clit rubbing. What was there to talk about?

In the second week she no longer pushed my hand away and I masturbated her clit very delicately. She collapsed over me in orgasm and continued to fuck me without a word. She allowed it from now on. At the end of the third week she said, rotación, she was going to work in another department tomorrow. I gave her two hundred, “gracias por todo,” thanks for everything, because I didn’t know how to say fucking in Spanish. She came late that evening for the last time fucking me in lust. On the next days different nurses came, how the service plan was I didn’t find out. At least, I made progress in remedial gymnastics and could walk again, unfortunately only with a hard limp.

For the last two weeks, Lucifer himself must have put in a word for me in heaven. The head nurse came into my room for the first time and stopped, wringing her hands. All the rooms were already overcrowded and whether it would not be possible, for once, to accommodate someone in my room? I didn’t get a word in edgewise, she kept on chattering. I would only be charged half the price and how grateful the hospital management was to me! “Thank you very much, doctor!” and she was gone. I had been annoyed for 4 weeks that I was called the doctor, although I am not a doctor. A typical Austrian bad habit from the imperial era, I think.

Two nurses pushed a bed into my one-bed-room, which was now overflowing. I examined the new arrival closely. A woman! I rubbed my eyes. Frau Kommerzialrat Morgenthaler, no first name, was written on the sheet of paper; she was 65, 5 years younger than me. She was still sleeping off her anesthesia, her two arms bandaged up to the armpits and splayed out to the sides with a metal frame like angel wings. I read on. Bilateral compound fractures and the skin of both arms burned, level III. I looked at her face, very wrinkled but not un-

sympathetic. Again and again different nurses came to check on her. In the evening she was wide awake and full of morphine. We talked perfunctorily for probably an hour, I said Frau Kommerzialrat and she Herr Doktor. The nurses came and lifted her onto the piss pan, they were at pains to hide the woman's nakedness from me. I was not particularly curious but very surprised as she had a clean shaven pussy, rare in women of that age in my opinion.

It was certainly already after 10pm when the nurses let her piss again. After that I sat on the edge of my bed and played indecisively with her bedspread. She acted very surprised, what am I doing? I said honestly that I was thinking about whether I wanted to fuck her now. She widened her eyes. And then she indignantly rejected it. She was an old woman, no man wants to fuck an old woman! I was not surprised how easily she used the word fuck. Besides, she calculated briefly, she was not only too old to fuck, she had not fucked a man in about 15 years. I nodded in agreement, it was clear that she was only fooling around on the sofa with other old broads. I kept my mouth shut, I knew it from a direct source.

Whether she wants foreplay before fucking, a little masturbating perhaps? I had unintentionally used a familiar speech form to her and it had left her speechless. No, she didn't need any foreplay or masturbation before fucking, she didn't want to fuck at all, not with a stranger! I laughingly called my name and uncovered her, pushing her hospital gown up to her neck. She couldn't move her arms and I looked at her thumb. There was the button attached, but she didn't lift a finger, didn't call a nurse over.

Her eyes were staring at my cock. He's certainly not scary; one is more modest at 70, after all. "You're not going to fuck me, are you, Doctor?" Her voice a bit despondent, not particularly fearful, more questioning. "I don't want to be fucked," she muttered several times and put her knees up, slightly unfolding them. "No, of course not," I said jokingly, "I'm sure it won't hurt you!" I knelt between her legs and she closed her eyes. I caught another slight smile of her as I penetrated. She let me fuck her without resistance, she was very aroused at the end, but she had not had an orgasm. I knelt up again after I had squirted in. She opened her eyes. "You are a piglet," she said

softly, looking directly at me. I had touched her bursting stiff clit with my finger and she closed her eyes again. I masturbated her as finely as I could and she trembled violently in orgasm. Now she looked at me with a friendly smile. "You are very sensitive, Doctor!" she murmured inaudibly softly as I covered her. The Mrs. Kommerzialrat liked to be fucked more and more every time. She put her knees up and willingly let them unfold sideways. I didn't find her jagged inner labia particularly attractive, but I masturbated her every time after I fucked her, and usually in the afternoon, because she wasn't at all shy about asking for it anymore. I held the phone to her ear when she wanted to talk to her bosom friend. When she came to visit her, I hobbled out into the hallway, not interested in her intimate whispering. I stayed for more than two weeks and I fucked her every night once or twice and masturbated her afterwards. We barely spoke, she listened to the radio and I read on my tablet. She was still defenselessly bound to her rack when I gave her a little kiss on the cheek as I left.

After 8 weeks in the hospital, I could walk with a limp again, but it was a slog. The old janitor woman, who had helped me out now and then in sexual need since I had become a widower, had moved to a nursing home and the new girl, Marina, was a bloody young pregnant girl. She was already 4 months pregnant and had taken over the janitor's job because she needed a roof over her head and a little money. There was no husband or friend to be seen anywhere. We became friends a bit, soon she came over to my place every night, we ate my supper, drank lemonade or red wine and chatted for hours.

We soon got to the point. She complained a bit that her friends only visited her to fuck, they all just wanted the one thing. She did not invite them for some time, she masturbated every night a lot and that suited her so. Of course we didn't talk directly, but we did talk about it. I didn't complain, I was a widower and masturbating was part of it. I let it slip that the last janitor lady sometimes spent the night with me. Of course I knew that an 18 year old would not lie down with me. I had guessed correctly, because she said that she was already almost 20 and that age was just a number for her. She had already fucked many men, a hundred or maybe less. I kept it carefully on a low flame, fucking her was a nice dream, but just a dream. I

didn't count on it. Again Lucifer put in a good word for me. Actually two words from the dark prince in heaven.

I found out that Marina couldn't do a recommended physical therapy because the Kassa wouldn't pay for it. I gave her money and urged her to do the therapy. When you're 20, you think you can do it, but when you're 70, you cry bitter tears. I told her that she could pay it back someday, no matter when. I had enough on the side and it didn't hurt me. She was very reluctant because she didn't want to be beholden to me and she said so. I assured her that I didn't expect anything in return, she didn't need to fuck me because of that. It was the right argument at the right time.

The second thing the dark prince threw at me was that the child's father made no effort to support Marina financially. He had not been able to push through an abortion, he chose the luxurious life with his rich wife, he wanted no problems, so he disowned the pregnant Marina and laughed his ass off. I called the guy and arranged a 5-minute-meeting at the Cafeteria across the street. He was surprised because I was older than he thought and I sized the guy up correctly in the first few seconds. I have smoked guys like him in the pipe, as they say, meaning I could overcome the coward easily. I skipped the small talk and got right down to hard business. I just had to grab him by the balls and squeeze hard. I barely had time to watch him collapse. I put the piece of paper with Marina's bank account number on the table, expecting him to make an initial payment for the past few months within a week and then monthly the legal alimony for the next 18 years. He nodded dejectedly. I left without saying goodbye, leaving him to pay for my coffee.

Marina was flabbergasted when she received the money. I had not betrayed with a syllable that I had spoken a clear word with the guy, but she knew it even so and I did not deny it. I had somehow taken Marina to my heart and was determined to be there for her. She wasn't a beauty after all, in my younger years I wouldn't have even noticed her. She never wore bra and panties and almost always the same shabby dress that revealed more than it hid, perhaps on purpose. I also recognized in the translucent dress that she did not shave her pubic hair, but that was not important. Her breasts were not very

big and grew like her belly. She was a very clean person, she bathed daily and washed her beautiful reddish-blond hair that reached her chest line. I liked her white-blond eyebrows and long blond eyelashes, which contrasted beautifully with her light green eyes.

I held back, I was 70 and she was around 20, goddammit! She liked to listen to me, because she wanted to overcome the generation gap. She talked often and gladly about sex. She had completely given up inviting her former boyfriends to fuck her. She talked willingly and frankly about her lustful daily masturbation, describing all her techniques, and we both laughed when she said on some things that should be shown rather than described. I nodded in agreement, but I didn't push her. I was also open and honest about my sex, there wasn't much to report. She kept asking how much I missed it and I answered, honestly, a lot. She kept saying that she didn't like giving handjobs or blowjobs, she had done that often enough in her school days. Fucking regularly or not at all, she saw it as simple as that. I had heard that before at some point.

One evening she took the lead. She sat down surprisingly on my thighs, we kissed for the first time, and how! She kissed me with her tongue kisses to the seventh heaven. She felt my stiff cock and half stood up to take off my pants. She sat back down wide-legged on my bare thighs and pulled her dress off over her head. "I want it, your big boy wants it, do you want it too?" she whispered in the embrace. I nodded, of course! She fucked me for the first time, I felt her round belly against me and caressed her breasts. She fucked me slowly but firmly and our tongues fought for every thrill. It took a very long time before I squirted. She was already very aroused and bit my lips lightly while I squirted in her pussy. She held me tight and stayed on my cock even though it was rapidly softening.

She was still quite aroused from fucking, she said, but she never orgasmed while fucking, could she do it now or did it bother me? I nodded and nodded, I would love to be here and I had told her before that I loved watching women and girls masturbate. She reached down and masturbated firmly and passionately. We kissed during her orgasm. We always fucked the same way sitting up every night

until she gave birth, she liked that better than lying on her back like a bug.

I waited in the waiting room until she gave birth to little Erik after a long delivery. She let me come to her immediately afterwards as if I were her lover. We stayed together for months, she fucked me again quite soon in the evening. I helped her out with money, little Erik should want for nothing. When he became two, she moved into a larger apartment with a nursery and visited me several times a week for pleasurable fucking.

She lets the little one play naked on the floor while she fucks me naked on the kitchen bench. She also thinks that he can see us quietly, we do loving sex and nothing perverted. We talked about the subject once and I thought she should teach him to masturbate at 7 or 8 and when he is 11 or 12, to fuck her. Marina looked at me big time. Incest? I nodded, fuck incest! She thought about it and said she would make it dependent on how Erik turned out.

The little boy started out spreading Marina's asscheeks apart with his little hands and bending down to check if my cock was really in her fuckhole, but soon he wasn't interested anymore. I got her to lie down on the bench to watch her masturbate. She had a really nice cunt, nice full labia and almost invisible inner labia. She pulled back the protective fold of skin over her clit at the beginning. Her clit was the size and shape of the eraser at the top of a pencil and she only teased it very briefly because she was still aroused and horny from the previous fucking. First slowly, then faster and faster she rubbed the clit and let the orgasm come. She pressed her hand on her pussy and closed her legs very tight to enjoy the convulsions with her eyes closed. She rarely masturbated a second time.

She really liked it when I masturbated her to orgasm, taking over near the end. I fucked her with a finger while she masturbated, she liked that very much. At night she sometimes took a big soft rubber penis to fuck herself intensely during the clit rubbing, she once said laughing, but I never got to see the thing.

I affirmed her to invite her friends again. Her young body was still very much in need of a strong cock, and riding my old one certainly wasn't enough. She shook her head reprovably, she liked to fuck me very much sitting on my lap, there she had more control than lying defenseless on her back like a bug. And my cock was still perfectly fine, she rebuked me. But she always invited friends over to get fucked really hard in the afternoon. She told me every evening about fucking in the afternoon and was very fond of describing it with all the details. The friends got her to have her pubic hair shaved. I shaved them once or twice a week.

After all, all three of us were naked in my apartment in the evening, and Marina lay down in the bathtub to shave. Little-Erik found shaving very, very exciting. When I finished shaving and cleaned Marina's smooth pubic mound with a warm washcloth, he would courageously intervene. "Make mommy all clean!" the little boy ordered me, rubbing her firmly. Little-Erik looked at me demanding. "Look, I know how to do it right now!" he said to me, stuck his little cock in Marina's cunt and showed me how the fucking goes. After a few thrusts, he groaned and mimicked the squirting. Marina and I laughed out loud and the little guy stamped his foot. "Keep going, keep going, give it to me right! That's what Mama says and you can believe me!" I tried to stay serious. And now every time after shaving, he stuck his little cock into her cunt and fucked her briefly, sometimes longer and groaning mimicked the squirting. Finally, he gave her a good slap on the buttock. "That's the way to do it," he instructed me triumphantly. I wanted to know why, my boy? As if shot out of a pistol, he answered, Mama always says that to the man, "that's right, keep it that way!" he quoted her. Marina and I held back from laughing out loud. Once, when the little one fucked her quite long playfully, I said laughing, the question of incest probably no longer arises.

For over 5 years she comes at least once a week, she did not need sex more than once a week she said. I am grateful, because I too have grown older and weaker.

I am grateful to Lucifer, he has given me a beautiful gift in my old days.

# Devil's Brat

by Jack Faber © 2023

I walked into Ms. Hooker's office very worried. The Secret Service director looked up from her laptop and half-closed it. I sat down as she said "Jones" in place of a greeting and pointed to the chair with her chin. "Good morning, Ms. Hooker," I said and waited, I hadn't done anything wrong and was really just curious. Her eyes were hard as diamonds and looked straight at me. We had never met in person before, but I knew from other agents that she never made even a second of small talk. So it was.

"Lewis is leaving us, she's having a baby." I had nothing to do with Lewis, it wasn't my child. "The Second Lady insists that you take over from Lewis and be responsible for her daughter. She insists." I didn't know the vice president's wife or daughter. However, it was a tremendous career move for an agent who had only been there for three years. "Your service starts at One Observatory Circle the day after tomorrow at eight sharp," she said without a beat. I nodded in agreement and muttered that it would be a great honor. She ignored it completely. "I wanted a female agent, but nothing could be done, she requested you by name. Explicitly. Jones. None other." I returned her questioning look. I didn't know the Second Lady, the VP or the daughter, I said in a firm voice. "There's nothing, not a tiniest thing, on my part," I concluded. "I'm going to find out one hundred percent, Jones." I held her gaze and smiled, there was nothing. She flipped open her laptop and I said goodbye, stopping with the door handle in my hand. "Jones." It wasn't goodbye, she still had something to say. "This is private now, Jones," she said, and her eyes were no longer diamonds but ice cubes, melting at the bottom of the whiskey-tumbler. "Be on your guard, Jones, that little girl is a god-damn fiend, horny as a bitch in heat! I'll fire you right away if you can't control your black ass!" I gulped. What the hell was I supposed to say in response?

I started my service and was with Lynn, the VP's 16-year-old step-daughter, around the clock. The wise old gentleman might be an excellent connoisseur of Chinese politics, but his knowledge of human nature was zero. He had married a much younger woman along with a pubescent daughter and it was really true, this woman was a real hooker, there was no other way to put it.

But it was Lynn who had her eye on me and had asked for me via Mama. She had seen me at the White House sometime, I don't know when. And old Ms. Hooker was right, Lynn flirted with me fiercely from the first moment on. I held back completely, correct as the book says, but I still had to pull myself together because Lynn wasn't wearing any underwear and was flashing her jewels at me every chance she got. She wasn't a particularly pretty girl, but always kept her makeup clean and neat. I sat in front of her class at school, read all the papers, and routinely reported to the main office.

Lynn trained with me every day in the small gym. Krav Maga, judo, hand-to-hand combat, self-defense. She was really good at it, she learned very quickly and loved to hold or touch me for fractions of a second longer than necessary. We trained until she ran out of breath and we were always last in the gym. She had explored every inch of my body after 10 days and started her offensive completely by surprise.

She had thrown me to the ground with a seoi nage, a traditional shoulder throw, and sat on my thighs against all the rules. I looked under her gym shorts, as she wore no panties as usual. I also knew every inch of her body, had seen her sparsely hairy pussy many times when her pants revealed everything. She grinned shabbily and unashamedly, she loved to show her pussy. "No cameras, just the two of us!" With a tug, she pulled down my gym shorts. Wordlessly, she tossed hers next to them and mounted me, inserting my cock to herself with a soft sigh.

I thought about Ms. Hooker for just a split second and immediately threw her out of my mind. Lynn was no particular beauty, but who would scorn a young 17 year old sitting on his cock? I willingly let myself be fucked and fucked her from below. I enjoyed her wild,

demanding tongue kisses and felt the cum rising up in my cock. With a loud sigh, Lynn collapsed over my chest, shaking a moment in orgasm. I continued to fuck her wildly for a few moments, gripping her ass cheeks as I squirted inside.

We sat side by side in silence. “My first black cock,” she breathed, I almost couldn’t hear it. She quietly told me that she had watched her mother fuck from a very young age on, she wasn’t fooling her child. “I masturbated from a very young age, eagerly waiting every day to fuck one day. But all I had left was masturbating until I finally had someone to fuck three years ago.” Whispering, she told of her attempts at walking and of all the others with whom she learned to sprint. She didn’t always orgasm while fucking and was glad it had worked with me now. Lynn wanted to fuck again right away and so we did it again, but this time in the missionary position. I waited with clenched teeth until she orgasmed and then finally squirted inside.

The other day, as I was checking in with dispatch, Ms. Hooker barked in between, saying she would call me immediately, that I should stand by. “You idiot, not two weeks and you can’t control your black ass.” I was annoyed not at the racist remark, but at being caught. “Jones. For God’s sake, you can’t even piss without being recorded in our buildings, have you forgotten that?” I stammered around, but Hooker interrupted me woozily. “And of course I cleaned up the mess behind you and erased it from the tape. Stupid mommy wiping her baby’s black ass.” I was sure I was going to get fired and growled, “Thanks, Mommy!” She didn’t respond to my blasphemy. “If it happens again, message me directly. Now.” I heard her rustle in the notepad. “Just 1147, Jones.” I heard her note, “Eleven forty-seven, Jones. Jones was squirting in paradise.” I repeated the code and breathed a sigh of relief, apparently I wasn’t fired. “I warned you. So, 1147 right immediately, so I can erase the tape. And make it good, damn it, and make it real good, not that the stupid brat is going to run to Daddy and complain your bad fucking!” She hung up without a greeting and I was glad, she seemed to want to cover for me.

The romance lasted six weeks. Lynn called me over day or night, whether at One Observatory Circle or at the White House, where they

stayed overnight several times when the President and VP worked late. I loved fucking with Lynn, it was the only good thing about the service. I texted 1147 every time as ordered, of course. After 6 weeks Lynn's enthusiasm gradually waned and she addressed it openly and honestly. I nodded in understanding, I wasn't in love after all. Lynn kept calling me, but irregularly. It was fine with me. I took her to girlfriends to study and woke up in front of the door, behind which Lynn fucked loudly and passionately with one or another lad, sometimes she fucked with the girlfriends too. She went to study very often.

We stayed at the White House once again, Lynn slept in the Teddy Roosevelt Bedroom and after we fucked until midnight, she slept and I kept watch outside the door. Standing at the watch and halfways asleep in full attention was something you learned quickly in the Secret Service. I noticed a movement, someone was coming out of one of the rooms. I knew instantly that the hooded figure with the large caliber weapon in his hand did not belong here. I heard the hissing pop of the silencer, the bullet pierced my thigh and jerked me to the ground. But I fired at the guy in lying position, emptying my magazine and firing all 7 rounds without missing the target. The loud popping of my pistol called other agents to attention, and two agents lay prostrate in the back of the hallway, unconscious. I lost consciousness.

Ms. Hooker was the last one I expected to see at the bedside when I awoke in the hospital. Her ice cube eyes had nearly melted. "Got your 1147, Jones, and was on my way to bed after erasing the tape, then this." She gave a short laugh, probably for the first time in her life. "You know the first thing I thought, Jones? 'At least that lucky boy was least squirting in paradise one more time, that Jones!'" She giggled and put her hand over her mouth. She said she had collected all the erased sequences and she watches them at night while masturbating. I wasn't going to be taken for a fool. "First of all, I don't think that an iceberg like you would ever feel an orgasm," and she interrupted me angrily protesting, "and secondly, old hardliners like you collect everything to have something on me or Lynn in hand." She looked at me fixedly. "Jones, when you're back on your feet, I'll grab you and we'll sort out the orgasm thing. Ugh! No orgasm! Well, you'll see!" Was that a smile I detected behind her mask?

She abruptly became serious again when I asked her. It was a North Korean female agent, known to us for being a consummate and excellent burglar. Whether she was just to steal documents or assassinate the president, no one will ever know. The president said he wanted to sweep the whole thing under the rug, and they wanted to find out how she had made it to the president's bedroom. "So not a single word to the media, Jones!" I nodded, that was clear. And Lynn...? She looked at me coldly. "Her safety was taken care of, calm down, Jones. When you're back on your feet, Jones, we'll see." She left as a nurse entered the room.

At the end of my recuperative leave, one evening Ms. Hooker showed up at my door. She had a good memory and reminded me how much I had offended her in the hospital. She locked the door and went straight into the shower. She would be right back with me, she said, that's all, Jones. She proved to me over the next two days and three nights that she could handle Lynn's fucking and Lynn's orgasms as well as Lynn. She fucked me day and night without letting up or getting tired, letting me sleep for a while and insisting on doing it again and again. She made sure to orgasm as often as possible while fucking, but she never masturbated in my presence. During breaks, she sat naked in front of her laptop or talked on the phone. I tried to find out more about her personal life, but she rebuffed. She had been a hot chick in her youth and she had kept a few male and female lovers from that time. She didn't explain details of them, not a syllable. She had never married, but had a daughter who lived in the South. She didn't let out anything more private than that. She visibly enjoyed this long weekend with me. At one point she said that it was also special for her to fuck someone 30 years younger. She was not the first older woman I fucked, but one of the most remarkable. She was old and wrinkled all over, but she could fuck really wonderfully, by God, I had to admit. When she left, she told me to forget this weekend and to resume our professional relationship as before.

After four months, I was back in tip-top shape and reported for duty. I had been promoted, got a nice bonus payment and a higher salary. To the other agents, I was a hero whose heroism could not be spoken of, and the President put a medal on my neck in the Oval Office. I was a group leader, had 6 agents under my command, and was

never assigned to protect Lynn again, although we continued to meet privately for years.

# On Vacation

by Jack Faber © 2023

I had been with Kati, my little sister and her daughter Alina, called Lina, for three months now. I was 700km away from home, but the pandemic had forced me to work in the home-office. It didn't matter where I was physically. I had managed my workload as an editor and proofreader for the Michaelis-Editors well even during the pandemic, twice a week we did a video conference or even when needed and that was quite sufficient. I even found time to continue working on my first novel.

Kati was thrilled and grateful that I had time for her. I could look after 16-year-old Lina in the afternoons, and she could work full time at the hospital and concentrate on her training as a graduate nurse. I hadn't promised anything, but it seemed like the right thing to do, to help her through the end of her professional training. I had cleaned out my apartment and rented it out, and a good friend took over the duties around it. Maintaining friendships via email wasn't as easy as going out for a beer with someone, that was the only downer.

Lina had been a rebellious, aggressive child during my previous visits. Kati had found a new therapy, cannabis-drops with CBD. Lina was now a changed girl, a fine, quiet 16-year-old who was a bit retarded in some ways. She was a borderliner, but she was in the midst of puberty, on the mental level of maybe a 12-year-old. She amazingly had no problems in school, she studied diligently every afternoon without having to be told to do so. She immediately accepted that I had to concentrate on my work in the morning and the afternoon and we had an agreement that I would take half an hour in the afternoon for her. So I was able to focus on my work very well.

Lina got 5 drops on a sugar cube at noon and again in the late afternoon. After the sugar cube, she reached out her fingers demanding, 2 more drops on her finger. She pushed down her panties and rubbed the drops on her clit and vaginal entrance. The first time I

asked why and she said it made her feel so wonderful in her Mumi. I realized right away, that she didn't know the true expressions and said the Mumi means pussy or cunt. She nodded, she wanted to learn all that words, she said. Kati had strangely retained the childish expressions.

I already realized the first afternoon what Lina meant. After having rubbed the arousing drops on her clit, she sat down at the second desk, took off her panties and pulled her legs up, her heels on the seat next to her butt. She watched a little movie on her tablet and played pensively with her clit. In a very unique way, she tickled the clit only with the last finger limb and fingertip, for what seemed like an eternity. She didn't masturbate like other girls, rubbing the clit firmly up and down, but her finger limb moved quickly up and down as if she was tickling the clit's chin. After only 2 minutes her thighs began to tremble slightly and after another 10 minutes of trembling she was done, with no apparent orgasm. Then she turned off the movie and started studying. Late in the afternoon she got the next arousing drops and rubbed them on her clit and vaginal entrance again, watching another movie while masturbating as before.

Naturally, I asked her the first afternoon. She had no qualms about me and gave information. She watched some porn movies and did the small Kitzi-Kitzi, the big Kitzi-Kitzi she did only before falling asleep. I said that the kitzi-kitzi was properly called masturbating and asked what the difference was. Lina thought for a long time. When she masturbated a little, she didn't do it so hard and didn't set off a strong explosion. Before falling asleep, she masturbated the way she had seen her Mom do it, with a strong explosion at the end. The explosion is called orgasm, I said. Oh, and how did she see it? I asked in surprise, and she said that the bedroom door was damaged on the side and that one could see inside, and that her mother always left the little light on at night, even when she was asleep, fearing the darkness. She said freely that she had learned to masturbate many years ago by watching, with great explosion at the end like Mommy did. And Mommy does it every night, often and for a long time, fighting her clit mightily from deep sigh exploding to deep sigh exploding until she falls asleep when no man sleeps with her. So I learned that Kati brought home a one-night-stand every few weeks. And then they

do the tucking and pushing, Lina said with red cheeks. They fuck, I said, that's called fucking. Lina nodded, they usually fuck only once, not twice like Tobi.

My interest was piqued. Who is Tobi? The neighbor boy who only comes for the Easter vacations. "He's a year younger than me," Lina said, "and he has to go to a special school because he's very stupid." Tobi used to only allow her to masturbate his cock and make him squirt, Lina instructed me, she learned how to masturbate a cock from him. She was scared at first when it squirted out of his cock, but he said that was alright. So she let him squirt as often as he wanted.

But since the last Easter vacations he fucked her for real, usually two, sometimes three times in a row in the afternoon. But it only had hurt the first time, not since then. I must have looked very stupid, because Lina asked if I hadn't known? I shook my head, no, that was new to me. And what did Mommy say about it? Lina lowered her head. "I didn't tell her because Tobi said that Mommy would surely forbid us." I nodded thoughtfully, "he could probably be right about that, your stupid Tobi."

There was still time before the next sugar cube. I asked Lina if she was also watching us, Kati and me? Maybe I didn't ask sensitively enough, because Lina turned pale. At last she whispered, "yes, of course, every night. When you've fucked." A long silence followed. "Aunt Doris said the other day that you mustn't do that, it's an infection." I automatically corrected, "Incest, it's called incest," and thought about how to explain it to Lina. Doris was actually my rich aunt and Lina's great aunt. Kati and I didn't have a good relationship with her, even though Kati's apartment was hers. She had been interfering in Lina's upbringing for 16 years, and her views and ideas were from a time long past. What business was it of hers that Kati and I were fucking?

"Listen to me carefully, Lina. Kati and I slept in the same bed when we were kids, at some point we ended up fucking each other, for many years. Then you were born, your father didn't want you and he didn't want to marry Kati either, so Kati moved here. As you saw for yourself, Mommy only has a man to fuck now and then, and when

I visit her, we fuck like we used to, whenever she likes. I know what Aunt Doris means, it's actually not allowed. But crossing the street at a red light is not allowed either, yet everyone does it when no car is coming. It's the same with incest, when no one is looking, a lot of people do it. Why don't you ask your girlfriends at school how many have incest? I think, it's right, because it's good for Kati and me to fuck each other. You also like to let Tobi fuck you, because you like it and even though your Mom would probably forbid it." Lina nodded. "I think I understand now. Maybe Aunt Doris is theoretically right, but she doesn't know the situation as well as you do and she just overrides your feelings?" I nodded, that was a good summary.

Lina still had something to say. She flailed around until she finally got it out, "Do you know my dad?" I took my time. "Yes, I've seen him two or three times, greetings and goodbyes, nothing more. I also only know how he dealt with Kati, not very fine. He didn't want to get divorced after all and marry Kati, that was pretty cowardly and just mean. Kati had believed him that he wanted to divorce and then marry her, but that was just lying!" Lina was chewing her lower lip, so I beat her to it. "I'll talk to Mom about talking to you about your father, you should hear that from her directly." Lina nodded gratefully and then it was time for the drops. Lina rubbed the cannabis oil on her clit and sat down to the tablet, watching porn and playing with her clit. It made her so happy!

Kati and I slept in the same children's room at that time and each had his own bed, of course. After our mother died, 12-year-old Kati went to her father every night and masturbated him. He never messed with her and she masturbated him passionately and gladly. I despised him for a minute at most, I was 15 and had to masturbate myself, I had no daughter to make me squirt. But it was only for a moment of stupidity, because of course Kati masturbated me as often as I needed it, because at that time she loved to rub cocks and watch gleefully the squirting. I learned from her then how to masturbate a girl properly. Later, when Kati was 14, she was out to get deflowered and get fucked like all her girlfriends. I didn't hold out for long, I deflowered her and we fucked our brains out every night until she fell in love with her boss, the primary doctor Erich, and promptly got pregnant. I comforted her when he pushed her away and I advised

her to move into her aunt's apartment and train to be a nurse there. I still think it was not a bad advice.

In the evening, in bed, I reported to Kati about the conversation with Lina. She had been worried at the beginning that I would have a problem with Lina masturbating every afternoon, she knew all about that. But I dispelled her concerns, Lina's masturbating was quite okay for me. Kati was horrified that Lina had fucked Tobi. I pointed out that Lina was physically at least 16 or already 17 and that it didn't surprise me at all, that was completely normal at her age. Kati gradually calmed down, thank God Lina didn't have her period yet and there was no danger that she could get pregnant. I tried to gently tell Kati that Lina was spying through the damaged door, but she laughed uproariously. Of course she knew that, the child should see the normal, natural lovemaking of course, that's what she wanted. She was a little ashamed of having had men for one-night-stands, but I reassured her that it was perfectly okay with me and not a problem at all. Kati breathed a sigh of relief, but we were not done yet.

Lina's father. Kati gulped and swallowed, she couldn't, not yet. I didn't understand. Eventually Kati came out with her problem, very awkwardly. Do I remember Erich? Vaguely, I said, very vaguely, I only saw him for seconds. He has a Habsburg-lip, Kati said, a really noticeable Habsburg-lip. It really hangs forward, and that is hereditary. Gradually I realized what she was getting at. "Lina doesn't have a Habsburg-lip, definitely not!" I said. Kati held her breath, when did the penny drop for me? I shook my head, Lina doesn't have a Habsburg-lip, so what? Wasn't Erich the father? Kati was desperate, the penny didn't and didn't drop. "I only fucked two men back then, I was not a naughty girl who fucked everyone" said Kati. Damn, what was she getting at? Okay, I said, you only fucked with two men, Erich — and who else? I was indignant, she never said anything about a second guy, I grumbled rather angrily. Kati gave up. "Erich, and you!" The thought hit me like a blow. My eyes snapped open. "You don't mean that!" Kati said she didn't know, she had been racking her brains for 17 years. Wasn't the Habsburg-lip an argument? I did not know, I did not want to know, I wanted to escape to sleep. But I could not sleep. I jumped up, ran naked into the study and almost

ran over poor Lina, who was spying outside the door. I searched the entire Internet, up and down. I was still sitting in front of the screen when hours later Kati got up and made coffee. I said triumphantly that the shitty Habsburg-lip was not always and not every time inherited. I had written down everyone who did not have a Habsburg-lip, it was a considerable list. Kati ran to work, “let’s talk about it in the evening!”

I slept until noon and Lina woke me up in bed. She uncovered me and asked if she could look at my cock. I mumbled sleepily and she took it in her hand. Gradually I woke up and gave her the drops. She was already sitting at her desk watching porn and tickling her clit with her fingertips. I started to work, but got nowhere. Lina had finished the tickle game as usual and did her homework. She looked up afterwards and came to me, I turned off the screen, our half hour began.

As she had done so many times before, she sat down on my thighs and we discussed things from school that were bothering her. She reminisced about the conversation a few days ago about incest. She had actually quizzed a lot of girlfriends, and there weren’t many, but there were some who had incest. All but one with the brother or brothers, only one having incest with the father. Lina was very stunned and had already calculated it, 32% had incest, 68% did not, they were still virgins. “Or they lied to you,” I interjected grinning. Lina had a problem with the concept of lying. You don’t lie to someone on purpose, she said in exasperation. I said that everyone lies an average of 120 times a day. Mostly small, hidden lies, of course. One is asked, “how are you?” and one answers, “fine, thank you!” when honestly one should answer, “Shitty, crappy! and ask no more!” But who says that? Lina thought for a long time and thought that might even be true. Still, she hadn’t realized what and why the others were lying. She changed the subject abruptly and surprisingly.

“I looked at your cock when I woke you up, it’s really big, bigger than Tobi’s and it looks great!” I growled, “in fact you’ve been groping it for minutes!” She looked at me inscrutably and said she had pulled the foreskin back and forth to make him squirt, but I had held her wrist. “Did I molest you?” I said, “Hell, no!” and we both laughed

out loud. She had actually rubbed me until I squirted, but she had left the room just a second too soon, and thenafter I squirted. Still laughing, she asked if she could masturbate him now, make him squirt like she had done with Tobi? I was suddenly wide awake. I realized that she was totally serious. I had to put up a hurdle without hurting her. “But only if you’re completely naked!” She could not overcome that, that hurdle was too high.

I had hardly said it when she stood up, pulling her dress and T-shirt over her head, panties she never wore in the afternoon. With a jerk she pulled down my pants and sat down completely naked on my thighs again. I was flabbergasted. She reached for my cock as a matter of course. He was already stiff. I had to set the hurdle even higher. “You have to pinch my cock with your labia when you masturbate it,” I said, hoping she would give up. Way off! She did it, experimenting and asked if it was right that way, and pinched the cock between her labia. “And press the clit hard against the cock so you feel it too,” I said lamely, for I had long since lost. “You have to push against the cock with your clit like when you’re fucking,” I continued to build the scenario, “and when it comes for me and I yell ‘Now!’ you have to put the glans between your lips and in your mouth, so the semen doesn’t spill!” I said meanly. Lina’s eyes widened fearfully. “But then it does squirt into my mouth,” she said plaintively, and I hoped now she would give it up. Far from it! She thought for a few moments, “and can I swallow it?” I was struck. “Yes, of course, my little one, it comes from the innner body after all, it’s not poisonous!” I had another one in my quiver. “And when it’s all squirted into your mouth and you’ve swallowed it all, then lick the glans very delicately and gently clean with your lips, that’s the way to do it in the proper way!” Lina held my cock motionless and repeated everything softly whispering. Then she nodded, okay!

She masturbated my cock for 10 minutes, she pressed her clit to the cock and I reminded her to fuck with her clit. Her thighs were already trembling after a few minutes. It came to me, I said “Now!” and she took half the cock in her mouth. She blinked anxiously as it squirted into her mouth, and she blinked again as, after much hesitation, she swallowed the cum in careful gulps. Her thighs trembled like aspen leaves as she licked the glans clean with her tongue and

lips. She looked up, her thighs shaking really hard. I took a deep breath, her thighs were still trembling aroused. Didn't she want to masturbate properly now, properly with orgasm, with explosion? I asked. She didn't need a special push, she was still horny from licking my cock. She masturbated now just like Kati, maltreated the clit energetically with a finger firmly up and down and curled up cramped when the orgasm overtook her. I pressed her head to my chest and caressed her face softly.

After the sugar cube, she rubbed the drops on the clit and vaginal entrance as usual, sat down to porn and only the last finger limb rubbed quickly up and down on the clit as usual. I turned to the screen and tried to work, but my mind was racing, turning incessantly around the new developments. What had I been teaching the child? No, she wasn't a child anymore, she was 17, already had round, womanly hips and small, firm breasts. No, definitely not a child anymore!

Kati fucked me at night more passionately and soulfully than she had in a long time. We sat in bed and smoked a joint as usual. I quickly broke off the debate about the Habsburg-lip, it was leading nowhere. If it was important to her, she could do a paternity test, I didn't care! Above all, I did not want to hear anything more from Erich the asshole.

Kati kept silent, we let our souls glide over snow-covered slopes and mirror-smooth ponds. I told what had happened today. Kati didn't get upset at all. She was perfectly okay with it, which surprised me a bit despite the curling fog in my brain. She whispered that sooner or later the girl would fuck me and that was absolutely fine with her. "Just, please don't make her a baby!" she repeated, and I assured her that Lina didn't have a period yet. We held hands in silence. She squeezed my hand. "Stupid Tobi already deflowered her and fucked her, that's actually a shame!" she whispered, "but you can do better, you can show her how nice fucking is!"

We smoked another joint, for once. Kati asked if I will continue to let the little one masturbate me. I didn't have to think long. Yes, of course, if you don't mind, I mumbled, what a stupid question! Kati

let me tell her again about masturbating and cock licking. With a heavy tongue I told everything and it struck me how much I noticed the smallest details now. Kati drew in the smoke deeply and her finger was already playing with her clit the whole time. She said, also with a heavy tongue, that the little one had made it so easily to squirt in-the-mouth-and-swallow-semen, she had needed a run-up for days until she could please Erich that way, she wanted it so much, to please him with everything!

I stared in wonder at her clit, it curled a good half meter around her green hand that trembled and shook in the air. I wasn't surprised at all that her clit was now reaching her lips and she was licking it like an ice cream cone. No, I was not mistaken, Kati gasped and moaned as if in orgasm, her legs kicked out as usually only in orgasm and now she stuffed the shrunken clit back, between her labia, she pressed and squeezed her hand on the clit as if in orgasm. I took another deep lungful, it was so beautiful how Kati snuggled into my armpit, she always did that after masturbating. The joint was finished, I threw the butt into the second ashtray where we collect the butts for reuse. I was sure I was just dreaming as Kati masturbated again very gently.

The next day Kati had the day off (or had she taken the day off?), she bought steaks and fries and made a swell lunch, better than the usual pizza-, falafel- and kebab-trash I usually had delivered. Although I was reluctant to go for a walk, the three of us went to the park until it was after noon and time for Lina's drops. I gave her the sugar cube and the drops on her finger, which she spread on her clit as usual. Kati went with us to the study and took off my pants, then she undressed Lina. She smiled kindly and murmured to Lina that she would stay with her and that she should do it like yesterday. Lina sat down on my bare thighs with an uncertain look. Kati gently stroked her hair and whispered that she was no longer a child, she could do it now like a real woman. Lina smiled, then clamped my cock between her labia and fucked the cock really hard with her clit while masturbating me. Her thighs trembling with excitement, she fucked me really hard with her clit. I whispered "Now!" and she took my cock in her mouth and made me cum inside. Bolder than yesterday, she swallowed the semen and licked the glans with her lips gen-

tly. She was trembling with excitement, so I gave her a friendly affirmative nod and she masturbated quickly and violently. She gasped and panted with effort and contracted in spasms as the orgasm exploded inside her. Kati gently stroked her hair and praised her, she did everything wonderfully. Kati walked out, Lina sat down to her porn and did her soft clit play. I was relaxed and started to work, I was accomplishing much more than yesterday.

Lina was like changed. The confirmation of Kati was important for her, she masturbated me now every day in our half hour and she did it really perfectly. The days flew by, the weeks and the months. Lina did her clit play twice in the afternoon as before, after letting me cum in her mouth she masturbated to a great exploding orgasm every time. The new school year started, she had to study a lot more and cut the clitplay short, the masturbating of course not.

Kati was no longer with us after that one time. Sometimes she asked if I fucked Lina, but I shook my head, “just squirting in her mouth.” I was perfectly happy with that and because of me, fucking didn’t have to be. And Lina really liked to do it, she enjoyed it as she got hornier and hornier. Kati nodded with satisfaction. She understood very well that I did not want to force the fucking.

After fucking I usually wanted to sleep immediately and now sat dazed next to Kati on the bed. She rummaged out a big envelope, “we should open this together!” It was the paternity test. She skimmed over it and handed it to me. She hugged me and kissed me on the mouth. I was completely overwhelmed.

Lina was my daughter.

I was immediately wide awake. Kati lit two joints, she wanted to talk. I took deep lungfuls, I was literally speechless. Kati nodded smugly. “Now we have it in black and white, I don’t have to guess around anymore. My little girl is going to fuck her daddy, I think that’s good, that’s really good!” I shook my head slowly, we weren’t there yet, not by a long shot, I mumbled in a daze. My head was spinning, and not just from the joint.

I noticed the glint in Kati's eyes. "If you knew how much I would have wanted to be deflowered and fucked by my father back then! But he was strictly against it, that would be wrong, he said every time, he only wanted me to do it to him with my hand. That was also wrong, he said every time after he cum, but only a little bit wrong. I was young, inexperienced and proud of rubbing him. It wasn't until I was pregnant that I just brutally grabbed him, I was really tired of hand rubbing!" Only slowly did it dawn on me what she was saying. "You did...?" I muttered, and she nodded resolutely. "When I was pregnant and Erich abandoned me cold as ice, I clung to what I had not yet achieved. Father sat in his chair every morning, I pulled down his pyama pants and also my panties. I sat down firmly on his morning wood and rode him greedily and brutally. I had rolled over his inhibitions, I had fucked him down. From then on I fucked his morning wood every morning in his chair, even if he couldn't cum every time. He never complained again that it was wrong, he enjoyed being fucked every morning, whether he squirted or not!" I listened wordlessly and sucked in the smoke deeply, "I did not know that," I said.

Kati nodded, she didn't want to bring it up to me, I had enough on my plate myself. I nodded in agreement, that's how it was. I got involved with a fuck-hungry, horny mid-fifties lady back then and was now passed around in her circle of her girlfriends, they were all over 50, some well into their 60s. Kati agreed with me, "you were the sugarsweet dessert of these old harpies, you almost fucked yourself to death!" How right she was. I had fucked the old broads, the strict Catholic prudish married wives, for years in my youth. Young girls didn't interest me, they were inexperienced, boring as rainfall and had no money at all. "I'm glad you gave our old man a few more good months," I muttered, squeezing lovingly Kati's hand. She brought up fucking Lina again, she was really insistent. It would do the little one only good to be fucked, that was her firm conviction. "I wasn't even sure I wanted to fuck my daughter," I muttered in exasperation. I have a daughter, I have a daughter! I threw the last pennies into the conversation. Maybe when she's eighteen, maybe. Kati nodded, though she wasn't so convinced to wait another year to do it. I dozed off.

Lina was in the preparatory year before high school, she was one of the best and sometimes stayed with a classmate in the afternoon to study. When she then sat on my thighs in the late afternoon, she sometimes said that she and the classmate had also fucked the brother, but it didn't happen very often. Lina was incapable of lying, it made no sense to her. I reassured her, being able to lie was not really important in life and if she wanted to fuck a brother then she should do it, that was hundred percent okay with me. She had continued the survey among her classmates, all but 3 girls were no longer virgins in the class, 46% had incest with brothers or fathers. "You were really damn right," she said.

Lina had wanted a dildo from us for her birthday. We were all excited when she unwrapped her gift. I was also allowed to take it in my hand. About the size of my dick, but made of a soft, semi-transparent rubber. It had no motor and no battery, it's not a vibrator, you little silly! With feigned annoyance, Lina explained to her uneducated dad that it was a dildo, which you put in and fuck yourself with your hand. And that it was so soft, that was intended. I didn't even ask how Lina knew all that and I didn't need to ask Kati either, she turned and turned the thing with glittering eyes in her hand and I would have given a goldcoin for her thoughts. I never saw the dildo again, and certainly not in action, Kati and Lina kept that very, very secret from me.

One afternoon, when she had signed off to study with a classmate, she didn't get home until very late in the evening. Kati was about to call her, when Lina came home. She looked into her little girl's face and disappeared into the bathroom with her. She washed her daughter carefully and examined her cunt expertly. The two disappeared naked into our bedroom, giggling. I was about to finish my work for the day when I remembered that Lina had not yet gotten her drops. I brought the sugar cube and the pipette, dribbled the drops onto her fingers and she rubbed her clit with them in a lustful purr. Kati told me to lie down with them, then Lina wouldn't have to report twice. Lina's finger limb twitched on her clit and her thighs trembled a little bit as she told.

They had barely been doing math for 10 minutes when the two brothers, 16 and 15, walked in. The girlfriend had been deflowered by the younger one just a few months ago, they slept due to space constraints both still in the nursery and fucked their brains out every night, she had thrown all her misgivings overboard and fucked with true enthusiasm. The brothers wanted to fuck both of them and Lina had no objections. They fucked all 4 at the same time, one took turns and the girlfriend soon had enough. Now the brothers, buoyed up by pills and drugs, fucked Lina alternately and nonstop until the evening, although Lina was already long exhausted and had enough of fucking. Lina then had finished it energetically and came home. No, it was not rape.

Lina ended the report and looked at my cock, which had become stiff by her meticulously conscientious report. She looked to Kati (and not to me) and asked if she could? Kati nodded, “do you want to make him cum in your mouth or do you want to fuck him?” she asked mischievously. Lina quickly replied with sparkling eyes that she had wanted to fuck me for a long time, but that was when I rebelled and stopped the charade, I’m not going to be bartered away after all. “I’ll squirt in her mouth, definitely” I said emphatically and did not tolerate any contradiction. Kati pulled a pout, but Lina sat down dutifully in front of my cock, masturbated me and swallowed the sperm with delight.

Kati did not let go. She asked Lina why, how and in what way she would like to fuck me. The two little devilgirls discussed me fucking for a long time, but I had already dozed off and soon fell asleep. Kati dragged Lina also next evening in our bedroom, the child should see the normal, peaceful and friendly fucking of adults. I fucked Kati rather listlessly and told her, after Lina had gone to sleep, that I didn’t like it. If she was watching us secretly, that’s okay. But fucking like an amateur-porn-star in front of my curious daughter, that just wasn’t on. I turned to the wall, not waiting for an answer. Period.

With Lina, nothing changed. She masturbated me in the afternoon and swallowed my cum. But Kati had put a bug in her ear, she now talked every day after my squirting about how she imagined fucking me in her nightly phantasies when masturbating. For a week I lis-

tened to her erotic phantasies. Then I told her she could ride me, but afterwards she had to lick the cock and glans nice and clean. She nodded delighted and I explained her the technique of riding.

She closed her eyes, took the cock in her hand and tried to insert it into her fuckhole. "It won't go," she said plaintively, "it's much too thick! I've only had little boy's dicks before, they all go in easily. But I've never had a grown man's cock," she concluded plaintively, the poor darling wouldn't get one now either. I grabbed her hips. "You have to put your weight on it, it goes in easily, for sure!" I encouraged her. She closed her eyes and her eyelids fluttered all excited as she sat down with her weight on my cock. She sighed deeply. "I can feel him, he's going all the way in!" she said laughing, "it feels so strange, he's filling me all the way!" Slowly she began to ride, she did it right from the start. Her thighs trembled ever so slightly and I squirted in. She still sat smiling until my cock shrank. After that we talked for a long time about the fact that she could of course have an orgasm while riding me. It took a few more days, however, before she collapsed against my chest, trembling in orgasm, and then continued until I squirted inside. She was excellent at riding and enjoyed it from the start.

Since then she rides me every afternoon with great passion and licks me afterwards gently and very tenderly. She knows how much I like that. Kati had of course heard it right away from Lina, she was very pleased with me and purred like a sated cat.

A little something has changed and I suspect Kati instigated it. Lina pulls down my pants now and sits directly in front of me on her swivel chair, legs up and spread wide. She no longer watches porn while playing with her clit, she looks at my cock, which slowly and gradually raises its head, because I watch her horny game and trembling thighs. She waits with a horny grin until he is hard as a wood and then comes over to fuck me.

Lina has been fucking me every afternoon for many weeks, her knees and thighs shake like aspen leaves and she jerks violently when her orgasm breaks loose. When I cum, she fucks me very slowly, then puts her face on my neck. "I can feel it when you squirt inside me!"

she whispers sometimes quite moved emotionally. Only rarely does she have to masturbate afterwards, if she didn't have an orgasm while fucking. She never forgets to lick my glans afterwards very gently for minutes, I like that very much. On her days off, Kati lingers in the doorway, happily watching Lina fucking me.

I don't know if it was Kati's idea, but now Lina stands under the door at night, her whole body trembling slightly with horniness after having fucked with her dildo. Whether she may lie down with me, she asks Kati (and not me) and Kati beckons her smiling. Lina covers me up and licks my cock stiff when necessary. I lay on my back and Lina rides me intensely. She collapses over me quite soon and the orgasm makes her cunt and thighs quiver for moments. Then she straightens up again and rides me until I squirt. She always stays on my cock until it gets soft, then she licks and sucks it because I like that a lot. Meanwhile she comes every night to fuck me. Although she is already over 19, she asks Kati for permission every night.

Of course we will fuck in the missionary position one day, that's almost certain. Kati will kneel next to us in bed and praise the righteous heaven and the Great Goddess.

# A widower's Life

by Jack Faber © 2023

I became a widower at 60. My wife, a few years younger than me, died in the hospital within 20 days, breast cancer. I was blown away, our son had just turned 15 and Kati maybe 2 years younger. They were very independent and I was not particularly challenged as a father, everything went like a clockwork. I remember my wife's last words, "Bruno, take care of the children!" and I swore her up and down. We had fucked every night, as it should be, from the wedding night until the day she went into the hospital. We were then both still virgins and didn't know any different as to fuck every night. I never cheated at her and suspect neither did she. I gave up masturbating when we got married, she masturbated every night of her life, from childhood to her last breath. She masturbated obsessively every night from orgasm to orgasm until she was exhausted. We lived a good, unspectacular life.

We had made a special arrangement before the wedding because it was important for her. She loved doing handjobs and blowjobs for her life, she had been doing that for a long time before we got together. I immediately agreed, she would do handjobs or blowjobs to her admirers in our bedroom, and of course she was allowed to get naked, that only turned the admirers on. She promised me high and holy not to fuck with the admirers. I would gladly give her the space, retire to my study and not disturb the two. I should be there the first few times, she said, so I would know what she was doing. I sat on a stool and the two embraced and snuggled naked on the bed, she played with his cock for a very long time before giving him the handjob. To another she made a blowjob at the end of their snuggling, but spit out the semen. I was only supposed to watch another one, because I was actually convinced that she was sticking to our agreement. She had been rubbing his cock for a very long time and came over to me. She whispered that he couldn't squirt like that, he had to stick it in her pussy to cum. I was very unsure, but I didn't want to appear unsure and nodded in agreement, okay! She made him really stiff again with her mouth, then she lay on her back, spread her legs

and pulled her labia apart. She gave him a friendly nod, he mounted her and stuck his cock in her fuckhole. But he still didn't squirt, so she urged him to fuck a little to cum. The poor fool had to fuck for almost three minutes before he finally cum. It was quite uncomfortable for me as I was sitting right in the middle axis looking directly into Ellis' cunt and at the poor guy's fucking cock who had to fuck to cum. Somehow it didn't suit me very well either that he had to fuck my wife for so long, but I didn't let on and nodded that it was fine. Honestly, it bothered me a lot to see a stranger fucking my young wife, but maybe I was a bit conservative there. I didn't really want to watch those handjobs and blowjobs anymore and let Elli do it on her own from now on. I knew how much Elli liked to masturbate and gave her credit for not masturbating during the handjobs or blowjobs, because it wasn't sex, as she correctly noted. We both faithfully kept that agreement.

I dreamed again and again of Elli, my wife. She lay naked on our marriage bed, the small light on, and masturbated in one go, orgasm after orgasm. I always waited with the fucking until she started to orgasm, she loved that very much, to be fucked in orgasm. I tried to keep up, of course, and fucked her even with a semi-stiff during the next orgasms, without being able to squirt again. But we loved each other very dearly and I always wanted to increase her pleasure during orgasm. She had once told me that she had shown our 10-year-old son Karl how to masturbate. They both lay down naked in bed, he sat on her and she masturbated him, I think for months. She was not afraid to describe it to me in full detail. He was of course always allowed to stick his cock in her pussy, she made no secret of that. Sticking his cock in her pussy and squirting inside, oh yes, of course, that he was always allowed, there was really nothing to it. But when I wanted to know if she had also let him fuck regularly, she was persistently silent and looked at me with her unfathomable big eyes. Then I was quite sure that he had fucked her, I was dully jealous, until today. Once it almost came to a heated argument between us. "You must think I'm pretty stupid if you think I'm going to let an 11-year-old fuck me! No, no and no again! He loves to stick his cock in and squirt, he's definitely not fucking me! I stroke his ass cheeks until he squirts. He finds it increasingly difficult to squirt and I press him into my pussy by his ass cheeks, gently I push him rhythmically into

my pussy until he can squirt. He much prefers that than to masturbate and I do not see, that you call it badly! I fuck only and exclusively with you, I have never fucked with anyone else and it stays that way! And finally stop asking me, if I let him fuck. I can't hear it anymore!" It didn't totally convince me, but we never talked about it again. When he turned 11, she asked me not to disturb them both in the bedroom. Every afternoon, the two of them would sneak secretly into our bedroom, but I complied with her request. But once, when he was 17 or 18, I thoughtlessly burst into the bedroom. He fucked her, of course, with delight in her wonderful pussy. I stood transfixed in the doorway until he had squirted inside and she had finished masturbating. Now she noticed me, ran after me hand-wringing and naked into the study and assured me with crocodile tears that it had happened only this time, only once in the heat of the moment. I did not believe a word she said. I only know that until she died, she still let him squirt into her pussy every day, although he had already fucked so many other pussies. I know that from herself. That still outrages me today, because he always fucked her!

When she was dying in the hospital, I sat all day by her side and she told me everything, whispering shameful and softly. That she had secretly given handjobs to particularly persistent admirers, when she sneaked secretly in our bedroom with them, she had mentioned several times at the time, but that there were so many I did not know. I always sat strictly in the study as she had requested and didn't disturb them when she disappeared into our bedroom with an admirer. Of course she let them grope her pussy, and sometimes she lay naked with one of them and liked to let him masturbate her, which not many managed to do. She gave them handjobs and at the end let them stick it in to squirt. Most had to fuck during the squirting because otherwise they could not squirt, but a few minutes at most. She didn't let any one of them fuck her regularly, quite in the same way like she did fuck with me and that was the truth. My goodness, she was dying and it didn't matter now to be annoyed.

Now it was clear that she had fucked with all of them and she just shrugged guiltily when I muttered it quietly to myself. Tears ran down her cheeks, "I cheated on you by the book, every day, I let all of them fuck me!" I dabbed her tears away. I reassured her that it was

always okay with me if she gave them a handjob, it didn't bother me then and it doesn't bother me now. I didn't care how she did the handjobs and if they squirted in her pussy at the end of a handjob. She breathed a sigh of relief because it always bothered her to have done so many handjobs without my knowledge and to have let them fuck while they squirted into. I wiped the handjobs aside, handjobs were not sex after all.

Elli closed her eyes tiredly. She had cheated on Bruno with certainly more than a thousand men in the 25 years of their marriage. Some fucked well, many fucked badly, two handjobs fucked perfectly. She had always lied to Bruno, the simple-minded one, about retreating to the bedroom with her beau to give him a handjob. He nodded understandingly and whispered, "okay, I won't disturb you!" He had always nodded, turned the music up louder in the study, and read the newspapers. Never would he disturb her doing the handjob. He would stand in front of the record player with his headphones over his ears, conducting and she would sneak out the fuckerboy of the day. It was a shame how easily he was led astray. Late in the afternoon Karl would arrive and he was the only one she fucked every day for 12 years now. Tears rolled from her eyes, she would never fuck with Bruno and Karl again. Bruno dabbed the tears from her cheek and whispered that she didn't need to worry, everything would be fine. Elli opened her eyes. There was no need to spill to Bruno the full extent that the truth so nonsensically claimed for itself.

Elli sank back into her twilight sleep. She had done a lot of handjobs and blowjobs in her school days and then, at 19, she fell in love with Bruno for the first time in her life. It was also the first time being in love for him, he had never been with a girl before, had never fucked. She had decided to marry him, who was 10 years older than her, on the spot, offering him financial security and great wealth. He quit his job at the city government, they went to Venice for their honeymoon and Elli was happy all around. Bruno was excellent at fucking, he was a frequent squirter and quickly learned to mount her during her nightly orgasms and squirt at the right moment. The first craze was over after 10 weeks, now she wanted to test the deal. Bruno jerked uncomfortably in his chair as she let him watch the handjob

and blowjob. After all, he agreed and it was okay with him, this wasn't sex.

But he winced when she told him the poor guy would have to squirt in her pussy at the end of the handjob. He nodded and clenched his teeth as the guy fucked Elli and squirted in. He didn't want to watch anymore, though, and made it clear that this wasn't sex either. That's not sex, no way! Sex they both made with each other at night when he fucked her when she orgasmed, that was the sex for them. They both held on to the fact that fucking at the end of the handjob was not sex, not real sex. Elli was very satisfied because she could now fuck as often as she wanted and always pass it off as the end of the handjob. Bruno rarely burst into the bedroom and would just nod, "Aha!" or mutter, "just finish the handjob!" when they were in the middle of fucking. As smart, well-read, and educated as Bruno was, she was glad he remained a simpleton when it came to her fucking.

When she was no longer allowed to fuck him by the doctor during the pregnancies, she took the housekeeper to the marital bed. She did not tolerate any contradiction, Bruno had to fuck the housekeeper until he had emptied his semen. The housekeeper hadn't fucked since she was a teenager and was insanely shame-filled to now be fucked by the master on the mistress's orders, and the mistress would sit nearby and maybe scold her if she didn't do it right. The housekeeper turned her head to the side and covered her face, she was terribly ashamed to be fucked by the master in front of his wife. But the mistress had specifically ordered the fucking, she could not refuse. She waited patiently with her legs spread like a lamb until the master mounted her again after a short break, fucked her powerfully and squirted inside. It was usually only after 2 or 3 hours over, until he had fucked enough. Bruno had to keep fucking the housekeeper for weeks after the birth, until Elli was allowed to fuck again. He was crestfallen because he had to cheat on his wife with the housekeeper, but there Elli remained unbending. Therefore, since she was present, it was not a case of cheating. She had to make sure that her husband had someone to fuck every night.

Her girlfriends visited her at her bedside. She told them all to let Bruno fuck them when she was no longer. The girlfriends resisted at first, as most of them were faithful wives, they had never fucked anyone but their husbands. Still, Elli managed to get almost all of them to promise to let her fuck the poor guy, and they did, for years. It was a promise they had made to a dead girlfriend, so it was no real carnal sin, no real adultery.

For Elli it had always been something special to fuck with Karl's school friends. They were quite cute boys from 11 to 18 and it was the virgin ride for most of them. She was so touched by how shy and devout the sweet little ones were when she let them in on the secrets. They all wanted to fuck and fuck until they were completely exhausted. Again tears rolled down the cheeks of the terminally ill, tears of emotion and sweet memories.

But what was really with Karl, I still wanted to know. In the beginning she had told me the full truth, she taught him to masturbate for a few months and masturbated him for months with her fist. First he squirted on her breasts, but already in the first days he discovered that in-the-mouth-squirting. "I let him squirt in my mouth for the next months, I swallowed his semen and sucked his little cock with very nice feelings. He was supposed to masturbate himself after months, but he refused. He wanted to fuck me like Daddy, he saw that while spying. I scolded him that he was not allowed to spy and if he promised not to spy anymore, he would be allowed to stick his cock in. He promised it and put his cock in my cunt. He widened his eyes anxiously as he penetrated for the first time with his little hard-on. He blinked excitedly and without moving, he squirted. Inside. He looked at me as if he had done something forbidden. I took the little cock in my mouth and rubbed him. He is like you, my Bruno, a frequent squirter, I often had to make him squirt four or five times back then. But the squirting while sticking it in my pussy only worked for a week, then I pressed him against my body and caressed his ass cheeks with my hand to squirt, but that didn't work at all. I reached under his ass cheeks, stroked and caressed his little sack and rubbed the root of his small dick. That worked well, I had to repeat that every day and he liked that very much, to squirt in this way in my cunt. But even that only worked for a while, then I grabbed his ass cheeks

and pushed him in and out until he squirted. He liked that even better and started making real fucking motions. When he was 11, I let him fuck, really fuck and squirt inside, until today. Every year his cock got bigger and bigger, he very soon learned to fuck me when I orgasmed, like you do. I do not regret it, he fucked me wonderfully every afternoon and then you fucked me at night. I know it must hurt you, but I never intended to hurt you. If you can, forgive me and forgive Karl, he was innocent in all this.” Of course I forgave her and she died in peace. Karl, however, became more and more alienated to me, but I was never angry with him, I had promised Elli.

I was completely beat up by grief, but after 2 months I was half-way back. I hadn't fucked in 2 months and the need was making itself urgently felt. I had not masturbated for 45 years and did not really want to. Remained only Erika, my neighbor. She lived alone, she was no great mind and not a bit pretty. A rather unhandsome 60-year-old, and she was the only woman within a radius of 20 meters, I didn't look any further. When the children were in bed in the evening, I scurried one door further, to Erika. She was very surprised, I had never visited her home before. I said straight out what I wanted.

She giggled and said she didn't want to be fucked, she preferred to masturbate instead. She had let herself be fucked by the farmhand on the farm when she was 14, but her Jockl had moved on after 14 days. There was now no Jockl and no more farm anymore. Since then, no man has looked at her, not a single one. So, she didn't want to let me fuck her, she much preferred to masturbate. I slowly and deliberately undressed her until she stood naked in front of me. She repeated with each garment I removed that she definitely didn't want to fuck, but she didn't resist at all until I had her completely undressed. “Are we going to fuck on the kitchen bench or inside?”, I asked and she said she really didn't want to be fucked, she much preferred to masturbate. Her fingers played with her little clit, but her hand pointed at the kitchen bench. I looked at her closely. She was small and fat, her breasts hung down to her belly button like sad melons. She had quite thick dark pubic hair. Her face was old and wrinkled and very morose. She allowed herself to lie down on the wooden kitchen bench without resistance, and of course she affirmed that she didn't

want to fuck at all, she'd rather masturbate. But at the same time she had laid down as I expected in fucking position. She began to masturbate instantly, fast and very practiced. She tore her big cow eyes wide open and nervously licked her lips as I determinedly penetrated the masturbating woman.

I fucked her normally, as I was used to, and squirted after a short while. We got up, got dressed without a word and I went back to my place. I had told Erika I would come tomorrow at the same time. So it was, I went to her every night, I fucked her unspectacularly as she masturbated, and that was it. For four years, every evening. At first she had told me that since the Jockl affair she had been masturbating every night, orgasm after orgasm until she fell asleep from exhaustion. I often watched her masturbate orgasm after orgasm for hours, I mounted her from time to time and she would tear her cow eyes wide open and stopped masturbating for a moment when I squirted inside her, that was always surprising for her. Unfortunately she got sick, some women's-cunt thing and she wasn't allowed, she couldn't fuck anymore. I lay in my bed unsatisfied and the urge tormented me.

I crept from apartment to apartment begging to fuck or be fucked. I was almost never indignantly rejected, they took my cock in their hands and rubbed the foreskin indignantly until I squirted. I sneaked around in the mornings and afternoons, getting handjob after handjob. Even the old, vicious dragons softened up and made me grinning a handjob. Most of Ellis's former girlfriends let me fuck them in the dark anteroom after short hesitation. None of them was a hooker, but a faithful married wife who made an exception for me, the poor widower. Of course, they all knew that Elli had been fucking around like a worldchampion and that I was sitting unsuspectingly in the study and was not allowed to enter the bedroom while she was happily fucking her beau inside. I was considered by everyone to be an incredibly faithful husband who was probably the biggest simpleton in the entire apartment block and probably also still believed in the Easter Bunny and Santa Claus. You just had to help such a poor guy in his time of sexual need, didn't you? However, we never had time for decent foreplay, it always had to be quick-fast. Ellis girlfriends were always ready to make an exception, they pulled me wordlessly

into the anteroom, dropped the dress and fucked me standing up. Most face to face with lots of French kissing, a few shameful just from behind. Hardly a handful got an orgasm under these circumstances. Many hugged me intimately before I squirted and whispered that I was welcome to squirt inside, some lowered their heads fearfully and clenched their teeth when I squirted in. They were obviously unsure if they could get pregnant. They were always very bashful afterwards, so I quickly left. There were good days when I could fuck several of them. My usual yield was mostly a handjob and a fuck. One had her little daughter, about three years old, standing next to us sucking her thumb excitedly. An other let herself be fucked only in the corridor, pulling the apartment door shut because the husband was asleep inside. An ancient woman struggled up the stairs, the elevator as sometimes defective. She stopped beside us, panting and short of breath, nodding friendly and half-calling, "Yes, do her, make her a baby!" and when I squirted, "Yes, that's fine, just squirt inside!" But that didn't stop us from fucking. It bothered me more to fuck standing up and do it as quickly as possible, I sometimes felt like a burglar. It was especially funny with the female dwarf Erni. She was not more than 1.20m tall and was quite happy to be fucked. She stood on the shoe box, pulled her dress over her head and then I was allowed to fuck her naked. I had thought before that, she must have a much too small pussy, but her pussy was surprisingly big enough.

Once a young girl opened for me. "The mother not there?" I asked hypocritically and took the cock in my hand. She shook her head no, she was home alone and stared unblinkingly at my cock. She let me into the anteroom and closed the door. She looked curiously at my cock, could she eventually touch it? Yes, of course, and after a while she asked what I preferred, handjob, blowjob or real fucking? "Fucking," I said immediately, "real fucking!" Melanie was not pretty, an ugly brat in the middle of puberty and she claimed to be 16 already, but I didn't believe her. She was no longer a virgin, she said, she had fucked for real once before, but that was a long time ago. She dropped her pants and panties, put her hands to the wall, facing the wall and stuck out her skinny ass. I came only infinitely laboriously into her little cunt, I had to wet her cunt with my spit. I fucked her slowly and deliberately, she said over her shoulder "but don't squirt

inside!” and I continued undaunted. I squirted the first juicy jet inside her and she immediately pulled out my cock, letting me splash on the floor. My cock was still standing like a guardsman. “You have to fuck me again, don’t you?” asked Melanie with a silly grin over the shoulders redundantly. I fucked her a second time and she was so excited that she forgot to pull out the cock in time. I honestly didn’t care if she got pregnant from my squirting inside or not, as she had an orgasm every time I squirted inside. I didn’t see it ever, but I think she masturbated while we fucked, triggering the orgasm at the exact moment I squirted into her fuckhole with thick, rich jets. Her skinny asscheeks trembled violently in orgasm. I questioned her a bit, she had had her virginity taken at a wild boozing party in the parking lot when she was 13, fast and hasty, the boy fucked her very briefly and then squirted all inside, but since then she hasn’t found anyone to fuck again. Since her early childhood, she masturbated when going to sleep so many times until she fell asleep from exhaustion. We fucked for several more days, I squirted inside quite easily and left the cock inside her tight pussy to fuck the second time right away. Pulling out was apparently not so important anymore, making the orgasm at the right time was. On the way out she said listlessly each time, “but no more squirting inside tomorrow!” Unfortunately, that was also over after a few weeks until I met Alice. The urging of my loins became almost unbearable.

I was dead unhappy and went door to door, rattled off the next apartments. The first three women looked pretty stupid, although I asked very friendly and with clear words. They gave me a hand job, just for the hell of it, with a scowl on their morose faces and more or less kindly threw me out. The fourth, Alice, listened well and asked me in, offered me a coffee. It was a horrible instant brew, but I hadn’t actually come for the coffee. She listened attentively and wanted to know a bit about my background as a widower. In the end she wanted to see my cock, that was no problem and she weighed it examining in her hand, she played with it skillfully. She didn’t masturbate him, but she gently pulled the foreskin back and forth over the glans until I squirted into her hand. Alice just smiled, “you really needed it badly!” Then she nodded, all right! I just had to follow certain rules. I was not allowed to come here until 20 to 1 o’clock and not stay longer than 20 minutes. Her husband left at exactly 12:30 at

noon, on the minute. She needed 10 minutes to wash her pussy because he usually fucked her at noon, on the minute. And then her two children came home from school, by which time I had to be long gone. I was only allowed to fuck Alice from behind, that was the second rule. Later I found out what the reason was: she had an amputated breast and nobody was allowed to see that. She couldn't have any more children, so I was allowed to squirt inside at will without hesitation. I breathed a sigh of relief, she seemed to me to be a down to earth person, reasonably pretty and eager to be fucked. She was rather not slutty, she just didn't have many options and occasions as a housewife and mother. That I had no one to fuck but her would have been the third rule, but it was not necessary she said. I wouldn't have followed rule 3 anyway, because in all those years I often sneaked mornings to fuck the midget Erni or young Melanie when she skipped school. Alice became a long fuck affair, 6, almost 7 years, until I went to the nursing home.

Tomorrow I was to come for the first time, 20 to 1 sharp, freshly showered. I nodded happily, it's a deal! I was on time and quietly scurried in. She had only a light silk robe on, she smelled fresh and good. She was smaller than me, slightly plump and I could catch a furtive glimpse of her (one) breast, it was a nice breast. I thought at the time that she must be around 30, but she was already 36. She had put a pillow on the kitchen table and lay down with her upper body on the pillow. She flipped up the back of her robe, spread her legs and stuck her ass out. "The clock is ticking, good man," she said smiling, and I dropped my pants. I grabbed her ass cheeks and slowly penetrated her shaved pussy. She sighed contentedly and I began to fuck her from behind. I was very ravenous and full of pent-up juice and was squirting after only a short time. "No, leave it inside until I'm done," she murmured and I dutifully followed. Only when she had finished masturbating and stood up after her orgasm, I pulled my cock out. That's about how it went with Alice and me for over 6 years, once or twice a week she would masturbate much longer than usual and I could fuck her for a second time. It was a great pity that I aged so fast and had to go to the old people's home.

I don't even know anymore if I prompted her or if it came from her, anyway my little Kati was lying in my bed. She immediately no-

ticed the stiff cock and carefully took off my pajama pants. "Shall I?" asked Kati, "I've done it once before," she added. I nodded godly and she masturbated me cross-legged. In the middle of it, she stopped and took off her pajamas. I peeked at her slit, which was clearly visible while cross-legged. She continued to masturbate me with her little fist and asked several times if I would not rather fuck her? I was totally horrified, that would not do at all, that would be completely wrong. She asked with a grin if rubbing my cock wouldn't be wrong too? I stuttered around, yes, yes, but only a little bit wrong. So it came to pass that she masturbated me every night for the next few weeks and wanted to fuck me, asking every day. All her friends had already been deflowered and were fucking their brothers or fathers. I still stuck with it, for me it would be wrong.

One evening she beamed all over her face as she masturbated me. She was finally no longer a virgin, not anymore thanks God! I asked of course and she said that Karl had done it finally yesternight, her older brother. I said nothing about it, that was a private matter of the two, that was none of my business.

The two fucked from noon until late at night. I sometimes stuck my head in the children's room, whether they were already finished and if Kati came to masturbate. It did not bother the two at all when fucking that I sometimes watched their fucking for 10 minutes or sometimes longer. She came very late to masturbate me, but she had beautiful red cheeks and was cheerful as never before. She tried every time before masturbating me, if my cock would go into her fuckhole, but she gave up, it was too thick. But after a few days she managed to put my cock deep inside her fuckhole. I didn't want to fuck her though, I thought that it was wrong. She pulled it half out then and masturbated me, in the end she let it all squirt inside. She always did that from now on.

At 16 she went to work in the hospital, she wanted to become a nurse. It was fine with me, I could afford the school fees. Karl was now for days on the road, he had a whole bunch of old broads to fuck, Kati said. She now slept all night with me in the marriage bed, masturbated me at night and in the morning when I had a morning wood. I was satisfied all around.

When your dick is satisfied, the devil crawls up your ass in secret. Oh no, that's not from me, that's an old Mongolian or Hawaiian saying, maybe a Belgian one. Anyway, it was so beautifully peaceful, it could have gone on so well. Karl was plowing in the fields of old greedy broads, Kati was desperately in love with her primary doctor and lay with me late at night and in the morning to make me cum.

Kati was pregnant. The primary doctor wanted the abortion, Kati did not, no way! He served her ice cold off, no more talk of divorce, no more desire to marry Kati. Kati lay in bed crying for days, she also didn't want to masturbate me with her hand anymore. She sat down wildly determined on my cock and fucked me mercilessly. She wanted it, she needed it, she insisted. No more masturbating, only fucking! That it was wrong, we both knew, but it was no longer an issue to talk about. She fucked me every day, once or twice, and she didn't care that I often couldn't squirt anymore. She had decided to move into one of my sister's vacant apartments and complete her education there far away. My sister was a widow, but had been filthy rich ever since. We had little contact, living on different planets. I could never have killed my wife for the money, — after all, we had been living off her enormous dowry since the wedding.

After Kati moved out, I went to a retirement home and signed over our apartment to Karl. I had grown old quickly and stuck to the old broads in the old people's home, there were enough of them, horny as hell. For a while I was friends with a cleaner, the petite Asian girl came every Sunday evening to fuck me for a fifty bill. Her name was Lin or Li, I didn't hear that good enough, she could be 20 as well as 40, she never answered that question. She was strictly married and could only on Sundays because her husband went to gamble in the gambling hall. She fucked outrageously well and she said that I had to fuck her twice in a row for the fifty bill. Actually, she fucked me in my chair like Kati had fucked me, riding my old warrior very well. She rode me with a shame filled and passionate expression on her face and made me cum wonderfully. She stayed on my soft cock, whispered dirty things in my ear and rubbed her clit until my cock was stiff again from watching and feeling her soft clitplay. After that she fucked me a second time and now the clitplay brought her an orgasm. I loved the way she orgasmed. She curled up and pressed her

forehead to my chest. Her abdomen twitched for seconds, her pussy squeezed my cock and she made soft sounds like a kitten. She continued to ride me until I squirted a few sad drops. After almost a year she said adieu, she was assigned somewhere else to work. She was saddened like me, because it was an easily earned fifty bill.

I then stuck to the old broads again, and the staff didn't look or looked the other way, when I had a hand up an old lady's skirt. I sighed, being old is not a nice thing.

Kati brought her daughter Lina with her when she visited me, a sweet, wild little girl. One day she'll be just as randy and in heat as my wife was. She's got that sexual desires from her.

# Children's Games

by Jack Faber © 2023

As usual, I sat in my armchair in the study, reading a good book and keeping an eye on the bed in the nursery next room. My granddaughter Lina, not quite 13 yet, and the two neighbor daughters, 12 and 11, were romping all over the house during their summer vacation. They played "Dress Up" and I old fool tore my eyes open when the girls undressed- and then dressed again. I was by God no ped-erast, but to look at young, naked girls just does my eyes good.

This went on for days. The screaming of the children did not bother me at all, I let my eyes wander happily, naked children at that age are always pretty to look at. They sometimes played another exciting game, "Catch and Tickle". There all three ran naked through the house, shrieking with delight. Until two of them got together and "caught" the third one. The third was dragged by the two into the children's room and "held captive" on the bed. There was then pro forma a small scuffle, at the end of which the prisoner let herself be held by the arms and willingly spread her legs. Now came the "tickling." That meant tickling the pussy and especially the clit of the prisoner, that was fun to watch!

The tickling always ended with the tickling of the captive's clit, which more and more often turned into real clit rubbing. The youngest allowed it only briefly, her legs twitched briefly and she broke free. But the two bigger ones masturbated each other properly and I held my breath when the captive came to orgasm. Then they jumped up and the wild chase continued. One day I beckoned my granddaughter Lina to me after the playmates had left.

She stepped up to me unabashedly, grandpa was part of the inventory after all. I stroked lightly over the naked girl's body, very lightly over the light blond fuzz on her pubic mound. I questioned her about the game and she nodded, of course tickling the captive's clit until it exploded. She rolled her eyes in feigned exasperation, "Grandpa, it's all part of the game!" and smiled pityingly because I old fool knew so

nothing about the tickle play. I asked her directly and when she didn't immediately understand the word masturbate, I rubbed her clit once.

She turned all red and stammered, "I don't know if I'm allowed to tell you that!"

I nodded reassuringly, "I am your grandpa after all, of course you can tell me!"

She finally nodded. "I do it every night before I go to sleep, but at first I only do it until just before the explosion, and then when I've had enough, I do it until the real explosion. Then I can stop and go right to sleep." She immediately answered my question, "I've been doing it since forever, Flora too." That was the neighbor's older daughter. "Flora and I, we both like to rub the other to the point of explosion, we're allowed to do that, aren't we?" I nodded, of course they are. "And," she continued, "is it true that your cock gets hard from watching us and then you have to rub it, as Flora claims?" I nodded a little unhappily, it's true, but Flora didn't see it? "She claims to have seen it, but I don't believe her," Lina said. I replied that Flora couldn't have seen it at all, because I only do it when they're gone again. This was an outrageous lie because mostly I secretly rubbed my cock when the girls masturbated each other or masturbated themselves. From then on, I took my cock in my hand and rubbed it very lightly without squirting as I watched the girls masturbate each other or masturbate themselves.

"And the little one?" asked I and Lisa shrugged contemptuously. "She's still too little, she doesn't dare and is afraid of exploding. Even though Flora had already done it right to her x-times, had done right to the point of exploding, she's just too cowardly!"

This was informative all around, and I promised not to tell anyone about it, that was a given, I said. And now, of course, she knew that I was watching their games. It seemed to me afterwards that she was making an effort to demonstratively show me grinning the tickling and especially the masturbating. Flora and Lina had from now on sometimes "as punishment" right afterwards again to masturbate

themselves. Lina stared into my eyes or at my cockrubbing with a grin, distorted by the efforts, as she raced to orgasm. At least, I had the impression.

My daughter had taken in an au-pair-girl, she was 16, named Audie and came from Belgium. She spoke our language perfectly as her mother was from here. My school French was so bad after 55 years that I gave up after the first few attempts. Audie did go to high school, but she wasn't very bright. When daughter and grandson went to the playgroup in the afternoon, Audie had 2 to 3 hours free and she loved to come to me to gossip. I soon found out that her favorite thing to talk about was love and being in love, romance and sex. It took a few days for her to sit on my lap and talk directly into my ear because I seemed to be so hearing impaired.

It's a special situation when a cute 16 year old in a light summer dress sits on your lap, puts her arms around your neck and talks in your ear. I'm just saying this so you can see for yourself.

Audie told all about her first love. She had learned from her sweetheart to give him a handjob and dutifully did it all week long. Unfortunately, the love was over after a week, it was very, very sad. I had already put my hand on her thigh from the beginning, very inconspicuously. I asked her if she got it from him too, but she didn't understand right away. I let my hand slide up her inner thigh and touched her panties, just very lightly. She turned bright red and shook her head, no, no, no! She only did that herself, but if he had wanted to, he would have been allowed to. I smiled kindly, I see! The August heat was getting to her, my hand on her panties was getting all sweaty. "It's too hot, why don't you take off your dress, I'm just sitting here in my boxer shorts," I said kindly. She laughed brightly. "Yes, I can even feel that!" she laughed, "he's always all stiff, I can feel that!" It went back and forth for a while, then she stood up and took off her dress. Now she was sitting on my lap in her panties, on top of my boxers, and I was picking up the thread again. She passed over the fact that my hand was on her inner thighs, on her panties.

"So, you would have had René do it, is that right?" I asked, taking the thread in my hand. She didn't answer right away. "Yes, if he had

known how to do it. He was allowed to fondle my Mouchette, after all, but that was unfamiliar territory for him.” Audie chuckled softly. “After all, I gave him a handjob all the time, so it would have been only fair if he did the same for me. But I don’t think René knew how to do it with a woman.” She mused on two minutes and shook her head. “No, he certainly didn’t know how we girls do it.” That sounded very clear, very plain. “And you didn’t want to show it to him?” I asked and she shook her head, masturbating was something very private after all, you don’t just show it. “Later, yes, later I would have shown it to him and had him do it, but our time was too short for that.” I had to get away from the subject of René quickly and asked if the girls in Belgium only did it in secret or if they talked about it freely? I had easily pushed René aside, she answered right away. With her best friends she talked openly about it, there were no secrets. Like her friends, she only did it secretly; it had to be kept secret in the family, too. Audie had no reservations and in the next hour she told me how she masturbated, when she masturbated and how often she did. I nodded seriously, I took her seriously and treated her like an adult. This did her good, I noticed immediately.

Days later — we talked a lot about my sexual experiences — I asked her at the right time in the right situation if I could touch her Mouchette? She smiled in surprise, but immediately took off her panties. I touched her pussy and she let me explore everything. I asked her quite surprised that she was no longer a virgin, whether René .... ? She shook her head and was very sad. I did not ask further, I played with her labia and clit, but only play, because she would not let me masturbate her, she only did that before falling asleep. I understand, that was okay.

Audie came back to the subject herself. She was not a virgin anymore and that was the reason why she was here. I listened carefully, she told the story herself. A few months ago her brother Richard had caught her masturbating, he waited with a shabby grin until she calmed down after the orgasm and only now made his presence known. He had brutally torn her hymen, fucked her for minutes and squirted into her. She was devastated, but not because she was afraid of pregnancy, she didn’t have her period yet and knew that even her mother didn’t get her period until she was 19. Richard snuck into her

bedroom every night and fucked her for over three months. Then the mother caught him, there were dozens of slaps and the father beat the shit out of him. Then the mother got her this job, far away from Richard.

This was conversation material for the next few days. I listened well and attentively because it made her increasingly relieved to talk about Richard's rape. I was stroking her pussy and clit when she reached down, touching my stiff cock through the fabric. "Can I caress it too, that would only be fair?" she asked shyly smiling. What was I supposed to say? I nodded and she took it out. She definitely didn't masturbate me, but she very gently pulled the foreskin back and forth until I squirted. "Oh, pardonnez moi!" she said with a very red head, wiping her hand on my boxers.

I wrapped it back up in my shorts. We talked about it and I said I didn't enjoy it much with the hand, I preferred real fucking. She nodded and I could tell she was mentally going to cancel the handjob. "I go over to Mrs. Weber's once or twice a week, that's enough for me, I'm not 20 anymore!" She was very surprised. "The Mrs. Weber, from across the corridor?" she asked, shuddering. I nodded. "Don't judge too hastily, Audie! She used to be a beautiful woman, she had the greatest men on her dance card, and she was one of the best high-class whores in town back then!" I saw Audie nod and think hard. "How do you think she can afford to live in luxury now?" I asked provocatively, and she didn't answer. "I could hardly have afforded the Weber back then, but now she's no beauty anymore and is glad of any man who comes to fuck her." I hung to my thoughts and Audie left.

Naturally, fucking the Weber was the new topic. "You don't forget ever how to fuck," I reassured Audie, "you just don't get as athletic and limber as you used to, that's all." I wasn't wearing my boxers today, she was sitting on my lap and we were both naked. I said if she wanted to rub my cock I wouldn't mind, it was just true that I actually preferred the real fucking. She was impressed how close we had gotten and then also asked if she could give me a hand job, it was really quite stiff now. That afternoon she gave me two handjobs and let me masturbate her clit properly. I stopped in time before her orgasm

broke loose, because I figured that's how she wanted it. We talked about fucking and masturbating all afternoon.

Saturday and Sunday Audie didn't have the day off, I went over to Mrs. Weber on both days. Coming back Audie winked at me and thumbs up. Monday she sat on my lap again in the afternoon. She had thought a lot over the weekend, she said, she didn't want to give me a handjob, she wanted to fuck me. I was honestly surprised, I didn't expect that. But she said that in our conversations she could clearly see and put aside the shit with Richard and she had no qualms about fucking me. I would have helped her so much with the Richard-thing and would have said, yes, that I would rather have the fucking than the handjob. I kept quiet. She started firing me up with tongue kisses and I got her clit going at the same time. I pointed my chin at the couch and she went and laid down, ready in fuck position. I shook my head smiling, I down, you up! She understood instantly, she mounted me and sat on my cock sighing deeply. Her vagina was very tight, warm and already very wet. She lay down on me with her upper body, with her small breasts and then she fucked me. She pressed her clit on my cock, up and down, as discussed before. She had to fuck me for a very long time and I was really glad that my erection lasted the whole time. I had already shot my powder with Mrs. Weber and still held my erection until the end. Audie trembled and sank on top of me in orgasm. After a few seconds, however, she dutifully continued and after a long time I squirted a few sad drops. Audie kept fucking me until my cock went soft.

Just so you can imagine. Audie, the 17 year old Belgian, was actually slim, only her hips were already very womanly. Her breasts were as small as bee stings and quite pointed, she had only a delicate dark fuzz above her slit. Her vagina was very tight, warm and moist, the small clit was completely hidden under the foreskin. She lay with her upper body on top of me, her face was on my chest and I caressed her head, hair and face. Her round ass was rising and falling in a good rhythm and she was straining to press the clit onto my cock.

Audie fucked me every afternoon for a full four weeks. She had to experiment for a few days until she got the pressing technique of the clit on my cock right. She sank down on top of me sighing in orgasm,

twitching and shaking. But she dutifully kept going until I cum or my cock went soft. She was really excited about fucking and I regretted that I no longer had the manhood of a 20 year old, we could have fucked three times as often.

Over the weekend I saved myself a visit to Mrs. Weber and Monday Audie fucked me again. She had found fun in fucking, she always got an orgasm now and we talked a lot about sex, fucking and masturbating again. But we were sloppy. One day, Audie was just working her way back to my cock after her orgasm, I caught sight of the three naked girls under the door of the children's room. We stopped immediately. My granddaughter Lina, close to tears, ran back to the nursery. Shit, big shit!

Lina was a real beast, I was to find out over the next few days. Audie had left, the neighbors daughters had left and I was reading my book. Lina came out of the nursery naked and sat provocatively on my lap. She got to the point pretty soon. I should fuck her, after all she was already almost 14 and all her girlfriends had been already deflowered, most from the brother, some from the father. All fucked already in all secrecy, except her, she had neither brother nor father who could deflower and fuck her. After all, she said, I was her grandpa, not Audie's grandpa. I shook my head decisively, she was my granddaughter, of my blood, I would no more fuck her than I never fucked her mother! I remained hard and unyielding. Lina bitterly drew a pout and left again. It was not going to end well.

Of course I lied to Lina. I had fucked with her mother Kati, for many years. She slept with me in the marital bed since the death of my wife, her mother. She started rubbing my cock very gently and inexperienced, on the first days she pulled the foreskin back and forth very carefully until it squirted. It was only months later that she masturbated me with her fist. She was very surprised that I needed it in the morning too, of course she didn't know what a morning wood was at that time. But she pushed the foreskin gently and delicately back and forth, asking each time if I wouldn't rather fuck her, like a real woman? I refused, I just couldn't imagine it at the time. She asked every time when she cuddled up to me and masturbated, she already liked to masturbate very much back then. (I saw for the first

time at Kati's how a girl really masturbates. No kidding — my wife masturbated every night, but she never let me watch. She made no secret of the fact that she was masturbating, but she never showed it to me. Of course I felt her rubbing, I was allowed to hug her, caress her face or her breasts. But I was not allowed to touch her “down there” while she was masturbating. And always in the darkened bedroom. So that's how to explain my special curiosity.) One day Kati lay down beaming at me, she was finally no longer a virgin, her brother Karl had deflowered and fucked her. I said nothing about it, that was her private matter. She fucked Karl in the afternoon and told me that she enjoyed it insanely. She had started her training as a nurse and had fallen in love with her boss. She now left Karl alone, who had his hands full fucking a whole group of older ladies one by one. One day Kati came home crying. She was pregnant and refused the abortion that the boss demanded, that would be murder in her eyes. The handsome boss dropped his mask, there was no more talk of him divorcing and marrying Kati. He dropped her coldly, the next student nurse was for sure already waiting. I comforted Kati as best I could. She was no longer willing to give me handjobs, she wanted to fuck me. I still resisted, because it was wrong, but she put me naked in my armchair, sat on my cock and rode me. I didn't protest anymore, I liked it insanely, even though it was wrong. She was only the second woman I fucked, I had entered the marriage as a virgin. She rode me until her belly became too fat. When I had cum, she stayed on my lap and masturbated with much passion. She had a huge sexual appetite during the pregnancy and masturbated quite often. I got an erection watching her and she fucked me mercilessly even when I couldn't squirt anymore. I fucked her in missionary position when her belly had become too fat, and we had sex much more often than many newlyweds. When Lina was born, she moved to the other capital to an apartment my sister had offered her. My sister had married a rich man and was now a wealthy widow. I had little contact with my sister, because I was very insecure about the rumors that she had killed her husband for money. In any case, I would have believed that she had done it. I moved in with Kati and Lina, I was a good substitute grandmother and Kati was able to complete her training as a graduate nurse. Kati masturbated already two days after delivery, we fucked again two weeks later. She had almost the same sexual appetite as during her pregnancy. We fucked every day before going to

sleep, but Kati still had to masturbate afterwards, she just needed that. She only had a few one night stands, this was not hers and she only did it for the man's sake. I then lay on the couch and listened to their fucking. When Lina was about 9 years old, I stopped fucking Kati on a daily basis. She, too, only wanted to fuck irregularly. In the meantime, I had contacted Mrs. Weber, who had been a good friend of my wife. That she sometimes let her lovers mount my wife with relish grinning, I learned only after my wife had died. My wife was not really a cheater, it was only due to the alcohol and the mood, that she let herself be fucked by the Weber's lovers. I was not angry with her even in retrospect and would have grudged it to her even while she was alive if she had said a single word about it. I had fucked only with my wife until then, I never noticed the temptations. Now I sometimes went to Mrs. Weber to fuck, but otherwise I stuck to letting Kati fuck me on a case-by-case basis. — I've pretty much digressed now, so back to the story at hand.

One day Audie was gone. I immediately asked my daughter and she admitted to sending her home. I would already know why, she said. I probed. Lina had revealed to her that Audie fucked me every afternoon. It wasn't me fucking Audie, she was fucking me, Lina pointed out. I was very upset and chided her that Lina had only returned the favor because I had refused her. My daughter widened her eyes anxiously. Lina was going to...? I regretted my outburst, but I added that apparently her girlfriends were no longer virgins and were happily fucking, so Lina didn't want to stand back, and I was the only man in the household. I had rejected her.

The mood was poisoned in the next period. Lina, my daughter and I went out of our way. I went to Mrs. Weber now two or three times a week and reacted off. She had been a beautiful woman until her accident — malicious people said, until a jealous lover cut her face with a knife - but now ugly scars marred her face. Her figure had remained admirably beautiful even in her late 50s, her breasts amazingly firm and her cunt artfully shaved. She loved to fuck and took care of her orgasm herself. She had only a handful of admirers left and for some unknown reason she had taken me to her heart. Maybe because she used to be friends with my wife and shared many a lover with her, as I learned after her death. It no longer scratched me, I was now the

Linus-darling of Mrs. Weber and she was delighted with my second springtime.

*Mrs. Weber had really taken touchingly care of me after Alma's death. She beckoned me every afternoon and most evenings in her apartment to fuck me lovingly. I was very grateful to her for this, because it allowed me to forget my deep grief for a few hours. During this time she told me everything, with death her obligation to remain silent expired.*

*Alma had caught her after her accident — she always said accident — and spent every free minute with her, sometimes staying overnight. She didn't want to see anyone else or fuck a man. A lesbian relationship developed between the two of them and I had to keep interrogating — I had no idea about that side of Alma! But Mrs. Weber affirmed, Alma loved the lesbianism very much and thus helped her a lot to kindle her will to live, otherwise she might have killed herself. I wanted to know everything in detail, of course. "We just did normal girl sex in the beginning, cuddling and kissing naked on the bed, fondling the breasts and pussy, touching the clit only gently. In the beginning, each only masturbated herself, later we masturbated each other." Ms. Weber smiled inscrutably. "None could masturbate me as sensitively and gently as Alma," she said, smiling, "and I've been masturbated by so many." I nodded, when Alma did something it had to be perfect. "Alma was all over the ninth cloud when I taught her to fuck clit-to-clit. She had a much smaller clit than me and could never fuck me well. She much preferred to let me fuck her, and we did that until the lesbian period ended." Finally, weeks after the bandages were removed, finally she dared to start fucking again. Gradually, Alma was able to leave her alone with the lover.*

*I had to interject again and again. Yes, of course Alma was in on the philandering, Mrs. Weber was always panic-stricken about getting pregnant. I guess I didn't understand correctly, she was a noble-whore, wasn't she? Now she laughed heartily. Yes, of course, but she didn't have to fuck the lovers herself! I had question marks written all over my face. She smiled slyly like a cat. "After all, I always*

had a number of willing housewives on hand who were very happy to be fucked by my lovers and weren't afraid of pregnancy like I was. Alma was one of them." She feasted on my surprise. "Alma couldn't have children after Kati was born, so she didn't care if the guys squirted inside. She really enjoyed the fucking." I asked the Weber to explain it in more detail. She had made the lovers happy with conversation, cuddled with them, made out with them, and caressed them a lot. She only played with the cocks, but did not make them squirt. Then, when the lover was ready, they all didn't care about in which hole they could squirt in. She directed the lover's cock into Alma's cunt, most of them squirted after a short while. But Alma did not release the cock, she kept it until it was ready for a second round. This fucking usually lasted a long time and now Alma could make herself one or more orgasms, only then it was over. I listened very attentively, because at that time I had no idea at all who my Alma really was. We fucked only in the dark bedroom and of course I felt that Alma masturbated to orgasm every time we fucked. The timing she had really well in her mind.

Mrs. Weber smiled, she had only good customers. Ministers and prime ministers, diplomats and bishops, entrepreneurs and generals. For Alma they were all the same, men who wanted to fuck and squirt inside. Weber herself always lay down next to the fucking couple, cuddled up as close as possible to them, pressed her body lustfully against the man, who was there because of her. Every time he had squirted into Alma and Alma had made him ready for the second round, she tried to get him off Alma and guide him into her own pussy. The poor guy got puzzled and penetrated finally her vagina. Alma smiled and giggled gleefully, as Weber let him good-naturedly fuck for quite a long time. The most men fucked very, very long in the second round and sometimes Weber got an orgasm. Otherwise she masturbated short and sharp to orgasm, when he fucked Alma again to squirt inside, because to squirt off he had to switch back to Alma's cunt. For many years she fucked at most two or three guys a year regularly, that is, including squirting inside, if they pleased her so well, that she could master the panic to become pregnant. I was heavily impressed, I had not noticed all this and only now discovered my wife. Mrs. Weber offered Alma a share of the turnover, but Alma took no money, she had enough herself.

Mrs. Weber asked if it was true that I fucked the cook during Alma's pregnancies? I told her in detail that Alma had gently but firmly made me fuck the housekeeper. Alma had told me that the old woman played with her pussy all evening and masturbated as often as she felt like it — how she knew that, I didn't guess. For sure it was no problem to fuck her. The housekeeper was quite old and wrinkled, she hadn't fucked since she was 14 and only let me fuck her passively and very, very ashamed. Before the first time she cried bitterly and sobbed that she had not fucked for 50 years and it would be a great shame that the mistress had ordered her to let herself be fucked by the master. Alma dragged the poor, sobbing old woman by the hand into our bedroom. "Undress!" she ordered, and the old woman continued to sob and clamor, but she reluctantly and ashamedly undressed piece by piece until she stood there shivering in her bra and panties. "Everything!" said Alma adamantly. The old woman unfastened her bra and let it fall. She had large, full breasts that hung heavily down to her belly button like melons. The panties followed, revealing the thinning gray pubic hair, most of which had already fallen out. She sat down on the bed and continued to cry and clamor. Without Alma or I saying anything she bent over and took my cock in her mouth. She was silent and sucked and licked my cock so, that it was a joy. I had to squirt off almost immediately, the full load into her mouth. She swallowed the semen and looked at me from big cow eyes. "Sorry, it just happened!" and she instantly continued sucking. When he was really stiff, she lay back and slowly and thoughtfully inserted my cock, sighing and moaning. She covered her crying face with her arms and turned her head shamefacedly to the side. Alma nodded at me and I began to fuck the old woman, who remained completely passive. In the course of the fucking she put a hand protectively over her clit, but Alma pulled her hand away again. She observed that with each thrust the clit moved and became quite peaked. I looked questioningly at my wife, before I squirted furiously with horniness, squirting it all into the old cunt. I was done. Alma began to masturbate the housekeeper despite her loud protests, she had seen how stiff the clit had become from fucking. The old girl gasped, sighed and moaned. The orgasm really tore her over and Alma stopped rubbing the quivering and twitching old woman only after minutes. I knelt in front of her with my half hard-on, her orgasm was very exciting. Alma urged her to

take the cock in her mouth again and make it stiff. The frightened old woman obeyed hesitantly, soon I fucked her again and squirted a few sad droplets. Alma masturbated her again as before and the orgasm was again very strong. The housekeeper gathered her clothes in front of her breasts and ran out of the bedroom naked. I had the impression that it was quite alright with her that Alma always masturbated her after fucking, to relieve the sexual arousal that came with fucking. After fucking, she lifted her ass a little and joyfully stretched her stiff clit towards Alma's fingers. Before the first fuck, she often licked and sucked my cock so devotedly that I squirted off in her mouth. I was soon sure that she was doing that consciously. She looked at me with big cow eyes, faking surprise and said "Oh!" or "So-so!" or "Yes!", then swallowed the semen and kept sucking the cock until it was stiff again. We did this every day now, the housekeeper stopped crying and surrendered to her fate. Months later, after the birth, Alma could fuck again and we left the housekeeper alone. When Alma was pregnant again, the housekeeper had to come to fuck again. She was not surprised and complied with shame. During the second pregnancy, you too, Mrs. Weber, came sometimes here to stand in for your friend Alma, and how happy I was about the change of fucking a beautiful young woman like you! I did not know then, of course, how far your friendship with my wife went! Nevertheless, if you did not come, we called the housekeeper. But I didn't care, I had to fuck someone in the pussy, Alma was quite right. It was not a special feat, I admit.

Weber had named me two women who had given her like my wife "a helping hand". If Mrs. Weber was not available, I went to these two to fuck, in the beginning very often, later less. Eldrid had immigrated from Iceland with her husband Snorri and had buried him years ago. She was a giant, certainly 2 meters high, beefy and solidly built. I didn't have to explain much, the mention of Mrs. Weber was opening door and cunt. She let me into the anteroom, unfastened her skirt and dress and got down on all fours, she only ever let me fuck her from behind. She was sexually very starved and usually came quickly to orgasm. A few times, however, she had to masturbate while fucking and I left my cock inside her until she had finished masturbating. She was always very friendly and ready to fuck at any time, but we hardly ever spoke. After each fuck, naked

*Eldrid hugged me close with her nude body, muttered a friendly pagan saying in her language and kissed me on the head. I bent over and kissed her hairless pussy intimately with my tongue. She laughed cooing like a dove, spread her labia apart with her hands and offered me her big clit to lick. I held on to her big ass cheeks, took the clit between my lips and licked it with my tongue. It took her barely more than a minute, then she trembled in orgasm and tore her clit free from the naughty tongue. I kissed her labia intimately again, then I left. That said more than any word.*

*The other was called Irmí. I also found an “open ear” with her, she was also sexually starved and ready to fuck at any time. She let me into the anteroom and moved a small box. She dropped her clothes and lay naked backwards on the box. I fucked and squirted rapidly and she always insisted on a second round even though I couldn’t squirt a second time. Only the second time she masturbated while I fucked her and I fucked her obediently until she orgasmed. She left the living room door half open, “at least let the old capon watch us”. I never saw her husband, but she assured me he would watch us. I really liked how frivolous and exhibitionistic she masturbated and I always enjoyed visiting her.*

*Fucking with Irmí became increasingly public. She had two children from different fathers who were not her husband. “Accidents,” Irmí commented dryly. Her husband had suffered a massive stroke a few months after their wedding and remained an invalid ever since, so he couldn’t fuck either. He was okay with her fucking others, but not in the apartment, not in the marital bed. “In the front room, okay, for my sake,” he relented a bit. The son, Ben, was 16, would soon be 17. The daughter, Lea, was about to turn 16. And both of them sneaked around us when I was fucking Irmí in the anteroom. They pretended to go to the toilet, but that changed quickly. Ben watched furiously when his mother masturbated while being fucked and then orgasmed. Lea just stood next to her mother, watching me squirt inside the first time and then again for the second round when I just held the erection until Irmí brought herself to orgasm. She half-heartedly tried to shoo the kids away, with varying degrees of success. Then when we were alone, she gradually told me everything.*

*She continued to let Ben sleep in the marital bed naked as she and her husband were, even though he was already 11. He pressed up against his mother's body until she showed him how to masturbate. For days the boy masturbated with great enthusiasm. He watched her masturbate, she never made a secret of it, and she smiled when the little man then also masturbated and squirted over her pussy. That didn't last long. He wanted to fuck her regularly, the boys at school talked about it incessantly. Irmí sighed unhappily as she gave in after long hesitation. Since then, the boy fucked her every night after she had finished masturbating. Her husband would get half an erection in irregular succession when she masturbated and then fucked Ben. It was his only sexual pleasure that she took his semi-stiffy in her mouth, licked and rubbed it, then he squirted three drops and she swallowed it. He couldn't stop the two of them fucking next to him in the marital bed.*

*Lea masturbated every night since a long time, Irmí knew that. The girl went her own way anyway, at 10 or 11 she gave handjobs to the boys at school like her girlfriends, there was nothing to it, she said snottily and petulantly. When Ben wanted to (and could) fuck several times in a row at around 15, Irmí told him he should finally find a girl to fuck. Well meant, but he didn't look for long. He immediately made a pass at his sister, he deflowered her and fucked her every afternoon since then. Irmí had no chance to turn it off, Lea loved fucking as much as Ben. Lea had climbed up another rung on the ladder and belonged to the circle of the chosen ones who were already fucking regularly at that age. She was not the only one, some girlfriends fucked with brothers, cousins or fathers.*

*One day, Irmí had just undressed and laid on the box, Lea came in, naked. She asked Irmí to make room for her, now it was her turn. I stood like a stupid piece of furniture next to the two girls, 16-year-old Lea and 35-year-old Irmí. Lea reminded Irmí that she had promised her! I looked speechlessly at Irmí and immediately sensed that she had already lost the match. Irmí stood up, Lea lay down. I stepped silently to her. She still had a girlish body, very small breasts and I saw it on her hairless pussy that it had already been through so much.*

*Iirmi stood naked next to her daughter. She nodded and Lea grabbed my hard-on. Obediently I followed her silent command, Lea stuck my cock herself in. Her pussy was not very tight, but quite wet and warm, I slid inside easily. I did not hug her, but fucked her standing up. Lea was a natural wonder, she got one orgasm after another. I didn't count, I watched Iirmi, who nodded approvingly at each of Lea's orgasms and ran her tongue over her lips. Lea stroked her upper body and tore at her small breasts in orgasm. I looked at Iirmi's clit, she had pushed her labia aside and I saw her clit gradually stiffen. I grabbed Lea by the ass cheeks and squirted off, shooting the semen in rich, full jets inside. When I was done, I took a step back with my semi-stiffy. Lea stood up very refreshed. They didn't speak a word, now Iirmi lay down on the box and Lea remained standing next to her. Iirmi was already very aroused and my half stiff cock slid in effortlessly. I fucked her very slowly, giving my cock time to get stiff. Iirmi masturbated frivolously and obscenely as always and came to orgasm after five minutes. I just couldn't take it anymore. I said goodbye and left thoughtfully.*

*This was now the new routine, I first fucked Lea, squirted a full load inside and then fucked the masturbating Iirmi without squirting. I asked her once if it wouldn't be smarter the other way around, but she shook her head. Lea didn't have her period yet, but she did. Irregularly, but still. At first, I crept up every day to them. It was special in some inexplicable way to fuck a 16-year-old whose breasts seemed to grow daily. It was also kind of exciting to watch the behavior of mother and daughter towards each other. But half a year later I didn't come as often, it had lost its excitement. I needed more variety, Eldrid and Mrs. Weber. When I visited Eldrid again after half a year, I felt her ravenousness and sexual deprivation. I stayed longer with her and fucked her twice more, erection was no problem and she could well do without squirting. We fucked for the first time in her bedroom, I licked her clit in the breaks to orgasm and I was very satisfied at the end, I had not lost her, although I had neglected her shamefully. But she laughed at the end and tried to teach me some piggish expressions in Icelandic. Cock was called hali and cunt was called kut, fucking lata sprengja and masturbating sjalfsfroa. I learned well, but after a week it was all gone again. Eldrid smiled, Icelandic is hard.*

*With my Weber I spoke again often about Alma and that was actually a good feeling and nice.*

Weeks later, Lina snarkily remarked that she could have done it without me. “He pierced me painfully, squirted inside me! I’ll fuck now whoever I want!” I said nothing, it was none of my business. But I told my daughter. The next day she was upset, she had examined Lina intimately. My daughter cried, the child did not want to be a child anymore!

For years I resisted Lina’s seduction, she succeeded only at 19 to fuck me, to ride me. For years.

But that’s another story.

# The Music Producer

by Jack Faber © 2023

I was both unlucky and lucky. The car driver who ripped me off the motorbike was rich and had to pay me 7 figures in compensation. But I lost my left foot and had a good prosthesis that allowed me to walk. I suddenly had money to start my own production company.

My wife had divorced me three years ago. She had once freed me from the clutches of my nymphomaniac mother, whose bed I had shared since I was 11. She had discovered that I could squirt at 11 and took me into her bed until I was 23. My wife Elsa was my salvation and we were a contented couple until she ran off with her masseur. “He can masturbate me as sensitively, gently and lovingly as none of my girlfriends!” she said. But she suffered from the fact that he would not and could not fuck her, she had to do it to him with her mouth, something she had always strictly refused to do in the past. Now Elsa came over once or twice a week, when she was in town shopping, to fuck me. She was so grateful that I didn’t hold a grudge against her and let her fuck me straight up. Not an everyday combination, but it was okay for all three of us.

I had only one success professionally, Gini, the singing wonder. She had given me dozens of singing samples, which I distributed to the radio stations with little enthusiasm, her love songs were pitch black and deeply sad. Gini was sexually reticent and took long weeks before she gave herself. I liked her shy, girlish way of fucking; she had never ridden on a man’s lap before me. But she was ambitious in her way, riding me daily and sinking to my chest in orgasm, groaning and moaning she went on and finished the good work. Her songs were pushed by the radio stations, God knows why, her CDs sold amazingly well and she gave her first concerts. But she never forgot to stop by and give me a ride. The audience loved the fairy tale that she was still an untouched virgin and she behaved accordingly. Now she was touring the country, but she came at least every other morning to fuck me, that fucking seemed to bring her success, she believed firmly in.

I was the only cripple in my circle of friends, but the only one with two fixed stars on my sex list: my wife Elsa and the singer Gini. She made my small company decent money, I couldn't complain. I concentrated on organizing Gini's concerts, always providing her with good musicians and keeping myself ready for her success. She sometimes traveled half the night to fuck me, that was her guarantee of success. She fucked only a few of her musicians, but the real guarantor remained me. She cried sometimes when she had an orgasm while riding and sank on my chest, but they were tears of joy. I always knew that I didn't fuck particularly well and could by no means guarantee her success, but I didn't stop her from believing either. I enjoyed her demanding sex, who would chase a 20 year old with an angelic face and a golden voice off his lap? She followed my thoughts and now stood in the spotlight every evening in a white, almost translucent long dress without underwear. A beautiful nude, innocently offering her untouched virgin body and her wonderful voice to the audience. I was already starting to feed radio stations in neighboring countries and thinking about an overland tour. And I loved my destiny to fuck with Elsa and Gini almost every day.

Then Ena entered my office. Actually, her name was Magdalena, but she chose Ena as her stage name. It is worth mentioning to describe her. A tomboyish short pageboy hairstyle framed her childlike face. She had no breasts, no hips and no ass worth mentioning. In short, a flat board. And, of course, she couldn't sing any more than Gini had in the beginning. She had neither her own musicians nor any other singers, that was clear from the start. But, and I still find it hard to write this down, she wanted to start with a girl band and become famous. "Like Gini, you made her famous, didn't you, Fred?" I nodded unhappily to the 16 year old who was really already 21. "Yes," I said, looking for a way out, "but it had started with sex, lots of obsessive sex!" I lied, because I wanted to get rid of her as soon as possible. "Sure," Ena said lightly, "I'll give you handjobs, as many as you want!" My strategy didn't work, she smiled for the first time and already saw herself on the concert stage. "I don't give a shit about handjobs and all that newfangled stuff!" I growled. She returned from the stage lights. "What do you like then?" she asked, shuddering but attentive. "Getting fucked, being ridden while sitting," I said unapologetically, jutting my steel foot into view. Ena glanced at it

and nodded, “I see!” and then another thoughtful silence. Damn it, it was she who wanted the spotlight after all!

Ena slipped down one strap of her dress and absentmindedly caressed her chest. She had a rather small, flat chest and concentrated on twirling her nipple with her fingers. “But blowjobs, with my mouth, you like that, don’t you?” she asked abruptly and I nodded, “only before the riding I do, not otherwise,” I informed her. I knew she didn’t have anything to get off on stage, but maybe she wanted to fuck me. She nodded, “all right. I just have a very irregular period and don’t want to get pregnant unplanned.” She looked straight at me, she was by type someone who got straight to the point. “I need you to squirt the whole load in my mouth so you don’t squirt in me later when I fuck you. Okay?” She waited a moment until I nodded.

She slipped the second strap over her shoulder and stood up. Her dress fell to the floor. She came around the desk, I could see in her lace panties that she had a shaved pussy. She knelt down in front of me and I took off my pants, kicking them carelessly to the side. I pressed the button that locked the entrance door and set the phone to “do not disturb”. Ena took my semi-tiffy in her hand. “Squirt it please all in, the full load!” she reminded me before taking the cock into her mouth. And she could, damn it, she could! I leaned back and closed my eyes. She was doing everything right with her fist, her lips and her tongue, I was a good judge of that because I had had hundreds of blowjobs, most of them didn’t come close to what Ena was performing. I’ll have to ask her if she was a professional at giving head. Then I exploded in her mouth, she sucked and sucked it all up, to the last drop. She stood up smiling and waited a few moments. She slipped her panties down and sat on my thighs. I smiled kindly as she very delicately and gently brought the cock to a stand. She bent down again and sucked it. “Just to wet it, then it goes in easier,” she commented softly and put it in. He did indeed slide in effortlessly, she sat up properly and grabbed me by the shoulders. Then she rode me, starting slowly and getting faster, much like my wife Elsa rode me. She paused for a moment, startled, as I squirted off and continued very slowly, virtually milking me, in the same rhythm as I squirted in. Only when I stopped squirting and my cock softened did she pull it out and rest her forehead on my shoulder. “You

squirted inside me,” she said tonelessly. “I’m sorry,” I replied, “but that’s just the way it is.” I made no effort to talk around it. “That’s the way it is, that’s the way it’s always been.” I asked quietly if she was going to make herself an orgasm, I had noticed her sexual arousal after all. She shook her head after a few moments, she usually only did that in the evening, before falling asleep. I nodded and whispered, all the women I knew did that. Ena rose, got dressed and sat down again. We talked for a while longer about how we were going to proceed. I said straight out that I would forget about her by tomorrow and if she wanted to be etched in my memory, she would just have to keep coming around so I would think of her. Late afternoon preferably.

Ena had the pill prescribed, even though she detested the chemical stuff, and also kept the “morning after pill” handy. One thing I had to accept, giving up was not in her vocabulary. She came every afternoon, long after Gini and Elsa, every late afternoon. She did try with all her might to make me squirt everything into her mouth, but I always squirted while fucking, even if only a little bit. I made a green tick in my calendar every day.

Ena, who watched Gini’s performances on local TV every night, finally brought her first band member, Maria. She was her age, really curvy and round and she sang some songs of famous stars. Yes, yes, that was a voice! I nodded to Ena, that Maria was quite okay! I wonder if she would have told her what I expected? Ena nodded unhappily. Maria was only 19 and still a virgin, she had never done a blowjob, just lots of handjobs. But she wanted to learn everything, Maria interjected, she wanted to do everything to make a big effort! I nodded in agreement, she should undress like Ena and look at it now up close, tomorrow would be her turn. I looked at Maria’s nakedness curiously, she had nice full breasts and was all shaved like Ena, like most girls these days. She knelt down next to Ena, who showed her the blowjob in great detail and let her try it again and again. Ena tore her mouth wide open to show Maria how I squirted into and she swallowed the semen smiling.

Maria had to touch my cock with her hand as Ena inserted it herself and leave her hand there while she rode me. Ena orgasmed for

the first time long before I squirted and bit my shoulder as the orgasm jerked her pussy back and forth. I was now convinced that Maria was pretty much of a lesbian as Maria's hand touching her clit during the fucking made her orgasm. She smiled sheepishly at Maria and kept going, finishing it off properly. Maria asked Ena worriedly if she was okay that she did her clit with her fingers while she fucked? Ena smiled, that was quite okay, although it was a secret between the two of them and now Fred would have seen their secret. Maria kept nodding, she had noticed and understood everything. She would be ready tomorrow. I let them both float out and thought for a moment. Gini would come before breakfast, that was certain. I called Elsa, I would need a break tomorrow, because in the afternoon two girls would come to fuck. I heard Elsa's big smile on the phone. It was good that I told her the truth and didn't lie stupidly. I knew Elsa could spot any lie right away.

Ena and Maria arrived on time. I listened attentively because they sang well-known songs in pairs and I finally heard Ena's deep voice, she could really improvise the second voice and let Maria take the lead. I was not dissatisfied and said, two more girls and a few good studio musicians and we can go and run! I demonstratively pressed the lock button, I was already hot to fuck Maria. I touched her body up and down, she had a much smaller clit than Ena, Gini and Elsa. She knelt in front of me, Ena knelt next to her, sort of as a prompter. Maria made the blowjob very nervously and Ena whispered ahead how to proceed. With the squirting in her mouth did not work at all, Ena took over immediately, she let me squirt in her mouth and swallowed the semen smiling.

Maria stood undecided in front of me. "I want it, I want it so bad!" she cried twice half aloud to spur herself on. She sat up properly, but her hand shook far too much as she tried to insert it. Ena guided the cock into Maria's vaginal entrance and waited. With a wild, determined jerk, she slipped her vagina over the cock and sighed, then rode me really well. I squirted in, really good and hard. Then I wiped the little bit of blood off my cock with a paper handkerchief. Maria stood up with bright eyes and told Ena, it didn't hurt at all. I dismissed the two of them and called Elsa. I told her everything and we laughed and chatted for almost an hour.

Days later, the quartet was complete. Ria and Tina were excellent singers and I put in a tape after the other. They practiced for only half an hour, then the quartet sounded and I listened with my eyes closed. I will work with you, I said into the silence, tomorrow they should give me four suggestions for the name of the band. I pressed the lock button, I wanted to fuck. All four of them took off their clothes.

I touched Tina and Ria curiously. They were no longer virgins and pert Ria babbled as I palpated her clit that she masturbated a lot every night. Tina didn't want to be outdone and said she masturbated very late at night. Several times. And always after fucking. I don't want to get a heart attack, I said to the four sweet elves, one may do the blowjob and another fuck me, or fuck instead of the blowjob. Ena and Maria immediately backed off, Ria and Tina both wanted to fuck and not do a blowjob. I grabbed Ria's hand, "you first!" So it happened, three of them watched as Ria and later Tina fucked me properly. Tina was the only one who pressed herself tightly against me and masturbated frivolously, obscenely and exhibitionistically after fucking. Before they left, I said that on Monday I would have a band of musicians in my little studio. And I was only going to fuck one or two of them, which was more than enough. They left happily chatting and I called Elsa.

"Four Angels," "Four Girl House," "The Hot Chicks," and "Us Girls" were their suggestions. I nodded enthusiastically, pretty great! So, you are "Hot Stages", does everyone agree? I regretted my cockiness. Four against one. I let them frolic for fifteen minutes, then enough was enough. They'll be the "Hotpants," wearing as trademark hot pants that were prepared so their panties were visible to the audience and cheeky, revealing tops, T-shirts or cheeky bras. Into the ensuing silence, Ena said no panties, showing off labia and slits would be more effective. The silence was cutting. Then I said with a smile, "if you are singing in a church or in front of children, but with panties!" Now everyone laughed, the embarrassing moment was over. I gave up fucking today, Gini and Elsa had already exhausted me today.

Daily the Hotpants practiced with the musicians and when they left I got the blowjob or the fucking. The girls were all on the pill and I was allowed to squirt in at will. The blowjobs became less frequent, it was fine with me, getting fucked was a lot of fun.

I recorded more and more often demo tapes, with the work for Gini and the Hotpants I had a lot to do. The demo tapes went to the radio stations and disappeared just as quickly. They performed on small stages every few weeks, their music wasn't distinctive enough. But it soon made the rounds that the Hotpants had nothing on under the hot pants, you could see "everything"! I had to book bigger stages, the CDs were still selling poorly, but the gigs were selling out, every week. I hired three professional photographers, they were to shoot the live-performances and take as many pussy photos as possible. I had a professional designer develop the next CD-covers with the pussy photos, but she convinced me to blur the pussies on the covers, that is, to overshadow them and instead print the lyrics as an insert supplement and place the original pussy photos there. That was wiser from the point of view of the state censorship authorities. The good woman was right, the CDs now sold like hotcakes, the "supplement" slipped through the censors. The Hotpants were now stars. Good money was pouring into my coffers.

Organizing concerts for Gini and the Hotpants became a tough bone job. I had to slow Gini down a bit, I didn't have that much time to fuck anymore, sorry. Also the Hotpants had to step shorter, I wanted to fuck only one in the afternoon, they should make it out among themselves, who. Instead, I took more time for Elsa, she fucked me by far the best. But I kept silent persistently when she thought aloud to leave the masseur. She had to decide that on her own, I didn't say a single word about it.

I needed a female employee, the work was too much for one. A woman, not a man, that was certain from the beginning. That's how Molly came to me. She was exactly what I was looking for. She had taken 8 years off because of the baby and wanted to work. And she could do everything pretty well, grasped how my work went in the first hour and was independent from the second. The 40-year-old smiled, "whether I'm selling farm machinery or organizing gigs, it

doesn't matter to me." I had long ago compiled a detailed checklist for the different types of projects and gigs, and Molly used it. Except for a few typos, which she smilingly corrected, they were flawless.

I invited Molly to lunch at the Italian restaurant, that's the way it should be, I argued. She noticed my limp, of course, and avoided asking. I explained and she just nodded. The meal was a success, we got to know each other better and I learned that she fucked only and exclusively with her husband. It was not easy for her, by God, but she kept her marriage vows. She had been married for almost 10 years and had already suspected her husband several times of cheating, who of course admitted nothing. That was another reason why she wanted to work, so that she wouldn't have to depend on a cheater if the worst came to the worst.

I decided to come clean to her today, the first day. Gini, Elsa, the Hotpants, one at a time. It was tough stuff, but I didn't want to bamboozle her. She asked about Elsa three times. Divorced, and still...? She didn't say the word. "Yes, we fuck, we fuck with the greatest pleasure!" Only sitting, because of my leg. She nodded, that was easy to understand. But the other man? I explained that he only cum in her mouth and that she was already very disgruntled because of that. "Into her mouth... Inside?" she asked, shuddering. I was quite frank about how Elsa does it to him with her mouth, and Molly was quite disgusted and horrified. She almost couldn't imagine it. I told her that sometimes the Hotpants gave me a blowjob too. She silently took note. "Do they have to, or do they get to?" was her question, and I reassured her that I had never forced anyone to do anything, only willingly or not at all, I always held to that ironclad. The meal was over, but I asked her anyway. No, she had gone into the engagement as a virgin, had never been with another man.... And they did it, him mostly on top, her on the bottom. A few times her husband wanted to do it from behind like dogs, but she had never liked it. In the beginning, when she had her period, she did him very gently with her fingertips, after she understood his explanation, and very gently pulled the foreskin over the glans, back and forth, that was enough during the first months to make him cum. Later, however, she did it quite firmly with her fist, he had taught her so when her careful rubbing with her fingertips was no longer enough for him. Since her Kevin

was born, he often did it himself and she suspected him of making a pass at her demented but horny mother. Molly blushed slightly, her mother had lived with them since Kevin was born, but she was sadly demented. She could look after the little one wonderfully and easily during the day, but her mind clouded over at night.

Then her mother came naked into their bedroom and lay down with her husband. She really wanted to fuck him, she said, but Molly turned away and tried to sleep. He did not keep his marriage vows and fucked her mother regularly. Molly's heart almost stopped, but the two of them fucked obsessively. He did not give Molly a chance to talk to him about it. Molly kept silent and was lost in her thoughts. — So, was she doing it herself? Molly turned a scarlet red. A girlfriend had shown her last year, she showed it a dozen times to her as she did it and did it then to her too with her fingers half a dozen times. She hadn't known it before and she only did it now and then, not every week. Dinner was over and we went back to the office.

I had told Molly that when I got lady visitors, she was to go for a walk and not come back until the door was unlocked again. That went pretty well for the first 14 days, if the door was still locked, she would go again. But after two weeks, she said that was a stupid solution. She was losing too much time, missing phone calls, and getting nothing done. She turned her desk around and turned her back on me. She said I should just go ahead and fuck the ladies, she wouldn't turn around and get back to work. I shrugged my shoulders, I was fine with that. This had been going quite well for half a year. Of course Molly got to see our fucking, I even thought that she sometimes watched secretly, but it didn't matter. She did her job excellently and I could fuck as often as I wanted.

One morning, Molly came to work all teary-eyed and as white as a sheet. I was alarmed and went to see her. If she was sick, surely she didn't have to come to work! She shook her head, "I'm not sick!" and then she started crying. I hit the lock button and the phone calls were diverted to voicemail. Then I grabbed a visitor's chair and sat with Molly. I let her cry and didn't ask until she blew her nose loudly, clearing her throat and wiping her tears.

The stupid bastard wanted a divorce, he'd been having an affair for a long time and was moving in with her. He promised to support her and Kevin financially, he could not afford a lawsuit professionally. "He cheated on me, for years! I knew about my mother, but I wouldn't divorce him because of that! I thought it was a temporary thing that had come from my demented mother in particular, and that would be over someday. And now he's gone, prepared long in advance. I'm alone with Kevin and the mother!"

I let her cry, because there was nothing to be done. At least he was decent enough to support her financially. She wasn't making a bad living with me, so none of that was a problem. But everything else was. I decided to close the office today and unceremoniously cancelled Elsa and Ena. I grabbed Molly and went down to the Italian place. She hadn't eaten since yesterday at noon. A good meal was always right.

She sputtered it all out in disorganized succession. Her parents had separated when she was 13. She went with her father, her 10-year-old brother stayed with her mother. She was lucky, her father raised her to be an educated young woman. Sex did not interest him at all, he never approached her unseemly and she was not interested in sex either. So she went into marriage with her junior boss as *virgo intacta*.

Her brother had it bad. The mother was a nymphomaniac and seduced the boy at 11, when he could squirt. He stayed in his mother's bed and tore himself away from her at 18, marrying to a distant city and avoiding his family from then on. The marriage with her husband was good for many years, only deteriorating in the last months. He let her mother into their marital bed at night and fucked her next to his wife. He rarely fucked his wife anymore, they hadn't fucked in months. But he tried hard to play a nice family to their son Kevin. And now he was gone, the cheater, the betrayer, the bastard.

Molly barely cried, her indignation outweighing the loss of the guy who shamelessly fucked her mother in the marriage bed. I hooked up, it had gone much the same way with me. I told her that I had slept in my mother's bed until I was 23 and that even after my mar-

riage to Elsa she had spent the night in our marriage bed at least once a week. Elsa didn't mind at all that I fucked the old woman once or twice every week. Elsa smiled knowingly and grinned that the poor thing was already suffering greatly from her nymphomania. It stopped only after years, when her libido disappeared from one day to the next. As if she sensed it, Elsa called and inquired. I got up and walked a few steps to make the call, Molly rushed off for her third helping of pasta. I came back ten minutes later, she had polished off the pasta and all the white wine. That was a good sign. We ate and drank for another hour and left. Upstairs, in the office, I immediately sat down in front of the screen, perhaps something important had come in. I looked up in irritation. Molly was standing right in front of me. Naked.

She smiled to hide her insecurity. I looked at her, she had an average body, her breasts were small and flabby, above her slit a small, dense blond bush. She stood there seriously, allowing herself to be mustered. She hadn't fucked in a year, she said softly, narrowing her eyes in shame, and she'd only done it sometimes in that time with her finger because my fucking in the office had aroused her so much. "I want to fuck you now, Fred, it's pushing me hard. Please. Please let me fuck!" I thought in a flash if there was any downside. I remembered that someone had once said that this was not a good idea, you just don't fuck an employee. I pushed the thought aside and pressed the lock button. I nodded and took Molly by the hand. My screen beeped, an email.

I lifted my butt a little and took off my pants. Molly blushed when she saw my cock. "I've never seen another cock, never fucked anyone else," she whispered, "but now I want it, want it badly!" She sat down on my lap and reached for my cock. "It's much bigger and thicker than his," she sighed in disappointment when it didn't immediately enter her vagina. "I've never fucked another man's cock," she said thoughtfully, "and Kevin was a C-section because my vagina was too tight. Maybe all men have bigger dicks than him?" She tried again in vain to get my cock in. "It won't work, it won't fit!" she sighed, close to tears. I muttered that he had gone in everywhere so far, she should try more vigorously. Molly nodded uncertainly. "I've never done it in that position before, but I've seen it many times. Here, with you."

Her whisper was barely audible. She lifted her ass, steered my cock into her vaginal entrance with one hand, and I grabbed her by the ass cheeks and slowly placed her on my cock with firm pressure. She made a sound of pain, then laughed. "It's like a second deflowering!" she laughed. "But it feels damn good, Fred, your cock fills me all the way!" Her vagina was surprisingly tight, warm and wet. It felt very good.

She began to fuck me. She fucked me very slowly, slowly up and slowly down, the full length. I could feel her clit sliding along my cock. It was going well, my arousal was rising and she gasped after a few minutes, "Fred, it's coming for me," and then she cried louder, "It's coming, Fred, it's coming!" She sank onto my chest after moments with a long sigh. I could feel her orgasm with my cock. She opened her eyes and I felt her orgasm very clearly. She stayed on my chest until the orgasm subsided. "I rarely got an orgasm when he fucked me," she said. I moved my ass and growled for her to please continue. She did and finished it off with slow, firm up- and down movements, opening her mouth as I squirted off in her vagina. Her eyelids fluttered as I squirted inside jet after jet. She remained sitting on my cock for a long time, her head on my chest. "It's the first time anyone else has ever squirted inside me," she whispered almost inaudibly.

The office stayed closed that day, definitely. We talked about fucking and masturbating, she didn't know much about that. She said maybe she should masturbate more often if it would do her any good. I conjured the cognac from my desk and we drank quite a bit. She remained sitting naked on my lap playing with my soft cock. I told her that it was a great physical challenge to fuck so many different women and that she must not overtax me. She understood that immediately, she didn't want to be the cause of my heart attack. We laughed like children who had just thought of something fancy. Evening came, but she wouldn't leave my lap, not when I had just had a magnificent erection. Again a long trial and error, again a forced penetration. She beamed, drunk as we both were, and fucked me her way, with long up- and down movements she let her clit slide along my cock. She didn't get an orgasm and I only squirted a few

sad droplets. But we were both happily doing it and her fucking ex was nowhere to be seen.

I resumed my rhythm, Gini, Elsa and the Hotpants, one after the other. Molly blushing told me that she now masturbated every night and fantasized about the beautiful fucking. Every evening when we broke up, she would come to me curiously asking if I felt like it. Sometimes I didn't feel like it and I didn't have the strength anymore, but most of the time we fucked to end the day. I had shown her how important the sliding of her clit was for her own orgasm and she actually learned it. It was no longer important to either of us at all, whether I could still squirt at the end.

It was a good year. Elsa had left her masseur and moved back in with me. She knew that I had to keep the others happy. She laughed heartily, "I don't want to tell you how to run your whorehouse!" That made it official, she only talked about "your whorehouse!"

# The Godly Woman

by Jack Faber © 2023

I have been the Doctor's housekeeper for 50 years, for the first and now the second doctor. I come from a very poor family and I only attended elementary school for a few years. They sent me to work very soon, they thought I was too stupid to go to the convent. That was my greatest desire, to become a Bride of Christ, and I have been going to early Mass every Sunday all my life. In the silence of the church I can talk wonderfully with Christ, no one disturbs me, no one shoos me to work.

The doctor treated me very well, now he was tired of widowhood and had remarried. The new mistress was quite nice, although at first she treated me like a silly child. But soon she was satisfied that I did all the work well. She could lie naked on the bed all day long, drinking martinis and watching TV. She had a son, Jack, who was quite nice, but maybe just a toad who just wanted to fuck me. Jack was immediately sympathetic to me because he addressed me with my name Maria, his parents only talked about the "housekeeper" as if I were a piece of furniture. Jack and I occupied the two upstairs rooms, there was a bathroom between us.

Jack called me into the bathroom at the crack of dawn on the very first day, I was supposed to wash his back. That was really no problem, I washed his back without looking left and right and left immediately. He had his back washed every morning, he took a shower every morning. It wasn't until a few days later that he turned around and had the front to be soaped and washed. I swear by the Blessed Virgin that I always left out the problem area and did not touch it. This seemed to annoy him a bit and he demanded that I soap up and wash the problem area as well.

Thereby there was of course a problem, that's why it's called problem zone. He gave me impatiently the instruction to also soap and wash the cock and the whole problem area. He asked, amused, if I had never seen a cock before. I said truthfully, yes I had, back at the

village pond when we were kids. I was uncomfortable with his amused look. Was Jack fourteen or eighteen? I hadn't been paying close attention. He asked if I wanted to tell him? We sat down on the edge of the bathtub and I told him.

We used to splash around in the village pond when we were kids, that's when I saw the first cocks. But I was not interested in it, the grandma had prepared me for the convent life, I was not allowed to touch the cocks of course. I was allowed to look, it was really exciting and thrilling, how the other girls played with the cocks. But when they rubbed the cocks for real and the bigger ones stuck the cocks in their holes and let them squirt inside, I had to look away, my grandmother had ordered me to do so. I sometimes looked through between my fingers, but that was forbidden. So yes, I have seen cocks, I said to Jack. He had listened very quietly and asked if I had not seen any more cocks later? "No, of course not, the grandma soon did not let me with the other children to the village pond, because I should no longer see these messes. I swore to Jack by the Blessed Virgin that I had never see another cock after that. I was, after all, intended to be the Bride of Christ, and the Christ didn't just show his cock around, only when you had become his Bride and you have given yourself to him!" Jack looked at me askance from the side, do I really believe this bullshit? I was really offended and said it with indignation too. I may not have been smart enough for the real convent, but I lay sprawled on my bed every night praying that Christ would finally take me and make me His bride with His holy little cock, or so Grandma had taught me. I was honest in my heart, I waited for the Christ every night and was moved to tears thinking of him. Jack just looked at me big, then he had to go.

The very next morning Jack showed me something new to do. After the shower he unscrewed the shower head, now a single jet came out. With one hand I had to grab his cock firmly and pull the skin all the way back so that the glans protruded well. With the other hand I had to swing the water jet back and forth on the glans. That was really funny, I thought, the cock in my hand quivered and twitched. I laughed softly, because that was really funny! All at once it squirted out of the glans and when it stopped squirting, Jack said now it was done.

While he was drying himself off, we sat peacefully side by side again on the edge of the bathtub and he asked if I had ever seen squirting before? I blushed a little. Yes, although grandma had forbidden me to look. I saw a few times how the girls rubbed the cocks until it squirted. But then I covered my eyes because I wasn't allowed to see that piggish mess. "I guess you did everything grandma told you to do, didn't you?" I nodded, "mostly." Jack had to go again, but we should talk about it tomorrow.

I had taken Jack's advice and came to wash in just my bra and panties so my dress wouldn't get wet. I dutifully did it with the stream of water and held his cock until he had cum and finished, then we sat on the edge and he dried off. He asked and I continued to tell. How the girls rubbed the little cocks, for some it came very quick, for others it took a long time. The bigger girls had the cocks stuck in her hole and the boys squirted inside, but I could never see it up close, although I wanted to see it very closely. I told everything honestly to grandma then, until weeks later she forbade me to go to the village pond to play. "Do you think it was all a piggish mess too, like my grandma?" I asked Jack. He shook his head, "there was nothing dirty or piggish about it," he said, "grandma had just talked you into shit. She was just trying to make herself look like a saint!" I shook my head, "Grandma never pretended to be a saint!" Jack had to run and said, "let's talk about it tomorrow!" I still remained seated. Jack was the first person to talk to me for so long, to listen to me for so long. I was sure Grandma would have said smut about me holding Jack's cock in my hand and letting him cum under the stream of water, too. I stuck my tongue out at the granny for a moment, I don't rub his cock, I don't rub his cock! And a saint the granny certainly was not. It kind of did me good that I had Jack to talk to.

The next day, Jack asked if he could touch my lovely boobs while I was doing the water jet. I was always embarrassed until then because I had boobs as big as Turkish watermelons, but Jack was a nice boy and he let me tell him everything. So I nodded in agreement, I had the bra on and he could confidently touch it outside, I said. I held his cock as usual and let the water jet dance on his glans. Jack slid his hands inside the bra. I flinched for a moment, but kept going. He

groped, explored, caressed my breasts and his fingers discovered my nipples. I shuddered pleasantly and bit my lips together. Finally Jack squirted, he seemed delighted and rubbed my nipples hard until he had finished squirting. Then we sat down.

No, I told, my grandmother was not a saint, I should be one. She was not a saint, she flipped up her skirt immediately when a man from the village came. He pushed his pants down a bit and I always saw his naked ass bouncing up and down. It wasn't until I was 7 or 8 that I had to go out when a man came. She never explained it to me, but when I saw the girls at the village pond sticking the cocks in and the boys' asses bouncing up and down and then squirting inside, I understood right away that grandma let the men squirt inside like the girls did. But I didn't really see it, only the asses of the boys and men. Jack had to leave, but tomorrow we'll talk more, he said over his shoulder. I stayed in my seat for a while. I had not told Jack everything. It hadn't left me alone when Grandma sent me out. I had discovered that I could spy through the hatch from the kitchen, and then I did that for years. I was practically behind Grandma's head and saw everything from that perspective. Of Grandma I saw the head from behind, her exposed melonlike breasts, and the thick bush of hair down there. Mostly I couldn't see anything of the cock, it was going in and out of her bush. With some it was very quick, with others it took a long time. I never saw the squirting itself, but if they got stuck in it, I knew it, now he's squirting. The men gave grandma money afterwards, which she hid in the kitchen cupboard. But I wasn't sure if I should tell Jack about it.

The other day, Jack unhooked my bra and dropped it. I couldn't look him in the eye, I was very ashamed that my melons hung down to my belly button. But he didn't mind at all, he stroked and caressed them as if they were something special, something sacred. I directed the stream of water quite concentrated, I wanted to make it beautiful for him out of gratitude, because he liked my boobs obviously. I noticed that we were both smiling, that it made us both happy. We were sitting on the edge of the bathtub again, he caressed my breasts and I was about to tell him about Grandma, when Jack asked how I meant it, lying stretched out on the bed waiting for the Christ? So I told him in detail. How I lay stretched out naked on the bed, arms and legs

spread wide open, and with my eyes closed I begged very fervently for the Christ to make me His Bride and stick His holy little cock inside me. This was my most fervent desire, my destiny. I was sometimes so enraptured that I felt the little cock already penetrating. But it was a disappointment, it was only my own naughty finger penetrating. Every night, for over 50 years, I have waited for the Christ. Jack nodded seriously, taking me seriously. He said he didn't know anyone but me who took it that seriously. He wanted to know exactly what my finger was doing? I explained to him that sometimes it glided in and out slowly, sometimes quickly. I paused before continuing, could I tell him more? Sometimes it drove me to let my finger slide really long and really fast, then inexplicably I exploded, I clenched my eyelids and see exploding stars behind them. I kept silent and after quite a while Jack asked how often I made it explode. I thought about it, like once every 4 or 5 weeks. "Is that something bad, something piggy?" I asked unsecure into the long silence. Jack laughed brightly, "but no, silly, all girls and women do it, some do it every night like my mother for example." I knew the "silly" was meant in a friendly way. Jack was in no hurry today. He asked if he could come into my room once, to see it? How I was stretched out waiting for the Christ? He honestly wanted to, so I nodded. "Come quietly after I turn out the big light," I said with a thick lump in my throat. I was getting excited just thinking about it. He'll be quiet, Jack said, and left.

I had extinguished the large light and switched on the small one. I lay down on the bed naked as I do every night and stretched out all fours. Jack came in silently, he was naked and sat down at the foot of my bed. I suddenly blushed, because he could now see me completely naked for the first time, I had not even thought of that. But I calmed down, I spoke silently to my love Christ and felt the beautiful feeling rising in my problem area. I spoke to my Christ for a long time, asking him intimately to make me his bride. I wanted with all my heart to be his bride, his wife like the convent women. I noticed that my finger was slowly moving and penetrating. It was a wonderful feeling, slowly sliding in and out, I took my time. It didn't push me at all to make it go faster. Jack came into my mind, I pulled my finger out and sat up. Jack's eyes lit up and I saw that he was clutching his cock.

He had cum all over his thighs. "That was wonderful to see," he murmured and left.

In the morning, while doing the water jet, he asked if I preferred to rub his cock, to shake it? I shook my head, "that would be a pig-gish thing, a mess," I would do it with the water jet. He nodded and caressed my breasts with his eyes closed. We sat on the edge again and he started talking about how nice it was to watch me and he could hear very softly how I whispered seized, lovingly and intimately with my Christ. I got all red and embarrassed, but Jack said he saw more holiness last night than he ever saw in any church. He was still fondling my breasts. "I was so moved and excited," he said, "I was rubbing, jiggling, squirting. It was a holy experience." Jack stood up, it was time.

He now came every evening and contemplated my fervent prayers. But I never went completely naked to the bathroom to see him in the morning, my underpants were kind of the last hurdle I didn't want to give up. In retrospect, I feel it was very stupid, he saw me naked every evening, he saw every evening how I let my finger slowly slide in and out, he rubbed his cock and squirted every time.

Days went by and I felt it creeping up mightily in my problem area. I had only let my finger slide slowly at first, but I felt it had to explode today. I let my finger slide faster and faster, the faster I went, the more the explosive built up. I shouted "Now!" and let it explode. I saw the stars explode behind my eyelids, then it was over. I looked up, Jack was still rubbing his cock and after a while he squirted on his thighs. He stood up and kissed the top of my head. "I saw it, and it was very nice! I hope you feel now good and relaxed!" I nodded, I was really relaxed.

Everything went as before, I let it explode much more often than before. We whispered like little kids, heads together in the bathroom and now Jack was telling me more. He could barely remember his father, he had died in a motorcycle crash. His mother had afterwards many one-night-stands, maybe hundreds. He had always spied them and rubbed his cock, but he couldn't squirt until he was 10 or 11. The one-night-stands always went quickly and he watched her mastur-

bate and orgasm. Later he dared and sat on her bed and they both masturbated at the same time. He had often asked her if he could maybe fuck her, but she always refused. While she masturbated, he was sometimes allowed to stick his cock in really deep, but he was never allowed to fuck, she stayed hard. He had also seen his stepfather fuck her, they fucked every night and then she masturbated, every night. The stepfather had watched her a few times at first, but he usually turns on his side now and she does it alone. Jack got up, he had to hurry. I had learned a thousand new words, masturbate, orgasm, fuck, one night stands.

In the evening after my explosion I asked Jack if that was an orgasm now and he nodded. "Does your mom masturbate like me?" I asked, ducking my head, what an unseemly question! But Jack shook his head, "No, she does it very differently!" Now I was curious, and I penetrated him. How? How exactly? He smiled and nodded, "I'll show you." I turned white and red. But he sat down next to me and touched me "there." I flinched for a moment, but what he was doing was great. After a short while I was already yelping, "Now!" and he made me explode. When I caught my breath, I said, "Again, I'm dying to see it!" I sat up and straddled my legs, I bowed my head to see it. I looked very closely at what he was doing and he said this little button is called a clit, it is there for girls and women to masturbate. I showed him that I had learned how to masturbate and masturbated with my clit for the first time.

The days flowed as before, I let my finger slide in and out slowly as usual while praying to Christ, wishing he would recognize me quite soon, redeem me. Jack had asked if he could put it inside for a shot, squirting inside. I had to think and didn't answer until two days later. We debated for a long time, I wanted to understand why? He said that he had been allowed to put it in her and squirt inside at his mother's bedroom. I let him tell me that with a dozen examples, with every detail, and then I gave in. He had to admit, that the truth was slightly different. When he walked nakedly in her bedroom, she saw his erection and knew, she had to masturbate and must let him stick his cock in and squirt. She was always ready to masturbate when he showed up, mostly twice in the afternoon, as she loved to masturbate very much. As she masturbated, he didn't move, he was not allowed

to fuck her, only squirting inside was okay for her. He knew, when she raced furiously towards orgasm, she didn't recognize anything outside her masturbation. He had a one minute time slot to fuck her quickly and squirt inside. She noticed his squirting with a smile and caressed his head until he finished squirting, but she never noticed his fucking. "I did it a hundred times, Maria" he said in tears, "I do it until today, when father is on duty. I need to squirt 3 or 4 times a day, Maria! I am a disgusting son!" He leaned his head on my shoulder, sobbing in tears. He looked at me very sadly. "A week ago I started fucking way too early, she stopped masturbating and hugged me. "Go ahead," she said, "fuck me!" Since then we've been fucking twice a day consensually, she had obviously thrown all reservations overboard." When I asked for stopping that, he said he didn't want to lie to me, he couldn't promise to stop fucking her, he had the urge. Finally I gave in, he could squirt inside after my meditation. When I was done sliding my fingers, he knelt between my thighs and masturbated. When he was ready, he penetrated with his cock, made a few quick in-and-out throbbing and squirted inside. It was my first time, and it was fine and nice. We repeated it every night, I went to the bathroom in the morning by now completely naked and let him squirt inside in that evening. My next explosion I made myself with the clit, and he penetrated immediately after my orgasm to cum. He wanted to fuck me for real after my masturbation, he asked. I did not have to think long and nodded. In the evening I masturbated with my clit and he penetrated me, I was used to that by now. He fucked me hard for the first time and squirted wonderfully at the end. I always looked away when he sneaked into the mother's bedroom in the afternoon, almost every day.

I still lie sprawled on my bed every night talking to Christ. He doesn't come, I can feel it. It's Jack who fucks me afterwards like a woman and squirts inside.

I do not let go of my love for Christ, even after 50 years of intimate lovemaking with the sliding finger.

# Writing inhibition

by Jack Faber © 2023

I moved to this small island half a year ago. I had to overcome my writing inhibition in a new environment. The daily events did not interest me, honestly said, at all, on a single day the criminal in the Kremlin released the atomic bomb attacks. He was pushed into the corner and he wanted to stage a heroic Götterdämmerung like the other criminal in Berlin, 80 years earlier. Even that he did not accomplish and was now only a broken old man in a prison. Europe, Russia and the USA were partially contaminated. On that day, the pen fell out of my hand, I could not manage a single line.

For the first few months I lived with the widow Plunkett, whose hospitality went far beyond the rented room. Nothing to be proud of, sharing the bed of the sexually starved widow was not a conquest, it was a service she desperately needed and which saved me from masturbating. After 4 months I bought the little house and moved in, I was the 34th family to inhabit the island. I had only 2 neighbors, the already known widow Plunkett, whom I dutifully visited every evening for dinner with dessert-fucking, and a little further away Tom Barlow, whose large family I was able to meet during my friendship visit. His face was somehow familiar, but I couldn't place him anywhere.

As I said, I still visited the Plunkett every night then because I was the dessert and we chatted superficially. I didn't need more, no philosophizing mind, to block me further. My new home was very simple, a large bedsit, a small kitchen and a small bathroom. There was electricity, water and a good internet connection, for free. The island's agriculture was state of the art and had taken care of that. On the large dining table my screen had enough space, the lines remained empty. I had sent photos and a floor plan to my partner-in-love Rosi and she would come here in the next few days with our "son" Jack. Jack was neither my nor Rosi's child, but Rosi had picked him up somewhere half a year ago and taken him with her. I wasn't much help to her with the authorities, since I was just finishing my

last novel and therefore she alone had guardianship over the 13-year-old. (Should it really be my last novel?!)

I pushed back my plate, I was full. Plunkett came around the table as she did every night and sat on my lap. She wore only a short negligee with nothing underneath at our dinners and she was ready for me, the dessert. She was a well-preserved widow, watching her figure and keeping herself fit. Her face was usually sorrowful, but as soon as she sat on my lap her mood brightened. Since her husband had died, she had started masturbating again and did it greedily, hornily and obsessively. Fucking me was a wonderful foreplay, when I had gone she would continue masturbating for hours until she fell asleep from exhaustion.

I picked up Rosi and Jack with the electric cart from the small port. Electricity was free thanks to the agricultural barons and everyone drove such a vehicle, there were no cars. We purred home and I told Rosi what I had agreed with Plunkett. I would visit her one evening a week and Rosi grinned wryly. “You must recharge her batteries once a week, eh?!” she laughed, because in sexual matters we both did what we wanted. But I could sense how much she was looking forward to seeing me. The widow Plunkett was the first affair I had since I lived with Rosi. Rosi especially loved masturbating and she had a busy lesbian sex life before me. She kept up the lesbian lovemaking until we adopted Jack. She told me often and in great detail about lesbian lovemaking, because I had no idea about it. She had made hundreds of videos with the smartphone and transferred them to my laptop. I only knew the last girls, but I would never have guessed they were lesbians. Bi, Rosi said, bisexual. I deleted the bad or blurred shots right away. But the others I must have watched hundreds of times and I still watch them a lot because they were better than any porn on the internet. The girls masturbated oblivious to herself and I watched their facial expressions, not just their clits. Sometimes Rosi had recorded her own pussy and the girl that masturbated her or licked her clit with her tongue and lips. Quite exciting I found the shots when a girl fucked Rosi clit-to-clit. These close-ups made me hopelessly horny, it was highly exciting when the girl fucked Rosi to madness. Sometimes we watched some clips together, it turned us both on to fuck. — Jack sat in the back of the truck, fish-

ing for luggage that was not yet used to my driving and threatened to topple overboard. "Next time I'll drive," growled the boy who usually almost never spoke.

I ran Rosi a hot bath, she threw the prosthetic leg into the corner, cursing. "Two days nonstop, that's enough!" I understood and massaged her sore leg stump. "No, don't, you piglet!" she scolded pro forma, "wait until I'm cleanly bathed and in bed!" At that, even the word-shy Jack had to laugh. While Rosi bathed, I prepared dinner with Jack, I had bought vast quantities of food. During and after dinner, they talked about their adventurous journey, by bus, train and ship, and finally by ferry. We had to laugh a lot until we went to bed.

I hugged Rosi and Jack again and again today. I had missed them both very much. Birthdays were not my strong suit. Jack had to be about 13 or 14, Rosi was just over 20, maybe already 22? I kept forgetting. We had been together for 4 years, I had met her at 17 or 18. She fascinated me from the first moment, she was exactly the muse a good writer needed. When and how she had lost her leg, I asked at the beginning, but she never answered. She had a small stump of a leg in her groin, it was as if a swordsman had severed the leg with a diagonal cut. When we lay together for the first time after a few weeks, I looked at the damage very closely. She explained to me that the prosthesis was sufficient for mobility, but still very uncomfortable to wear. She was a very clean girl and shaved her pussy every day since we were together. She had told me frankly that she used to love to masturbate. But she gave me her virginity and let me fuck her very enthusiastically. She joked that she didn't miss her leg when she masturbated or when she fucked. That's how she was. Black pageboy hair framed her smart face, her eyes were sometimes light blue, sometimes light green. She was quite slim with round, womanly hips and her beautiful labia hid her jewel. I loved to fondle her firm, round little breasts endlessly. She was much more educated than her peers and that attracted me a lot.

We had agreed that we would not use contraception and that we would welcome a child. Then she met Jack. He slept on the floor next to our bed for the first few nights until my last straw and I took him into our bed. He soon left off his pajamas and snuggled up to the

naked Rosi. He was fearful and curious at first when I fucked Rosi or when Rosi masturbated naked on the bed. As far as I know, he did not masturbate then. He would thrust his stiff cock against Rosi's naked body until he fell asleep. He would wake up completely confused when he had poured himself all over Rosi in his dream. Rosi soothed the half-asleep whispering that he had only squirted finely and stroked him to sleep. The nocturnal outpourings came almost regularly before I went off to find a place to write poetry.

Now they were here. I was fucking Rosi, who was having a wonderful orgasm. Jack pressed himself against Rosi from the side during the fucking, his hand resting on her pussy as always until she relaxed after the orgasm. He snuggled into her arms and soon fell asleep. We continued to talk in whispers, there was so much to tell. Rosi suddenly fell silent and pointed at Jack's cock. The lad made slight fucking motions and poured out onto Rosi's belly. He seemed to wake up and Rosi stroked his hair lightly, then the boy immediately went back to sleep. "This happens every night now," she whispered and I nodded, what could I say? "I've been thinking about it," she whispered, "I'm going to show him how to masturbate." She paused and I knew I had to wait in silence. "I've never masturbated a boy," she continued, "but there's advice galore on the net. I waited to do this because I wanted your opinion." I nodded in agreement, it was okay on my part.

I was startled out of the dream. It was a bank robbery, things were going haywire. Just a fucking dream. The bank robber's mask slipped. It was Tom Barlow.

I slept on dreamlessly, intense smell of coffee woke me up. Jack was already sitting at breakfast, Rosi had made fresh coffee. We drank coffee and I was finally awake, ready to go. Rosi smiled. "Welcome, Jim!" She pointed her chin to the floor, there were three crosses marked with chalk. Chalk? Where the heck did I keep chalk in the house?! "If we install three poles here, I can move all over the kitchen without a fucking cane." "Sounds like a good idea," I muttered, "where am I going to get the poles?" Rosi smiled broadly and grinned impudently. "When was the last time you were in a dim, seedy bar in the red light district, dearest James?" I was so surprised

that I stared at her open-mouthed. Rosi laughed brightly. "I know, you've never been there. But that's where the beauties of the night swing up on poles, up and down. Horny, right?" Okay, I understood.

There was not a single store on the island. A call was made to the mayor, who got everything from the mainland, from screws to milk to men's suits. I called immediately. "Max, if you laugh at me, I'll buy from your neighbor in the future." Max laughed booming, his neighbors left and right were sheep pens. I laughed now too and said, "Max, I need three poles like the dancers have in the night bars." I would have given a fortune to see Max's face. Max certainly didn't make a face. "Jim, I have a lot of serious work to do. Fuck with who else!" And Max hung up, he actually hung up! I immediately called back. "I'm not kidding you. Three bars, adjustable if possible, and don't forget the stuff for a secure attachment." I glanced at the note Rosi slid to me. "The room height is exactly 2 meters 26, yes, 2.26 exactly. And anything to fix it, a plate or something, screws, etc." I listened. "Yes, wood on top and bottom. 2.26, yes." Max droned, "I've got it all written down and I'll call back when they're delivered. And don't you fuck with me, it'll cost you!" I grinned into the receiver. "When I get everything installed, you really need to come by and I'll show you my bar with the poles for the girls. Okay?" Max made to get rid of me crazy fast.

I had gotten a small desk for Rosi and Jack, with 2 laptops. If it got too crowded, you could put your laptop somewhere else. That's how it was most of the time, Rosi preferred to sit in bed with the laptop on her knee, Jack and I sat at the table. I had chosen the best seat, with the window open I could see our wide green meadow and the green hills in the background, where millions of sheep grazed and did everything sheep do. Between meals there was to be *Silentium*, silence for the poet.

I sat in front of my screen, a notepad and a dozen finely sharpened pencils. Everything was ready, except the poet, who still had a concrete wall in front of his head. I typed half a page, deleting it as I read over it. I followed with great interest what was happening in front of me on the bed. Rosi had invited Jack to join her on the bed and made him take off all his clothes. Jack was completely devoted to her and

always did what she said. She had pushed the laptop aside and pulled her silk negligee up to her hips. I listened intently.

“You’ve seen me masturbate a hundred times, Jack. Look closely, come bend over and take a good look at everything. This, this is my clit, lightly covered by the foreskin. Put your finger on it, yes, exactly there. That’s the clitoris or clit, it’s there for us girls to masturbate, nothing else. This is the outer labia, and there, starting from the clitoris, are the inner labia. Some girls have much larger labia minora, but that doesn’t mean anything. And here, look closely, that’s where the vagina starts, that’s for fucking and having children. When a child is born, it is pushed through the vagina, the vagina can stretch insanely wide, this is also good when a man fucks me with a big or thick cock. I shaved my pubic hair away, it makes me feel clean and hygienic. Some do not shave, that should make each as she wants. The Fucking you have also seen a hundred times, so if you want to know something, just ask me.

When fucking, the man injects his semen into my vagina, you do that so far in your sleep and it confuses you, and it does not have to be that way. Just like I masturbate to release my tension, you can masturbate to release your tension and squirt out the semen if you like it and not randomly squirt sometime during the night. All the men I know do this when they don’t have a woman to fuck. That’s okay, that’s normal and it’s healthy to squirt your semen out. I will do it to you now and then as often and as long as you want. You can come to me anytime you get a stiff dick, that’s the sign that the body wants to squirt the semen out.”

Rosi reached for Jack’s cock, “See, it’s all stiff, so it’s high time to cum.” Rosi pulled back the foreskin over the glans with two fingers, with her fingertips. I was about to intervene, tell her to do it with her fist, but I held back. She continued for a very long time and Jack squirted for the first time. She did it right and kept rubbing him very gently until he finished squirting. “Just watch carefully, one day you will do it yourself.” Rosi glanced briefly at me and I nodded quickly. She had done it perfectly, explained it perfectly.

Jack dared to ask and Rosi was always ready to rub him for a shot. Three, four, five times a day. Even after we fucked in the evening, she saw his erection and rubbed him without words. I said nothing, she did everything right and I watched in peace. Finally I was able to type a few pages. No publisher would print that, pure pornography. But, the typing felt really good. The only thing missing was the igniting spark for the next book.

In the middle of it all, Tom Barlow came to mind. I was sure I'd seen that face before, but where? It had to have been in one of the newspapers I read regularly. I looked into it; I could browse the archives online for a fee, back to World War II or longer. I drew a grid on my notepad, newspaper/month, so I could proceed systematically. I was only briefly interrupted by Max, the bars for your bar are coming tomorrow. I drove to the port and picked everything up from the ferry.

For an afternoon Rosi, Jack and I installed the bars, they were adjustable and really tight. In the evening Rosi swung from pole to pole, it was perfect. I appointed her Tarzan h.c., Tarzan honoris causa. We cleaned up and I called Max, everything had worked out and he could look at our bar anytime, only he would have to bring the whisky, mine was running out. "So, a home delivery of whiskey," Max bawled into the line, and I added, "by the boss himself!" Max seemed to pause for a moment. "My motto, no evening without a whisky!" and he would be there in half an hour with the lifesaving fluids.

He arrived, slightly late and slightly illuminated, he had to choose the right brand to go with a world-renowned writer first. Then he entered our home. "I see, I see" he said and sat down, not understanding what the bars were doing in the living room. Now Rosi came through the air, from pole to pole. She had on a rather short skirt and no underwear, she flashed her pussy briefly, frivolously and unashamed, then she sat down at the table. "Mr. Mayor, may I introduce my wife and this one, our Jack. Yes, Jack, shake hands with Mr. Mayor, he is the most important person on the island, without him we would be sleeping on the floor and starving!" It turned out to be a fun evening, we drank half a bottle and Rosi flitted here and there and good Max

tore his eyes open when she flashed her pussy. He kept hitting the table top, what a clever boy I was, my wife could go flying all over the place. I was concerned when Max got on his e-mobile swaying and said, hopefully he won't get into a traffic stop. He bristled. "But, we don't have any police on the island!" and then he laughed booming. "My good Molly knows the way all by herself!" and then he buzzed off.

I patted Rosi's ass cheeks. "You sure gave him a run for his money," and she snapped, "you old macho, that's what we barflies are for!" She knew me well enough to know that I didn't want to be macho and didn't condescend to women. Rosi whispered, "This morning, when you were in the port, Jack masturbated for the first time by himself. But he didn't enjoy it very much and said I make it much better for him!" We went into the house, after fucking Rosi masturbated Jack, who beamed all over his face. We fell asleep and I dreamed of Tom Barlow.

I sat in front of my screen and just wrote away, my pornographic story was progressing, I saw twists and surprising turns that made writing so easy for me. But I always looked up from the screen when something was happening on the bed. I had the impression that Rosi was now masturbating much more frequently during the day than before. Jack sat naked at the foot of the bed when she masturbated and squeezed and pressed his cock. He was insanely excited when she raced toward orgasm. Her face contorted with effort and she looked Jack almost piercingly in the eyes before throwing her head back in orgasm and her body shook and trembled. It seemed very touching to me how the big boy crawled to her, embraced her intimately and caressed her hair, her head and her face and body. She became very soft and snuggled up to her big son. She didn't make him wait, she touched his foreskin with her fingertips and rubbed him very slowly and gently until he cum. They whispered to each other and I heard out that she wanted to steer him to masturbate himself. He resisted many temptations. For example, she suggested that they masturbate at the same time. But he obviously liked that she made him squirt.

I read the newspapers one after another, each in a month, and it was backbreaking work. I looked at every picture to see if Tom Barlow appeared anywhere. It took me 4 days to do a month and I was sheer despair. I kept my schedule, time for writing, time for the papers. I remembered the event of many articles, but Tom Barlow was nowhere.

Rosi chalked up a small success. She would start masturbating him as before, but he had to do the finale and at the end he was allowed to squirt on her breasts. It worked, he fist masturbated in excitement without anyone showing him and grinned with a contorted face when he was allowed to squirt on her breasts. Jack's eyes fell out of his head when Rosi collected his semen with her finger from her beautiful round breasts, put the finger in her mouth and swallowed it. "Do you really swallow it?" he asked incredulously, and she nodded, saying there was nothing to it, and it tasted very good! I was almost sure she was going to tempt him to squirt it in-her-mouth, but she didn't.

Instead, she offered him that if he masturbated himself from the beginning, he could put his glans on her labia while masturbating and squirt on it. On the labia, on the slit, directly, skin to skin. Jack's eyes lit up briefly, but he didn't accept her offer until the third day. I liked to sit on the stone bench that ran around the house in the nice weather and smoked. I got my head clear while smoking and looking at the sheep across the hills, that brought peace and order to my thoughts. Jack came out of the house naked and sat very close to me. I put an arm around his shoulders, he had something on his mind. I lit a cigarette and he shook his head, saying he didn't smoke yet. Then he formulated his question awkwardly, as he always did when he was struggling. Whether one did not squirt too often, whether it was not harmful to health to squirt so often? "I have already squirted seven times today," he finished his question. I reassured him that only the suppressing of the squirting was harmful. Even if you had already shot all your juice, it was okay to masturbate without squirting if you felt like it. "So don't worry about it, dear Jack!" He still had something on his mind. Rosi had allowed him to squirt on her slit, on her labia, would that be okay with me? "Yeah, sure, squirting all over her labia is a really horny pleasure!" Jack breathed a sigh of relief.

“Thanks, Jim, that helps a lot!” Seconds later he disappeared back into the house, laying down with Rosi. I went back to my screen.

Rosi had long since taken off her negligee and had masturbated while Jack sat outside with me. She instructed him how to kneel best and she dabbed her labia with his glans, drove the glans up and down in her slit for a while. Then she asked him to masturbate. She held his glans on her labia with one finger and murmured how well he was doing it. He masturbated well, with his fist and quickly. He straightened up, he had to squirt. Rosi pressed his glans firmly on her labia and made him squirt. He sank to his heels and sputtered how nice it was. Rosi wiped up the semen with her finger and swallowed it. He hugged her gratefully and lay down to doze. I read the next paper looking for Tom Barlow.

Many weeks passed, spring came, summer was drawing to a close. I had read through a whole year, my pornography was already a good 60 pages long and Rosi usually masturbated four or 5 times a day, sometimes more. Otherwise she was reading about the French Revolution on the laptop, which didn't surprise me, she wanted to study history at one time. Jack worked on his laptop through the material of the next class, whose exams he wanted to pass in the fall as an extern. But he got up a dozen times and lay down with Rosi. He always masturbated himself now, allowed to slide his glans into her slit while masturbating so it wouldn't slip. He squirted in her slit as he pleased, she stroked his hair and hugged him after he had squirted. She was very pleased that he always masturbated himself now.

When Rosi sat down with me on the stone bench and had a smoke, she had something to talk about without Jack. She smoked nervously, then dampened the cigarette and started. She had, while I was searching a house on the island, had several gynecological examinations done. This morning the final results had come. She was infertile, 80%. That meant she would only have a 20% chance of having a child. She had already suspected this and now she had it in black and white. I kept silent, what could I say to that? She saw my expression and took my hand. “It's okay, we'll put this away, right?” I nodded, we could always adopt a baby, ease the little one's suffering.

“Yeah, maybe later,” Rosi croaked, angrily wiping a tear from her eye with the back of her hand. She hated to cry.

I couldn’t see the transition, because Rosi was talking about her accident for the first time. She was 7 and the children were playing by the railroad tracks, jumping over the tracks on a dare in front of the trains that slid along in slow shifts. She tripped and the train cut off her leg. It was a similar feeling now, something medical was happening and there was nothing you could do. The goddamn fainting.

Once again, I didn’t understand the transition. “I’ll be 23 in two months,” she said, and I hid my surprise, muttering that it was “her birthday again.” She laughed brightly, “every year, about the same time!” We laughed, as I was reminded by my computer every year by complete surprise. “Jack will be 18 in February, he really wants to graduate from high school after that, but he doesn’t know yet if he can go to university after that or not. I have assured him that we can and will finance him, he should think about, what he wants to study.” Rosi lit another cigarette. “I assured him the financing, and is that okay?” Of course it was okay, Jack was as much my kid as hers. “I suspect he’ll study something to do with computers, we’ve talked about it several times.” We’ll give him a good start, there was no question about that. I hadn’t had anything to do with universities, maybe she was inquiring if Edinburgh or Aberdeen would be right? Rosi nodded, she would see to it.

When she lit her 3rd cigarette, I knew there was something else. “I’m going to fuck Jack soon, really fuck him.” That wasn’t a question, that was a statement. I thought about where we were now in our development. For months now Rosi had been letting him penetrate deep into her vagina to squirt, it had taken him a while to get up the nerve. He had asked me during a cigarette break and of course I didn’t mind. I took it a step further. I had never touched a cock before, but for a few weeks, after fucking Rosi, I grabbed his cock in the middle of his masturbation, I masturbated his beautiful cock for minutes and inserted it into Rosi’s cunt to squirt, put it in very deep and continued masturbating his cock root until he had finished squirting. Jack was beaming like a gold coin after squirting in, it visibly did him good. He squirted a lot this way and now didn’t need it as

often during the day. I masturbated him every evening after we fucked from start to finish, he found it insanely horny and Rosi beamed too. “That’s what he needed, to be masturbated by a knowing male hand and cum in a pussy. That’s what our Jack needed!”

I considered how I was going to tell Rosi my thought, regarding fucking. “He should experience it as something beautiful, as very intimate, also for us men the first time is an important experience.” Rosi nodded, “rely on me to do it right. He is as dear to me as he is to you.” I stroked her hand, we were a good team. I said, “since you masturbate so much during the day, I have the impression that you orgasm much more often when you fuck me in the evening!” Rosi beamed at me. “Isn’t that right, so fucking is a lot more fun for both of us!” I nodded, so it was.

I jumped up from the screen. Tom Barlow. I had him! No doubt, no question, it was him! I read all the related articles. His real name was Tadeusz Brezinski, he was from Poland and had served half his life in prison. The 55-year-old was, as the newspapers portrayed him, a felon and a gang leader. It was about a bank robbery in the city of Edinburgh 4 years ago, 8 million loot and one dead guard. Brezinski was on the short list of suspects, but they had nothing on him and couldn’t hold him. When weeks later DNA-evidence conclusively convicted him as the killer, he was gone and untraceable. The young, inexperienced guard had struggled with the masked Brezinski over his gun, and a shot had gone off, hitting the guard in the abdomen. He died at the scene. The Royal Bank of Scotland could spare the money, but the poor fellow left behind a 20-year-old widow and a month-old baby. The Royal and the government chipped in to at least provide financial security for the poor woman. With that, I closed the file, ran out to the stone bench and smoked in satisfaction. Rosi came rushing out and dropped down beside me. It was customary between us to wait in silence until the other was ready to talk. I looked at her and reported that I could identify the guy and told her the facts. She asked what I intended to do now? I knew immediately that there was not a minute’s delay.

I picked up the phone and spent the next hour and a half trying to find the detective in charge. He made me tell him everything twice

and got my consent to record our conversation. I heard many other voices in the background, of course, and I answered all the questions as far as I could. When I hung up, Rosi beamed at me. "That you are a hero, I don't need to tell you. But that you might have the material for your next novel..." I interrupted her immediately. "I am not a crime-writer, I would be able to type maybe 20 pages from the 20 lines of facts, but that is nothing. I am a porn-writer, now at least, a hundred pages of really juicy sex I have already typed and there I go on. It will never get published, but it is good exercise in writing-reading-correcting and keeps my brain going. As for the next real work, I haven't a clue. It's called writer's inhibition, plain and simple. It's what I've been suffering from for months. The uncertainty of whether there will ever be a next work." We sat holding hands on the bench for a long time, then I had to leave. Plunkett was already waiting.

I woke up first thing in the morning and made coffee. That night, after I fucked Rosi and she rewarded my efforts (or ours) with a beautiful orgasm, I masturbated Jack as I did every night and made him cum in Rosi's fuckhole. He really enjoyed inserting only half the cock so I could masturbate the rest until he had squirted it all in to the last drop. I sat down with the coffee to my screen and watched the waking up of the two late risers.

Rosi kissed Jack awake. They whispered very softly and she told him she was going to fuck him now. She explained how he had to guide his cock to excite her g-spot and wait to cum until she reached her orgasm. He nodded, dazed and confused. Then he looked up and looked at me. I nodded with a smile and made the okay-sign with my thumb and index finger. Now he was wide awake. Rosi caressed him, stroked him, hugged and kissed him all at once. He returned her caresses still a little clumsily, but full of love and devotion for her.

Slowly she piloted his cock to her cunt. I clutched my coffee mug excitedly, I have never seen Rosi fuck anyone else. Jack's cock was bigger and thicker than mine, now slowly penetrating her fuckhole. Her swollen labia dilated and contracted again when he withdrew his cock. He fucked slowly and deliberately, striving to slide along her g-

spot as he thrust in, she had explained this to him quite well. I could see it quite clearly as her orgasm slowly approached. She clutched him tightly, thrusting herself faster and faster against his thrusts, and I heard her squeezed gasps as she came to orgasm. Jack was irritated for a moment and held still. I couldn't see their faces, but I assumed he was surprised by her contorted grimace, which faded into a relaxed smile. I heard her whisper "Come now, fuck me really fast and hard and then squirt!" Jack started moving again, he fucked very fast and thrust in hard, after a long time he squirted and kept thrusting until he finished squirting. She held him tightly in her embrace and caressed him reassuringly, then let him slide to the side. She put her arm around him and let him doze off.

From now on he fucked Rosi as often as he could and she gladly let him fuck her. She was very happy because she got an orgasm almost every time Jack fucked her. She alternated between the French Revolution, fucking Jack and occasionally masturbating. I was making great progress with my pornographic story and was already at over 150 pages. Rosi read the first 150 pages very attentively and laughed brightly in between. She sat down with me and we went through her notes very carefully, as if she were my editor. She simply discarded the long section where a protagonist described in flashback her obsessive masturbation in childhood and adolescence. We sat down outside in the sunshine so as not to disturb Jack while he was studying, and Rosi told me in great detail how a young girl really masturbates, what triggers her, and how she experiments with all sorts of things. It was the first time Rosi told me about masturbating in her childhood and adolescence. Some of the details were hard to get out of her mouth, sometimes she was red with shame. I absorbed every word, my description was really completely superficial and rather described the experience of a boy with a clit.

Max, our mayor, called me all excited (as he did call all the other residents). "Imagine, there appears a detective superintendent from the capital with 50 armed men and informs me, the mayor in charge, that they had arrested one Tom Barlow, yes, the one from The Whickets, with him his brothers, sons and cousins and all the wives and children, they are taking them to Edinburgh! He is said to be a wanted bank robber and murderer, here, with us, on my island! I

don't even like to imagine what a serial killer could have done here!" I let Max rant about the carnage for another 10 minutes. I asked how much the Barlow still owed him, it wasn't a large amount. I told the stunned Max that if he could arrange for me to buy The Whickets, I would not only pay Barlow's debt, but I would also buy a whole lot of dance poles for my wife from him. "You remember the dance poles for my wife?" Max laughed booming, The Whickets was only rented, but he'd take my word for it, he'd look for the contract right today, he still had to give formal notice to Barlow. He would call me when he had it all sorted out.

Rosi looked at me in amazement. She didn't know The Whickets and wanted to see it first, "you don't buy a house on the phone! So, what don't you like about our cottage?" I enumerated. Here, there was only a view of green meadows, green hills and green sheep. The Whickets towered over the sea, the waves, the surf and the screeching seagulls. "Green sheep, screeching seagulls — keep it up, my animal-loving Jim!" I skipped over that. "It had at least 5 or 6 rooms, for our adopted children, for example. And from a purely structural standpoint, it was in better shape than our palace. And there was a stable out back, so I could put my electric cart in there and you could put your riding horse in there." "Riding horse!" snorted Rosi in mock indignation, "a riding horse too, maybe a real zoo?" We laughed together, then I got serious. Maybe it's just a snap idea, I saw it from the outside for three minutes two years ago when I paid a neighborhood visit to Tom Barlow. "Fiddle-dee-dee," Rosi interrupted me with a laugh, "you were just scouting to see if the landlord had any daughters of fuckable age!"

Max called early in the morning, he would be there in half an hour, he had everything on hand. I woke up Rosi and Jack, get dressed! I put on extra coffee and put cookies and Danish on the table, then Max already rumbled in the door. We had coffee and he showed me the notice. I put it next to the lease and shook my head. "Effective immediately, you're welcome to write whatever you like, Max," I said stretching, "but according to the lease contract, it's not effective until the end of next month at the earliest, which is a good 6 weeks from now." Max stumbled, "I thought you were a writer, not a lawyer," he said meekly. I said, a writer can be a bit clever, can't he?

Rosi gyrated around the table to join me in studying the floor plan. It was a nice, big house, suitable for a larger family. It was only 30 years old, there really was the barn, even with water and electricity. The cozy loggia in front of the house was not drawn. I asked Max how much land was there, he rummaged in his notebook and put down a sheet. It was several thousand square meters, the cliffs to the beach, the winding path and a 75 meter wide sandy beach were also part of it. Rosi's eyes flashed as she asked Max if the path could be widened to allow electric carts to go down and up? Max scratched behind his ear. He would lay it out wider and not as steep, but it was doable. Maybe you should hire a mainland company, old George likes to do that kind of thing too, and cheap, but he wouldn't give it to George, he'd been retired a very long time. Rosi nodded, refilled Max's coffee and pushed the Danish pastry towards him. She was good at sizing up crooks and honest guys.

I had read who owned The Whickets. "Yeah," Max said, "I already talked to him on the phone last night, he wants" Max leaned over and whispered the purchase price into my ear behind his hand. It was less than I had guessed and more than I wanted to spend. I counted it over in my head; it was about as much as Book No. 12 (or was it 13?) had brought me three years ago. I still had a fat reserve, though; my books had sold splendidly. I scratched my head and pretended awkwardly. "I, we, still have to inspect it first, of course. I have to inspect the roof first and foremost, that's something I know about." I lamented the breadless fate of a poor writer (they do exist) and quoted a price, about 90% give or take, plus/minus, as I told Max. He didn't know what plus/minus meant any more than I did, but it just sounded good. I read in his face that this cut into his finder's fee. But I didn't have to feel sorry for Max, he was business savvy and made a good living from his island. He gave me a bunch of keys, we should visit everything and ask him everything. After all, he was the mayor of the island and he wanted decent people on The Whickets, not mass murderers and bank robbers. He took his pieces of paper and buzzed off. Rosi and I stared at Jack, who laughed uproariously. "Can I call him King Max or Gröbmaz? The greatest mayor ever?" We were perplexed, Jack had a sense of humor and could make a pun with a history reference to the Greatest Commander of All Time, 80 years

ago. “Damn it, Rosi, our boy is growing up!” Sure enough, half an hour later we buzzed the 3km to The Whickets.

The summer was coming to an end, Jack only fucked Rosi four or five times during the day, and I was making giant strides towards the 300-page-mark of porn. I was able to negotiate Max down another 15,000 (“the roof is due in 10 years”) and bought The Whickets in my and Rosi’s name. I drove to our new house with Rosi every day and discussed with her everything that needed to be done. I told her to direct the work and learn to drive electric carts. That went quite well with one foot. I had made a good deal with Max. He received 5% of the sums and “only” had to hire the companies on the mainland and supervise the work. Rosi was in charge, I had to write. Max licked his lips, that was easy money.

Rosi had me read her 650 pages on the French Revolution. That I didn’t check the facts was clear. She wrote fluidly and excitingly, thrilling even for a layman. She used many footnotes and referred to other sources. There were a lot of places where I suggested changes, because some seemed a bit wooden. I had to give her a long lecture to keep her work from drifting into pornography. Even if there were facts here, a publisher could not print porn, never. She gradually understood that “it” could only happen in the reader’s mind, not in black and white. She mourned her wording, she had tweaked it so much and given her heart and soul. She started making corrections.

I had talked to Rosi about it and she agreed. I called the Plunkett, I would come to dinner for two, that’s all I revealed. I walked the 300 meters with Jack and explained to him on the way that it was right if he fucked other girls too, not just Rosi. The widow was pretty much fuckable and had a whoring nature, she would fuck every cock she could get. What Rosi thought of it, he wanted to know, and I reassured him. It was her idea and she wanted him to fuck other pussies too as experience. Jack nodded his understanding and remained silent until the end of dinner. The Plunkett was pleased to meet my son and at first was irritated at what I suggested. She was only 42 and older than me, but I maintained that I didn’t want to take on too much, two women were just too much for an old man. Gradually, I steered her into the right alley. I asked Jack to step in front of her.

She unwrapped his cock very expertly and cradled it to her hand. Her curiosity aroused, she turned it back and forth, checking its firmness, and nodded with glittering eyes. It was nice, really big and she would like to try it, of course, said the fake snake with greedy glitter in her beautiful eyes. Jack wouldn't let me go, I should stay with him. Okay, I said, without asking the Plunkett. We went into her bedroom. She was already naked, with my son still struggling with his shirt buttons. I pulled a stool to the foot of the bed, from there I had the best view into her cunt as she was being fucked. She quickly pulled him onto the bed and hugged him. No foreplay was necessary, she fluted, she had already been doing foreplay all day because she was expecting me for the evening. Jack didn't understand a word, but I grinned. The Plunkett was quite a pretty young widow, slim with round, large breasts that were beautiful like ripe large apples. She had her pubic hair shaved smooth because it was fashionable now. She had long, reddish-blond hair, shoulder-length and proof that her ancestors had conquered the island in dragon boats. She bent over Jack, licking and sucking his cock, murmuring over and over how nice and big his cock was. The poor guy looked confused at me, but I nodded reassuringly, the licking and sucking and taking it in-her-mouth was okay. He settled back reassured and enjoyed the frivolous play from the widows tongue and her lips. She lay down in fuck position and pulled him between her thighs. She had a beautiful cunt with large labia swollen with excitement like Rosi's, but her clit was much smaller than Rosi's. Her vagina was also swollen and waiting for his cock, pretending to be tight. Jack penetrated slowly and carefully, testing the depth, and then he began to fuck in his usual manner. After a short while I heard the excited gasp of Plunkett, her labia widened and closed like Rosi's. He did an excellent job, she hooked her heels into his ass cheeks and she pressed her pussy harder and harder against him. The Plunkett never got an orgasm while fucking me, but now I watched with rising excitement as she orgasmed with Jack. He paused for a few moments while the beautiful woman's distorted face was torn by her convulsions and she relaxed, smiling in relief. Jack knew he could now concentrate on his own orgasm and fucked away, Plunkett let him fuck her squealing with pleasure and that's when he squirted. She smiled proudly at me and caressed her hero. Jack's cock wasn't done yet, she licked and sucked it with gusto and took it in her mouth as deep as she could, her lips sliding up and down tire-

lessly. I was sure that if she didn't stop soon, he would cum in her mouth. At the last second she allowed him to penetrate her and his firm thrusting brought her up to speed quickly. She was about to orgasm soon, but Jack squirted to early and had to stop. I was so horny that I gently pushed him aside and continued fucking the hopelessly horny Plunkett seamlessly. I could feel her orgasm approaching with each thrust and she squirmed around me so as not to miss a single thrust. The orgasm tore her off her legs, making me squirt in an instant. I thrust and fucked her in her orgasm until we broke away from each other completely exhausted.

Jack and I got dressed, she asked Jack if he wanted to come back tomorrow and he looked at me seeking help. I replied we would love to come back tomorrow for dinner. She walked us to the door naked and grinned, she had had a good main course and now it was on to dessert, "because I have a sweet tooth!"

On the way home Jack asked if he had done well. I advised him to calmly and confidently squirt in her mouth, if she licked him for the second round, then he would last longer in the second round. He asked unbelieving, to really squirt in her mouth? I explained how to do it and he nodded, he had never done that before. We quietly lay down next to Rosi, who was already asleep. Jack looked at me with wide eyes, would I please do it to him now? I masturbated him, because I could do that pretty well by now and did it to him with pleasure.

Rosi laughed when Jack told her our adventure in the morning, I was already sitting with my coffee and brooding. My porn had taken shape at now over 500 pages, humanity lived on huge platforms on the oceans after the nuclear war. My main characters fucked themselves the brains out, I shifted the focus from one person to the next from time to time. At the same time, a serial killer was tracing his bloody trail through the story, the detective lady always came a tad too late and fucked her brains out of her alcoholic body in improper manners. I wasn't dissatisfied, it certainly wasn't porn like any other. I started typing, although I suffered from writer's inhibition.

I accompanied Jack to Plunkett night after night, he boldly squirted into her throat and held out better. Nevertheless, I did not let myself miss it to fuck the horny widow at the end really through. I fucked Plunkett as hard as I could, I held her ass cheeks firmly in my hands and thrust as hard as I could. Her aroused screams drew me insane, I thrust and squirted in a devilish mood in her pussy and let her go when I had finished. I was astonished, how much she loved my roughness.

Rosi showed me again and again photos on her smartphone, how well the work progressed. Max made sure that the work was done properly. He had a hell of a respect for the one-legged Rosi and ducked when she objected to something. I drove the electric cart down the new road to the beach, it was perfect and they had not destroyed the footpath. Winter announced itself, it became cold and inhospitable. The work was stopped, until spring.

I showed Rosi the videos I had secretly made of Jack fucking Plunkett. She watched the footage over and over again, I copied it to her smartphone. She thought that the Plunkett still looked very good for her age, she had a nice pussy and reacted very impressively to Jack's fucking. She watched her orgasm ten times in a row in slow motion. When she saw the Plunkett take his cock in her mouth and suck it, she shook her head, "she spoils my boy!" But she kept watching my videos, they were arousing.

Jack studied obsessively, eager to graduate from high school in May and June. I still admired his manhood, the boy fucked some days even ten times. I was much older, around 40, but more than once wildly fucking Plunkett and a second time with Rosi I brought no more. I told Jack I'd been taking him to old Plunkett for over three months now, but he should stand on his own two feet and go to Plunkett without Daddy. "Don't you like her? She fucks like a world champion after all!" he said. I grinned, of course the horny widow fucks wonderfully, but it was too much for me, I was too old for so much fucking. He didn't give up on Plunkett until he left the island.

I had another long phone call with my publisher. I still had the goddamn writer's block, and no bright idea for book #16. He com-

miserated and hoped the muse kissed me again, and soon. I made more phone calls to the editor and a few others, then I had three tips for pornographic publishers. I cautiously contacted all three.

I stood next to Rosi on the porch of our new house. The view of the storm-tossed sea was breathtaking. Rosi leaned against me. "Since you stopped fucking Plunkett, you and I have been fucking a lot more often." She paused thoughtfully. "I like that a lot, because I love you a lot. And next year, when Jack goes off to the university, we're taking in a kid. Our second child." I nodded and stared at the surf that had rolled over the sandy beach and was crashing mightily against the rocky cliffs. "But a girl this time," I said grinning slyly, "maybe around 14 or older, but definitely already very horny and fuckable!" Rosi nudged me in the ribs with her elbow. "You're a real piglet, you know that? I'm talking about giving a kid a home and you're thinking about fucking first!" We both laughed at the same time into the stormy wind. She would look for a girl who would fit to that, she said quietly.

We had a deal.

Four months later Mia came to our house. Where exactly she had tracked Mia down, Rosi did not immediately reveal. Mia was perhaps a year younger than Jack, who had only a few exams ahead of him and a firm commitment to study in Edinburgh. Something to do with computers, I didn't remember the rest. He would be leaving in two months. The four of us sat around the table and got to know each other. I looked at Mia under almost closed eyelids, she seemed to have a cheerful, a little cheeky disposition. Beautiful, reddish-blond hair down to her shoulders, slim and taller than Rosi. Her hips were still childlike and not very womanly. I only listened with half an ear, something about a correspondence school, starting next fall. She could take care of herself well, but she wanted to be accepted into our family and wanted to help out in the household, she was almost contemptuous that women have to be able to do that in our patriarchal society. "In our household Rosi is the boss, I'm just writing, you won't find patriarchy here." Mia looked at me very strangely, but she wisely kept her mouth shut.

Rosi woke me up from my lethargy, I composed the next steps in my porn. "Mia is still a virgin, so leave her alone, guys!" she said to me and Jack. Was there a mischievous twitch around the corners of her mouth? Mia interrupted my thoughts. "Virgins are only allowed to masturbate, of course I do that a lot. But if you like a handjob or a blowjob," she said turning to Jack, "I can do both pretty well!" Before I could have said "beep!", Jack muttered, "Blowjob, of course!" We all laughed.

Rosi was now explaining to Mia that our new house wasn't ready yet, therefore all 4 of us would have to sleep in the big bed, there was plenty of room for everyone. "I always sleep in my pajamas," Mia let out, "and I need my earplugs, I can't fall asleep without my music!" Jack straddled her, he was the older one and the only patriarch after all. "Do you snore, Mia? Because Jim, Rosi and I don't snore. Definitely not." I grinned, one will win, one will lose, and it wasn't me. Rosi had another one in her quiver. "TV only until dinner, dinner usually starts at 9, so 9pm, then sleep. Period. Okay, fucking can happen, masturbating for my sake too. When everyone has done their thing, it's sleep time." Mia ducked her head. "Fucking when all four are in the same bed? And masturbating too?" Rosi nodded in agreement, "Fucking and masturbating, we do that together" and did not want to discuss it. I gave Mia a friendly nod, "be welcome, my dear, and I'll sit over there to write."

After dinner then the big moment. Rosi, Jack and I lay naked on the bed, the bathroom door opened and Mia came out, wearing ridiculous pajamas. White, covered with little colorful bears. A child's pajamas. She came unsteadily to the bed, Jack made room and she lay down beside him. I turned off the big light, the small one always put out the last to fall asleep. Rosi and I looked up only briefly, then we continued cuddling, it was our time. Mia watched us curiously and whispered softly to Jack. "Last week in a single cell in juvenile detention, today in a very nice family, and all sleeping naked in one large bed!" Jack nodded, "but we have to be quiet now and not disturb them!" Quite unspectacularly and as every evening Rosi and I fucked, she strolled towards orgasm, gradually ran faster and finally raced into orgasm, I tensed and squirted while she quivered and trembled in orgasm. We held each other for a long time, then I sank

to the side and Rosi lay down on the other side, on her leg and would soon begin to masturbate as she did every night, no one dared bothering her. Jack and Mia whispered very softly, but I understood every word.

“I have never seen the fucking before, they both had enjoyed it seemingly!” Mia had her head resting on Jack’s chest during the fucking, her hand resting on his stomach, just inches from his cock. “Do you want me to give you a blowjob?” she whispered and Jack nodded. Mia did it really skillfully, rubbing his cock properly with her fist and taking his glans between her lips. The tongue quickly played lambent in the right place and after a short while Jack already drew in the air sharply. He squirted into her mouth, she let the semen run out left and right, she let it drip out of her mouth onto his belly, where she rubbed it with the flat of her hand. Jack had already put one hand under the rubberbelt of her pajama pants during the blowjob and was obviously caressing her pussy, she allowed it or ignored it. Jack was relaxed again after a minute and now whispered, “do you like me to masturbate you?” and Mia whispered in a squeezed way, “Can you do that? Usually I always masturbate myself, only sometimes my girlfriends masturbate me.” Jack laughed softly. “I’ve won trophies in masturbation contests — oh bullshit, I’m just fucking with you! I think, I’m pretty good at it!” Mia lay down in his arms and spread her legs. Then she glanced at me and Rosi, but we were already asleep. Determined, she took off her pajama pants and spread her legs willingly. I saw that she had only a light fluff on her pubic and caught a glimpse of her slit. She snuggled up to her “big brother” as she usually snuggled up to her girlfriends and Jack made his way to her clit. He masturbated her as he had seen Rosi do and she pressed herself even closer to him. It was soon audible that her breathing was quickening and she let the orgasm take her by surprise. She clung to his arm, her abdomen twitched several times and she cringed into a hemisphere, then relaxed. “You’re right to have that trophy,” she joked. Jack asked why she didn’t swallow his semen and she shrugged. “Never have,” she whispered. “The Widow Plunkett always swallows it,” Jack whispered, and she immediately asked who that was. He said, “I’ll tell you tomorrow,” and asked if she didn’t need it again? Mia answered belatedly, yes she did. He rubbed her clit as before and quickly brought her to orgasm. She snuggled up

to him and kissed him on the cheek. "You're really good at it," she whispered softly. "I need it again in a minute, Jack!" He pulled her pajama shirt over her head. He saw, as I did, her small, budding breasts, quite lovely ones. Jack gave her a third orgasm and again she thanked him with a kiss on his cheek. He was tired and suddenly fell asleep. She released herself from his arms and turned to the side. I watched her back for a while longer, she masturbated quite unobtrusively and curled up in orgasm. She searched for the switch for the small light, it took her a while to turn off the light.

Early in the morning I was the first to get up, as usual, and prepared coffee. That was my half hour, all to myself, I could gradually wake up and mentally prepare for the next chapter. My commissioner had gotten completely drunk at home and was drowning in self-pity. The doorbell had rung, she had woken up from her doze and staggered to the apartment door. She opened the door to a strange young man, also quite drunk. Here I had to continue. Was he one of the criminals she was hunting? Or a pathetic stalker who just wanted to get her laid? Or was it the serial killer terrorizing the city? I glanced at the bed; all three were still asleep. Mia had moved. She had Jack's morning wood clamped between her ass cheeks and was moving. She must have been dreaming something horny, her ass cheeks rubbing comfortably against his morning wood. She and Jack winced at the same moment, he had cum in her ass crease. Dazed, they awoke for a moment, she turned to him, put an arm over his shoulder, then they both went back to sleep. I woke Rosi quietly and fixed her coffee mug, lots of milk and three spoonfuls of sugar.

I told her in a whisper how Jack had masturbated her yesterday, she had made herself a 4th orgasm before falling asleep. And then this morning, she was rubbing his morning wood with her ass in her dreams and he had cum in her ass crease, but they were both sound asleep. Rosi nodded, "I'm going to order the pill online today, I can't take any risks, virgin or not." I asked her and she said Mia would be 17 in three weeks, she had been in juvie many times for shoplifting and for giving blowjobs to boys in public, most recently. Her foster family was very happy that she took the defiant and petty criminal Mia, who unabashedly gave blowjobs in the parks. All done over the

internet, sure. Once again, I marveled at her ability to do everything online.

Rosi looked at them both seriously at breakfast. “Blowjob is okay. Masturbating is okay, too. But,” she looked very stern, “fucking is absolutely NOT okay!” Jack nodded guiltily, Mia muttering that she was still a virgin and was not fucking. Rosi slapped the table top with the flat of her hand. “And that’s exactly, why NO fucking, even in the early morning!” She had put her foot down, at least Jack had caught on. Rosi walked over to the bed and dropped her negligee. Unfocused, she scrolled through the laptop, it was now the usual time for Jack to come over to her and fuck. He came too, took off his t-shirt and shorts and lay down next to her. “I get it, Rosi, no fucking.” I turned to my hungover commissar, Mia undressed and snuggled up to the big brother (he had won, I guess.). He was cuddling with Rosi, I was only looking with half an eye. Minutes later he pushed Mia aside and started fucking Rosi. Mia watched with wide open eyes. He dropped down next to Mia and she stroked her hero’s chest, which rose and fell. Rosi didn’t feel like masturbating at the moment and went to the French Revolution. Jack and Mia whispered softly. My God, she was hot! She asked about the widow and he told her everything. He felt how hot she was, of course, rubbing her pussy on his hip. He would show her something new and explained how she could slide flat on his cock back and forth while rubbing her clit on his cock. Quickly she mounted him, breathless with horniness. Rosi called out softly, “but don’t fuck!” and laid her head on Jack’s chest. She paid very close attention that Mia only slid flat back and forth. It was a pleasure to watch the three of them. Mia didn’t even have to slide for 10 minutes, she suddenly increased her stroke rate and writhed in orgasm. Moments later she had calmed down and Jack demanded she do him. Mia slid on his cock for another 10 minutes, wincing as he squirted. Rosi worked on the laptop, I steered my over-tired commissioner to the next bloody crime scene and the two whispered. Mia said, since she was little she played with her clit at night, she paused before orgasm and kept going, only at the end she gave herself a real orgasm, she always did that in this fashion. He wanted to see it right away. Usually she only let her girlfriends watch, she said, but.

Mia made sure Rosi and I were focused on our screens and spread her legs. I surreptitiously took pictures and enlarged them on the screen. Mia had beautiful, large and swelling labia like Rosi, but she had a much larger clit. It seemed to have hardly any foreskin, with the small labia going down on the left and right side. She masturbated cautiously, pausing to delay orgasm. She did it several times and let the orgasm roll over her at the end. She curled up and Jack took her in his arms.

Jack whispered about swallowing semen. He said it was a bit hurtful when the girl spit out the semen. He described how the widow swallowed the semen after sucking it, it was very satisfying. And, had it never occurred to her that even though she spit, she swallowed a little bit each time? Mia was thrilled at how smart he was. She promised to try the swallowing. There was no hurry. The two told each other about their past lives, Jack was one hundred percent convinced she should finish school. The modern woman found no respect anywhere in being a school dropout. Mia had heard this sermon a hundred times and remained snippy and screwed up. But I supposed I sensed a little insecurity in her stonewalling. Maybe in the next few weeks Jack would manage to talk some sense into her. We as parents, as the older generation, were hopeless.

I reread Rosi's French Revolution, she had listened to me well and improved a lot. That 25% were still missing, she knew herself, but the flattening of events after the protagonists were all eliminated was certainly difficult to describe. Above all, the ending was missing, which was the hardest part of many books. My serial killer was making more and more mistakes, the detective was really on his tail. Jack studied doggedly and didn't let Mia irritate him. She mainly watched YouTube-videos, gave him a blowjob in the afternoon and swallowed the semen. She slid her labia and clit on his cock when he fucked Rosi after breakfast. She had mastered that perfectly by now. But she only masturbated at night when everyone was asleep.

The two had developed something new. Every morning Jack woke her up with his morning wood, he stuck it from behind between her ass cheeks, along her pussy slit. She let him fuck and cum there. It made her really horny, it was like fucking but without fucking.

Mostly she masturbated afterwards, turning her back on the rest of us. Rosi had checked the first time that they weren't fucking regularly. But it was fine, and they did it every morning. Jack still went to Plunkett's every night and when I asked him, he was fine with it. The widow might have a whorish character, but she fucked divinely, he said. Rosi had been right when she sent him to the Plunkett.

I started the 750th page and let the first, inconclusive shootout between the serial killer and the detective play out in an abandoned factory lot. Hit in the leg, he escapes one last time. She takes blood samples from the floor for a DNA-match.

Mia settled in very well. She lovingly stroked Jack or Rosi when they fucked, she smilingly swallowed Jack's semen during blowjob and got instigated and horny when she saw Rosi masturbating. She had lost her shyness and now masturbated at the same time as Rosi. All the many masturbating and orgasms during the day made her much calmer, it seemed to me. The day was drawing nearer and nearer, Jack's departure for Edinburgh casting its shadow. The three of us — and probably also Plunkett — will miss him, although we wanted to keep in touch, email and Skype were nothing unusual after all. I didn't have time to fret about it at all, I was finishing the porn book. It was a very unusual thriller, an unusual porno. I was still puzzling over what pseudonym to use, but I was determined to send it to all three publishers at once and let them make offers. It was damn good stuff and I wasn't going to sell it short. I had my pride.

I didn't have as much advice to give Jack as Rosi did. A gentle reminder about the purpose of condoms, the thoughtful use of his credit card, and that it paid to double and triple check boyfriends and girlfriends. I'd be available anytime he needed me, but I wasn't a mother hen. "Neither is Rosi, really," I said to him, "but she's releasing a child into the wide world for the first time, and she knows how fucked up it can be there sometimes. Cut her some slack." I hugged him close at the port as he boarded the ferry.

Rosi and Mia were inconsolable for days. They held each other crying in each other's arms, Rosi told her so many beautiful sexy things that soon Mia was masturbating together with her. She some-

times let Rosi masturbate her, but she didn't dare to reciprocate yet. I hugged both of them tightly in the evenings and cuddled with both of them, Mia was allowed to press her hot body against both of us and caressing us and our genitals when we fucked.

I had sent out my manuscript and had much more time during the day to take care of them both. I fucked Rosi at least twice a day and once in the evening, Mia overcame her shyness and let me masturbate her. I only noticed on the sidelines that Rosi talked to her about fucking. I did not interfere. I was of the same opinion as Rosi, that it was Mia's business when she wanted to start fucking.

Jack was doing well. Rosi talked to him every day, he had settled into the dorm, the lectures were exciting. He had bought exactly the laptop that seemed most appropriate, it was important for studying. He had already met several girls, but fucking in the dorm was proving difficult. I laughed into the screen. "Would you like me to send old Plunkett to visit you sometime?" I joked, but he grinned, "difficult, I said, Jim, but not impossible." We grinned at each other, my boy wasn't stranded on an uninhabited island.

Mia lay with us every night, I placed her up close next to Rosi so it seemed like I was fucking them both. She lay down very close to Rosi's pussy at the place where the leg was missing and spread her legs wide apart, she offered me her pussy open to get every one of my thrusts. She did it so skillfully that she almost came to orgasm too. She then needed only two seconds to trigger the orgasm with a finger. She asked if she could do it that way and after that she let me fuck her pussy all the more from the outside. She pestered Rosi with a thousand questions about fucking, hymen, deflowering, for weeks. I knew that she had been on the pill for months, her period always came on time and usually lasted only a single day. That was amazing even for Rosi, since she herself got her periods completely irregularly and that usually lasted two or three days. Those were the only days she would masturbate me in her mouth, let me cum inside and swallow the semen. Mia was ready, it just took a little push.

Mia asked shyly if I could fuck her in the morning just like Jack did? I exchanged a look with Rosi and said, "of course I can!" In the

morning I was the first awake, I lay down behind Mia's ass cheeks and drove my morning wood along her ass crease carefully forward, between her labia, up to her vaginal vestibule. She stirred restlessly and became only half awake. I fucked slowly and deliberately, there was no hurry. She groped to her clit and widened the vaginal entrance with her fingers, but I remained on guard and did not penetrate. I didn't want to deflower her just like that, as a mishap, that would have been a shame. I fucked her for quite a while and felt her finger flying over her clit. Usually she got her orgasm long before me, I remained motionless until she relaxed again. I kept going until I came. I had to be very careful not to penetrate her, although she opened her pussy quite wide and willingly while masturbating quickly. I squirted in her vaginal vestibule and sometimes very gently on her hymen. I wiped my cock on her ass crease and withdrew. She always turned around to me and hugged me passionately and gratefully, before dozing off again. Rosi was usually still asleep or watching us with a smile. We did this every morning now, before I made coffee and enjoyed my half hour in silence.

The first publisher wanted a thousand changes and made no convincing offer. The second made a better offer and gave me time to think, it wasn't a bad thing. The third took a long time, they obviously had a lot to do. But they had the highest bid, wanted worldwide rights for translations, and offered an upfront payment for the second book. Damn, had I become a porn writer now? I was mourning my former self, I had written more than a dozen good books, they were well and conscientiously researched and were novels with exciting lifelines, history, culture and philosophy were not neglected. These were works, they made me rich. Porn was far too superficial, sex and crime were in the foreground. Of course, I wrote as skillfully as any author should, I knew how to build suspense even in such primitive situations as a detective who swallows the wrong pills, stays in bed for 24 hours and under the influence of the pills she must masturbate nonstop as if possessed. Anyway, I consulted with Rosi, canceled two publishers and signed with the third.

In the evening Rosi asked Mia, "are you asking or should I?" Mia was pushing around for a long time, but then she brought it out, do I want to deflower her? She's on the pill, I don't need to be afraid of a

pregnancy. I gave her a big lovely hug. “Of course I do, little one, if you want me to?” Mia was terribly excited, Rosi took her in her arms and calmed her down. “I’m with you, Mia!” she kept saying. Mia lay down next to Rosi expectantly and clung to her. Rosi put her flat hand on Mia’s belly until she was breathing calmly. Then she nodded at me.

Mia’s deflowering was completely easy and smooth, not as painful as Rosi’s. Mia didn’t make a peep as I tore the hymen and penetrated very deeply until I felt the end of her vagina. I looked into her face, she shone like a gold coin and nodded sweetly, so I began to fuck her. It went on for a long time because I had already fucked Rosi in the afternoon and my erection really lasted until the end. Mia’s vagina was much tighter than Rosi’s, but I couldn’t penetrate that deep as in Rosi’s. Rosi didn’t take her hand off Mia’s pussy when Mia’s breath quickened and announced the orgasm. The girl gradually raced towards her orgasm, clutching me tighter and tighter and thrusting her pussy towards me. She dug her heels into my ass cheeks and was now clinging to me, having almost detached herself from the sheet. She contorted her face in orgasm, her vaginal muscles tensing and relaxing again and again. I managed to squirt on the spot and held her ass tightly until I was done. We let go breathing heavily.

We talked about the event for a long time. Rosi renounced on that evening and I fucked Mia a second time. She was a natural wonder and came easily and without effort to orgasm. After watching us Rosi lay to the side on her healthy leg and masturbated with concentration. I soon slept away, it had really exhausted me. After a few days we had found a rhythm, I only wanted to fuck twice, after lunch and dinner. Most days I had to fuck three or four times. Rosi and Mia snapped it out among themselves who’s turn it was to fuck me and when. It was of course too little for both of them and they masturbated as often as they wanted. I took on the French Revolution, filed, hammered, sawed and modeled until it was very good. Then I sat down with Rosi to the screen and we researched which publishers she should write to. I left the small, unknown ones out and aside. Rosi had to go big, I drilled that into her. It was pure nonsense to send it to the faculty where she had heard some lectures. No senti-

mentalities, a book wanted to be sold properly. I was right (I'm always right).

Shortly after Jack had left and I had deflowered Mia, there was a quiet knocking at our front door after the midday fuck. Mia and I were sound asleep and Rosi woke up, pulled on her negligee and swung to the door. "I'm..." and Rosi added, "the Plunkett!" They shook hands, "Jane Plunkett," and no sooner had Rosi closed the door than the Plunkett shed her winter clothes. Determinedly she walked naked toward the bed. "I want a piece of the pie, too," she whispered to Rosi, who replied dryly, "if you divide the cookie among too many, everyone gets only crumbs!" but the Plunkett stretched out on the bed.

"Jane," Rosi said energetically, "first you have to earn your place!" I woke up and called Plunkett's name in amazement, Mia hiding behind my back. Rosi demanded a lesbian act from Plunkett, first. Plunkett nodded, but she had no idea about fucking clit-to-clit. Rosi looked at the widow's beautiful body and stroked her pussy with glistening eyes and her clit with great pleasure. "All right," Rosi relented, lying down provocatively beside her, "then do me with your finger!" Jane Plunkett began the entrance exam without mincing words and, by God, she was excellent at it, she had decades of practice at it. Rosi visibly relaxed and after a few minutes I observed that her breathing quickened. Jane's finger also sped up and Rosi clung to her arm. With fine feeling she brought Rosi to orgasm and did not stop, I heard Rosi gasp and let out sharp little cries like never before. But the Plunkett continued energetically and prolonged Rosi's orgasm by minutes. Never before had I seen Rosi orgasming so long and intensely as now, until she fell close to tears in Plunkett's arms and ended it twitching and quivering.

Rosi curled up on her side to catch her breath. "There, now I've earned it," said Plunkett, turning to me in satisfaction, for Rosi's masturbation had visibly aroused me. I let her lie on her back and penetrated without any foreplay. I was annoyed at her intrusion into our private life, though of course I understood her. I reached under her ass cheeks and lifted them, fucking her like a wild savage man. Rosi forced a finger onto Jane Plunkett's clit and rubbed it just as

wildly as I fucked her. Moments later, her orgasm erupted, but neither Rosi nor I stopped. On the contrary, Plunkett was fucked and masturbated so wildly that she lost hearing and seeing. She had orgasm after orgasm, and I only let go of her when I had squirted wildly inside her pussy. Rosi let go of her, Jane Plunkett had lost consciousness for a moment and regained consciousness again.

Henceforth she came every week. Rosi showed her fucking clit-to-clit and she could now fuck Rosi and Mia every time before she got me. Rosi had immediately refused when she wanted to come more than once a week, once was enough. But she had to earn the wild fucking with me every time and first fuck Rosi to madness. She got used to it, Rosi, Mia and I didn't mind the change. We kept it up because we all got our money's worth. Later, when we were in the new house, she drove the electric cart the 3km to The Whickets once a week.

It was Christmas vacation, Jack came home for the 4 days, the Plunkett had gone to the mainland for Christmas. Exactly 10 minutes after our stormy greeting, Jack and Mia were already lying naked on the bed. He knew it from Rosi, of course, and heartily embraced Mia. They fucked day and night without stopping, I said to Rosi. I sat in front of my screen, but I barely wrote some pages on my second porn. I cleverly wove in Rosi's fucking with Plunkett and made the detective suffer lustily in the bed of a iron lesbian criminal. I watched the two of them fucking, they were one heart and one soul and fit together well when fucking. Rosi's eyes shone moistly when she lay next to the two and caressed their sweaty bodies and genitals from time to time. Rosi liked it very much to touch and caress their genitals during the fucking.

I sat outside on the stone bench smoking despite the cold wind and driving snow, I let my eyes glide over the white hills, it was so peaceful here. Rosi masturbated in the warm room and the kids fucked their brains out. Rosi masturbated more often than ever before and her ability to orgasm while fucking had really increased and intensified, according to my impression. Jack sat down next to me and pulled the wool blanket tighter around his naked body. "That Mia, she's a natural wonder! She fucks light as a feather and orgasms

like no other. The girl comes and comes nonstop, she comes so easily and effortlessly to orgasm, it's a madness! I say that, I've fucked a few dozen!" I smiled and looked at him from the side. "So like that, a few dozen?" This time he laughed. "Jim, I take my studies seriously, dead serious. But I buy my roommates a beer when I have a lady visitor, and with some, they get to fuck right along. Seven out of 10 female students have nothing on their minds but to fuck as much as they can. And for the remaining three I would have to waste precious hours to get them around. I'll take the 7, all it takes is a friendly word and an appointment, we won't waste any time." I patted him on the shoulder. "Then do your best and don't forget, manhood goes downhill after 40. I don't even like turning 40 for that reason." Jack froze and went back inside, lying down with Mia to warm up. It was almost perverse when the four of us fucked side by side in the evenings, but the kids goaded Rosi and me to do more and more. It was a nice, very nice Christmas.

It took two months before a publisher bit and made a good offer. Rosi's eyes shone suspiciously as she signed the contract. That night, after Mia's turn, I fucked joyful Rosi too, she deserved an extra!

Three weeks later we moved to the new house.

# An Angel's Child

by Jack Faber © 2023

The director of the large orphanage had finally managed to get Maja a place with the Sisters of the Bloody Heart of Mary. Maja was already 7 months pregnant and would have her baby in 8 weeks. Usually one only got a place there when the birth was already imminent, but when one had this luck, one had to grab it. Maja could join the nurses in three days.

Maja lay down in bed right after dinner. With her big belly, she couldn't work in the kitchen anymore and she would rather lie in bed than sit in the TV room. She didn't stay alone for long. Monika lay down with her. The young girl was fascinated by her belly like no other. Monika was known for masturbating girls very skillfully and passionately and she had already masturbated every girl in the house. For years she had moved from girl to girl, even the older ones, who had mostly moved on to fucking, had to admit that Monika was the most skilled masturbator, giving them minute-long flights to the ninth heaven. Monika's hand slipped under her long nightdress, sliding from her knees over her inner thighs up to Maja's pussy.

Monika's hand stayed on the older girl's pussy for quite a long time as usual, stroking, teasing and caressing her. Now the hand slid higher, caressing the belly for minutes before sliding even higher and caressing the full breasts. This was something that caused a yearning burn in Maja's pussy. She had not known this yearning feeling before, until Monika triggered it in her. Maja sometimes had this feeling in a weakened form when one of the boys fucked her well. She had let the first one between her thighs when she was still 11, and since then every night at least one, but usually one after the other, came to fuck her.

It was strictly forbidden, of course, but the boys came to the girls' dormitory every night when the aunt chaperone had fallen asleep on the watchman's chair in front of the dormitory door. The girls had put a harmless sleeping powder in her tea, clearing the way for the

sinful, forbidden activities. The girls fiddled over the calendars to calculate their fertile days. That there was no 100% guarantee, everyone knew. But other than television and worn-out board games and classic books, there weren't many distractions in the urban orphanage.

Maja almost passed away when Monika did not and did not stop teasing her breasts and nipples. The younger had much more sexual experience, she masturbated every night since early childhood, she had masturbated every girl in the orphanage in the last years many times and was said to be a champion in masturbating girls. Peer pressure was great, so she fucked with the boys for two years, although she only orgasmed when masturbating for a long time, until Cyril came. She completed usually the fucking very superficially as she had no chance to reach orgasm. She was addicted to masturbating, but she was smart enough to always wait until bedtime. She thus avoided the degrading exposure that the unwary had to suffer from the old dried out chaperone.

"Still not masturbating?" she asked Maja, knowing the answer. Maja shook her head as usual, she had never masturbated in her life and only knew orgasm since Monika lay down with her every night and masturbated her. Monika loved to make Maja so horny that she begged to be masturbated, which she rarely did, but just allowed it breathless with horniness. Monika reached up and slipped Maja's nightgown over her head, pulling her own off as well in one fluid motion. She pressed her naked body against Maja, played with Maja's labia and slowly drove two fingers in and out of her vagina. The finger fucking didn't bring an orgasm, of course, it was just some foreplay. A shadow appeared beside them. It was Jan.

He took off his clothes in a flash and lay down with the girls. He was one of the friendly fellows and asked whispering if he could fuck Maja. Maja nodded, Jan was a very dear one whom she never turned down. Maja whispered that Monika should stay with her, Monika made a little room. Jan asked if he could fuck Monika, but Maja hissed, "Me first!" More communication was unnecessary, the choreography set.

Jan, who much preferred to fuck the ice-cold Monika, mounted Maja. Of course, he should pay attention to the fat belly, so he supported himself with his arms, quickly penetrated Maja's vagina and fucked quickly like a sewing machine. Maja sighed happily as Jan's fucking intensified the yearning feeling in her pussy and she acknowledged that with sighs. Jan stopped without squirting. He was saving that for Monika.

Monika had played with her clit a bit while they fucked in the dark, she knew the routine and wanted to get a little horny before Jan fucked her. She liked the tall boy who was about her age, but she wasn't in love with him, she had never been in love at all. When she got older she would fall in love with someone, but at the moment she despised the cackling, snickering lovers. It was a shameful, degrading spectacle, and that was precisely why she loved Maja, who didn't put up with all that nonsense.

Jan lay down with her, she embraced him and gave him a long French kiss. He had come to fuck her, that was okay with her. She took his cock and inserted it into her tight girlish vagina. She lay back and let him fuck her. Jan could fuck very well, Monika liked that very much, although she seldom had an orgasm while fucking. Jan fucked her slowly and for a very long time, his fingers had dug into Maja's pussy, who sighed continuously at his touching. After a long time he let go of her pussy, finally increasing his pace and squirting into Monika in bursts. Tired, he let himself slide to the side, stayed for a few minutes and kissed both girls, then left silently.

Maja suddenly remembered how she had become pregnant in the first place. She had been lying there dozing, Monika lying dozing too, with her face on Majas pussy. Monika had licked her to a gentle orgasm, the little girl was a sought after master at clit licking. Suddenly a bright light, an angel appeared. Maja was not afraid of angels, this one flipped back his glistening white hood. The angel was a handsome man, his straight black hair severely parted in the middle, ending in two braids at the chest. The sharply cut profile looked royally. "I am the warrior Tecumseh, and I come to you." Of course, she had read about Tecumseh, a famous warrior and leader who lived with his sister. She had read the passage describing the incestuous rela-

tionship with sultry romance and blatant showmanship probably a dozen times. She greeted the Indian with beautiful words. The warrior smiled and bared his large cock. Maja lay back, ready to fuck. He fucked her, and how! Maja had never been fucked by a grown man before, and he fucked her forcefully and very hard, so that she lost her breath. He grabbed her ass cheeks and lifted them so, that her pussy opened like a chalice. "I'll make you a child, a son who will make you proud!" the angel said and began to squirt. Maja cried out in her mind, "yes! Make me a child!" And the angel squirted endlessly into her pussy. The light faded, he was gone. Maja startled up, Monika woke up too. "It was just a dream," Maja whispered softly, "it was just a dream!" Monika looked at her very strangely, but they never spoke about that. Although Maja believed in the existence of angels, she took the dream as a dream only. In truth, Maja did not know who the father of her child was.

Monika devoted herself to Maja's clit again and they whispered softly about fucking Jan. "Shall I do it to you now?" breathed Monika, who was still very aroused from fucking. Maja nodded silently and willingly spread her legs apart. Monika's thoughts were already on her own masturbation, she masturbated Maja quickly and very skillfully. Maja held her breath as the orgasm rolled over her. "The baby is kicking like crazy," she breathed into Monika's ear. Monika just nodded and quickly continued masturbating herself, feeling the beautiful arousal and racing to her orgasm. She snuggled into Maja's arms and let the orgasm subside, quivering and twitching. For ten minutes they lay nestled together, dozing. Another shadow appeared. Werner.

Maja hadn't had him to fuck much, he'd only come since she had the belly. "Are you coming to me or to Moni?" she breathed as he lay down with her. "I'm not a child fucker after all," he grumbled, grinning into the darkness, "I'll only come to a real woman, of course!" Monika made room for him, she wasn't going to fuck that lout anyway. Wasting no time on foreplay, he mounted Maja carefully, supporting himself with his arms. She let him fuck her, it didn't take him long and he squirted short and hard. He disappeared in the dark as quietly as he had come. Monika whispered that she would lie in her own bed next to her, but she took good care of her and lay down in

the bed next to hers. Now she devoted herself extensively to her own clit. She loved to stop just before orgasm and start again, she could play that for hours. Towards the end she fucked herself to orgasm with middle- and ring finger, because that's how she trained her pussy to orgasm while fucking.

There came Oskar, Fritz and the stupid Mick to Maja to fuck, she still let Friedrich fuck her and told him he was the last, the others should not come. She turned on her side and fell asleep dead tired. Cyril still crept to her, but before he reached Maja, Monika grabbed him by the hand, "don't wake her!" Cyril lay down with little Monika, who was in the middle of masturbating. He touched her finger, she should keep doing and waited patiently until she had stopped masturbating. Just before the orgasm she let Cyril penetrate and clung to the big boy twitching in orgasm. She let him fuck her while her orgasm was dying slowly, it was so wonderful to delay the orgasm with his fucking and have little mini-orgasms after the big one while fucking. The orgasms stopped and Cyril wildly and firmly squirted his seed in strong jets into her. Cyril had a big and thick cock, he was one of the few she orgasmed with. He asked if he could fuck her a second time, he badly needed it. Monika nodded and took his cock in her mouth until it was stiff again. She rarely got Cyril to fuck, he was mostly only interested in Maja. Monika masturbated a bit when he started fucking again, then she concentrated on fucking, and lo and behold, it was enough to orgasm again. They lay panting heavily next to each other and Cyril grumbled that it did him good. Monika whispered that he should come fuck her more often, but he shook his head, she was actually too young. He left after a while silently into the darkness. Monika didn't feel like masturbating anymore and fell asleep.

Maja read a book during the day, the "Deerslayer" by Fenimore Cooper, it was written very exciting and it was about Indians. She was fascinated by the Indians, she didn't even know why. Maybe because the savages upheld intact family life, something she never had as an orphan from an early age? She looked up from the book and finished her tea. The little one had kicked during the night as he always did when Monika made her an orgasm. She didn't really know why she never masturbated, she knew of course how to do it. She

glanced at the wall clock. She had to go down in 15 minutes, the mighty and powerful chef fucked her at the same time every day. Since she was pregnant she had to go to him, before that he used to fuck one of the young novices or a young spiritual nun, no one dared to resist. The Sister Superior knew it and told the chosen one that she was doing it for the good of the convent and her sin was forgiven. As long as Maja was available, however, he left the novices and nuns alone.

Maja came up slowly again. It was like every time, she had taken his cock in her mouth and masturbated until he squirted down her throat. She swallowed the semen and sucked his semi soft until it was firm again. Now she was allowed to lie with her upper body on the table and he flipped her skirt up. He only ever fucked her from behind and she was able to protect her belly from his wild thrusts. She had told him she was leaving and he had nodded, it was okay, he had his eye on a virgin spiritual nun anyway, he said with a dirty grin.

Monika had masturbated her wonderfully and she had clung to the younger girl in climax. None of the boys could give her orgasms as nice as Monika's, but she found that she was orgasming more and more often as she fucked. Monika retreated to her bed when Oskar came, but the two girls held hands from bed to bed. Maja signaled her rising arousal to Monika and also got to feel the same way when Monika came to orgasm.

The little girl was like a sister to her. Maja had also told her right away that she had fucked the chef for the last time that afternoon. He had slipped her a frayed envelope containing 2,500 and had thanked her profusely for fucking him every day. With glittering, greedy eyes, he had told her that he had made a good deal with the Sister Superior, a handsome donation. The young spiritual nun had slapped her hands in front of her face as she dropped her frock and he and the Sister Superior had patted her down from top to bottom, convincing themselves of her virginity with their own eyes. The Sister Superior had still meant that the breasts were not yet fully developed and would still grow. The old woman was pleased with herself, because he paid well every time she sold a novice or a young spiritual nun to the good man. She had always watched him fuck the young girls in

earlier years, but not lately. The bloody young nun had confirmed, with her face lowered in shame, that the inflammation around her clit was from all the masturbating and she was sorry, but that was the only pleasure she had. But she promised to learn to fuck quickly and to serve the monastery with her body. Tomorrow already she would come to him, he said with drooling anticipation, tomorrow already she was his!

Maja squeezed Monika's hand, the boys came one after the other and fucked her. All around panting sounds of the fucking of some girls went on and on and on. The chaperone slept soundly in the anteroom. Maja enjoyed the excitement she got from being fucked and would whoop softly when she had an orgasm. She earlier never used to have an orgasm while fucking, it developed only with her pregnancy, and she liked it very much. She mostly fantasized about her Indians while fucking, letting Chingachcook, Uncas, Leatherstocking or the Hawkeye fuck her to orgasm. She wanted to give her child an Indian name as a reminiscence of Fenimore Cooper, as a second name. Monika was strictly against it, the poor child would have to answer stupid questions all his life. Maja had nodded in understanding, but secretly she held on to it.

Thoughtlessly, Maja had gone downstairs, completely forgetting that she no longer needed to go to the chef with the boyishly small cock. It was only when she opened the door to the room and saw the chef fucking the young girl, that it all came back to her. He waved jovially that she could come in quietly, so Maja stopped and watched. She had rarely seen fucking in the daylight, now she saw it. The chef nodded in affirmation when Maja asked in a whisper if he had given the shy nun a pill and he pointed three fingers up, he had given the little girl three pills and she was horny and psyched like a harbor whore. Maja nodded contentedly, at least he had done that right. The young nun was completely beside herself with horniness and stretched her ass towards him demanding. She had a very nice private part, just a delicate fuzz of light blonde pubic hair and grinned with horniness and pleasure. Maja watched them for an hour until he was done fucking and allowed the girl to quickly masturbate at the end. He went out to work and Maja sat down next to the girl to grope her while she masturbated and continued to get her horny, as she

had experienced with Monika. She fucked the masturbating girl very hard with two fingers and intervened when she went limp and kept masturbating her, orgasm after orgasm. The girl masturbated, grinning in shame, and for an incredibly long time, orgasm after orgasm, until the effect of the pills gradually wore off. When she was done, Maja went back upstairs. She retreated to a corner with Monika and quietly whispered to her about what she had seen. They giggled because only they both knew why dinner was served half an hour later today.

The girls held hands. It was their last night together, tomorrow Maja would move to the other convent. The boys knew about it, of course, and they all wanted to fuck Maja one more time. She was dead tired after a dozen, but there were still some waiting. She had said goodbye to each after fucking and gave herself to the last wearily. She instantly fell asleep and didn't get to see Cyril lie down with Monika.

He had listened very carefully, she had only had an orgasm with him so far and she had invited him explicitly. He fucked Monika twice and put his fingers on her pussy while Monika masturbated during the break. She embraced and held him with her arms after the second time and kissed him with long kisses with tongue. She could fall in love with him, she whispered between two kisses, but she was still much too young to fall in love. Cyril slipped away just as silently as he had come. He had good reason to grin all over his face.

Maya's move was unspectacular; she had only a half-empty bag and walked barely fifteen minutes. The sisters welcomed her kindly and she came to Lori's room. She sat in the convent garden until dinner, watching the busy activity in the flower beds. She had already been told that she would be working in the convent garden. After dinner, she quietly walked behind Lori into the room. Lori was a little older than her, looked cute as a silver button with her round belly, but she had a thousand tricks in her sleeves. She got into bed naked, but immediately came into Maja's bed to comfort the poor crying girl. The first thing to do was to get rid of the annoying nightgown, she snuggled up to Maja and stroked her soothingly. Lori used to start masturbating around this time and was already very hot. She

pressed herself against Maja's body and let her tell, of Monika masturbating her once or twice in a row before the boys came to fuck. No, she had never masturbated herself, Monika had always done that, Monika masturbated other girls with full passion and masturbated a lot herself. Lori asked if she should masturbate her and Maja nodded gratefully, that would distract her from her sadness. She went on as Lori masturbated her, she told of fucking the small-cocked chef for months, bartering away the spiritual virgin to the lecher, and watching the exciting fucking of the two. She told that in the past the Sister Superior had watched them fucking and had masturbated quite secretly under the frock, but not anymore.

Maja clung to Lori's arm as the orgasm roared through her pussy, Lori could do it just as well as Monika. She snuggled up to Lori and stroked her belly and pussy as Lori masturbated. She hugged her new friend and held her tight embraced as Lori seemed to explode in orgasm. Lori glanced at the travel alarm clock on her nightstand. "Jesus, he'll be here any minute!" exclaimed Lori and ran to the window. A few minutes later, she opened the window and a young man came climbing in. He was Piet, Lori's friend and pimp. Tall, blond and handsome. Maja hid under the covers as he dropped his clothes. She still caught a glimpse of his cock, she had never seen one so big, so long. After all, she knew all the boys' dicks from bathing day when they showered, give them handjobs, or let them fuck her quickly. Auntie chaperone always stood under the door unconcerned and didn't care what the kids were doing in the showers, neither handjobs nor fucking could distract her for watching out for a scuffle. She only intervened when there was a scuffle, that was not tolerated. The boys made a fuss of feigning a scuffle in order to tempt the attendant to intervene, what she did. One of the ruffians flipped her skirt up and a second ripped her underpants down to her knees. The boys surrounded her and cheekily groped her. She was pretty strict in herself, but she let the curious ones grab her for minutes before straightening her clothes. Once, Maja remembered fondly, the chaperone got involved in a frivolous exchange with Oskar that ended with her leaning over and letting Oskar fuck her from behind. She was encircled and a murmur went through the ranks as Oskar squirted inside. She straightened up with flashing eyes, "Another one?" That was downright stupid, because Werner stepped behind her and bent her upper

body forward. Calmly, he fucked the old woman, with Friedrich and Cyril already behind him. The others didn't dare, but they shouted excitedly in amazement as Werner, Friedrich and Kyrill squirted into her. She straightened up with a groan and left with her head down. The mischievous old woman was the only piglet who let the guys fuck her old, dried up pussy every few days, every few weeks. Her pussy was already quite shriveled and very, very tight, but it was the painful fucking that she liked very much.

Lori and Piet fucked very quietly, only Lori's moans and sighs could be heard as she raced towards orgasm. He propped himself up with his arms, because of Lori's belly, and stared at Maja, grinning. "So, does she like to fuck too?" he asked Lori and she nodded, "I think so. Just ask her." Maja hid even deeper in her blanket. She didn't mind fucking, but a complete stranger, on the very first night? But he was busy with Lori now, they whispered quietly until he reared up as he squirted. He lay with Lori for quite a while, maybe fifteen minutes, then came over to Maja.

"Move over a little," he said quietly, and lay down next to Maja. She shuddered as their naked bodies touched. So, she was the Maja and liked to fuck, he had heard, but how far along she was with the pregnancy, that Lori hadn't told him. So? "I'm seven or eight months along," Maja breathed fearfully, "maybe another eight or nine weeks until." Piet slid even closer. "Lori has three weeks or less, then we'll have our first child. We want several more, we're going to get married next year and she'll never go on the hustle again, that's what we've decided. I'll take over a gas station, that'll make enough for our little family." Piet was caressing Maja's body all the time and his hand kept sliding over her pussy. Maja asked in wonder, as he whispered if they could fuck now, she asked in great wonder what about Lori? He laughed softly and not unsympathetically. "I'm not supposed to fuck her a second time because it's not good for the kid, because I always take a long time the second time. And she's masturbating right now and afterwards wants to see us fuck, that's what she said." Piet's hand had been making Maja's clit hot for a while. "I don't know," Maja said, "I don't know. Maybe we shouldn't fuck and watch Lori masturbate, I'd like that." Piet laughed softly. "You just watch Lori, she's just started, and I'm already fucking once." He

lifted Maja up and had her prop herself up on the footboard of the bed, so she could watch over Lori's shoulder as she masturbated. "Damn, damn," Maja thought, I didn't mean it that way. But Piet was already spreading her ass cheeks and slowly penetrating her pussy.

Maja had never had such a big cock in her pussy before. But it was good that she offered her ass to him, so she could brace herself in front and her belly was protected. She and Lori looked at each other. "Just let him do it, Piet fucks very well!" Maja smiled, "you don't mind?" Lori smiled and shook her head. "I have to concentrate now," and she continued masturbating. Maja saw practically none of it, Lori's fat belly hiding her pussy, which she rubbed by heart with her eyes closed. Maja didn't have time to look either, because Piet's thrusts brought her up to speed quickly and she felt the orgasm approaching. Her ass cheeks quivered and twitched involuntarily as the orgasm came, but Piet was far from finished. He fucked and fucked like clockwork and Maja felt the rising excitement building before the orgasm. Piet fucked faster and faster and Maja's orgasm approached. She clutched the board and closed her eyes. She had never had an orgasm twice while fucking, but now it erupted violently, practically tore her off her feet, and with a stifled cry she doubled over. She didn't know how much time had passed when Piet finally squirted. She turned around and took refuge in his arms. She had a feeling of shame and sad guilt like never before. He stroked her hair and head, "there, there, that was a good start!" Maja slowly let go of him. "Was it okay for you?" she asked, she had never asked that anyone before. He nodded, "come on, let's watch Lori!" They bent over the footboard of the bed side by side and watched Lori, who after a few minutes came to the finale, clutching her belly with both hands in orgasm. They chatted for another half hour, then Piet climbed out the window.

It was a good solution for all of them. Piet fucked Lori every night and then Maja, as Lori's day approached he fucked Maja twice and Lori sat on a chair next to them and watched their fucking before she masturbated and let them both watch. One morning Lori came to the maternity ward and had a sweet little Magdalena. Lori stayed 3 more days, Piet fucked Maja twice every night and he still came to Maja ev-

ery night until she too was about to give birth. He said goodbye, forever.

Maja gave birth to a son, he didn't look like any of the boys, certainly not like the chef. She pondered for hours, staring at the little face that looked like no one she had fucked night after night for the last 4 years. Even Monika, who slept with her a few nights so she could sleep at least a few hours in the stressful situation, so even Monika could not tell from the face who it resembled, who could be the father. Monika never told Maja that once, when she was lying with her head on Maja's pussy and dozing, she had dreamed that an Angel wrapped in bright light had really hard fucked Maja. Monika quite honestly believed that Angels existed and did not dare to tell Maja.

Maja gave the son the name James Tecumseh to honor the poet and the Indian-Warrior.

# The Maid

by Jack Faber © 2023

The Montgomery's were fine, old nobility. While their ancestral home was being remodeled, they needed a maid for the townhouse. That's how I came to work for them. I prepare breakfast, tidy up the spacious apartment, serve delivered lunch and dinner. Not very exhausting. The first surprise was my uniform, black dress, white apron and white cloth crown. The mistress was present at the fitting and confirmed it was not too short, the master wanted it that way, shorter than short.

The second surprise was that she didn't make a face when he cheekily patted my rear end or palmed my panties with his hand when I came to stand next to him. Damn, I needed the money, and being groped was nothing new. Good old English nobility.

I was neither prude nor uptight. Uncle Alfie deflowered me without being asked at 15 and fucked me three, four or five times a week until I moved to the capital at 25. My mother had caught us fucking and there was a bad row. At that time I masturbated about once a week, on my day off, that's all I needed. The Brookefields I served with were much too old to be troublesome. The old man would sometimes pat my butt friendly and I would kneel in front of him once a week and give him a blowjob, with his wife sitting there, next to him on the couch, apologetically saying she was no longer capable of sex. Fucking he did not want, it was too exhausting. But they put a few bills on the table after each blowjob, and that was the end of it. So every few weeks she had me masturbate her with a finger before the blowjob, which her husband watched aroused and that had a positive effect on the blowjob and the money afterwards. They were strange, but harmless. Good old English nobility, did I say that already?

The Montgomery's paid a nice salary, about the double. The mistress let slip that some (probably sexual) concession was expected. For the first few weeks, there was none of that. I had discovered that one could look into the bedroom from the guest room through a hid-

den Venetian mirror. I did that quite conscientiously and masturbated while doing so. Only then did I masturbate daily, orgasm after orgasm, until they were done. The two fucked very skilled in the different positions that Uncle Alfie had never shown me. With him it was just in and out, thank you Madame! And he was my only sex partner so far. Even how I had to do the blowjob had to describe to me the old Madame Brookefield first with reddened cheeks.

I took great pleasure in watching the two of them fuck while masturbating. I lost my original shyness and stayed next to him at breakfast, grinning inwardly I allowed him to feel my panties extensively. He must have known every millimeter of my pussy by now, his fingers at least. She must have always been aware of it, but she did not make a face. Then the gentleman traveled for 3 months to the mainland. I was of course curious what the mistress, who had fucked and played sexually with him every evening, would do now.

She put porn movies in the video player and masturbated with a big soft dildo that had no motor, she had to push it in and out by hand. We were now both masturbating in different rooms and I was watching her but also the porn. She let it run forward until the sex scene started. Some parts she let run in slow motion or continuous loop, that was then the right thing to masturbate, thrusting herself hard and brutally with the dildo. I tried to masturbate as often as she did, but it was very tiring.

A few days later the young gentlemen arrived. No, they were not aristocrats, they were beautiful young boys with really big cocks. The mistress was twice their age, she was about 38 or 40. None were over 20, they came for a few nights, then another came. They almost all fucked excellently, I could see it. All that was left for me was to masturbate, I had no time or opportunity to get a man. But I soon found out that the guys were paid gigolos. Still, it was a really horny time that ended way too quickly. The Master came back.

They had a stormy night and I served breakfast as before. He let his hand wander over my butt and it was business as usual. He was a few years younger than his wife, I could see that clearly now. I cleared up and then went to my room, I read the memoirs of the

widow Plunkett, whose husband had already died at the beginning of the Irish troubles. It was very exciting and I could play with my clit while reading. Of course, everyone wanted to comfort and fuck the widow, but she was very particular. They did fuck her, all of them, she admitted in the autobiography published after her death. — Then there was a knock on my door.

I jumped up and threw me the robe around, naked I could not open. It was the Master who examined me from top to bottom and devoured every inch of bare skin with his eyes. I waited patiently, he should look! The robe fell apart and I took my time to gather it up, he swallowed greedily. It was about that some gentlemen were expected, I should provide coffee and drinks. I nodded, okay, and closed the door.

I was not interested in the chatter of the guests, I served coffee and drinks. They left before dinner, which I served as usual. He kept his hands to himself and had an animated discussion with her. They went to bed. I watched them as usual. During a break for rest, it seemed to me that he was talking about me. He was apparently describing to her what he had seen under my robe that afternoon, and then it was clear. He described with his hands my pubic hair, which I had trimmed to a landing strip after seeing it in one of her pornos. She smiled mildly and ruffled his hair. She nodded, agreeing. With what?

I found out the other day. Breakfast had been cleared, he had been waiting. Now he grabbed my hand and pulled me onto his lap. I felt his stiff cock under the thin silk morning coat. I stared into his wife's eyes. She returned my gaze with a smile as he gently undressed me. She looked at my naked body curiously, she compared our bodies and she nodded contentedly to herself, she didn't need to fear me as competition. Nevertheless, her eyes sparkled briefly as he kissed me and moved on to French kissing. I gave her a long look and returned the kiss.

"I'll go ahead," she said softly and left. He nodded, kissing, and let his hands continue to roam over my body. Then we stood up, I gathered up my clothes and followed him wordlessly. He went ahead to

the bedroom, she lay already naked on the bed. He let his silk robe slide carelessly to the floor and lay down next to her, his lance erect. I stepped up to the bed and dropped my clothes as well. I waited.

It was she who knocked promptly on the bed beside her, not he. I gave him a look and lay down next to her. I didn't move as her hand slid scrutinizingly over my body. Never before had a woman caressed me, never touched me so intimately. She sounded hoarse when she asked if she was not interesting to me? I mustered all my courage and whispered, I've never.... No woman has ever touched me like this. I was confused and didn't know what to do. "But you've fucked with men, Rose?" she asked and I nodded overzealously, "Yes, with one, for ten years!" She smiled and turned to him, "you start!"

He lay down with me, gave me one French kiss after another and groped for my clit. I opened my legs so that he could get to it well. Uncle Alfie always masturbated me before fucking, but I noticed right away that the master of the house did not approach it well or did not want it at all. I looked questioningly at his wife, but she nodded in agreement and prompting. I helped him and touched my clit. He immediately left the field to me and I began to masturbate properly, I was used to that before fucking. It irritated me a bit that she was watching me masturbate so intently, as if she had never seen it before. My excitement rose and rose, he got ready and slowly penetrated my pussy. I continued to masturbate until he fucked me in the right rhythm. Uncle Alfie never managed to do that. He, however, did it right and I flew toward orgasm, clinging to him. He increased the stroke rate and my orgasm came, he kept fucking me very skillfully and I had a long, strong orgasm. He squirted at the right moment, he squirted and thrust, thrust and squirted until we broke away from each other, breathing heavily. He sank to the other side, she hugged me and stroked me finely and intimately until I calmed down.

She asked if I had only ever fucked with one man before and I nodded, "only with Uncle Alfie, he took my virginity and fucked me every day for ten years. We're not related by blood, he was married to my aunt until she died." I babbled on as she touched me intimately and really rubbed my clit properly. She smiled kindly, "It was incest anyway, in the legal sense." I babbled on now, completely confused.

“He was very lonely after his aunt died and I understood that as a 15 year old well. Before fucking he masturbated me to orgasm in the first time, later I did it myself. He fucked only very briefly and squirted immediately, he never lasted long.” I babbled wildly confused, “never before has a woman touched me and masturbated me, I feel all weird about it. When I had my period I didn’t masturbate, Uncle Alfie showed me how to do him with my mouth and that was okay. He was always satisfied. My mom caught us fucking when I was 25 and so I moved here.” I jerked and wriggled, my thighs quivering and trembling. I clung to her arm and buried my face on her bosom. I felt insanely ashamed, because there was no stopping the orgasm. She masturbated me very hard and brutally, my orgasm almost tore me apart, I screamed. She continued lightly and delicately with my clit and let my orgasm fade finely. Only a woman could do that so gently and sensitively.

I was embarrassed for a moment to return her French kisses, but I felt for her clit. I felt her soften all over and open her thighs willingly. I masturbated her as best I could and she orgasmed after a few minutes. I was glad it worked and let myself go again on her tongue kisses, she kissed better than her husband. “And you did Alfie with your mouth,” she asked and I nodded in affirmation. Her French kisses had kicked up a storm inside me. “I’ll do you with my mouth and tongue, too, and pay attention, because I want that from you, too!” She dove down, kissing and licking my belly, the landing strip. I widened my eyes as she licked my pussy, my clit with her tongue and lips. It was wonderful and very shameful for the first time. Her husband knelt behind her and fucked her from behind. She licked, slurped and bit very lightly. Her breathing was fast and faster and she grabbed my clit with her lips as she orgasmed. She put her whole mouth over my pussy as he squirted short and hard and left her mouth there until the orgasm died out. She licked my clit at a furious pace, triggering my orgasm. I wedged her head between my thighs, but she licked, more gently, until my orgasm was finished. All three of us stretched out breathing heavily.

I had figured out how to do a woman with my mouth. I stroked her thighs and asked if she wanted it now? She nodded silently and I got into position. I sucked, licked and slurped at the top of my lungs

on her pussy and clit. It was only strange for a brief moment to touch a woman's pussy and clit with my lips, after that it was easy. He put his cock inside me, although it was not really stiff. He fucked slowly and carefully so his soft cock didn't slip out. It was kind of pleasurable, although I'm not going to have an orgasm that way. I continued to concentrate on licking. She had to keep helping with her fingers the closer we got to orgasm. I licked maybe too wildly, because she triggered her orgasm with her finger and I kept licking her clit gently until she was done.

I went to see them every night, Master John fucked me with great enthusiasm because I responded well to his fucking and it did his ego good when I came to orgasm. Lady Janet was much busier than him though, she taught me to fuck clit-to-clit, she liked that best. Unfortunately my clit was much too small to fuck her, although we tried it all the time in the beginning and I would have loved to do it as well as she did. But we gave it up after a while. She had quite a big clit that could get very stiff and she fucked me to insanity. I got wonderful orgasms and screamed in climax. Lord John, who loved to fuck me from behind when I licked the lady, strangely asked every time, "can I cum inside now, Rose?" and I always answered, "but of course, Master John!" , because to call the lordship only by his first name seemed unseemly to me. Only once I tested him and replied, "better not today, Master!" and he actually pulled out his cock and squirted on my ass cheeks.

We fucked for half a year with much pleasure and I loved fucking and licking and being licked very much. The time with Uncle Alfie was far, far away. Lord John left again for a trip of several weeks and I asked the lady where he had gone and what he was doing. She smiled and said his destination was secret and she never knew where he was going. "He's traveling with the Secret Service and they usually kill people," she said in passing. She didn't care, he wasn't allowed to talk about it anyway and I would do well not to ask too much, to think too much. I nodded humbly, I really was just a maid.

I lay tight next to the mistress, we watched very hard porn and after a few days she ordered two gigolos. We fucked with the young men in all variations and positions, Lady Janet could not get enough.

For me it was usually enough, I was exhausted after a few orgasms and remained a spectator when the lady let herself be fucked by both of them at the same time. I had to learn ass fucking too, but I didn't like it at all and Master John didn't force it on me. The days flew by and the Master came back.

I was really looking forward to fucking him, because he knew I liked it best from behind while licking the lady. I kept an iron silence about the gigolos, as she demanded. I let him fuck me much more often than the lady, who almost perished in licking. He knew that he could easily trigger my orgasm if he fucked me in the asshole with a finger at the right moment while fucking me. He briefly mentioned that his tan was from Egypt and other Arab countries, that was the only hint he gave.

He wanted something new and promised me generous pay. I was to serve coffee and drinks to the gentlemen who came to visit us once a week or several times a month. Leave my panties off and let my pussy flash a little. How far I let myself be groped or even fucked, he left to me. I was supposed to keep the gentlemen happy and not turn them away brusquely. But I didn't have to do anything I didn't want to. The lady interjected, "our Rose can do it, she'll get your old geezers hot," and I nodded, I would certainly.

It was always the same three or four, whom I dutifully addressed by their first names. Harrison, the oldest and loudest, Finney and Froment, who seemed like twins, and George, by far the filthiest. He told the dirtiest stories, knew every detail about the whoring ladies first hand and I strongly suspected that he had already lain with this or that lady. He never bragged about it, I gathered it mainly from the comments of the others. I served coffee, alcohol, pastries and cigars and flashed my pussy. I watched Master John, who signaled that I was doing well. He mostly stood silently beside the fireplace and did not actively participate in the debates. In the beginning, it was quite enough for me to flash my butt and pussy. Harrison was the first to cheekily pull me onto his lap and explore my pussy with his fingers. Later, the other three did the same, but none of them tried to masturbate me properly. They made rather loose speeches as they groped me. I thought it was easy money, because Lady Janet gave me a well-

filled envelope each time. After half a year, I could already see my little house on the outskirts of town approaching.

It was also Harrison's cock that I unwrapped first. He shook his head decidedly, with my hand I should not do it to him, I should ride him. I glanced briefly at Master John, who nodded. So I rode Harrison until he finished squirting. I found nothing wrong with riding all 4 in turn, I wiped my pussy with a cloth napkin and sat on the lap of the next one. It seemed to me that everyone was quite pleased with me and Lady Janet's envelopes were getting thicker. In my imagination I saw my cottage, my own cottage!

In the evenings the lordships never talked about the gentlemen's rounds, although I would have had a great deal to ask. But I remembered that Lady Janet had advised me not to think and ask too much. I kept my mouth shut and only opened it for a lick or a blowjob. Six months flew by and the more I listened to Harrison and the others, the creepier the gentlemen's round became. I rode them all in a row at every meeting and listened well. No, I didn't want to masturbate, shaking my head vigorously so Harrison understood. Riding was okay, that was definitely all I wanted, not masturbating and not getting squirted in my mouth. They understood that.

During the daily shopping I met Luise, maid like me, but she had spent her whole life — and that was about 45 years — in the ruling circles. We always chatted after shopping about this and that, gradually sex came up. She had spent her life fucking the master, his son and now the grandsons, she found nothing wrong with it. On the contrary, it brought her some respect, that was important to her. I also told at some point that I fucked with the master and the lady. Luise was quite curious, because she had never had anything with a woman and of course wanted to know exactly what was being done. I suggested to her that I would like to do it with her, she blushed all over, but it did not work, neither with her nor with me, you could not go to visit a maid so easily. After all, we sat in the park and we gave each other French kisses. I was allowed to secretly masturbate her under her skirt, she was terribly bashful because she has never let anyone watch her masturbate before and only did it secretly. But I was allowed to masturbate her on the Park bench, and she mastur-

bated me in return. She was all excited and full of shame because it was all new to her. We were very clever to hide it so that it could not be noticed.

Luise looked at me uncomprehendingly. “You keep talking about Lady Janet’s husband, but she’s not married!” Now I looked uncomprehending. But, the Master John? Luise laughed brightly, as if I had made a spicy joke. Luise let go of my clit. “But they are brother and sister, didn’t you know?” I was blindsided, but Luise persisted. She hadn’t wondered about my reign during our conversations; after all, she had suspected for years that they had incest. I was confused and completely floored, I had to find out.

Over the next few days I occasionally wove word with the master about his sister, blah blah blah. He nodded, yes, and didn’t contradict. In the evening, as Lady Janet and I lay together waiting for the Master, I asked her directly. She answered in the affirmative, he was her little brother. I must have looked stupid, because she smilingly reminded me of Uncle Alfie, that was incest too. I shook my head, that was very different. Uncle Alfie had first been involved with my mother before marrying her sister. My mother never made a secret of the fact that she had given her virginity to Alfie, as had her sister, stupidly. I always suspected that my mother was fucking Uncle Alfie on a case-by-case basis and my father was fucking her sister. As I grew up, I spied on them and very often caught both couples fucking. This contributed to me later, at 15, letting Uncle Alfie deflower me and fuck me — marital fidelity wasn’t worth a damn, everyone fucked everyone. A rebellion against my dominant mother. It didn’t surprise me how bitter she was when she caught me fucking Alfie. I was theoretically of age at 24 or 25, of course, and could fuck whoever I wanted. But I couldn’t stand her bitterness and left.

I shook my head when Lady Janet asked if that bothered me? Of course not, it was her business if she had incest, I said. No, it didn’t bother me at all, I was just a little confused because I thought they were husband and wife for over a year. The lady nodded, “take your time to digest it.” On a suitable occasion, I asked her if I could invite a girlfriend over on my afternoon off, to my room. Yes, to play, too, I said, looking her firmly in the eye. “A maid?” she asked, and I con-

firmed. She allowed it and said she wouldn't disturb us, but if we wanted to invite her, gladly. So it came about that Luise visited me once a week.

Luise was not half as pretty as me, I not half as pretty as my Lady. But we spent the afternoon kissing and cuddling, we masturbated sitting across from each other or tightly entwined. We also masturbated each other and one day invited Lady Janet to join our play. Luise had a very large and quasi-muscular clit and when she learned to fuck clit-on-clit from the Lady, she could fuck the Mistress to madness. Luise kept her distance, as did I, and duly called her Lady Janet. Luise didn't tell the mistress any juicy details about her lordships, only that she was there for the three generations to be fucked well.

Luise had become a close friend and I asked her for advice on the park bench. She gave me some good one. I gathered all my courage and went to New Scotland Yard. I was sent back and forth until I was sitting in an austere interrogation room facing a stern female officer and two gentlemen. Everything would be recorded and I was only allowed to tell the truth, not invent anything, and not lie. I was terribly nervous, I couldn't babble on and I said it quietly. Okay, she said, I'll ask a few questions. I soon relaxed, it was easy. My name, my profession, my address, my family's address. Yes, I was 29 years old. How often these meetings took place, what my job was? Coffee, drinks, cookies. And cigars. What the men's names were, I only knew their first names. And what else I had to do? I glanced at the two men. They didn't make a face when I said serve pantyless. Yes, some sexual things, too. I had to ride one after the other until he squirted. Yes, all four of them, one after the other. Yes, I confirmed, all four, one after the other, at all meetings. Usually there was enough time to go around a second time, except for Harrison, who was already too old. The female officer dropped the subject and I breathed a sigh of relief. I should report what they had spoken. They were planning an assassination, they were going to blow up "the whole gang." They had spoken quite openly about the craftsmen who were placing the explosive charges continuously and would soon be finished with it. Who they meant by gang and where or when it was to happen I did not know. One of the men cleared his throat. Why were they speaking so openly when a waitress was in the room? That was easy to answer. "I'm even

less than a piece of furniture, because I'm dealing with the.... uh, ... Sexual ... things what I'm preoccupied with. They think I'm just focused on that and not listening. But for me, the fuck... the sexual was only half important, it was so incidental."

The officer asked about the Montgomery's. I felt a cold shiver run down my spine. I had to keep both Montgomery's out of it. The Lady Montgomery was never there, and the Lord Montgomery never participated in the conversations, often going off to talk to Mylady. No, he was definitely not one of the four. He was only a host, and mainly supervised me that I was doing the serving and the ... Sexual activity properly, that was his responsibility. "Pimping?" muttered one of the men, but the female officer shook her head decisively. She now asked everything again, made a note and asked the same thing again. I was getting a bit indignant, I had repeated the names a couple of times and everything. I said I repeated that a minute ago. One of the men started to talk about the sexual matters, but the officer intervened, "leave the girl alone, she already said everything about it!" I was grateful to her. She instructed me that my identity would be kept secret, but in case there was a trial, I would have to testify, but perhaps only before the judge. But she could not promise that. I rolled over the situation in my head. Could I stay with the Montgomery's? She answered in the affirmative, to them of all people she would not expose me. I was dismissed, had to swear silence to everyone and had to sign it. I went home with soft knees.

Nothing happened for a very long time. We fucked like every evening, Tuesday afternoon Luise came, who had really taken a liking to fucking my Lady to the point of madness. I took Mylady in my arms and kissed her until she relaxed again. One evening Master John said that the four friends were in custody. I was thankfully busy licking her and they didn't notice me flinch. He whispered quietly in Mylady's ear that he was not in danger, he had organized the gentlemen's rounds on behalf of his agency, they knew about everything. A little louder he said, "Rose, I'm afraid the gentlemen's rounds are cancelled, no more fucking!" I nodded and mumbled, her clit between my lips, that it was a pity, I could have used the money well! He laughed, our Rose only thinks about the money she gets for fuck-

ing! I breathed a sigh of relief, he didn't question me. Lady Janet did, the other day.

"Luise didn't do it, you did. You went to Scotland Yard!" I admitted immediately. "Surely I can't let them kill some people!" Lady Janet nodded, agreeing with me. "John was quite dogged about this operation, he was quite close to finding out everything. He'd been recording all the conversations for months and giving it to the authorities. And now it's over. The conspirators are going to jail, I hear the fucking isn't so much fun there." The lady smiled kindly. "Too bad you didn't talk to me or John first, it should have gone differently!" I knew she was right. But it did go differently. She didn't rat me out to John, for which I was very grateful. I also didn't hear anything more from Scotland Yard and didn't have to testify anywhere. We fucked as usual, lustfully and to exhaustion.

A new maid came into the house, a bloody young Asian girl. She seemed to me to be not yet 14, but was supposedly already 21. I was consumed with envy watching Master John fall for her. He fucked her one after the other until late at night, she acted very childish and that drove him completely crazy. I didn't think she was particularly pretty, she had tiny breasts like bee stings, had no pubic hair and a sore clit. She didn't let him squirt in her mouth like I did, he had to fuck her asshole. I was convinced that her big asshole was so worn out from all the ass fucking in the past. She wouldn't let my Lady or me touch her and watched in horror as Lady Janet and I masturbated, licked or fucked each other. That was out of the question for her. I stayed for a few more months, but I knew my time was up.

With a half-empty travel bag, I stood on the rainy platform at Paddington. My next job was in the north of the city, in Hampstead.

# The Widow Plunkett

by Jack Faber © 2023

In 1969 I traveled again from Vienna to Dublin. I visited her every year in the nursing home and she left me a little money and a property that I had to sell because it was not easy for a foreigner to keep it. The duties in London, planned for two days, kept me three weeks. When I arrived in Dublin, the aunt had already died, cremated and buried. I stood saddened before the empty bed in the nursing home, I had packed up the last of her belongings. I noticed the new resident in the second bed. I greeted the old lady, whose bright green eyes immediately fascinated me. I pulled up a chair, I had time for a chat. Always.

Her name was Grace Plunkett. Our conversation got more and more exciting and I pulled out my notepad (in those days, people still wrote by hand). She asked curiously what I was writing, and I indicated that I always took notes when things got interesting. "What are they mostly about?" she asked, and I said mostly about sexual adventures and sexual experiences, I wrote books like that. She laughed brightly and grinned impudently, "I can tell you a thing or two about that, young man!" It became three long afternoons sitting by her bedside, they were to be our last. Six months later, she was dead.

I will tell you about my youth in Dublin, I met Patrick in 1915 and we fell in love. Sexuality was unmentionable in Ireland at that time, but I felt the urgent restlessness in my cunt, the untouched. Young girls like me 18 years old had only basic knowledge about marriage, married life and having children. None of my age knew about masturbation, for example. Patrick was impetuous and promised me marriage, so I let the experienced boy seduce, deflower and fuck me. We were so in love with each other, we fucked three times on some days in the grass on the banks of the Lyffe, our river. This went on for just under a year, then I thought I was pregnant. We got married in January 1916, living in his parents' cottage. There was only one room for us and of course you could hear everything through the thin walls, but we were married and everyone had to accept that we

screwed day and night as often as we could. That I was not pregnant after all, saddened us both, but we continued to practice undaunted. Unfortunately, our happiness lasted only three months.

Patrick, like everyone his age, belonged to the underground. We moved into our own apartment, an aunt had died. Patrick had to hide, he ignored the draft. The hated English wanted to send him to war against the hated German, but not with Patrick Plunkett! He went into hiding and visited me in the dark of the night. The impertinent Englishmen tramped on without having achieved anything, there was no Patrick Plunkett here!

How I loved my Patrick! When he was dozing in a recovery break, I would stroke his big cock with my index finger, that was MY cock! I let him doze until his cock stirred again under the stroking. I didn't give him a break, the poor guy had to do his service to me, but I'd rather have that like this than in the service of the hated English, he grinned. Patrick taught me how to masturbate, he knew it from his sisters. It was the best invention since Prometheus and after that not a free minute passed in my life without masturbating. But I was not well disposed towards his sister because she had seduced my Patrick into incest a long time ago. He never understood my point of view, for him it was a great thing and he loved to fuck with his sister. That it was incest, as with the biblical Lot and his daughters, he acknowledged with a shabby smile. That was the only thing we disagreed on. I was quite sure he was fucking her case by case even after we were married, but he just shrugged and said, "so what?" — I was still very conservative and backward in my moral judgments then.

No commentary, no newspaper article or history book mentions Patrick Plunkett, although he was one of the first victims of the Easter Riots of 1916. He was with a group in rowboats on Dublin Bay, smuggling arms from the Bay up the Lyffe into the city. An unexpected wave, a wooden box slid over the coaming of the boat, Patrick tried to save the cargo and went down with it. They waited a minute, five minutes, ten minutes. He couldn't get back up. I screamed and beat my fists at the Job's messenger, I just didn't want to believe it. I didn't want to let him go.

No one could swim in those days, let alone dive to 45 feet. The coffin remained empty at the funeral. It wasn't until after the war ended that I was able to round up a couple of Navy divers, but they didn't find Patrick or the box.

The preened Colonel pawed around me before, during, and after the funeral, he caringly took me back to my apartment, caringly took off my winter coat, caringly took off my mourning dress, caringly took off my underwear, and caringly put me to bed naked. He undressed in a flash and caringly lay down next to me in bed and caringly hugged me so I wouldn't freeze. I hadn't fucked or masturbated in days, I forgot my suffering and my clit was burning brightly. The caring Colonel knew how to bring a woman to orgasm and was already fucking me when the orgasm came over me. He was already squirting when my orgasm was still fading. I immediately threw the impudent guy out and regretted it at the same time, because he had left me half-full, half-starved. I locked the door and went back to bed. The pillow still smelled of Patrick, I hugged it as I masturbated in tears.

Two days later I got up and went to confess to Father Angus. He was more understanding than anyone. He just gave me a Hail Mary and absolved me of all my sins. He was, of course, a rebel to the bone and instructed me in the future to fuck only with real resistance fighters, the Colonel was a fraud and a known widow comforter, I had to stay away from him. He made me kneel again, blessed me again and murmured that I had to serve the resistance with my 19 year old beautiful body, these services were forgiven me in advance. Amen.

With a light heart I made contact with the resistance. I shook a hundred hands, them thanking Patrick for his bravery or hugging me for being a snazzy sweeper despite the mourning clothes. But I had no idea how to do Father Angus' bidding. Very uncertainly, I invited one of the grim fellows to join me for dinner. To my relief, he didn't laugh at me, but promised to come.

Brian, as he was called, ate proficiently and shared a beer with me. He explained to me how everything worked, who was up and who

was down. How one prepared for a glorious Easter. How tedious it was to get all the little groups under one hat. Only a joint operation would...

He faltered, because I had sat down on the bed and was already taking off my underwear. He never finished the sentence and sat down next to me. He thought for a long time, he was married but his marriage was not going well and his wife was cheating on him shamelessly. I let him continue talking and slowly undressed him, I liked him better that way. I put my index finger on his mouth, enough talking, now come! He was a good man, he fucked me several times in a row until we both tiredly fell asleep. Before sunrise he left silently. I stayed in bed all day, hugging Patrick's pillow while masturbating and fantasizing remembering our best sex times.

It was not right of me to tempt a married man to sin. I inquired from now on before whether my chosen one was single. I invited only the unmarried to dinner, many a one had never lain with a woman before, and I gladly instructed him. If you treated them right, they could fuck really well and persistently, that was fine with me. If one was naturally blessed, he stayed several nights, but then I had to think about the others. I think the rebel leaders liked to see my work.

The Easter of 1916 was hauntingly beautiful, I stood according to tradition in the circle of women in front of the church and listened only with half an ear to the gossip. Then one of the dragons spoke to me, no, she drooled at me. "So this is the disgraced, shameless thing that seduces our friends and fiancés!" It was getting very uncomfortable, even though not a single one could name a friend or fiancé. I left the droolers with my head held high and went over to the men. They knew me and would not be interrupted. When I said I would go and fight with them, I was assigned to a Tom who told me when and where to be on Easter Monday morning. I spent all of Easter Sunday in bed, sleeping it off and orgasming like crazy one time after another. Who knows when I'd find the time again?

Late on Sunday evening, there was a knock on my door. I wrapped the blanket around my shoulders and opened. Tom. He wanted to check on me, he said, trying to see as much bare skin as he could. I

smiled kindly and let him see. If he could stay here, he reasoned, he could escort me safely in the morning. Before he had finished speaking, I locked the door and went to the bed, dropping the covers. He was excellent at fucking and we didn't doze off until long after midnight. He was awake before me and woke me up fucking, the man knew what to do!

Our little squad, Tom, three young boys and I, took up position in a cellar opposite the courthouse. I couldn't shoot, but I had often accompanied my father poaching and knew how to quickly reload the single-shot carbine. Tom was able to quickly fire a second carbine that way, which was meant for me. I was eager for the fight to begin. But we still had to wait several hours before the signal came.

I wore only a light dress, I could not afford a bra at that time and I rarely wore underpants. Whenever I climbed up on the small platform to look out of the window, which was only 15 centimeters high, the boys looked under my skirt full of longing. Tom laughed grimly, "if you want to let them fuck, go ahead! Jim's almost bursting already!" The boys looked down in embarrassment, but I smiled kindly and took Jim by the hand. I walked with him to a woodpile and braced myself with both hands after pulling my skirt up over my butt. Jim's eyes almost fell out of his head, then he nestled his cock out. He fucked me from behind while standing, his two companions standing beside him. No sooner had Jim spurted than Jack impetuously thrust in and fucked as if his life depended on it. Peter came in my cunt immediately after him, a thoughtful, slow fucker who knew his craft well. They came one after the other, and they fucked me until they were tired. Tom glanced out the window in between, but still nothing. I crouched behind the woodpile and pissed on the floor, staying in a squatting position and letting the semen drip out slowly as I masturbated. None of them were looking at me.

Tom rolled up the narrow windows. "They're coming," he said quietly. The four of them stood on the wooden crates and looked out. I was masturbating really fast now, and when I was done, I stood behind them. The Englishmen had placed two cars some distance in front of the building, some were stretching their legs and smoking, the others were sitting in the cars, bored. Nearly an hour passed,

then gunfire could be heard in the distance, perhaps at the Parliament. Tom reached for his rifle and I stood beside him, holding the second rifle and the ammunition box at the ready. My heart was pounding up to my throat. Tom took his time, aimed carefully and pulled the trigger. I handed him the second rifle and loaded the other immediately. Tom and the lads fired nonstop, but after three or four volleys the engines howled and the wagons pulled away. Tom counted 5 Englishmen lying motionless in the road. It was agreed that they would retreat at the end. I preceded the others and let them into my apartment. "We won't go to the rendezvous for another four hours," said Tom, "make yourselves comfortable, get some sleep." But no one could sleep after the excitement. I washed carefully and lay naked on the bed. They lay down with me, one after the other. I fucked the three brave fellows, one by one. Tom sat at the table, taking apart one rifle after another, cleaning the barrels with a long ramrod. He looked up sometimes and smiled. He had fucked enough during the night and in the morning. He was already around 50 and envied the fellows who had an erection again after only a few minutes.

On arriving at the meeting place, there was much to discuss, chatter and debate. There were only a handful of injured people and a bunch of nurses taking care of them. I felt their hateful looks, they despised the whore in me and envied the young girl who got fucked so much. I didn't care, Father Angus had pointed me in the right direction.

How the Easter riots continued is common knowledge. Tuesday and Wednesday we were victorious, on Thursday and Friday the English fought back brutally, and on Saturday the rebels surrendered. The English trampled on us, but they only led away the leaders. Tom and we managed to slip away and we lost sight of each other.

I slept alone, went to Mass Sunday morning and then to Father Angus for confession. He had already heard how I put my heart and soul into the good cause and showered me with praise. "Tomorrow morning the first ones will be shot," he said tearfully, "already tomorrow morning! And there's nothing we can do about it," he said, wip-

ing away his tears with the back of his hand. “We could visit them and they could once again fuc...”

“Don’t say it, dear daughter, we are in a consecrated church!” he said sternly, “but the thought is good.” The Father thought for a long time. “Can you rustle up some pastries, I have a few more bottles of wine, come back here in an hour.” I nodded and looked at him questioningly. “No Hail Marys?” He shook his head, “for what, my daughter?”

I got a basket of cookies from Mrs. Elliott when I said what it was for. The hour was not yet up and I was kneeling in church. I prayed four Ave Marias, for the four men this week. It couldn’t hurt. Father Angus arrived, dressed in his finest sacristan’s vestments, cingulum and other holy stuff. We trudged to the military base of the English. We fought our way up to the dungeon. “The prisoners should be able to confess before...” Father Angus didn’t say it. They searched my basket, patting me down anxiously, and we were allowed to join the prisoners. The three of them were stuck in a cage with a single bed. The guards closed the bars behind us. I handed the basket to one and they whispered with Father Angus. Their eyes snapped open, fuck? Here? In the cage? Father Angus nodded, he would stand with two to the bars, blocking the view and listening to the confessions, mouth to ear. The three were very uncertain, but I lay down on the hard bed and took my skirt up to my navel. The first nodded and knelt between my legs. “Adrian,” he said, and I, “Grace.” The other three blocked the view even though there was no guard and I let Adrian fuck. He thanked me, he was obviously a well behaved man. Then James came, followed by John. They prayed, kneeling devoutly, finally with the Father. He gave them courage, they would look tomorrow only briefly in the barrels of guns, but then for eternity in paradise see God.

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He thundered his fist on the steel door. The guard came, the priest asked him if delinquents would be shot again tomorrow and he nodded, also the day after tomorrow. “We’ll be back tomorrow,” the priest said gloomily, I grabbed the empty basket and we went back in

a depressed mood, to the sacristy. He sat down, puffing heavily. "Your fucking in the cage had aroused me unchastely," he whispered, "very unchaste!" I stood in front of him, he put his hands on my hips. "I'm a fighter against the English bastards, too, aren't I?" he whispered. He looked me straight in the eye. "Grace Plunkett, have mercy, I need it badly!" I understood instantly and said in horror, "do you want me, here, fuck..." I slapped my hand over my mouth, "to do it with me, fighting the English?" He nodded like a whipped dog. I looked around, the big oak table, that was going well. I walked over to the table and lay down facing the table top, bent over and stuck my ass out the back.

Father Angus stepped behind me and flipped my skirt up. He had to work it out with the good Lord himself — I knew how pure my heart was. I closed my eyes and prayed a Hail, then felt him penetrate and fuck. Without him being able to notice, I felt my way to my clit and masturbated. I didn't let him notice when I had an orgasm. He squirted grumbling and let his cock stick. "I'm not done yet," he growled, and after a while he resumed fucking. He kept fucking very pleasantly, I felt him squirting in again as I masturbated. Again he let his cock stick, "I need it again," and I nodded, "gladly!" He waited again for a while, then grabbed my hips and fucked, gradually speeding up, and I continued masturbating after orgasm. It seemed to me that he had barely squirted in a few more drops, but he'd had enough and so had I. I stayed on the table for a few more seconds until the storm around my cunt subsided, then I rose. I was a very devout person at the time, and I knelt down in front of him and whispered for him to bless me. "Bless me, Father," I asked, and he put his hand on my head and crossed in front of my face. Now I stood up. "Thank you, Grace Plunkett," he said softly and escorted me out. It was my 20th birthday.

We went to the dungeon three times in a row, he gave them comfort and the blessing, I let them fuck me and kissed each in tears, tomorrow he would go before the good Lord. Father Angus fucked me later in the sacristy, we didn't have to talk much, but I had him bless me each time before I went home high on life and devoted myself to my own lust. I took no part in any of the later attacks of our rebels, but I took in anyone who knocked on my door. Every Sunday

evening, when the last had confessed, I went to Father Angus in the sacristy, for many years.

I didn't marry again, but I had a wonderful daughter, Patricia, when I was 39. She was the apple of my eye and was a gorgeous girl. She went out into the wide world when she was 20 and married a lovely guy in Galway. I had an open door all my life for the young and youngest fighters. I had hundreds of them fuck me, very many. I liked best the very young ones, the 13 and 14 year olds, after the first joyful shock most of them kept going until dawn and I loved that! The young lads came in droves to experience their first time in my arms.

They all left bright-eyed the next morning.

# Shipwrecked

by Jack Faber © 2023

Captain Tim Roberts awoke only slowly and gradually. He was in his own bed, in his own cabin. The memory of the explosion came back immediately. He had stepped out of the teleporter after being taken off the “Fat Warts,” as the huge transport container for the re-settlers was called. He was on his way with the cargo to NewEngland, the beautiful fertile planet in the Sagittarius System. He had one leg still on the transport platform when the explosion knocked him off his feet. His last thought was that it had ripped both his legs off.

He felt for his legs, they were thankfully still there. He stood up groaning, struggling with the dizziness. He stepped in front of the mirror and looked at his naked body. The legs were obviously new, but what hit him like a bolt of lightning was his cock. It was still the same as before, but much longer and thick and meaty. He had always envied others who had a thick meat penis, who told that you could fuck with it even without an erection. He took the cock in his hand examining it and was glad, it was like before, but much better. He asked Aia, the on-board computer. She immediately gave a report in her dark alto voice. The medibots had found him just in time, stopped the bleeding. The medibots operated on him as directed, giving him new semibiological new legs because the old legs were too badly damaged. They had suctioned out excess fat, not even a kilogram, and treated the superficial wounds. The buttocks could be reconstructed with semibiological material, the testicles were lost and a new scrotum was attached for the purpose of the optics. The penis was also damaged and they had examined his mind before Aia decided to enhance his own penis, not replacing it. “I hope it’s all right with you, Tim!” said her computer voice. He nodded after extensively palpating his body. “I have given instructions to comprehensively salvage your old penis and customize it to your liking, as I have learned in your mind. I can assure you that it will work just as well as it has in the past, should you wish to fuck someone again.” Tim smiled wryly, for the on-board computer knew as well as he did what

the legal limitations were regarding fucking. Aia thought along and said that with the transporter module, all sexbots were lost as well. "Sorry, Captain, but you're going to have to fuck with the crew, and I'm willing to not log it, if you want." Tim smiled at how absurd it was that he was getting advice from a computer like a good friend. He asked Aia to give him a status report. He was horrified.

The transport module had been destroyed by a 180kg boulder hurtling along at 57,000km/h, all the 1,000 settlers dead. Aia had all the protocols in place, had everything sealed, and the workbots were working nonstop to fix everything. By the end of next week, all the work was done and they could continue at full cruising speed, 86% of maximum load as planned. The arrival in 12 weeks was not in danger. All 107 crew in the transport module were lost, the core crew, 49 female and 2 male crew remained in the spacecraft, unharmed. The major limitation was that the entire communications module had been torn down and they only gave a regular position report hourly via an emergency beacon. They would track the signal in the control center and take note that there was no communication. There was a knock and Aia reported, deputy Joni. He quickly pulled on a pair of boxer shorts and called out, "Enter!"

Joni was his closest aide, he greeted her in salute and pointed to his desk. Joni sat down, he put on his shirt as he walked and took a seat. He asked for a status report. The impact had occurred 21 days ago, the transport module with 107 crews.... He listened only with half an ear, Aia had already informed him. Pilot and co-pilot were on duty alternately, Joni had them relieved in shifts so they could sleep. He let his eyes wander over Joni. She was 34, Asian, and would soon be promoted to captain, perhaps already commanding a ship of her own. She was rather slim and delicate, married to a Japanese diplomat for years and childless. That she had had a breast augmentation, he knew. It was irritating to see a delicate person with such large breasts. She had finished her report. He turned in his chair and looked directly at her.

"So tell me, Joni, how are things sexually? Are you still with the engineer lady?" She didn't bat an eyelash; they often talked about sex, even though it was private. "I'm masturbating again, all by my-

self like I used to, I don't sleep with Tima as much anymore, she's re-orienting herself." Joni was saying that her lover was after another skirt. Tim nodded, "I'm sorry about that, you girls have been together for months." Joni nodded, four months. Her Tima was good to fuck and fucked very well herself, usually fucking each other for hours on end when they were both off duty.

Tim put a hand on her arm, it always sucked to lose a good sex partner. "All I know so far is that you're a lesbian, Joni, and that you only married that Japanese guy out of tradition." Joni shook her head, "I'm bi, I've always been bisexual. I rarely fuck my husband. Six months ago I was still fucking the section commander on Luna 8." Tim couldn't remember, he was on Luna 8 then too, but Joni came to him later, she was already with Tima by then. "And Tima is bi too, pure lesbians are very very rare." Joni looked at him questioningly. "I haven't fucked a woman in ages," he said explanatorily and she giggled, "at least not in the last 21 days!" and he had to smile too. "After all, I could only go to the sexbots, the regulations! I last had a human girlfriend when I was transferred from Earth to the Moon-base. On Luna 8, I had the privilege of having a sexbot all to myself for an entire year. She wasn't just a primitive sexbot, she was an experimental model, an android, Almonda, who I could talk to normally, a huge advance in artificial intelligence. She was great for fucking and for conversations, for real!" Tim recalled that back then he spent an hour every day in the AI-world, with the VR-device on his head he was in the middle of the action. The VR-device analyzed his thoughts and feelings, it put together virtually situations that he thought of. The experience was realistic to life and more, he could virtually touch and feel the genitalia. He viewed hundreds of virtual girls up close as they masturbated and fucked. He got that momentum that made him experience the sex with Almonda more wonderfully than with any human woman.

Joni asked into the silence how he was doing, health-wise. Aia had only notified her that he was awake. He described what all had been fixed, he was still the same, with some technical improvements. "A new ass, completely new legs, a retread cock." He could literally smell Joni's curiosity. "A retread cock, go figure! I can't wait to see how the sexbots turn out!" Joni shook her head regretfully; sorry, but

they had lost all the sexbots. He pretended to be horrified, the hypocrite! He wondered if she wanted to see his juvenated cock? Joni and he had never had sex before, she nodded uncertainly. He unwrapped his cock and placed it in her hand. She looked at it curiously and weighed it examiningly in her hand. "Is he better now?" she asked and he shrugged. "Can't say, haven't tried him yet." Joni was still checking. "He's huge compared to my husband's, anyway," she said, "it would be interesting to try him." Joni could say it lightly; sexual contact was, after all, forbidden among them. She was all the more surprised when Tim asked if she wanted to try him out? Joni looked at him uncertainly. "The rules?" But he shook his head. "We're castaways, no rules apply!" He ordered Aia to stop logging and began unbuttoning Joni's uniform.

He looked at the beautiful naked Japanese woman. She really had way too big breasts, but was otherwise very pretty to look at. She had her pubic hair shaved or permanently epilated, as was the fashion now. Her slit was very small, almost girlish. She embraced him willingly and they kissed with fine, fomenting French kisses. It was right for them both, he thought, he had no sexbots and she no longer a partner. He palpated her pussy, her clit. She answered frankly that she masturbated for a very long time in the evening, sometimes maybe even for an hour. She did not count how many orgasms she had, sometimes many, sometimes less. But she much preferred fucking to masturbating, whether with a man or with a girlfriend. Of course she got orgasms when she fucked with her girlfriend, exactly the same as with a man. Tim gave her another deep French kiss and whispered that now would come the trial run. Joni nodded and with one hand directed the stiff cock into her vagina. He penetrated very slowly, her tight vagina had to adjust to the cock. He fucked her for almost half an hour, she orgasmed twice, then he got a strong orgasm without squirting. He lowered himself next to her. They whispered for half an hour, both felt that the trial run had gone well. They fucked again, then she left. It was unreasonable to stay away from the command center for so long.

Tim was very pleased, the new cock was better than the old one. It was the same cock, it was the same feelings. Still, it was a great improvement. He had Aia show him the ship's system data on the

screen, everything was going well. He asked Aia if she could also see into the quarters and she had 5 images appear on the screen. "Three women sleeping, two just finished fucking and one is masturbating." He wanted to see the one masturbating and had the image enlarged. She was alternately masturbating with her finger on her clit or fucking herself with two fingers. He watched her, but she quickly finished and turned to the side. He let everyone show him again and got stuck with the two who had finished fucking. The woman caressed the other, who had apparently turned on her side to sleep, kissing her shoulders, her back and her ass cheeks. The kissing went on for a long time and he was about to turn off again when she lay down on her back and spread her knees. He let the image enlarge again and watched her masturbate, she masturbated furiously in the end and lay down to sleep.

He asked Aia which girl or woman was the most sexually active. Immediately a picture appeared, Rianna, 32, an engineer. She didn't look attractive at all, Tim thought. Before the impact she had already fucked with almost all men as well as with several girls. No night she slept alone, and she also used the free hours during the day to fuck. So she was the most active, Aia said, should I call her in? Yes, said Tim, if she can interrupt her work. "She has free hour and fucks a girl in 2C." Tim ordered, waiting until they were done fucking. He was reading the ship's log for the last three weeks when there was a knock and Rianna entered, saluted and stood at attention. He saluted as well and left her standing at ease. He got straight to the point, without mincing words. Would she undress and lie with him? She didn't bat an eye. "But the rules..." but he interrupted her, circumstances had changed, that no longer applied. He sat clothed on the edge of the bed and she wordlessly joined him. In an instant she was naked and lay down on the bed, he quickly undressed and lay down next to her. Without further ado, she took his semi-soft cock into her mouth and made it stiff. "Don't squirt in my mouth!" she had said, now she guided his cock into her pussy. He penetrated easily, she was warm, wet and very horny. They fucked for a very long time, longer than half an hour, until he orgasmed without squirting. She smiled and masturbated her clit for five seconds, letting the orgasm roll and quiver her. They talked only briefly, then she left after kissing him on the cheek. He was satisfied, but Rianna was nothing special.

He stayed in his cabin for the next few days, Joni was at the command post and kept in touch with him when he wasn't shutting down when fucking. He fucked at least three girls or women of his crew every day, none refused, all proud to be fucked by the commander. After ten days he had fucked all but the cadets, none were worth inviting a second time. Not yet. He turned to the three cadets, they were 17 and 18 years old. The two 18 year olds were worth fucking for a whole day, they both fucked great and had a blast fucking themselves. He fucked them both in turn, it had something!

After 5 or 6 days he decided to let the 17 year old come. She was very shy and scared, the 18 year old had reported to her everything. She stood trembling and quivering next to the bed and he had to undress her. No, she whispered modestly, she had never lain with a man before, it was her first time. He stroked with his hand gently over the girlish body, the small, firm breasts and the pussy. But she was no longer a virgin, Tim said, and she stammered, yes, she had masturbated very passionately as a child, and because of that. But she really had never lain with a man before. At the academy she sometimes did a handjob, but not a blowjob, she found that unsavory. This was Mia's first mission, just four months ago she was at the academy.

Tim stroked his hand over her body, Mia's skin felt insanely good. He couldn't stop stroking her skin. Did she know how to do it and did she really want it herself? Tim hoped she would say no and he could caress her wonderful skin to infinity. She started shaking again, quite violently, but she said that she knew roughly how the fucking went. And she would be happy to do it if he didn't hurt her. Tim continued to stroke her soothingly, and the trembling subsided again. Did she know where her G-spot was, he asked, and she nodded quite vigorously. "I masturbate my clit up to orgasm, and when I orgasm I put a finger on the G-spot and rub it really hard, then the orgasm is great! I think that I always orgasm with the G-spot!"

Tim had been rubbing her clit for quite a long time, but stopped before orgasm. He lay down on top of Mia. She spread her legs and looked into his eyes. "Don't hurt me, Commander," she whispered fearfully. Tim penetrated very slowly, her vagina was very tight and

very short. She dilated under the pressure of his cock and he felt his glans reach the back end rapidly. He nodded at her and she smiled back. He fucked slowly at first, but when he heard her breathing quicken and she gasped softly, he increased the stroke rate. "So, your G-spot?" he asked, thrusting, and she syllabically brought out, "further forward, further up!" He nodded and pulled his cock almost out, letting the glans search for the G-spot. She nodded sometimes, "yes, there!" and he tried to thrust just the G-spot, "no, further up!". He couldn't hold back his orgasm and pulled out his cock afterwards. She immediately stuck a finger in and teased her G-spot for a few seconds, then twitched, quivered and writhed in orgasm. She exhaled in relaxation and opened her eyes. Tim could see the stars twinkling in them.

Mia stayed with the Commander all day and all night. They fucked, over and over, and he lost count. When he was exhausted, he asked her to masturbate and watched her. She masturbated like everyone he knew, only at the end she teased her G-spot with a finger until the orgasm ended. She writhed in orgasm, but was relaxed again after a few seconds. At some point during the night, he fell asleep exhausted. When he awoke again, she was already gone, duty was calling.

For a whole week he fucked Mia, in her free time and after the end of duty. It was still 8 weeks until the landing. The worker bots were diligently patching up the damaged landing gear, it was still going to be a hard landing. Attempts to somehow establish communications all failed. Only the emergency beacon worked properly, so the authorities knew their position and flight path, which they scrupulously followed.

Tim's manhood was now, at 38, fully unleashed. He needed variety, as great as the week with Mia had been. He fucked wildly again, the 18-year-old cadets and then the 45 female engineers, one after the other. Some days he fucked three different girls, burying his face in the heaving bosoms of the women. It was just an eternally repetitive in and out, but each of them fucked differently, each allowed herself to be fucked differently. He had made an announcement weeks ago that, as castaways, they didn't have to abide by the ban on

fucking. In practical terms, that meant that the two male pilots were usually relieved and replaced and they had to give themselves to the women whether they wanted the woman or not. Second, there were lesbian acts as openly as there usually weren't; even the most consistent straight-women behaved in lesbian acts. After all, there were only three men for so many women, therefore.

Every so often, Joni had to leave the command post to fuck Tim. She was as desired by the women as she was by Tim. Sometimes he relieved her in the command post when she went to fuck a woman. He used the opportunity to get the ship in top shape, there was no loafing when he was on duty, he was much stricter about that than Joni. Everyone knew that.

There was only one incident worth mentioning, Mia got into an argument with another, it was of course over who got to fuck. Mia gave the other one a black eye, gentlemen! Tim had to punish both of them according to the rules, he locked them up himself in the brig, for 24 hours. Apart from that, the daily routine was quiet, the women on duty had to do their duty properly, the others had time off and could watch movies, read a book or fuck someone. You could assume none of the women were watching a movie, none were reading a book.

Joni and Tim took turns in the command post, they rarely got to fuck each other, although Tim really liked the way they fucked. Otherwise he fucked the crews for the x-th time in turn, none could complain. His improved cock was simply magnificent, fucking again more often as an 18 year old. Joni, Mia and the two 18 year old cadets were his favorite partners, that was true.

Aia came forward and as instructed projected the image on his screen of two women fucking clit-an-clit. Tim had never seen it himself and was eager to see it. But on the screen, at best, he saw the bobbing ass of the woman fucking the other. He talked about his grief with Joni, who was the closest he had to an understanding friend of all. She thought about it and promised to let him watch her fuck clit-on-clit at the next opportunity. The very next day she called Tim and he put a female engineer in charge. He slipped into the

cabin where Joni and another were waiting for him. It was a small cabin and a small double bed where the three of them crowded together, Tim of course stripped naked as well. He put his face right in front of the woman's pussy and now saw up close how the women pressed their clits together, it didn't seem so easy. Then Joni started to fuck the woman, they fucked much longer than women usually fucked with a man. The woman got her first orgasm and then again and again. Joni fucked her brains out like a fury, Tim had never seen anything so exciting before. Joni now also got an orgasm, she rubbed her clit for a few seconds and then she was overrun by her orgasm. Tim pounced on the completely exhausted other woman, who was still twitching a bit after the last orgasm, and fucked her wildly and mercilessly. She seemed to lose her senses for seconds, when he strangled her a little bit, whimpering and sobbing when the orgasm tore her apart again. Joni yanked him back, "you're fucking her to death!" and pulled Tim on top of her. His furious excitement instantly faded as he fucked and orgasmed as usual with Joni. Tim slunk away like a drenched poodle and when he saw the woman again at dinner, he apologized to her, but she smiled, that was okay.

He talked to Joni about what was going on, where his bloodlust had come from. She actually thought it was quite kinky and pervert, but she overcame it. She knew one, Ree, who literally passed out while clit-fucking. She'd invite her over tomorrow, but he had to promise not to fuck the girl to death. He had fucked Ree several times before, she orgasmed quite easily, which was good for his ego. She was a very fair skinned European, small and slim, epilated pussy and a nice clit. Joni then called Tim every day, she was fucking Ree's brains out daily and Tim fucked them both afterwards. First Ree, who he fucked wildly with his full erection. And Ree had agreed to be strangled a bit during the fuck, she was used to it. He liked it when she lost her senses completely and became fully unconscious. Joni grinned wryly, for it seemed perverse to her to fuck a woman into unconsciousness or to keep fucking an unconscious one. She grinned shabbily when he finished with Ree. He kept fucking Joni with his semi soft cock, she liked that a lot when she was masturbating. But Tim didn't get carried away with the bloodlust anymore. He was totally into how Joni fucked Ree, she always had the dominant, active position and fucked Ree's brains out. She picked Ree because she

was really submissive and had no objection to the Commander's perverted desires.

The days flew by. Tim went to see the pilots twice a day. The chief pilot practiced every move for the landing, that impressed Tim a lot. He practiced mostly alone, he had sent the co-pilot to fuck the women. The chief pilot laughed, he wondered if he or the co-pilot sweated more. He explained to Tim every step, every move and Tim listened well, because of course he also had a patent, but very little practice. The chief pilot promised to land so softly that not a single blade of grass was damaged. Tim assured him that he should only deliver them all alive on NewEngland, at least he should. The pilot nodded grimly, "Not a blade of grass!" and continued to practice.

Ahead of them rose the beautiful planet. NewEngland. A beautiful, fertile planet to which they now brought not a single settler. A pack of gliders surrounded them, three hours before landing. They were finally able to talk to someone with the handheld radios, explain the situation to the glider pilots. Tim was put forward through to the control center, he reported and was given specific instructions for landing.

The chief pilot landed at the indicated spot smooth as butter. Tim sat tensely behind the co-pilot, Joni further back in the command post, very pale, tired and seemingly unrested from the fucking shortly before.

The chief pilot landed buttery soft at the indicated spot. Buttery soft. He looked at Tim and wiped the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand.

"Not a blade of grass," he said triumphantly, but in a shaky voice, "not a blade of grass!"

# The Healer of Lasalle

by Jack Faber © 2024

Maria was an orphan that Doctor Hunziker had taken in, along with her wet nurse, who had breastfed her as a baby. How Carmen had ended up here, in the small duchy of Lasalle north of Aquitaine and Burgundy, was no longer known. Carmen had spent her entire life finding a lover every few weeks who could fuck her from orgasm to orgasm or she would masturbate herself while being fucked. She remained unmarried and never masturbated, except sometimes when fucking. She only fucked when she was goddamn horny, and then she needed it, goddamn, badly! Carmen grunted blasphemously when the doctor pushed little Maria aside, who loved to suck and nibble on her nipples, and wanted to fuck her. Cursing, she spread her legs and labia and rubbed her clit stiffly for a quarter of an hour until she was just about to climax, so that the dear man could fuck her in the middle of her orgasm. He always waited patiently until Carmen continued rubbing her clitoris for minutes after fucking, bringing her to small orgasms, and then he asked if it hadn't been really nice? Carmen cast her eyes down demurely, "Yes, but it's totally unchristian!" It was only two or three times a week, but Carmen complained that it was a burden for women to orgasm several times a week, no matter how old they were.

Maria was a bright and curious child, of course she didn't want to miss a single detail of the fucking. Carmen, who slept in her clothes, lifted up her skirt, but the doctor sometimes stripped her naked. Carmen was embarrassed because her breasts, which had once been so valuable, now hung down like flabby melons, but the doctor liked them. Carmen cursed because she hated that Maria and the doctor watched her masturbating her clit until she was close to orgasm, just to be fucked then, but the doctor wanted it that way. It took Maria a long time to find out exactly where the doctor stuck his cock in the dense jungle between Carmen's thighs, but she did find out.

Deep in the jungle was a dark, black hole, and Papa's cock, as Maria called the doctor, stamped and thrustled Carmen into this hole.

Carmen was so excited by this that she rotated a finger in the tree-tops of the jungle and then pushed very hard against Papa's cock. According to the doctor that was Carmen's orgasming. Now he squirted inside, he had explained this to Maria, because she couldn't see it. "You do that," he explained, "to make little babies, but Carmen is much too old for that, she'll soon be 50." Maria understood Papa's explanations straight away, he could explain everything very well.

Maria was 11 when she was allowed to accompany Papa to a birth for the first time. That was the day Maria decided to become a doctor like Papa. He nodded in agreement, being a doctor was good. From then on she accompanied Papa to all his missions, she paid close attention to what he did. So she soon understood why they were not rich, even though Papa got a lot of money from the better people. But he had no interest in becoming rich, a hot meal once a day was enough, he said cheerfully. He spent all the money on medicines and remedies, which he gave out free of charge to the poor. And the poor were sick much more often than the rich. The older Maria got, the more she understood that Papa was a good person and a benefactor.

He fucked Carmen less and less, the old woman became very strange. He masturbated two or three times a week and Maria's eyes widened when he ejaculated in the air. He had explained everything to her, that men had to ejaculate, some more often, others less often. Maria touched and examined his cock at all stages, he let her take it in her hand and rub it with her fist. She was very proud of herself when she made him ejaculate for the first time. She felt how happy it made him, how much he relaxed and dozed for a few minutes. Carmen cursed him venomously, that he was corrupting the child, but Maria protested vehemently, she was no longer a child!

Maria snuggled up to him naked, she loved Papa very much. He had shown her how to masturbate and she loved doing it very much. Carmen crossed herself three times, he was corrupting the girl, the poor child! Papa laughed, he was corrupting nothing and no one! Maria's breasts slowly developed, her hips became more and more womanly. She asked Papa if he didn't want to fuck her instead of the rebellious Carmen? He had nothing against it, he had explained to her many times about deflowering and fucking. He had also im-

pressed upon her not to squander her virginity on an unworthy man, but only to fuck someone she loved with all her heart. "But I only love you, Papa," she always replied, "I love you with all my heart!" And so it came to pass that Maria let her Papa deflower her and fuck her.

Carmen moaned that he was now completely corrupting her, but Papa and Maria just laughed. Nothing and nobody was being corrupted! Carmen tore off her clothes and threw herself at the little girl. "You must not corrupt her, not deflower her, sir!" she cried out. He smiled faintly, "nobody is being corrupted here, foolish woman!" he said and pushed her aside. She began to masturbate, "Fuck me, sir, fuck me and not the poor child!" she cried, masturbating violently. He and Maria waited, smiling, Carmen could no longer stop and twitching and writhing she came to orgasm, then she crossed herself three times. She looked exhausted and sad at Maria, who was rubbing the doctor's cock until it was stiff. Maria smiled and put the cock in her vaginal vestibule. Carmen threw herself at the girl with tears in her eyes. "You dishonor her if you take her virginity, she loses value!" she cried out desperately. The doctor laughed at her. "As if she were a cow that was losing value?!" he said with contempt. "She wants to become a woman, that's all that matters!" Carmen reluctantly backed away. He pushed his cock forward very carefully. "It's tight, Daddy!" whispered Maria, "it's tight!" He continued to press and the hymen tore. Maria opened her eyes wide as he penetrated her deeply. "Does it hurt a lot?" he asked worriedly, but she shook her head. "I'm a real woman now!" whispered the 13-year-old. He nodded. "Should I fuck you now or should we wait until tomorrow?" She nodded eagerly, "you can fuck me, Daddy, I want it now!" The doctor began to fuck her, slowly and deliberately. "When the excitement gets high, you can help with your finger," he said. She nodded and sure enough, when he started to squirt, she touched her clit and triggered her orgasm. Carmen whimpered and covered her face. He held Maria tightly and kissed her deeply. "Now you are a real woman, little Maria!" he whispered, "that's nice!"

Maria and Papa fucked as often as he could. They paid no attention to Carmen's moaning, who scolded him loudly every time he

fucked the young girl. He was completely corrupting the poor child, she moaned, because fucking children was a terrible sin!

Carmen really became strange. For religious reasons, she did not masturbate, never. But every few weeks she tormented the doctor, “I have to fuck, doctor, it’s really tormenting me again!” The doctor nodded, he understood that very well. He fucked Carmen very slowly, because she masturbated wildly while he was fucking her. “Thank God!” Carmen cried out with every orgasm she could achieve with her finger. “Keep fucking me, doctor, fuck me!” she cried out shortly afterwards and he continued to fuck her very slowly. She had four or five orgasms in a row and when she was exhausted she moaned “I can’t do it anymore, doctor, I really can’t do it anymore!” He nodded and squirted, then Carmen lay down on her side and dozed. She had masturbated often enough for the next few weeks, that was enough for her and her religion. Maria was surprised, but she shrugged her shoulders. To each his own, murmured the doctor, grinning.

The new closeness spurred Maria even more on learning to be a doctor. She had to know herbs, plants and roots well and what illnesses they helped with. She learned how to splint fractures, sew and bandage open wounds, make ointments and manage births. A bitter war broke out between Catholics and Protestants, and at that time no one suspected that the war would last 30 years. The doctor and Maria were quartered in the castle of Lasalle and did their thing. They sewed up the most horrific wounds, amputated arms and legs and healed the wounded. The Duke of Lasalle led his men into the skirmishes, he fought like a berserker and drove the Protestants back to the pagan German Lands. The Duke fought just like his men, but he didn’t get a single scratch — that was God’s will.

Maria, who had never fucked anyone other than her father, noticed that she had become pregnant. She wanted to tell him, but they had their hands full. She and the doctor accompanied the troops down to the castle grounds and set up a field hospital. They cared for everyone, French and German, Catholic and Protestant. Man is man, said Papa, wiping the sweat from his brow. Then the Germans attacked, a black cloud of horsemen swept over the camp of the Catholic French and slaughtered everybody. They did not stop at the

hospital, patients and nurses fell under the merciless sword blows. Maria called out to her father that she was carrying his child under her heart, he stood up and looked at her in joyful surprise. At that moment a rider thundered towards him, the spear aimed at Papa's back. Maria screamed and just saw the spear pierce her father's back and chest and protrude about 20 centimeters from his chest; he fell lifeless onto the pile of corpses. Maria was knocked down by a horse and lay among the corpses, looking into her father's dead eyes. The warriors thought she was dead and left her lying there.

Like a thunderstorm, 30 riders burst out of the castle of Lasalle, they chased the Germans away, roaring and screaming, and cut free the old duke, whose sword had been knocked out of his hand and who could only defend himself against the Germans with his gloved fists. The riders stopped when the Germans ran away headlong. The old duke looked for his sword and was proud of the young man who had led the riders out of the castle with his flowing blond hair. It was his son Raymond who made his father proud. Raymond was the last to ride back to the castle. He saw a movement, it was Maria, who gave a sign of life. The youth dismounted and lifted the blood-stained Maria onto the horse.

Maria stood naked in a small tub, two maids washed the blood off her and cleaned her. Raymond stood still for a moment, the sight of this beautiful naked girl struck him right in the heart. He knew at that very moment that she must be his wife. Their eyes met, like stars in the sky drifting towards each other. Maria covered her breasts with her hand and turned away. What a beautiful youth! Wrapped in white linen, she saw him again, him, the young Duke Raymond. She asked him to save her dead father from the relentless beaks of the ravens and to bury him in a Christian manner. She stood weeping in front of the grave of her father, her lover and the father of her child. Raymond put his arm comfortingly over her shoulder. She had written on a small tablet. "Doctor Jörg Hunzicker, born 49 years ago in the canton of Basel. He was a doctor, a benefactor and a good husband."

The old duke had the sword knocked out of his fist, his son had saved him. He resigned, leaving the reign to Duke Raymond, who

gladly accepted. With Maria by his hand, he went before his father and asked for permission to marry the healer. The old duke was too tired to argue against it, to babble about marrying a noblewoman of his own rank. He saw the happiness in his son's eyes and agreed. And so Maria became the Duchess of Lasalle.

Raymond was the second man she had ever fucked. He was young and impetuous, and in the first few months he never missed an opportunity to fuck Maria. She had long considered telling him the truth, but there were too many arguments against it. The child was from Papa, her stepfather, and she did not want to jeopardize her status as duchess, also for the sake of her child. So 9 months later she gave birth to Gilbert, the little prince. Gil had the blond curls and deep blue eyes of Raymond, the proud father. Maria decided to take the secret to the grave. Raymond was a good father, a capable duke and a fiery, good husband. The world was in order and did not need a dark spot.

In the weeks before and after the birth, Raymond spared his wife, he ordered another maid to come to his marital bed every night. He only looked into his wife's eyes and fucked the maid to her heart's content. The maids already knew his cock, he had fucked them all since he was 12, every goddamn day. They willingly let themselves be fucked by the fiery lover, that much was certain. Maria grinned and smiled, what a wonderful man Raymond was!

But when the Fates rub their bony fingers, it is clear that they wanted to break another thread of life. They let Raymond have ten, eleven beautiful years of marriage, then they broke the thread of his life. One afternoon a sad procession came to the castle of Lasalle. Twenty torn chickens, which had been sent out that morning as proud falcons, brought the dead Raymond and ten of his knights on a bier. They had fallen into a cowardly ambush. But what ambush is not cowardly?

Maria washed the dead duke, dressed him in new clothes and buried him. Young Gil was only 11, too young to rule. Raymond's father defiantly wiped the tears from his cheeks and took his old place as Prince Regent. After the appropriate period of mourning had

passed, he came to Maria's bed. Once a week the old man fucked the beautiful young widow, partly to comfort her and partly to prevent the Duchess from choosing a new husband. Gilbert knew that he must not disturb the Duchess and the old Duke on Sunday mornings, because at that time they fucked before going to church.

Maria didn't waste a second thinking about getting a new husband. She fucked the old man once a week before going to church, he was as caring and thoughtful as a father could be. It didn't bother Maria that age had already taken away much of the Duke's loins strength, she helped herself to orgasm with a finger and let the good old man squirt generously. Her finger was and remained her faithful lover, every morning until breakfast she let this confidant bring her to orgasm. Before the beautiful orgasms she let the film with the fiery Raymond run through her mind and only then opened her eyes.

Gil stood naked in the doorway, holding his stiff cock between his fingers, which bore witness to the fact that he had seen her masturbating. He stood there undecided. Maria patted the sheet next to her, "come on, my little one!" and Gil lay down next to her. He had escaped, he said, old Liesl was sleeping with her legs apart on her chair. Yes, he had lifted Liesl's skirt several times before, but it was an unappetizing sight, that thick bush and Liesl stank very badly. Maria smiled, Gil was so honest and straightforward. She answered his questions about her masturbation just as honestly and straightforwardly. Her orgasm was very nice, he wanted to have that org..., that orga... that orgasm too! Maria smiled and nodded, he had to kneel over her stomach. He could close his eyes, there would be very nice feelings and finally the orgasm, she said with a smile. She masturbated him and he sighed deeply when he had an orgasm. She looked at the single drop of semen that dripped from his glans and left a long thread behind. He was now allowed to lie down next to her every day after her orgasm and she masturbated him, what pleasure!

Gil noticed how good it felt to her when he kneaded her breasts while she masturbated. He lay on her breasts like a baby and licked and sucked on her nipples. Maria moaned with pleasure and let him bite her nipples very lightly when she climaxed. She had asked him to come when she started masturbating and knead her breasts.

Maybe he could put her nipples in his mouth and suck on them like a baby, that was really nice when masturbating! Gil obeyed, of course, he came to her when she started to masturbate and licked and sucked on her breasts like a baby. When she climaxed, he bit her nipples very lightly and gently, so that she moaned with pleasure and writhed like a trout in a trap.

He stayed lying there and spread his legs. He continued to lick her breasts and nipples, while at first she only stimulated and caressed his inner thighs and balls. He opened his thighs and legs wide and stretched his cock towards her. She took her time, for many days she only touched his cock as if by chance. It took weeks before she grabbed his cock and days more before she rubbed his cock with her fist. For months, at most a single drop came out of his glans. It was very slow until he started to ejaculate. Sometimes he ejaculated in thick jets, then again he didn't ejaculate for a long time or only ejaculated sporadically.

It was not until many months later that he could ejaculate, really ejaculate. Maria asked if he knew what fucking was? Gil nodded, he had it seen over and over again, Henriette and Jean, the stable boy. "Then tell me," said Maria. He told.

As always, he had climbed around the rafters of the stable unseen. Jean stood with Henriette under the door and they flirted, they kissed and one day they lay down on the straw bales. Henriette was a pretty young thing from the kitchen, she was two heads shorter than the enormous Jean, she was slim and light as a butterfly. At first she just played with Jean's big, huge cock and let him squirt into the straw. "It's definitely not going in," said Henriette doubtfully, but then it went in anyway, Gil told Maria with shining eyes. At first he hadn't been able to see it clearly, just Jean's big naked ass. But when he lay on his back and she swung herself over him, he could clearly see his cock penetrating her hole through under her little ass. She let her ass dance merrily, said Gil, then she lay on her back and he could only see Jean's big ass stomping again. Then Jean stopped and Henriette cursed loudly, "you've squirted inside again, grumpy bear!" She always called him a grumpy bear. And he squirted inside every day, even though she scolded him in a friendly way, scratched the back of

his head and said that he would have to marry her if he kept squirting inside! The grumpy bear just grumbled that we would see about that, and that said it all for him.

Maria smiled faintly, Gil had told her very vividly and in detail. She asked him if he didn't want to fuck? Gil thought for a moment, he had just squirted on Maria's breasts before telling her about the fucking in the stable. "No," he said, "maybe tomorrow, Madame?" Maria nodded and smiled, firstly because he could control his greed and secondly because he had not forgotten the courtly customs. In a few years he would be the new duke, and both looked good on him.

On Sundays Maria belonged to the old duke, on the other days she let Gil fuck her. Maria enjoyed both, although they were very different stories. Gil learned to fuck excellently and he always waited until she had triggered her orgasm with her finger. She enjoyed fucking Gil because the boy soon fucked as well as his father. She had to slow him down a little because he wanted to ejaculate far too often and she had heard from the doctor that many a young man had ruined his health by doing so. But she blossomed and no one would have believed her that she was almost 34 years old.

The old duke sent out his small troop under the leadership of his youngest nephew; the boy was the perfect knight and leader. The anger of the Reformed, the nasty Germans, grew from year to year; they fought their just battle against the Papists. Four years after Raymond's death, they overran the small troop, killed the nephew and attacked the castle. Maria had hidden behind a window; she saw the old duke fall to his death from the tower and the marauding Germans moved noisily from room to room.

Maria beat the two who had broken into her room to the ground with the fireplace poker, but that was no victory. Now the whole troop came into her room. She did not resist as the victors raped her one after the other. However, she saw Gil being led away in chains by a troop. An hour later, the whole troop left. Maria searched for Gil or his body. The maids reported that Gil and eight other boys had been kidnapped alive. She was desperate. Uncle Louis took over the regency until Gil returned as the rightful duke. Louis sent messengers

to the Reformed Army, but they could not get any information either; the nine youths had been transferred to the army of the Bishop of Aachen.

Maria put on a simple, sturdy traveling dress and shouldered her doctor's bag. She went to Louis and asked for leave from court, she was going to the land of the Reformed Army to look for her son. Regent Louis tried to hold her back, but in vain. So he ordered that two of his knights, old Hillebrand and young Will, should accompany the Duchess. Only then did he let her go.

Hillebrand and Will were good people. They avoided most dangers, and only rarely did a small skirmish occur. The two knights kept a proper distance from the Duchess, and neither tried to fuck her. Maria pressed herself naked against Hillebrand at night to keep warm. But he maintained decency, without a doubt, and masturbated quietly, pressing her naked body and pussy against him. She just wanted to warm herself, not seduce the poor man, so she gave him willingly a handjob. They had picked up the trail of the young men and followed them.

They came close to the Reformed Army of Aachen. Maria made contact with some soldiers and questioned them. She withdrew before anyone became suspicious. The trail led further to the northeast, deep into the land of the Reformed Army. A battle broke out in a forest from which they could not escape. The brave Hillebrand fell, Will was seriously wounded. The Reformed moved on, the woman was of no interest to them. Maria looked after Will, but he had no chance. She tended his wound, but he had only gained an hour. She asked him if he had a last wish. He looked at her with indescribable sadness, because he knew that he would soon be dead, that he would not even live to be 19. He closed his eyes, yes. He had one wish, he had always worshipped the Duchess like a saint, he had admired her and her courage in searching for the young Duke. Yes. That was his only wish.

Maria sealed his mouth with a kiss. No, not a ducal or sisterly kiss, but a thoroughly feminine one. She lifted her skirt, mounted Will and put his cock in her pussyhole. An unearthly smile appeared on Will's

deathly pale face as Maria carefully fucked him. Blood gushed from his neck wound and he died before he could ejaculate. Maria dug two graves and laid them both to rest. She made two crosses and carved into them, "Hillebrand von Lasalle, Will von Lasalle". She couldn't do more. She took the bridles off their horses and chased the good animals away. She rode on alone, following the trail.

She came across a Reformed Army camp, was arrested and taken to the captain. Yes, she was a healer and doctor, she confirmed, and spread out her bag in front of the captain. No, she said, she had been raised Catholic, but religion was not important to her. Her only faith was for the sick and wounded. The captain thought about it for a long time, because he liked the pretty 35-year-old, who did not bow to the obvious, cowardly confession. He had her brought to his tent, where she lay with him for the next few months. During the day she joined the field surgeons and doctors and devoted herself to the wounded and sick.

The captain sensed that she only let herself be fucked because it was necessary for survival. He was very bad-tempered because she offered him no resistance when it came to fucking, but she refused him any of the feminine affection that he was used to from subjugated women. So he simply let her go. Maria now rode from camp to camp. She offered herself as a doctor and healer, she let anyone in power fuck her as often as he wanted, but she remained cold and reserved. She asked everyone about the young men from the Duchy of Lasalle, only very rarely did she get a tip, which she immediately followed up on.

Then, one day, she had to amputate a gangrenous arm. The boy's face looked familiar to her and she asked him if he knew the Duchy of Lasalle. The boy looked around to see if anyone was spying, then he nodded. "You are the Duchess!" he whispered. She was grateful to heaven, finally, finally a success! But the boy knew nothing more, they had been separated, they had been given to different parts of the army and given a sword. Fight or die, that was the choice. Gil and several others had been assigned to a detachment that was sent to Magdeburg and Leipzig. The battle for Leipzig had been fought weeks ago and Magdeburg was under siege, as far as the boy knew.

Maria embraced her fellow countryman and set off for Magdeburg, several hundred kilometers to the east. Through reformed territory.

That night, Maria got up after fucking and told the captain that she had a new lead on her son and was leaving now. “What, now, at night!?” shouted the captain, waking up from his doze. “Yes, right now, under cover of darkness!” replied Maria. Her bundle was always ready to hand, she just buckled on the belt with the double-edged hunting knife that she had bought from a soldier. She slipped out of the tent and saddled her horse in the dark. Then she disappeared into the night.

She avoided the armies, she spent the night with farmers and paid with her body. She made her way from farm to farm, from bed to bed, letting the venomous looks of the wives whose husbands fucked her bounce off her like raindrops. She lay indifferently between husband and wife. Almost all the men fucked her, for the sake of variety and curiosity. Maria gave him everything physically, so no one could complain. She was very experienced at fucking, more experienced than most of the peasant women. She fucked the men so many times in succession that they were completely exhausted. Then all three of them fell asleep. She never saw herself as a marital nuisance when she fucked for room and board. It was as simple as that.

It was already summer when she arrived in Magdeburg. She learned that the Catholics had already devastated Magdeburg in May 1631 and that the Reformed Army camps were in the north of the city. She went to the camps. As a doctor, she was welcome; no one asked her about her faith. She worked hard, healing, bandaging or amputating. She went from first aid station to first aid station. Finally she found two boys from Lasalle. They were wounded, but they would recover. Yes, the three of them had fought with Gil on the enemy’s side, but they had been separated in the fray. That was in May, five weeks ago. The trail was hot, Maria ran past the wounded and only looked at their faces. The mother triumphed over the doctor.

She found him in the fifth tent; his blond mane gave him away. She ran to him and an ice-cold hand clenched around her heart. The doctor immediately recognized what the mother did not want to see.

She threw back the sheet and hugged him. “You, Madame!” he exclaimed in astonishment. “What are you doing here, Maman, Madame?” She hugged him again. “Gil, my love, I have finally found you!” she exclaimed again and again. She covered his ashen face with kisses. “Gil, star of my eyes!” she stammered, then the doctor returned.

She examined the festering leg, she examined him from head to toe, she was completely desperate. He had been wounded five weeks ago, the surgeon had treated the wound only superficially, then he fell in battle. Gil’s leg was lost, it was gangrenous and her instinct told her that his whole body was already poisoned. She had to amputate his leg and hoped that he would survive the gangrene. He was strong, but so was the fever. The tears ran down her cheeks as she cut and sawed her own flesh and blood. She wiped away the annoying tears, she had to summon up everything she had ever learned. She put twice as much ointment on the wound as necessary, she gave him so much healing tea that he vomited. But that was good, everything that came out was out.

The mother pushed herself in front of the doctor, she sat at Gil’s bed and only cared for him. The fever rose, the gangrene fought for his body, the devil for his soul. Maria gave him chicken broth, she couldn’t find anything better. He kept throwing up. The fever rose, the cooling compresses only helped for a few minutes, so she changed them every minute. She couldn’t accept that Gil was lost.

She couldn’t accept it.

Gil had a fever and was talking incoherently. He had seduced many maids in the castle and never told Madame, he was afraid to tell her. Maria hugged him and stroked his head, saying that it was nothing, she did not feel betrayed. She had always known, she lied for his sake, and she had always approved of it. He was a youth, there was no need to know more. Gil pressed his face against hers, he often no longer knew who Madame was, was it really her? Gil stopped breathing.

Weeping, she dug a grave herself. It was not the first, nor the last. Captain von Kolb was a decent fellow, he was the only one standing next to her at the grave and reading words from his Bible. Beneath his grim mask there was a hidden father somewhere who understood the loss of a mother well. He put his arm around her and comforted her as she wept.

Maria wrote to Uncle Louis. The captain assured her that the letter would reach Lasalle through the lines. Maria had found a person in Captain von Kolb, a respectable person. She stayed with him for 5 years. During the day she worked as a doctor, at night she lay with him like a wife next to her husband. Von Kolb was a good, an honest man. She followed him throughout Germany, carefully tending his wounds like those of any wounded man. But of course she could not prevent him from falling after 5 years on the northern Bavarian border. She gave him a Christian burial and left the army. She travelled alone through Germany, from princely court to princely court. She was usually welcomed with open arms, because Duke Louis von Lasalle made sure that she was recognised and received as a duchess.

After around 20 years she returned to Lasalle Castle. Uncle Louis welcomed her warmly, and he prepared his eldest son to take over the ducal office. The boy was fine, Maria could tell. Uncle Louis deserved to retire with dignity and decency. Maria smiled gently when asked. She had no objections, and why should she? Her husband, Duke Raymond, had long since died, and so had his son Gilbert. The young man seemed a very good choice, she concluded. The young man bowed deeply to Madame.

The war ended, Maria was 47, 48 and lived until the end of her life in Lasalle Castle. Her vagina shrank very quickly, she had to use ointments when her lover had a big cock. The tight vagina had only one good side. She came much more easily and sooner than before to orgasm and if she was lucky, she stayed at this high level until the end of the fucking and had little orgasms until the end. Her lovers inevitably got younger and younger because the little boys' cocks didn't hurt her pussyhole. Instead, they triggered old, deeply buried memories of Gil that she had left behind decades ago. Gil, who had learned to fuck so well. Gil, who pulled out his cock on dangerous days and

masturbated on his knees, happily squirting his semen onto her body. Before, she had always built up a connection, an emotional attachment to her admirer, but now, with these 13 to 16 year old boys, she couldn't do anything, couldn't establish an emotional relationship. She went to bed with these children in silence or chatting superficially and let them become men. She chose her lovers carefully and continued to fuck happily and dreamily until she was very old.

The young duke was really a good man who cared deeply about the well-being of his subjects. He was to be the last duke of Lasalle, the duchy vanished like sand blown away in the wind of history.

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# The Dragon Man

by Jack Faber © 2024

Mei woke up stunned. She was crouched under the gable of the roof that had saved her life. The earthquake had flattened the entire village and killed everyone. Mei tried to crawl out, but she couldn't. She screamed at the top of her lungs until she was hoarse. Strong arms grabbed her and dragged her out.

When she was back on her feet, she looked at the destroyed house. "They're all dead," said the man. She looked at him. He had a partially human face, a snout like a wolf, a scaly back like a crocodile. Mei began to be afraid when she saw his tail, it was scaly like his dark green back and long, like a third leg. The front of his body looked human, he had a striking yellow human cock with a red glans, the thin foreskin was light green. His balls, really big, were a glittering blue. Mei was afraid.

"You don't have to be afraid," he said kindly and took the 14-year-old girl by the hand, "come with me!" They walked a few steps, then he said, "I have to make myself invisible, people are coming!" In fact, people from the area came, with greed in their eyes, they would rummage through the ruins for gold and silver. Mei went crying, holding the hand of the invisible man, deep into the enchanted forest. He became visible again and smiled kindly. "I saw your dead parents and your 7 brothers, they are all dead." Mei nodded through her tears. Only a few hours ago she had let her brothers fuck her, and the thought of it made her smile. "Hopefully they didn't have to suffer much," she said sobbing. The man nodded. "They were crushed in a split second," he said quietly, "they didn't feel anything anymore!" Mei wondered how he could know that, but he was something extraordinary, that was immediately clear to her. Someone who looked half like a crocodile, who could make himself invisible, could know so much.

An hour later they came to a small lake. "I live here," he said simply. She saw a large rock formation on the bank that jutted out into

the water. He led her into a cave, the entrance of which was hidden behind thick bushes. He took off Mei's clothes and wiped her naked body with a rag. He washed her small, budding breasts and the light fluffy down over her pussy. "You are a beautiful girl," he said admiringly, "I can see that you have already fucked many!" But Mei shook her head, "No, not many, only my brothers!" He nodded, "okay, that's fine. I didn't mean to say that you are a whore." Mei's eyes filled with tears again. She thought of her brothers, who had fucked her just a few hours ago, her mother had allowed them to do so because the boys had to squirt every day and there were no girls in the neighborhood. The boys had of course also fucked the neighbors wives when the man was out, and the neighbors were very willing to get such powerful guys between their thighs, all 7 of them.

"My name is Mei Mei-Lan," she said, "the youngest child of the honorable Mrs. Mei-Lan." The man bowed properly and looked at Mei's pussy. "I am Lin Popo, which means magnificent blossom. My parents, like all dragons, were very unimaginative when it came to names for their children," he laughed kindly. "Yes, I am a dragon, half human and half dragon, as you can see. I live a very secluded life here and mostly the women from the villages visit me to get fucked. I have the gift of seeing in their eyes whether they are ready to conceive, which is why they come and then quickly run home to get fucked by their husband. They like to get fucked by us dragons, the human women, because we dragons can fuck for a very long time and with a lot of endurance. But they can't get pregnant by us, unfortunately." He pondered for a moment. "Your mother's name was Mei-Lan, you said, right? I once knew a sweet young woman named Mei-Lan, she often came to me to be fucked, if I'm not mistaken. She must have had eight children, I think." Mei looked at him in surprise. "My mother always said that we are children of the dragon, but I only saw it metaphorically. Maybe she really believed that she was pregnant by the dragon?" Lin Popo shook his head and nodded. "Yes, she did, she didn't want to believe that we dragons can't father human children! She came to me to fuck for years, your sweet mother!" Lin Popo stared into the flames of the small fire. "I am 946 years old," he continued, "I have fucked all the empresses or the wives of the Chinese emperors, that is my destiny. I sneak into the palace invisibly and then fuck the empress. Most of them detest the lesbian lovemak-

ing to which they are condemned in the women's house. They scream with delight and pleasure when I fuck them and they have orgasm after orgasm. And that is my destiny, I like doing it, because the emperor shows great taste when he marries one. It is a pity for them that he keeps her strictly under lock and key, but then they have me and are happy for a few weeks until I have to move on."

Mei listened with great interest, she had never seen an emperor or empress before. But she could well imagine the life of these imprisoned women. Lin Popo laughed. "When an empress had fucked me, she got a taste for it. She did everything to lure men into her bed-chamber, and many princes and princesses were born from the forbidden act." He laughed happily. "Emperor Meng, our excellent Lord, is actually the offspring of a hunter who smuggled himself into Empress Minh's bed for years." He slapped his thighs, he was laughing so hard. His cock had become quite stiff when he talked about this empress who had tied him to her bed for a whole month, she was a very passionate woman! Mei asked shyly if she should do it to him now? She was just curious, of course. Lin Popo laughed, "but of course!" Mei grabbed the yellow cock boldly, it was bigger than any she had ever held in her hand.

"Just rub the light green foreskin," he said, "slowly and firmly. The cock will turn red, then you rub really quickly and make me squirt, okay?" Mei nodded. The cock grew in her fist the more she rubbed it. It changed color from yellow to reddish and to a dark, rich cardinal red. She rubbed it as hard and as fast as she could. Lin Popo smiled at first and twisted his face in pleasure. Then he squirted into the fire in bright, purple, glittering jets. Mei had never seen semen of this color before. Lin Popo calmed down and his cock shrank and turned yellow again. He nodded very contentedly, Mei had done him very well. "Unfortunately, I cannot masturbate a human woman," he said with regret in his voice, "just look at my paws, they are only suitable for hunting. And I had to get used to retracting my claws when I wasn't hunting. When I was a young man, my claws tore many human women's backs when we fucked, many died because of me until I learned to retract my claws."

Mei took one paw in her hand. No, you couldn't rub a clitoris with that, not at all. "But that doesn't matter, Master Lin," she said with a mischievous grin, "I prefer to do it myself at night anyway." Lin Popo nodded and stretched out and dozed a little. Then he went hunting, he brought a rabbit, wild berries and two apples. Mei ate with pleasure, the dragon brought good food every day. He ate once a week at the most, and then he had roast venison. After lunch he always lay down in the pond and floated on his back. Mei sat on his stomach and dangled her legs in the water. She loved playing with the yellow cock and the blue glittering balls. He let her do as she pleased, he never denied her when she masturbated him with her fist and let him squirt purple into the pond.

Mei asked him shyly how it was that he was half human and half dragon if dragons cannot father human children!? He smiled. "Dragons, no, that's true. But dragon women could have a hybrid under certain circumstances. My mother was such a hybrid, my father was a human, a lonely trapper. He caught my mother in a trap, held her captive and fucked her every day. He loved her very much because she had a small and tight pussy that fit his cock well. I know this because I fucked her long after he died. She had one hybrid after another, including me. She taught us, her children, to fuck very early on. I constantly fucked my sisters, who were half human. That was a thousand years ago, in my youth I only fucked human women and only later the first dragon women, it was a long process. But I loved fucking human women all my life, to this day. I only fuck dragon women to inseminate them." Mei nodded with satisfaction, so she understood everything.

One evening, with a thick lump of lust in her throat, Mei asked him if he wanted to fuck her? He looked into her eyes. "You're not ready to conceive," he said, "you don't even have your period yet!" Mei nodded, because it was true. But she felt the burning in her pussy, she really wanted to be fucked. "Should I go to a village and find someone to fuck?" she asked uncertainly, but Lin Popo waved her off. And so they fucked for the first time. Mei felt his big cock stretching her labia and penetrating her, it was definitely the biggest cock she'd ever had, much bigger than her dad's, who sometimes fucked her secretly when her mother wasn't there. Mei screamed

with pleasure, she had never climaxed so quickly as she did now, her orgasm made her squirm and writhe like a trout in a trap. He asked several times if she had had enough, but she waved him off, more and more, please! He continued to fuck her carefully until she was completely exhausted, then he squirted into her in thick, solid jets.

Mei snuggled up to the dragon man, exhausted and grateful. “Not even my 7 brothers have fucked me as well as you, Master Lin!” she sighed. From now on she let her dragon fuck her as often as she felt like it. Lin Popo watched the night sky and the moon. “We have to leave,” he said, “the annual fucking starts tonight!” Mei didn’t understand a word, but she sat obediently on his back. He rose into the air and flew away, with Mei on his scaly back. “I mustn’t fly too high,” he said in the wind, “at 7,000 meters you won’t be able to breathe and you’ll freeze!” Mei was actually very cold and fought for every breath. After hours they landed in a huge clearing, high above the clouds. Hundreds of dragons could be seen, some that had wings and nothing human about them and many that looked like Lin Popo. They formed a circle, in the middle an old dragon and his lady hundreds of years younger. She bent her tail to the side and turned proudly, showing everyone her pussy and straining her vaginal muscles to make her cunthole open and close again and again. She was obviously a celebrity, the dragons were making horny noises. The old man approached and she made everyone moan in amazement as she let the old cock penetrate her youthful pussy with mannered pussy movements. They started to fuck and so did everyone else. The dragons fucked for 3 hours, then the females were ready and opened their insides so that the males could squirt their semen over their eggs.

Mei was amazed at how different the dragon women’s pussies were. Some had labia as thick as arms and huge pussies with holes as wide as a child’s head. Others, however, had only small labia and small holes. They bent their tails to the side, the males mounted them from behind and fucked their cuntholes from behind. Many of the females had a clit that were as thick as a thumb and very long. The females tapped their paws on the clit, which stood out stiff and sharp when they climaxed. Mei watched the general fucking with curiosity and horniness. The whole situation was incredibly lustful, because as soon as a couple had finished fucking, both went off in dif-

ferent directions to find a new partner. Mei didn't count, of course, but some males fucked 5 or more females in turn. The fucking lasted until sunrise, then they scattered to the four winds. Lin Popo flew back to the lake with Mei. Lin Popo told Mei that he always chose the youngest to mate with, because he loved the tighter pussies. He had fucked a dozen young females that night and inseminated their eggs, he said proudly.

"They hatch from the eggs in a year," he explained, "in the last few millennia we began to live on our own and the mothers raised the young alone. Young people learn to fuck very early, only the girls don't open their inner parts so that they don't get pregnant." That made sense to Mei, but she had a question. "Yes," Lin Popo answered thoughtfully, "very few of the young ones grew up. And when they grow up, and there are always only a few, they look for a territory and live in secret. I am one of the few who look almost human and are not afraid to fuck human women." That was true, Mei had always hidden when women came to her forest. They were the wives of the baker, the water carrier, the farmer or the blacksmith. They let Lin Popo fuck them for an hour or two and rushed home when they were ready to conceive. Otherwise they came day after day and let the dragon man fuck them until they had their fertile period.

Lin Popo asked Mei if she wanted to go with him to the empress. It was the young empress, whom he had never fucked before. They flew to the imperial palace and he grabbed Mei's hands so that they both became invisible. They reached the empress's bedroom unseen, who was making lesbian love with a maid. Lin Popo waited patiently until the two young girls, the more distinguished of whom was the empress, had finished fucking. Mei opened her eyes wide, because she had never seen a girl fuck another girl's clit with her clit. But when the maid had gone out, Lin Popo made himself visible. The virgin empress was frightened at first and shyly covered her nakedness. But Lin Popo hypnotized her so that she agreed to fuck. The empress was actually still a virgin, because the emperor was a weak-willed old man. The empress agreed shyly and cautiously to fuck.

Mei put her face directly in front of the empress's pussy, because she had never seen the deflowering up close before; her own experi-

ence was years ago, when her father had deflowered her in the forest at 11. He had asked if she really wanted it, but she just nodded without understanding. She had closed her eyes when he entered with a jerk. He immediately carried on fucking her so that she did not feel the pain because his big cock almost burst her little pussyhole. At home he mentioned it briefly to the mother, who in turn was quite happy that she could hand the task over to her daughter because the boys wanted to squirt inside her at least once a day. She was happy to leave that to her daughter, although it was still quite a while before she no longer had to offer her motherly pussy. It lasted a whole year during which the boys fucked mother and daughter side by side until the boys were exhausted.

Mei grabbed Lin Popo's cock and guided it into the empress's pussy. A short, firm jerk and the empress was deflowered. Mei stayed lying there while he fucked the empress. The Empress did not need to use her finger to help herself, as she had a strong, hot orgasm and screamed with pleasure because she had an orgasm that lasted for an hour. They stayed in the empress's bed for 5 days, and she let him fuck her every hour. The empress liked to show Mei how to fuck clit to clit, and Mei let herself fuck until she fainted; the empress was a true master at it. After the 5 days were up, they said goodbye and flew back to the lake unseen. Mei was so grateful that she had seen the imperial palace and the empress. "And you probably liked being fucked by her clit too?" asked Lin Popo, grinning from ear to ear.

Day after day, the women from the area came to be fucked by the dragon man. Mei usually hid in the bushes and liked to watch the fucking. Lin Popo asked the women if they liked fucking clits. There were very few of them, but Lin Popo beckoned Mei over and she was happy to let the woman fuck her. Very few were as experienced as the virgin empress, but Mei still enjoyed fucking the women very much. In gratitude, Lin Popo fucked the woman again afterwards, this time in Mei's presence.

Lin Popo had to follow his destiny. The local king had a queen, a fat, plump woman that he had never been allowed to fuck. She loved sex with her maids, she loved masturbating more than anything, but she never let herself be fucked by a man. Lin Popo knew that she was

still a virgin, but he was destined to fuck the queen. He took Mei piggyback and flew to the palace, he made her and himself invisible and they sneaked into the queen's bedchamber.

Lin Popo remained invisible until the queen had masturbated herself to exhaustion, then he showed himself. Before she could scream, he hypnotized her. She let him put her in the fuck position, but she resisted being fucked violently. Mei lay between the thick thighs to see the deflowering up close. Mei placed his cock in the right position and he had to stun the resisting queen with a fist punch. A short, firm jerk and the ugly fat queen was deflowered. Lin Popo fucked her to the core, but when she awoke from unconsciousness, she kicked herself free and screamed with all her might. There was only a brief moment to make himself invisible. The queen screamed that a devil had raped her and the king spread her fuck hole to take a look. Yes, indeed, she had only recently been deflowered. She was completely out of her element and was letting the king fuck her for the first time. She was very ashamed. Lin Popo and Mei remained invisible all day, the queen let her favorite maid fuck her and dozed off. Now Lin Popo attacked her again and fucked her until she was insane. With her orgasm, the effect of the hypnosis disappeared, she screamed and shouted that she had been fucked by the devil again! The king believed her, because she lowered her eyes shyly and submissively as he fucked her again. Lin Popo fucked her for a week, then he let Mei mount him and flew back to the lake. The queen screamed at the king that he had to pursue and kill the devil. The king obeyed, had the bloodhounds take up the trail and set off with a force of 200 men. The trail ended at the lake in the enchanted forest.

Lin Popo had just returned from hunting and was attacked when he tried to enter the cave. He was able to make himself invisible and disappeared, the soldiers found the sleeping Mei only. They raped the supposed dragon woman day and night. Mei only found the powerlessness and being at the mercy of others humiliating, she easily endured the fucking of so many men. She was used to being fucked by Lin Popo's big cock, and in comparison, the men's cocks were much smaller and not effective enough. The king was the only one who did not take part in the general fucking of the dragon woman. He sat on the bank of the pond and pondered. Was he mistaken or

did the men disappear one after the other? Yes, that must have been how it was, one after the other they disappeared, he only found sad remains laying on the edge of the forest or floating in the lake. The next day, half of his army had already disappeared, here and there a mutilated body was found that had been torn to pieces by a tiger or a panther. The king resolutely ordered them to leave and return to the palace. Mei was led away in chains and locked behind bars.

The queen said yes, she was the wife of the devil who had dishonored her for a week. She wanted to cut Mei's throat right away, but the king fell into her arms. She was the bait to catch the devil. He had interrogated his wife for hours in private, she had to describe the dragon man to him in great detail. The half-human face with the wolf's snout and fangs, the paws with the huge claws, the crocodile's back and the crocodile's tail, probably two meters long. His yellow human cock, bigger than any she had ever seen, the bright red glans that shone through the lime green foreskin, and the large, blue glittering balls. The king made her repeat the description for days until he was sure. She had to describe the deflowering and the week of fucking in great detail, as well as the pink semen that the devil squirted in thick, solid jets. So hard that she flinched with each jet. Only now was the king satisfied, because he had seen the pink semen himself. She said the devil was invisible and only became visible to fuck, just like his young wife.

Lin Popo moved invisibly around the palace and waited for the right opportunity. Mei was repeatedly fucked in prison, but she whispered quietly that it didn't bother her. She couldn't see Lin Popo, but sometimes she felt his breath on her neck or heard him whisper quietly. It was only after days that the opportunity came. He strangled one guard after the other when there was still confusion after the guard change, then he grabbed the bunch of keys and freed Mei. He immediately made her invisible and brought her home to the lake. The king knew where the cave was, but he couldn't find anyone to accompany him there, to the deadly forest. The two remained unmolested. Once a year Lin Popo went to the palace and fucked the fat queen all night long. As the years went by, she stopped resisting and just let the unbelievable happen. Just as indifferently as she let the king fuck her every night, who was secretly grateful to the devil for

seducing his wife to fuck him. He left the bedroom and slept in the stable when Lin Popo showed up and demanded to fuck his wife. The king recognized Lin Popo, of course, and his wife had not exaggerated; he had never seen such a big cock before.

Once a year, Quiqueg, a young dragon woman who was in love with Lin Popo, came by. She only came to fuck, she bent her crocodile tail to the side and let Lin Popo fuck her from behind. She was very patient when Mei looked at her pussy up close and examined it with her fingers. Mei looked deep into her vagina, to the membrane behind which the mature eggs were waiting to be fertilized. She allowed Mei to masturbate her 15-centimeter-long clit while he was fucking her. The fucking did not last as long as with others; after an hour and a half, Quiqueg was highly aroused and opened the inner membrane for fertilization. Mei's hand was already very tired after an hour and a half, but she always managed to bring the dragon woman to orgasm. Lin Popo had hunted a deer and ate it together with his lover, who then flew away again. He slept for 20 hours straight after the strenuous mating. Otherwise he was not so exhausted, even if he mated with a dozen human women, one after the other.

The years passed quietly, Mei was 20, 25 and thirty. She had a good husband who fucked her as often as she wanted and she did not regret for a moment that she did not have her own child. A decade ago, when the king had captured her and she had been fucked by hundreds of men, she had become pregnant, but the fetus was aborted after a few weeks. She did not mourn for a moment, as she did not know which of the hundred men was the father.

She fell in love only once, at 21, with the strong-willed Master Zhong, the royal hunter. He discovered the cave and Mei, who was waiting for Lin Popo to return from the hunt. He was immediately enchanted by the pretty naked girl, they didn't need many words and fucked for 14 days. Lin Popo stayed in the background and hummed contentedly because Mei seemed happier than ever. Unfortunately, the whole thing only lasted two weeks, there were discussions, arguments and, in the end, bad words. Mei was glad when he left because the argument was over with him. But she was depressed for a month

and didn't laugh, no matter what jokes Lin Popo did. Only after 4 weeks did she lie down with Lin Popo and let him fuck her thoroughly, after which she was as happy as before. But she never fell in love again.

They stayed together all their lives, every year they experienced the big fucking above the clouds together, the annual fuck of the queen and the many women who came to the forest to get fucked. One morning she didn't wake up. Lin Popo dug her a grave on the lake shore, as humans do.

He could no longer stay in the cave where he and Mei had spent their lives.

He moved on and looked for a new cave, a new lake.

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