

Jack Faber

Mandrake

Volume 4

Mandrake - Volume 4

[Beatrix the cab driver](#)

[Anni, the Daughter](#)

[Karls Tale](#)

[The Old Custom - Part 1](#)

[The Old Custom - Part 2](#)

[The Old Custom - Part 3](#)

[Who is afraid of the Black Man](#)

[Dog Whip](#)

[Lenas Struggle](#)

[Twins](#)

[The Queen's Escape](#)

[Fucking with Scheng's Ghost](#)

Contact the author: JackFaber@gmx.net
He would be happy to read your comments!

Trixi

by Jack Faber © 2023

My name is Trixi, from Beatrix. I am a cab driver like all my friends here in the main city. I also want to tell you about my daughter Anni and my ex, Karl and shitty Ben.

I didn't particularly like going to school. I did learn how to masturbate there from my girlfriends, but it was never my thing. I masturbated maybe once a month, usually. But with my girlfriends, masturbating was of immense importance, so I let this or that girlfriend masturbate me as often as it was happening, and of course I masturbated her too. I wanted to be accepted in the group, even though I didn't need as many orgasms as they did.

Quickly I learned to do handjobs and blowjobs, following peer pressure. I was 16 and sucking a lot of young dicks at the time. I was one of the few who swallowed the semen, this raised my prestige considerably. So I met Karl at school, he was two years older than me. After a few insignificant blowjobs we fell in love, I at least immortally. He was my husband, I didn't hesitate a bit and let him deflower me. I was in ninth heaven and we fucked like the grown ups, I counted my period days and that was okay. Karl once invited me to his "gentlemen's evening" where usually only his friends were invited and he asked me to give them handjobs and blowjobs, with that I agreed.

The next gentlemen's evening was quite a drunk one and Karl stripped me completely naked under loud yelling of his friends. I was suddenly sober and was ashamed terribly and took refuge on his lap, covering my nakedness bashfully. Maybe I shouldn't have, because we began to cuddle and kiss fiercely and all at once his hard-on was out and throbbing demanding on my cunt. Karl left my protests unimpressed and soon I was sitting astride his cock. I buried my face on his neck, because I was terribly ashamed that he was now fucking me in front of everyone. I was glad that I was riding Karl's cock with my back to them and soon I was fucking him with all my passion as

always. In the final spurt, he spread my ass cheeks wide with both hands and the happy crowd chanted, “Cum! Inject! Squirt-inside! Squirt-inside!” And Karl squirted uninhibitedly, and the boys jeered every time as he pushed in deep with each jet. I hid my face, because I was terribly ashamed and at the same time completely horny from our fucking, but I couldn’t masturbate now. Gradually I calmed me down and now he fucked me regularly at the gentlemen’s evenings in front of his friends. I let out my exhibitionist disposition, lolling naked after fucking and stroking my labia and clit extensively without masturbating in public. But I was only allowed to fuck with him and we soon didn’t make a big deal about his buddies watching us. Somehow it was even horny to spread my legs wide and show my pussy to everyone. Karl did not tolerate any contradiction, I also had to fuck with his buddies at the gentlemen’s evenings. I needed all my courage at first and suppressed my shame, because Karl wanted it that way. I was physically and emotionally exhausted after the first gentlemen’s evening, where I let all his friends fuck me. Only his very best friends were allowed to fuck me, but only with a condom. He was very generous there and I gradually enjoyed fucking a dozen older boys in one evening. — Was I now a hooker?

At the end of our second year I became pregnant. I was devastated when Karl suggested an abortion, that was out of the question for me at all! The principal showed understanding and she let me finish the last year of school. It became colder between Karl and me. I wanted to stay with him at all costs and fucked his friends even more often so hoping not to lose him. They could leave the condom off and I fucked them a dozen times some afternoons. My parents looked the other way when, every half hour, the boys came to fuck. Fucking a young pregnant girl, that was a hit! I later thought with a shudder that I fucked like a bitch in heat with dozens a day, usually there were several guys in my bedroom waiting for their turn or to be allowed to fuck me one more time. Everyone was allowed to fuck me until he dropped, also because I was always horny during pregnancy and still masturbated at night until I dropped. Then, gradually, we lost each other, although I fucked like a fury with all of his buddies.

I finished school and Karl ended our relationship for good. But he promised to pay alimony and he did. I cried because I had to give

birth to my child without Karl, but then my big sister, who had a family in the federal capital 600km away, showed up and was by my side during the birth. That's how Anni was born. My parents arranged for a young work colleague of my father, Benjamin, to court me. Like my parents, he was a cab driver and apparently a good match. After six months we married and Ben adopted my daughter. He brought home enough money for me to stay with Anni for a few years.

When she was 5, I started driving a cab. How surprised I was, however, that Karl had also become a cab driver, so there was nothing with university studies and doctorate. Sometimes we drank a coffee together in the canteen, I showed him the latest photos of Anni and he showed me a picture of his wife, it was "the gay Ilse", as we called her at school. He was totally in love with Ilse and hoped that they would have a baby soon.

We each drove our cab, we drank our coffee together at the end of the service and got to know each other better. I told Karl that Ben was nothing special in bed, he fucked me for one-two minutes every night when he went to bed and didn't give a damn that I never had an orgasm. I only vaguely hinted to Karl that I didn't care and if I wanted to, I could provide the orgasm myself. At that time I never spoke openly about that.

But I told him that Anni was now masturbating every night before she went to sleep, since she was 8. I had discovered it by accident and watched her every night through the crack in the door, she usually fell asleep after some masturbating, I covered her up and turned out the light. I never told Ben, he cares little about child rearing. One noon Anni came home sad and it took me a long time until she told me the reason. The religion teacher had said that masturbating would make one blind and some would also become stupid. I hugged my child and told her what a nonsense that was! Maybe only the teacher was stupid, but everything else was nonsense from the last century! And it was quite all right if she masturbated when she felt like it. She resumed masturbating, but it took a long time for Anni to finally forget the nonsense.

Karl was very sorry that Ilse could not have children, all the gynecologists confirmed it. Ilse was devastated for a while and even wanted to take her own life, babbling about divorce when Karl talked her out of suicide. I reached for Karl's hand, he was really full of shit. And then, out of the blue, Ilse wanted an open marriage. She had fallen in love with a girl and didn't want to hide her lesbian love from him. That she had always had lesbian love affairs he also knew. He had agreed after a long hesitation 'to open' the marriage.

The years came and went, I drank coffee with Karl twice a week and listened to him. I had to tell him except Annis good development hardly something. The every evening hasty sex with Ben was too boring and that I masturbated in the meantime almost every night, was also no conversation material. "We both have shitty love lives," I said sadly. Karl nodded in agreement and shook his head. He was perhaps better off than I was, he said. I looked at him questioningly, what did he mean? After a few moments he gave himself a break and told me everything.

He still loved Ilse with all his heart, he never had another lover. Ilse usually brought her current lover to spend the night. He watched the two making love and since he quickly got a hard-on, he was allowed to fuck his Ilse in the presence of the mistress. He was only a little inhibited the very first time, after that it was quite normal. He fucked Ilse more often now than before, "because watching the girl's lovemaking makes horny, very horny!" said Karl. I nodded as if I understood and he continued.

Ilse suggested at one point that he should fuck her lover too. He was thunderstruck, but both women looked at his boner. He fucked the girl with a very bad conscience for the first time, but afterwards he was always ready to fuck not only his wife, but also her mistress. Yes, sometimes he was allowed to deflower one or the other, that was quite to Ilse's taste. Meanwhile, almost every one of the mistresses let him fuck her, and he was far from complaining. Ilse seemed to have this cuckoo syndrome, she was obviously keen on seeing her lover being fucked.

Karl's tales kept me busy for days. In my head I saw Karl fucking ever different girls, spurred on by the gay Ilse. I was so unfocused that I almost caused my first fender bender. Went well once again. It stirred me up so much that I masturbated at night as if possessed. Of course I didn't tell anyone. Karl then showed me photos and videos that Ilse had made of him. As cool and unimpressed as I was, that got me insanely horny. I fantasized while masturbating or now sometimes dreamed of fucking with Karl, but I kept it to myself. We were both married, and that weighed heavily for me.

Ben had been caught drunk for the third time, he had to go to jail for 5 days and lost his driver's license for a while, he could forget the job as a cab driver. He was listlessly looking for a job, sat in front of the TV all day and drowned his self-pity in booze. I couldn't fuck with a drunk anymore, it was that simple — and it was a serious mistake!

One night I came in from the night shift and there was still a light burning in Anni's room. I entered quietly and knew immediately that something was terribly wrong. Anni was sitting on her bed, curled up. Her knees drawn up, her arms and head resting on them. She must have been crying for hours and was now looking at me with tear-blind eyes. I immediately saw the blood on her thighs, her pajama pants lay tattered on the floor. I got a damp washcloth and wiped the blood from her thighs. I also cleaned her little pussy and sat down with her. She hung around my neck and sobbed, I let her cry.

Maybe an hour had passed before she whispered what had happened. Daddy had come into her room drunk, ripped her pajama pants, and then deflowered and fucked her. Raped, I corrected angrily in a firm voice. She nodded unhappily. "Wait a minute, I'll be right back!" said I, and went downstairs. I rudely woke the snoring Ben and slapped him for minutes until he was really awake. He immediately remembered what a shit he had made, I could see it in his face. "You get out of here right now, you leave town and never come back!" I yelled. "You won't see me or Anni again, or I'll let you rot in jail!" Ben was wide awake and ducked his head at my shouting. He looked at me uncertainly and muttered that I was his wife after all and he just wanted to fuck!

I didn't know later what got into me, but I ripped off my clothes and threw myself on the bed. "Fuck me, you son of a bitch, fuck me and not my innocent child!" I yelled and pulled him, yanking him between my thighs. And the bastard actually fucked me and squirted after a few seconds. He straightened up and grinned, "Are we good again?" I slapped and slapped him, screaming at the top of my lungs. "Get out of here, you filthy pig shit, get out now and forever!" I yelled over and over again, only stopping him slapping when the blood ran out of his nose. I stood up. Anni was standing in the doorway.

I went with her to her room. She said she didn't understand anything at the moment. I would have let Daddy fuck me and then beat his nose bloody. I waited and listened. Ben walked with massive steps as always, slammed the door behind him like never before and then there was silence. I hugged Anni and stammered in her ear that I had chased Dad away forever and that he must never come back. Anni pulled free. "But you let him fuck, I saw it!" and I withstood her wounded look, with very soft knees. I shrugged my shoulders, I couldn't explain it and still can't today. "Maybe I wanted him to realize who he should have raped," I said miserably, knowing that was a poor explanation. But Anni sufficed and she nodded, "oh well!"

Anni apologized, she had never spied us fucking before, but she heard me yelling loudly and went down for it. She had never spied on us fucking before, she said in a tear choked voice. I nodded, I didn't mind, I said. Then, after a moment's thought, I said I would phone the helpline in the morning and then go to the police with her. Anni's eyes widened at first, but then she nodded anxiously. "I'll sleep in your bed tonight," I said, and went downstairs again, locking the door and leaving the key across, just in case.

So it happened, we waited for the attendant from the women's aid who accompanied us to the police. Anni held her own, went with a policewoman to the medical department. She was much braver than I could ever have been. Ben was put on the wanted list. When the policewoman handed me the copy of the protocol, I knew that nothing else would happen.

I phoned the school, they understood my insinuations and Anni stayed at home for a week, me too. I did not argue long with the cab center, it was a family emergency and I'll get back to you in a week, bye! I didn't care at the moment if they fired me, that's how angry I was.

We made the week peaceful, filled with silence and wonderful conversations we never had before. I told her everything, holding nothing back. I told with red ears that I had fucked with a lot of guys during pregnancy, partly out of permanent horniness in pregnancy. Whether there were more than five? Anni asked, looking strained at the tabletop. I laughed, telling the truth was somehow liberating. "I didn't count really," I said miserably, "it was more like 50 than 5, and most of them I fucked several times, 20 times or more. Every one of his best buddies has fucked me at least 100 times in those years." I faltered because I have never summarized it so clearly before.

Anni looked at me with wide eyes. "Oh, I see." I could see her thoughts racing. There were always long pauses in these conversations. "I've been very careful about my virginity up to now, Mommy, but it's destroyed now." I nodded and asked if she had had any sexual experiences at all? Anni was silent for a long time. "We are a different generation, Mommy. I'm 15 and for some time now the boys have been demanding to touch our pussies. I have to go along with that. At 15 you have to do handjobs and blowjobs. If you don't do it, you're an outcast." I nodded and grinned, "it was the same in my youth!" Anni smiled finely. "Maybe our generation isn't as modern as everyone says." Now it was my turn to smile. "The girls sometimes do it with each other," Anni said almost inaudibly. I didn't interrupt her train of thought and waited. "I'm one of those girls who likes to have other girls do it to her," my daughter breathed shamefully. I waited silently. "Maybe I'm a lesbian?" Now that was enough! I said in a firm voice that I didn't think so, I didn't see any signs of that. Anni looked at me from the side. "And you...?" I nodded, "back then it was the same thing among us girls, I was masturbated by lots of girls and then I masturbated her too! But that's why none of us became lesbians, the boys discovered us thank God!" I laughed. Anni also smiled tentatively. "Look, you're 15 now, and you don't have to pay attention to virginity anymore. Gather your experience without coer-

cion and without messing around, let's talk again in two years. If you still prefer girls to boys then, I'll stand by you and support you in everything. I wouldn't have a problem with it if you were really a lesbian, only now I don't think so. Girls play with each other to discover their sexuality, that's just fine."

I got up and searched in the kitchen cupboard. I put the opened packet of condoms on the table. "I would just ask you to use them. An unplanned pregnancy is probably the last thing you need right now." I saw Anni's pained expression, had I gone too far? Anni pushed the package back in disgust. "I'll probably never sleep with a boy or a man, not after this. It horrifies me so!" I went to her and pressed her head against me. "Take your time, my love, take your time!"

I sat down and took her hands in mine. "Can you sleep with me again tonight?" Anni's breath was almost inaudible. I nodded, "Of course!" We sat at the kitchen table for a long time, went shopping together and cooked ourselves hearty steaks with green beans and fries. I took a bottle of red wine with me and drank with Anni for the first time. Yes, yes — alcohol does not solve problems, but it sometimes helps. The week passed quietly and peacefully, the bond between mother and daughter became stronger than ever. Anni had solid ground under her feet again and in the end we both found that life could go on as before. She left off her pajamas in the evening and we both slept naked on her bed.

The last night of this week I woke up. Anni had put a leg over my pussy in her orgasm and was trembling hard. The poor child had not masturbated for a week and now the pent-up lust and desire burst urgently out of her. She continued masturbating with her eyes closed and her leg slid back and forth over my pussy. I watched her under half closed eyes, she only had a light fluff of pubic hair and she rubbed her clit up and down as always with legs stretched wide apart. I don't know if her leg just happened to rub on my pussy, but I had the impression that she did it knowingly and she got excited at the thought of exciting me too. Anyway, I opened my legs slowly and let her leg rub upon my clit. She came gasping to orgasm and continued after a short break. I saw the fine smile around her lips when she no-

ticed that I was shaking like a leaf and she rubbed my clit very purposefully with her leg. It was pleasant that her leg excited my clit, but I did not get an orgasm. I watched her until I fell asleep.

Anni now did not want to turn off the light at night and slept only naked since that week. I breathed a sigh of relief, because she was processing the rape much faster than I had expected. At noon, when she came home from school, she went straight to her room and masturbated before lunch. The lust and physical pleasure returned to her with a great power to my delight. She sat down at the table afterwards with a beaming smile, she was completely relaxed. I suspected she knew that I was spying on her. At night she masturbated as vigorously as I did myself, the days of girlishly gentle rubbing were over, for good. I dampened my guilty conscience, leaving my door open at night and the little light on when I masturbated. I noticed a few times that she sat on the stairs and watched me secretly. So we didn't owe each other anything.

I called the cab office to say that I would be on duty tomorrow morning. Then I called Karl to see if he had any plans after duty, I picked him up at 5pm. He was taken aback, but kept his mouth shut when I drove off and started talking. He gritted his teeth and yelled that he was going to kill Ben, beat the scumbag to death! I told him everything, leaving nothing out. Well, I passed over the stupid fucking with Ben. He was grateful to me that I had stayed with Anni and supported her in these difficult hours. Gradually he had calmed down, but he scolded Ben terribly.

I said I had to be home by 8pm, Anni was at a girlfriend's and would be home at 8 sharp. Karl had no idea what I was talking about. He was just wondering where I was going. An abandoned factory site in the middle of town, zigzagging along the decayed buildings and then I parked the car in a covered loading bay. Karl looked around in amazement. Where? Why? What are we doing here?

I smiled and nuzzled the hairs on his neck. "This is my love bower, dear. This is where I go when I feel like fucking or getting fucked by a nice guy." He was speechless. "You mean we...?" He didn't speak it. "How often do you come here?" he asked, glaring at me. "Five or six

times a week,” I answered truthfully, adding, “Ben’s one-minute-poking doesn’t compare to what I’ve experienced here. I look at guys closely and I am not a hooker!” He grinned mischievously. “Wouldn’t have thought it from my little Trixi” he said with a grin, “... and there’s a little pocket money in there too, right?” I nodded, “he who can pay, pays gladly, believe me!”

I started to undress and, to be honest, I was a bit excited. I hadn’t fucked him in 15, 16 years, I wasn’t an innocent-little girl anymore and he had fucked hundreds in the meantime, as Ilse kept bringing him fresh meat after all. He watched me undress and I noticed how he instantly jumped on. I crawled naked into the back seat. He was quickly undressed and crawled to me, in the back. Thank God his cock was still as big as it was 15 years ago. It was 15 years ago, we were still fucking days before Annis birth, him and 6 or 7 of his buddies.

We kissed, after so long it felt all like new. We cuddled intimately, our tongues lusting mightily as we French kissed, and I furtively rubbed my clit. He had never noticed it then and noticed nothing now. We cuddled and kissed for probably a quarter of an hour, my body quivering and trembling with lust. “Come, come, I want it!” I whispered, and he slowly and carefully penetrated. “You’re still surprisingly tight, Trixi,” he murmured against my ear. We fucked for a good fifteen minutes and my gasps and moans turned into a wonderful orgasm. I hissed and gasped against his ear and he squirted in rich, firm jets.

We fumed in silence. “You fucked every Tom, Dick and Harry back in the days, and that choked me off” he said between long puffs. I wasn’t in an attacking mood. “I fucked your buddies because you wanted me to,” I said softly, not wanting to argue. “Hell yeah, we drank too much and the devil got me there.” I was silent, that was true. “And from then on everyone wanted to fuck you at the gentlemen’s evening and I just nodded it off, I jerk!” said Karl bitterly. I was still silent. “But all the others, it hit me hard,” he added to the thought. I lit a cigarette. “I was desperate to get you back with that heavy fucking, in my naivety I was,” I said miserably, “but the dam was broken and I let the tide in.” We were silent for a long time.

“Days before Anni was born I fucked you with a woeful heart and I knew it was our last time,” he said dreamily and I hissed, “you and 6 of your buddies!” He bowed his head dejectedly. “I was a stupid asshole, Trixi!” I added, “and I was just terribly horny for fucking and getting fucked, then.”

We had to go. Karl muttered how romantic my spot was and we both laughed. It was a good, safe hiding place, but surrounded all around by ugly concrete walls. I said he was welcome to have dinner with Anni and me and spend the night at my place if he could get free. He nodded, saying he would talk to Ilse. I dropped him off in his street and drove home.

I put several packs of condoms in her bedside cabinet and gave Anni the green light, she was allowed to let someone spend the night in her room and not roll in the dirt behind bushes. Still, it was months before a girlfriend came to spend the night with her and I spied on their lovemaking through the crack in the door. Girl came after girl. Romantic memories crept through my mind. It took a few months more until Anni brought in some boys, finally. I spied as I did every time and was satisfied because all the boys had to put on a condom. I was only a little ashamed that I was a goddamn voyeur. But it was quite soon clear that Anni was not a lesbian, on the contrary, she learned very quickly to fuck like a goddess. She hardly fell in love and changed her lovers every few days.

This is how things stand at the moment. I filed for divorce and have to wait a year. Karl stays over at my place three or four times a week and he gets greatly along with Anni. Previously she had rarely seen her father, now they spent hours together doing schoolwork or discussing God and the world.

I know that he is seriously considering leaving Ilse, even though the variation-rich fucking with so many different girls has become really important to him. I am also not yet ready to give up the lovemaking hours in my love arbor, on the contrary. — Maybe when he proposes to me?

Do we perhaps have a second chance?

Anni

by Jack Faber © 2023

We sat on Evi's bed and smoked. I smoked along, because that was just part of the game, but I smoked without lungfuls, I had tried it and coughed that I almost choked. I was proud to have Evi as a girlfriend, she was two years older and already very experienced, she had even fucked before, but she didn't like to talk about it. I didn't understand most of her saying right away, what was she talking about? Clit, masturbating? I was at a loss. Evi stripped me and then herself naked and got a pocket mirror. Then she showed me my clit, my jewels and also hers. Her clit was a bit smaller than mine, but she grinned, "Size doesn't matter!"

She showed me my own hymen in the mirror and that I needed to take good care of it. To be a virgin has a high value in our society, she said. She parted her labia with her fingers and let me see deep into her hole. She was no longer a virgin, she had been robbed of her virginity, she said with pressed voice, and I asked no further. But that I was not yet masturbating at 15 was a shame! She has been doing it since she can remember. I had to lie on my back and spread my legs wide.

I winced when she touched my (new) clit. But after that it was fine, I felt the horniness creeping up my pussy by the minute. I clawed at her hand as I exploded. Evi was very pleased with me and hugged and kissed me in a very gay way. She did it to me twice more and I said I understood. I promised her I would do it myself at home. So I did.

Evi had put our secret in the chinese whispers and I was now invited to another girl one every afternoon. I remained passive and let myself masturbate to orgasm two or three times on the afternoon. Only very rarely did I let myself be tempted to masturbate the other girl, because I didn't like doing it. I let them masturbate me as many times as they wanted to bring me to orgasm, once even to five orgasms, but then I was totally exhausted. I suddenly "belonged", the

girls showed me respect and appreciation like never before, they all were eager to “do me.”

Annika took me to a furtive tryst, I had to learn something new. The three of us sat with Helmut in a hideout behind the gym halls. After a while Annika rummaged Helmut’s cock out of his fly. I had never seen a dick before and looked that my eyes almost fell out of my head. Annika explained everything to me, the foreskin and the glans and so on. She only had to push around a little and the cock got really stiff. She masturbated him for a short time, then let him squirt on the asphalt. Helmut’s cock immediately became soft again. Now Annika let me do it, I masturbated Helmut for quite a while until he squirted. I held the cock and felt the pulsating squirting.

Now I was in a higher club. I went to the hideout with three or four girls and we masturbated the fellows like an assembly line. The dicks were very different like the bosoms with us girls. Afterwards, I let one or more girls masturbate me on the spot and I got quickly used to it, that all the girls and boys were watching me impudently, when a girl masturbated me to orgasm in public. Mostly there were more girls who wanted to masturbate me, so I layed on my back and was masturbated, and to be honest, I liked it very much to be masturbated by a girl, even there in public. It wasn’t as romantic as it used to be when I went to a girl’s home with her.

We were really foolish chickens! For a while we sat without panties under the skirt in the last row of the school class and secretly played with our pussies or the pussy of our neighbor. Of course, we had to avoid a real orgasm, but we bragged madly in front of the other girls about all of it. Behind the gym halls I lay down with my legs wide apart, the girls knew I wanted to be masturbated in public. I was unashamedly shameless and really enjoyed being masturbated by my girlfriends, and I was the only one. But we were really crazy chickens and were always inventing something new. I was masturbated lying wide spread while at the same time others masturbated the boys. One made her victim’s semen splash on my pussy and soon they were all doing it. Evi assured me that I couldn’t get pregnant that way, especially since I didn’t have my period then. The cocks squirted from steadily shorter distance upon my cunt and over the

fingers masturbating me. Then the girls pressed the glans directly on my pussy while squirting and let the semen squirt in. There were loud yelps when he managed to squirt inside through the hole in my hymen. We were really pretty crazy chickens back then! — But it was new and I was inquisitive.

I sometimes observed Evi and the other bigger girls masturbating the boys in their mouths. I paid close attention, most spit out the semen, a few like Evi swallowed it. I asked her. The semen comes from inside the body, it is completely natural and not poisonous, you can swallow it without hesitation, Evi said, you just have to suppress the disgust at first. That was easy to understand. So I tried to take the cock in my mouth and masturbated it. It was very funny when he squirted in my mouth and at first I spit out the semen. But in time I swallowed it and now I had risen to the highest category. I was proud as a peacock.

Once Evi let her sweetheart fuck her behind the gym halls. It was the first time I saw real fucking, and since I was a good friend of Evi's, I was allowed to stay sitting next to her, when the others left. Evi lay down on the asphalt and directed with one hand his cock into her pussyhole. I bent down low to get a good look. He thrust in and out, for quite a while, then stopped all at once. He thrust his cock in hard a few times and then pulled out. His white semen leaked out of Evi's pussyhole. She scolded him, because he had promised before not to squirt inside. But after a moment Evi laughed again and had forgotten about it. When he was gone, I asked Evi if fucking does hurt, but she laughingly denied it. He should only hold out a bit longer, she said, then she would also come to an orgasm.

Evi became serious and then she told how it had come about that she was deflowered. Her mother had gone to visit relatives for several days and she was alone at home with her father. He let her sleep with him in the marital bed and let her come to bed naked, she was after all a big girl who could sleep naked! She had already been 13 and snuggled up to her father, it was a strange, beautiful feeling as their naked bodies touched. He questioned her in a whisper and she confessed that she gave handjobs or blowjobs to the boys at school. He was impressed and asked her to give him a handjob after all. She

did it with a pounding heart, it was the first cock of a grown man that she masturbated with her little fist. It was a big, thick cock and she made him squirt high into the air. She continued to rub it firmly and made him cum jet after jet. He was impressed and praised her that she turned all red with pride. Could she already masturbate herself?, he wanted to know. She admitted it shyly and he wanted to see it right away. She was terribly embarrassed because one only did it alone and secretly, but he bent over her and watched her masturbate. Her orgasm was restrained and she calmed down, but he had gotten a hard-on while watching her and lay on top of her. He pushed her legs apart to her amazement and thrust hard inside. She winced only briefly; it wasn't as painful as everyone said. She cried silently and he fucked her for a very long time, then jerkily squirted into her. He hugged and comforted her, she was a real woman now, his little wife. She was rather depressed because he kept fucking her secretly for the next few years, and she learned quickly how to get an orgasm at fucking. Secretly, because her mother mustn't know it. She was so sad about it, because the previously beautiful relationship with her mother was disturbed by the secret. I hugged my great girlfriend, I felt very sorry for her!

Every night I masturbated myself gently to orgasm, because at that time I masturbated only very lightly and gently and not as hard and as wildly as today, until I fell asleep. I discovered only after months that my mother was spying through the crack in the door. At first I was uncomfortable, but I was already so used to the others watching me behind the gym when I let the girls masturbate me publicly that I didn't care. Until then I never spied on her, although I heard their fucking every night when my father went to bed. He fucked Trixi at the same time every night, shoveling loudly and roaring as he cummed. Trixi would sometimes scold him very loudly that he was finishing way too fast, but he never said anything in response. I would sometimes sneak to the stairs when they left the door open and spied curiously. There wasn't much to see, Ben's fat ass bobbing up and down. They always fucked twice, sometimes three times in a row. Trixi spread her legs wide and guided his cock into her vagina with one hand. I could see very clearly his thick cock thrusting in and out of her hole the second time, she masturbated very quickly during the second fucking and always came to orgasm long before he did

squirt inside. Most of the time she kept masturbating and if she wasn't done yet, he had to fuck her a third time, although it was obviously hard for him. If he couldn't do a third time, he would troll off to the side and let her continue masturbating on her own. He then awkwardly groped her pussy as she twitched and wriggled in orgasm. She often continued masturbating even after he fell asleep. After fucking, she spread her legs and wiped the semen off with a paper tissue. I always spied, as they usually fucked with the door open and in the glow of the bedside lamp. - That was it.

Ben, my stepfather, had to go to jail for a week because of drunk driving, he wasn't allowed to drive his cab anymore and lost his job. He sat in front of the TV all day and drank. In the evening he was drunk as a skunk and my mother wouldn't let the drunks fuck her anymore. Mostly he masturbated in front of the TV when I came home at noon and he wasn't embarrassed one bit, the bastard, when I curiously stood still until he was finished. Usually he started masturbating only when I came home and grinned idiotically at me, because I stupid curious goose stopped and watched him as he pulled his cock out of the fly. Breathless with excitement, I watched as he gleefully pushed back his foreskin and began to masturbate. My heart pounded in my throat the more excited he masturbated and I actually held my breath as he squirted high. This was something much more animalistic than the little boys I had seen cum. I held my breath until he was done.

And one day he beckoned me to come closer. I was quite stupid and inexperienced and stepped next to him unsuspectingly. He grabbed my hand and pressed it down on his cock. His look told me everything. I sat down next to him and rubbed his big fat cock, I masturbated him conscientiously and made him squirt. I had to stay seated and masturbate him again after a break. I had a real, grown-up man's cock in my little hand, with a big, thick glans from which I let the semen spurt out in rich, powerful jets! A strange pride filled me when I grabbed his cock and pulled his foreskin all the way back. I stared at the huge glans protruding from my little fist like a swollen peach. This big man's cock was much more enormous than the tender, slender boy's cocks I had rubbed so far! I was proud and excited that I was allowed to masturbate him and rubbed it with all my pow-

ers. I stared at the little hole in the glans when his semen shot out in solid, bright jets. It sent me into a little rush of power — all I had to do was yank back forcibly his foreskin at the right moment and another jet shot out of the little hole! I was proud of myself, I had done it damn well! He grunted with satisfaction and let me start over after a few minutes, and I never thought it was something wrong.

He put a really hard porn movie in the recorder. He grinned impudently, because the film excited and aroused me visibly. He grabbed under my skirt on my clit, but when he tried to put a finger inside, I immediately withdrew successfully, he immediately understood that. He was incredibly inept at exciting my clit, though I willingly straddled and pressed my clit onto his fingers. At best, he only managed to make my thighs tremble with horniness, the orgasm I had to make myself right afterwards in my bedroom. Every day I had to masturbate him and let him squirt two or three times, only then he was satisfied and let me go. When I got really horny during the porn movie, I masturbated really fast and he grinned slyly when I came to orgasm. I masturbated completely unashamedly in front of him and I didn't care that he watched me horny and greedy. He sometimes mumbled that he wanted to fuck me, but I never took it seriously. This went on for many weeks. This went on for many weeks.

One evening — Trixi drove the night shift and I had already gone to bed and was masturbating with fine fantasizing — there he stomped up the stairs and entered my room. He grinned idiotically all over his face when he saw me masturbating. I was snapped out of my dreamy fantasizing when he plumped down beside me. The bastard reeked of booze. I was frozen to the spot. He tore my pajama pants, which I had pushed down over my knees to masturbate, ripped them off my legs and grabbed my pussy with rough fingers. His saliva drooled from the corner of his mouth as he roughly tore my rubbing finger from my clit and finally got to my clit with his clumsy fingers. After all, I was almost in orgasm when he assaulted me and he only had to press my clit firmly a few times and my orgasm came completely unexpectedly at the same moment, when he laid heavily on top of me. I was really frozen in my shaking orgasm and couldn't make a sound even though I wanted to scream. He

pushed my legs apart and penetrated me with a firm jerk, right in the midst of my violently orgasming, twitching vagina.

I felt only one sharp sting and thought that he had just deflowered me, the damn bastard! Something ran warmly down my thighs. He thrust and thrust tirelessly for a few minutes in my pussy which was still trembling and orgasming from just before. I was wriggling with rising horniness, that rose again in my pussy so shortly after the previous orgasm. My thighs trembled with devilish desire for the next orgasm as absurdly that may sound. But that stopped abruptly when I felt him squirt deep inside me. Grunting, he fell to the side and there was complete silence for long minutes.

He grabbed my hand and put it roughly on his semi-stiffy. He ruled me roughly that I had to rub him, immediately! I was mute and rigid with shock and obeyed frightened. I masturbated him until his cock was stiff all over again and he freed himself. He lay on top of me, pushed my legs apart and penetrated me instantly with a single jerk. I was crying silently, I don't know why. This second time he fucked me much longer and it hurt a little bit, but it didn't excite me a bit. He propped himself up and squirted loudly roaring like he did with mother. Groaning, he stood up, kicked my pajama bottoms to the side and stomped downstairs.

I sat up and pulled my legs up. I howled, because he had fucked me without asking me first. That hurt me the most, and also that I was now no longer a virgin. I must have cried for hours until Trixi came home. Of course she knew immediately what was going on as she washed the dried blood from my inner thighs and my pussy. I howled that Ben had fucked me. Raped, she corrected me with a petrified expression. Then she went downstairs to Ben and I heard her roar. I crept to the stairs, down to the bedroom door.

Trixi was yelling like she was out of her mind. She ripped off her clothes and tore at him until he was bent over her. She yelled at him to fuck her right now, on the spot! I have never seen Trixi, my mother, shriek and roar like that. He squirted almost instantly and she angrily pushed him aside when he grinned and said, now everything is good again, isn't it? While she was getting dressed again, she

yelled that he must leave the house right away and never come back or she would have the police lock him up! She caught sight of me and shooed me upstairs to my room.

I didn't understand why she had let the bastard fuck her. She didn't answer right away, we listened silently, hearing Ben walk away and slamming the door. She said he would never come back. She searched for words. She might have wanted to show him that he had to fuck her and not her innocent child. It was a thin explanation, but I didn't probe further. The other day she called the Women's Aid office and one of the staff ladies accompanied us to the police. I had to undress in front of a female doctor and she examined my pussy. Was it bad, the nice doctor asked, and I said the deflowering just made a violent prick, but the fucking didn't hurt at all. She looked at me dumbfounded as I continued that I rubbed him stiff again so he could fuck me again for the second time. And that didn't hurt either, in fact it was pleasurable, except he squirted way too soon. The doctor grinned rather sourly and gave me a light slap on the butt, "you can get dressed again!" So my stepfather Ben was put out on the wanted list, but they never caught him.

My mother Trixi stayed at home with me for a week. She took touching care of me and I felt that the rape affected her much more than me. Yes, I had been deflowered, but it had to happen sometime anyway. I had a rage in my stomach and sometimes thought I could never fuck a man again, but it was only temporary, I realized. And, amazingly, it was my mother's confessions that gradually reconciled me to fucking.

She actually told what a hot chick she was before I was born. My biological father Karl, who I've seen already a few times, had gotten her to fuck with all his buddies at the ominous "gentlemen's evening". Trixi described how she was scared and embarrassed at first. How she gradually got used to getting fucked probably a dozen times in one evening. How it turned her on to show herself naked and frivolous to his friends. She played with her labia and clit while fucking, but without masturbating, because she never masturbated in front of his friends. Most of all, she liked to fuck riding the boys cock with her back to him, she looked into the greedy or horny faces of the

others, spread her legs wide apart and played horny with her clit, now mostly to orgasm.

How she wanted to be fucked more and more, wondering doubtfully if she had in fact become a hooker? During the pregnancy she let the boys come to her, usually there were 4 or 5 at the same time in her girl's bedroom. She let herself be fucked by one after the other and got horny at the horniness of the other spectators. And at night she masturbated until she dropped, Trixi said, until her clit was sore. The more she fucked, the more satisfied she was with herself. But she was inexorably losing her Karl, my father.

I hadn't masturbated all week. On the one hand, the rape still bothered me a lot, but on the other hand, Trixi slept with me that week and we both slept naked, because I was no longer a little girl sleeping in my pajamas. But Sunday night the horniness came over me with all its might. Trixi was already fast asleep and I fantasized about her wild gentlemen's evenings. I masturbated gently and carefully at first, Trixi didn't wake up thank god. I happened to put accidentally an outstretched leg on her pussy and noticed how she rubbed her clit on my leg. Or, actually, how my leg was rubbing on her clit. She was fast asleep and her body soon began to shake all over. I rubbed my leg intentionally over her clit while masturbating and it made me pretty horny that her body responded well and was shaking. At some point I fell asleep.

For months I did neither handjobs nor blowjobs, I completely withdrew and during this time I only masturbated after going to bed, until I got tired. Gradually I took one or the other girlfriend home for a sleepover, and I slowly freed myself up inside. We masturbated each other and made lesbian love. Amazingly many could fuck clit-on-clit and I enjoyed this technique very much, which made me orgasm jubilantly. Trixi had allowed me to bring lads as well if I promised to use condoms. But it took months before I got the desire to fuck boys. I wasn't in love with the guys of course, I just wanted them to fuck me and made no secret of it. I actually found a few who could fuck very well and brought me to orgasm, but there weren't many. I never thought about Ben or the rape again.

Trixi brought Karl home more and more often now. He spent a lot of time with me, we could debate everything. He is a very well-read and educated person, although he is “only” a cab driver. We talk a lot about sexuality, he doesn’t have blinders on like Ben. Although I have the impression that Trixi wants to conquer him again, he talks frankly and without shyness about his wife, who has become a real lesbian and who brings him pretty young girls home to fuck. He likes very much to fuck with so many different girls, he admitted that quite openly. He let me ask him without resistance how his love life with lesbian women is in detail. Only rarely they were virgins who gave themselves to him shyly and girlishly under the pressure of Ilse and after a long hesitation let themselves be deflowered and then fucked. Those were the rare, beautiful acts that stayed with him for a long time. The others who had already been deflowered hesitated at first just the same like the virgins and only gave in under the pressure of Ilse. But he was always gentle and understanding and gave them time. He loved their shyness and girlishness, this was not fucking as usual, bang-boom! Karl described these acts so beautifully that it warmed my heart and my pussy. — Only on the subject of Trixi he gets tight-lipped, I quickly got that.

I’ve blossomed since Karl came to live with us. He spends the afternoons with me, he is very educated and insanely smart, although he is “only” a cab driver and we discuss about God and the world. But my favorite thing is to talk about sex and he talks to me like an adult. He exudes a beguiling sex appeal and our afternoons are brimming hot with sex. At first, I had a hard time masturbating in his presence. I did it under my pants and looked at him very shame-filled afterwards, but he confidently took away my fear and shyness with his smile. He always blinked under his eyelids at me, because at first I did not dare to take off my pants. I just pushed my pants and underpants to the side to expose my labia and clit. Trixi brought us lemonade and stopped to watch me playing as well. I was initially afraid she would be against it, but she smiled approvingly, which encouraged me. I finally took off my underpants and panties completely, because neither Karl nor Trixi objected, on the contrary. After all, I really love it when someone watches me masturbate, whether it’s Trixi or him.

Naturally, I provided myself only small orgasms in the afternoon, I always saved the big one until bedtime. I soon realized how much I could excite him sexually when I told him about sex with my girlfriends or sex in the swimming pool. There he always secretly reached into his pants pocket, rubbed his dick and secretly squirted in his pants. That's when I started giving him a blowjob, despite his initial reluctance. He mumbled happily that he had never had such great blowjobs, which made me proud and spurred me on.

I went even further, as Trixi just smiled and encouraged me. I pulled his pants all the way down, sat naked on his thighs and inserted his glans all the way into my pussy hole, the whole glans! Then I masturbated his cock with my fist, and when he started to squirt, I pushed his whole cock inside so that I could only masturbate him with two fingers until he squirted. I completely ignored his lame objections while Trixi smiled at me appreciatively and silently gave her okay. I saw it in his face and felt how much he liked to squirt all the way deep inside me. Mostly I kept his cock half inside after that and kept masturbating him. Trixi grinned happily and left when he had squirted inside me. I thought nothing of his stupid complaints, I told him point blank that I didn't give a shit about incest! Almost all my girlfriends were fucking their brothers, many their father, so what now? Nobody took the incest taboo seriously in real life, so fuck it! Secretly I had already decided to fuck him, to fuck him in reality! I'm actually just waiting for the right opportunity.

I once talked with Trixi about it, of course only hypothetically. She said she had nothing against it, because all my girlfriends did it too, she knew that exactly. For her it was only important that it came from me and not from Karl (she had stopped talking hypothetically long ago). I had to listen to myself, to my own feelings and sensations, I had to really want it and allow it myself. I breathed a sigh of relief, her opinion was very important to me and now I had a clear path! I was now determined to fuck him at the first opportunity!

And the opportunity came, much faster than I thought. I had pulled his pants all the way down and sat naked on his thighs as usual, this way a good position to be masturbated. I hugged him and spread my legs wide. He masturbated me as great as hardly anyone. I

pressed my lips on his neck so as not to cry out in orgasm, although no one would have heard us, Trixi was on duty. He continued to masturbate me with feather-light fingertips, prolonging my orgasm by long, long seconds. I calmed down and immediately felt his stiff cock pressing against my pussy. Usually I would kneel down and give him a blowjob, but now I grabbed his cock and shoved it into my pussy hole in a flash. He froze as I began to ride him. I didn't hear his babbling, I concentrated on fucking him fast and hard. It took an eternity, then he had to squirt and I felt him squirt into me, jet after jet. He was stunned. He lamented. He did not admit that he had enjoyed it very much. I stuck my tongue out at him cheekily, I did it, I fucked him! I fucked him every day now and put a condom on him, he didn't want to impregnate me, okay.

Trixi asked one day if I still really wanted to fuck him? I never knew what the two talked to each other at night, but I nodded vigorously, of course I would like to fuck with him, sure! Trixi explained to me now long and wide that she wanted to surprise him tonight and she would call me down, after going to bed. And I should fuck him very fine, she said and now described in detail what I had to do. But it was a surprise, so not a word about it! We talked for a while longer and I wanted to know above all if it was okay for her, if she felt no jealousy? But it was soon clear to me that she wanted it really that way. After dinner, I took another quick shower and waited in bed for Trixi's call. I masturbated twice in quick succession and was very excited when she called me. I slipped into bed with them and Trixi pushed me towards Karl. It was a beautiful and great fucking. Since then I lie in bed with them every night and first it's Trixi's turn, then mine. — I am happy all around.

I am now in the final class and have a steady boyfriend for the first time, Achim. He is a smart and calm guy, and when we fuck once a week, he regularly brings me to orgasm. We discuss a lot about whether we want to study together. We could make up the storeroom next to my room and then we would each have a room to ourselves.

But I haven't talked to him about that yet, it's too early. Trixi had once mentioned that she did not yet belong to Karl completely and she of course loved to fuck with others who could fuck her well. I

kept my mouth shut, although I felt the same way. Since Achim came only once a week to stay over, I called on the other days those who had fucked me well in the past and let them fuck me really well, honestly said, we fucked our brains out. Of course I had a guilty conscience towards Achim, but I didn't promise him anything so far. Maybe I also had a guilty conscience because I was a bit of a hooker just like my mother.

Karl

by Jack Faber © 2023

I met my childhood sweetheart Trixi again after 15 years. She drives for the same cab company as I do and we met almost every night for a coffee after service ended. Today she drove me to her favorite hideout and we talked in an angry way about her husband Ben, who raped our — Trixis and my — daughter Anni a week ago and is now in hiding since Trixi kicked him out of her house in full rage. I eventually calmed down, Trixi to my surprise took off her clothes and seduced me. After 15 years! I was very upset and the whole movie ran again in my head.

We got together at school, I was a good 17, Trixi not quite 16, but we fell in love and she didn't hesitate for a moment to give herself to me, to let herself be deflowered. We met every day to fuck on my pad, we fucked until I could no longer. Trixi loved to masturbate since childhood and she let me watch when she masturbated a few times after fucking. I had seen a few girls masturbate before, but Trixi really did it perfectly. She tortured me a bit because she wanted to come to the gentlemen's nights at my pad and felt left out. I gave finally in.

I don't think I need to explain a gentlemen's evenings further that we made filthy speeches inspired by alcohol or sometimes put a porno in the video player.

My boys hooted crossly when I brought Trixi with me. "Strip her! Undress her!" they chanted and again I gave in. Trixi was a bit shy at first, but she went along with it for my sake. I slowly undressed her and let the boys feast their eyes on her nakedness. I had her sit backwards on my lap, spread her legs and labia and the lads hooted in pleasure.

Trixi was indeed pretty as a picture, her shoulder-length hair framing her smart face in which her green eyes contrasted beautifully with her black hair, the heritage of a Scottish great-great-grand-

mother. She was rather slim and her hips were just beginning to round out womanly, her breasts were still small but firm and round with long nipples. But her jewels were a hit! She had a sparsely covered mound of venus with full labia, between them a not oversized clit that now stuck out stiff and red, just a bit. The boys jeered as I gently stroked Trixi's clit.

Trixi stiffened instantly as they chanted, "Do her! Do her!" I kissed her on one ear and stroked her clit more. She shook her head in disapproval and hid her face against my neck as I began to masturbate her. I'm not going to make excuses about the alcohol now — I did it, I was very practiced and brought Trixi to orgasm after a few minutes. She gasped and crossed her legs. We hugged and kissed, which got us both very horny. I unzipped my pants and released him. Trixi let out a little scream as he entered her. She held onto me and cried against my ear, "But not in front of everyone!" I was already inside her, there was no turning back. "You're turning your back on them after all, they can't see much of you!" Even I noticed how thin that was. But I had to fuck now, instantly!

Despite her tears, I fucked her. The boys jeered loudly as I spread Trixis' ass cheeks wide apart with both hands as I squirted inside. They jeeringly chanted, "Squirt inside! Squirt inside!" and moved closer to see the squirting in detail. Then we sat quietly in our arms. "I love you, my Trixi," I breathed in her ear, "we didn't just put on a good show, we loved each other dearly!" Those were the phrases my sweetheart loved so much. It took her quite a while to turn back around and look them in the eye. We drank on and on and then I shooed the guys off the couch and onto the floor. I laid my drunk Trixi on the couch, pulled down my pants and fucked her despite her lame protests. She soon fell silent, masturbated quickly during the fucking and surely came to orgasm. The fellows were horny as monkey shit, but I resolutely shook my head. I was drunk too, but she was MY Trixi and I wasn't sharing her with them, not yet.

Trixi now always came enthusiastically to the gentlemen's evening. She soon didn't mind getting naked and everyone else got naked too. Alcohol and nudity, a great mixture! We fucked more and more unselfconsciously in front of the lads who were masturbating.

They squirted on Trixis' body while we both fucked or after we fucked. She was loosened up and giving handjobs to some of them. She sat sometimes on this lap, sometimes on that lap, cooing in drunken laughter and letting my musketeers paw, grope and touch her jewels. My buddies practiced in masturbating Trixis' clit, she laughed and laughed and only got serious if someone did it right. That's when she stopped laughing and concentrated on aiding the orgasm come. — Alcohol and nudity, a really swell mix!

That's about how our gentlemen's evenings went, proficient boozing, fucking and handjobs! Soon Trixi felt comfortable at the nude evenings, she had attention and caressing in abundance. The boys had to watch when Trixi and I fucked two or three times a night. They wanted to fuck her too, goddammit, they wanted to fuck her too! For days we whispered to each other that the boys wanted to fuck her too. Trixi flatly refused. She was not a company whore! I agreed with her, possibly only with Johnny or Ben, my very best friends? She was stunned, hey, wasn't I listening to her!? I nodded, Johnny had promised to use a condom, and I will require that of everyone! Trixi was alarmed. Johnny may fuck me? I nodded, "Johnny is like a brother to me, we have both fucked a girl many times, one after the other of course, don't you understand?" Trixi was moodily silent.

The next naked night we fucked as usual, I let Trixi finish her masturbating and when she orgasmed Johnny penetrated immediately. Trixi howled and looked to me, I looked drunkenly into her drunken eyes and mumbled that was okay, he has a condom! Tears ran down Trixi's cheeks, but she let Johnny fuck her. He was out of shape and squirting way too early, Trixi was still miles away from her orgasm. Benjamin, however, was already standing by, he too had put on a condom. Trixi looked back at me, again I nodded in agreement, Ben was also fine. Trixi came to orgasm this time, long before Ben squirted, because she masturbated in a hurry while fucking.

Then Hannes, Erik, Michael and Karl the Little One followed. Trixi got an orgasm with each of them, because she masturbated while fucking nonstop and gasped for air when it was my turn again. I was already quite drunk and praised her, she did her thing really

well. She smiled faintly and continued masturbating as she always did when we fucked the second or third time. After me the other 6 had their turn again, I checked with the persistence of the drunk that they all had put on a condom. Trixi had stopped crying long ago, but concentrated on masturbating herself, because when fucking with my 6 musketeers, she hardly got an orgasm. Everyone was exhausted, I accompanied Trixi home. I had to support her, she had knees soft like butter and was completely exhausted. After the good-night kiss in front of her front door she mumbled I was an asshole, but the next morning we got along again.

So the gentlemen's evenings had become first nude evenings and finally fuck evenings. I remained adamant about the condom, without exception. Trixi smilingly let herself be fucked by my boys, some fucked her three times in one evening. She came home with soft knees, completely exhausted and dead tired, but she had had a dozen orgasms and it was a devilish fun for her. We made love as before and fucked every day, and two or three times a week there was a fuck night. I was amazed at the change that was going on with Trixi. Every afternoon one or more of my friends would visit her at home and she would let them fuck her (with a condom). She made no secret of it and only did it when I didn't have time to fuck her.

We had been together for a good two years and it was my senior year, when she said she was pregnant. I was the father, that was undeniable, because I was the only one who fucked her without a condom. Her contraceptive method of counting the days had failed. I hugged her for a long time and then we discussed. I was in favor of abortion, I wanted to study and get a PhD. She categorically refused to have an abortion, that would be murder. Our debates remained fearless and unsatisfactory. I promised to pay her alimony if she had the child. We didn't argue anymore, we made up and went back to fucking regularly as before.

Trixi thought she was losing me and lost all dignity and self-respect. She fucked with Tom, Dick and Harry, she let herself be fucked by 100 students in her girls' room and did not even stop at the youngest students. If they had never fucked before, they had to lie face down right in front of her pussy, while she was being fucked by

someone else, and watch it up close before they were allowed to fuck her. And, of course, anyone who had a voyeuristic bent was allowed to lie down in front of her cunt and watch her fucking. I visited her daily and waited patiently until the others had finished fucking her, then she was mine again. We drifted apart and it tore my heart to see her fucking so many other insignificant guys. At the same time, I knew deep in my heart it was my fault. A few days before Anni was born, I came home to Trixi for the last time with my 6 musketeers and we fucked her until after midnight. I was dead sad, I knew it was the last time.

I went to university for two semesters, only to find out that it wasn't for me. I had met "gay Ilse" and was very much in love with her. I started driving cabs for the same cab company like my parents, dutifully paid Trixi alimony and saw little Anni two or three times a year, that's all I wanted. Trixi arranged my visits so that her husband Benjamin was not at home, because she wanted to be fucked by me every time. I only let it go years after I had married Ilse.

Ilse was a great woman, smart and clever and a rocket in bed. Of course we talked about her lesbian love affairs a lot and when she showed me intimate photos and videos or told me the sexual details with her girls, she made me — grinning devilishly — so hot that I too went off like a rocket. Our desire to have children remained unfulfilled and when Ilse got the medical certain verdict, she didn't want to live at all. With much love and effort I held her back. And she threw herself headlong into the night life, into the bars of the lesbians. After many shameful episodes, which she never wanted to talk about, she fell in love with a young girl. We discussed for hours, because she didn't want to do it behind my back and she didn't want to lose me or exclude me. We didn't want a divorce.

Her offer to have an 'open marriage' was apparently the solution. We could both have a mistress and include her in our relationship. I wanted only Ilse and no one else. She brought her young mistress home with her. Watching the two make love made me furiously horny and I fucked Ilse like never before. Little Jutta kept in the background, she was still a virgin and had never fucked with a man.

Gradually Ilse's additional disposition came out, apparently she had the cuckoo syndrome.

She really wanted me to fuck Jutta. Ilse worked Jutta all week long, we fucked in front of the little girl and Jutta swayed and got really horny while watching us fucking. A few days later she let me deflower and fuck her without any resistance. We led sexually seen a three-way relationship and that would go well for the next years. Of course, one day Jutta left and others came, many many others. Most of them liked to be fucked by me, patiently Ilse watched her fuck by me and they were usually not with us for very long. Even the die-hard lesbians Ilse brought into our bed, into our way of fucking together, with more or less gentle pressure. I freely admit it, I liked it a lot. I was happy that Ilse and I stayed together and of course I was a lucky guy because I fucked a gazillion different women without cheating on my wife. I enjoyed this life together with Ilse for many years.

Trixi worked in the meantime also for the cab center and we often sat after closing time still with a coffee. She had a deadbeat husband, Ben fucked mainly for himself and did not care about Trixis sexual desires. I saw Anni two or three times a year, and when she was old enough to understand, Trixi told her that I was her biological father. Anni looked at me with different eyes from then on. Years after I married Ilse I resisted every temptation and stopped fucking Trixi, and I think she understood my arguments with reference to Ilse.

One day something unusual happened. Trixi drove me to her favorite hideout, a covered loading bay in a decaying factory. She told me that Ben had raped our 15-year-old Anni and that she had turned him in and sent him packing. I screamed and cursed at first, I wanted to strangle Ben, beat him to death, kill him. But I calmed down, Trixi had grown up a lot and brought me back down to earth. Anni was doing quite well again by now and was gradually resuming her love life, that ment masturbating again.

Hours had passed. I asked Trixi if she came here often and she was honest. She came here 5 or 6 times a week to let appealing guys fuck her nicely or fuck her brains out. And those who could, gladly paid for it, she grinned. When she asked me, I was embarrassed to

admit that on the night shift I sometimes brought whores home from the hotels and they liked to pay with a fuck (I rejected a handjob as well as a blowjob, fucking or money) — for the girls probably just another cock, for me it was usually a feast because most whores fucked insanely well just when tipsy or even better when drunk.

One thing led to another, Trixi slowly stripped naked, grinning broadly, and we climbed into the back seat. It was a great fuck — lightnings, thunder and stampede, my dear! I talked to Ilse and have been staying at Trixi's place three or four nights a week ever since. It had another good thing. I had more time for Anni, sometimes I helped with learning, but mostly we discussed for hours about God and the world. She liked me.

Trixi said we would leave the small light on while fucking and the door would also stay open. She had a hunch that Anni spied sometimes and that was fine with her. The girl should see normal, peaceful sex after all the awfulness. It was all right with me, although I never saw Anni spying. I began to think about my future, to break away from Ilse and her cuckoo syndrome and to have an ordinary yet special family with Trixi and Anni. But I didn't talk about it with anyone, I still had to have time to think. I was so spoiled to fuck with Ilse's girls and I was not sure to give it up. Trixi, for her part, continued to fuck well-hung guys and admitted it unapologetically when I asked her once.

I now often sit upstairs in Anni's room and tell her about my love life and sex, because that's what she likes to hear the most. I have to tell her about the wild times with Trixi and about Ilse and the lesbian lovemaking, that gets her going. She sits on the bed in her shorts and her fingers always creep along her inner thighs under her shorts and panties to play with her clit. She is always topless, wears neither bra nor blouse and is insanely proud of her growing little breasts. They are small and roundish so similar to Trixi's breasts and she has small light pink nipples. She took her top off on a hot day because it didn't bother me, and always since then. She has only a hot-pant on, the ends of which are already so frayed that you can see her panties when she sits straddled. She always sits legs apart straddled, to be precise. I tell this so you can get a good idea of her. In the early days,

her fingers crept up her thigh, under her hot-pants and under the hem of her panties to her labia and clit. Of course, I pretended not to see it and she played the first few days only very lightly, really masturbate she did not dare. And of course I always pretended not to notice how excited she got at my descriptions. But then she said she wanted to be alone for a minute, and when I looked at her questioningly, she quietly said she needed it now, right now. I smiled, “and that’s why you want me to go out?” I asked provocatively, looking at her kindly. She hesitated a bit and then slid the hand, that had been playing restlessly under her panties the whole time, from the top of the waistband of the Hot-Pants, deep down inside her panties. She rubbed for just a few seconds and orgasmed quietly and soundlessly. She looked at me ashamed and desperately, but I smiled at her really kindly.

At night, after fucking, Trixi and I often sat in bed for a long time and smoked cigarettes. It was our time to talk to each other undisturbed. She had mostly talked about her passengers fucking, I mostly talked about Ilse and her lesbian lovers, all of whom I was allowed to fuck. Trixi had no lesbian experience yet and hung on my lips. Now she wanted to know everything that concerned Anni. I reported honestly and truthfully, after all, I thought more and more about marrying her. And trust and honesty were, in my opinion, an important cornerstone. I told how Anni wanted to send me out the first time and I stayed anyway. Anni’s first masturbation under her pants and that since then she always puts her hand through the waistband and plays with herself and sometimes masturbates. Trixi let me tell everything in great detail and said that was fine with her. She had no concerns or objections, the child should feel free and secure.

From now on she sat with one hand deep in her pants listening to my stories. Her hand wiggled in her pants when she got aroused until she orgasmed silently. Her gaze was afterwards always full of shame, but no longer desperate. It was okay for both of us, and I wasn’t counting. She now pushed the hot-pants and the panties to the side. I could clearly see her labia and clit and her busy fingers. She had lost much of her shyness and when she masturbated properly after playing for a long time, she closed her eyes. Before orgasm — and she only gave herself small orgasms so that her legs barely trembled — so

before orgasm she looked at me with a blubbery, suffering look that got very under my skin. She was always ashamed after her orgasm, she couldn't overcome that. But she sat straddled on the bed all afternoon, playing with herself, making little climaxes over and over again. Trixi sometimes stopped by and brought lemonade. She saw everything, she stayed next to me smiling until Anni was done and looked at her mother scared, but Trixi didn't lose a word, for her everything was fine.

Trixi often put in a video before fucking, she recorded every episode of "The Best Fuck". Unthinkable in normal television, it revolved around 30 couples on the private channel to figure out, who of them fucked the most excitingly. The footage was of excellent quality, every hair, every pore and every drop of sweat could be seen in close-ups, the genitals of the young couples captured in beautiful, clear images. In my opinion, the program should have been called The Voyeur Channel. The jury awarded points in each episode to choose the best. I was much less interested than Trixi. She frequently rewound and had it repeated in slow motion. "I'm a goddamn voyeur," she laughed, "but almost all the girls are just faking the orgasm at fucking. Maybe in the solo performances, where the girls masturbated in front of a big audience, maybe one or two orgasms were real." I never did figure out how Trixi recognized the fake orgasms. To me, they were all real.

After we fucked and when I had masturbated her nicely, she would snuggle up to me, purring contentedly, and we would smoke. There we had a good time for good conversations. Usually Trixi started spinning a thread and sometimes I had a hard time following her leaps of thought. "When the doctor told me after Anni was born that I couldn't have any more children, the world collapsed for me, forget the dream about 5 children! The only good thing about it was that I didn't have to be afraid of an unwanted pregnancy or condoms. I was cheating on Ben through the teeth back then, I was fucking with others every goddamn day. I wasn't 20 yet, and I couldn't put up with the grotty sex of Ben! Remember, I invited you to my place as often as I could! In the beginning you came twice a week and then once a week for years! I claimed so that you would see Anni more often, but in reality I wanted to fuck with you. Ben was really a complete failure

in that regard. I enjoyed it with every fiber of my body to fuck with you all afternoon. I put the little one to my breast and only then I got the most beautiful vaginal orgasms of my life. The little one sucked my nipple, which was an arousing feeling and you fucked me wonderfully at the same time, that together was incredibly horny and aroused me to the ninth heaven, to strong vaginal orgasms! The little one sucked and sucked quite excitedly during the fuck, that alone would have brought me to orgasm. After you didn't want to continue fucking me after a few years, I started fucking passengers and I still do. Just look, I can afford some luxury from it, the TV for example or my new Mercedes. No, it's right and justified for my life and I don't feel like a whore, do I?" I nodded faithfully, that's what we had agreed on from the beginning. "And you're still fucking Ilse and her girls and the whores on the night shift. And you're not a whore yet because of that!" Again I nodded, that was all true. I really wasn't a shining man of honor when it came to fucking. I honestly fucked everyone that could be fucked. That I fucked Ilse's underage girls was nothing to be proud of and I never told Trixi how young some of them were. Once Trixi said that if Anni ever asked her for advice, she would advise her to take money for fucking. Anything else, she concluded, would be mendacious and a hypocrisy. That was my Trixi-girl!

Anni pulled her hot-pants and panties resolutely to the side and played unabashedly with her labia and clit, she had confidence in me. Today she was swimming and it had become quite a horny affair by now, as the lifeguards were mainly concerned with making sure no one was drowning. One just had to be inconspicuous in the water. She described how the girls would rub their butts against her girlfriend and she would grab around your hips, push your swim trunks to the side and masturbate you discreetly. That was what she personally liked very much, to have a girl masturbate her under water. There were only a few boys who got an erection in the cool water, they were of course masturbated by this or that girlfriend in turn. There were also some girls who got fucked in real manner discreetly under water, boy after boy after boy, but not many girls let fuck herself in public, even when hidden in water. Anni watched their fucking up close and smiled, the semen making milky clouds in the water. Sometimes the lifeguard came by, then the rest of us made a ruckus

to distract the good man. Once he came, there were three girls side by side holding onto their girlfriends in an intimate embrace French kissing and behind the three maids the three lads, diligently and discreetly fucking them. Behind the lads a whole row of lads, waiting for their turn with their cocks rubbing. Thank God a clever girl feigned distress and successfully distracted the good man. The group fucking continued until all the guys had fucked. Maybe every girl was fucked by ten, which was usually the standard procedure.

When Anni told about swimming, she unbuttoned her hot-pants and stuffed her hand into her panties from above, later she pulled both down to her thighs and later the knees, but she anxiously looked at me to be sure that it was still okay for me. I liked to listen to her stories about the merry go round in the swimming pool, she loved to tell about it. Not many boys got an erection in the water, but Anni liked to masturbate them and dive down with her swimming goggles when the boy squirted. She couldn't quite put her finger on what was so horny about it when the semen formed little milky clouds. Her favorite thing to do was to lean backwards on a girlfriend who reached around her, pushed her swim trunks aside and masturbated her. Of course, it was important not to attract the attention of the lifeguards. There were a few girls who let the guys fuck them properly. This was highly interesting and Anni dived with the swimming goggles to see the fucking up close. The other girls spoke very disparagingly about the girls who let themselves be fucked by several guys in a row in the water. But they weren't whores, my God, Anni said, the other girls were just jealous or ashamed because they didn't dare themselves to fuck publicly.

Anni paused, as she always did when considering whether to tell "it" to me. "In the swimming pool last week I let some lads stick their cock into my pussy and squirting inside," she whispered almost tonelessly, "I wanted to be accepted and respected even more by my girlfriends. My girlfriend was just masturbating me to a wonderful orgasm underwater and I stayed cool in orgasm not to attract attention. Three nice guys were standing in front of us and I spread my legs very wide apart, because I love it when I am being masturbated in public and am observed. The boys had their cocks in their hands and were looking curiously. The boy I found quite nice, showed his stiff

cock under water and looked at me expectantly. I nodded in agreement. We had agreed that he and his two friends could fuck me, one after the other. I was anxious and horny in anticipation at the same time. I held on to the edge of the pool, the nice guy was behind my ass and I felt his stiff cock already advancing from behind between my ass cheeks. I pushed my bikini pants to the side and guided his cock to slide into my pussy from behind, it felt really good at the moment. I didn't really feel anything from the fucking though, nothing physical. My pussy was completely cramped and felt hard and numb like a stone. He squirted after a short while and I only felt his squirting in jets but no arousal. My girlfriend rubbed my clit anew, but I felt no excitement as usual. Now it was his friend's turn. I directed his small, stiff cock into my cunt and he banged wildly in it like a rabbit. I couldn't feel anything while he was banging me rabbitlike, maybe his cock was too small. He also squirted way too soon, my girlfriend stroked my ass cheeks and my clit to do me some good. I felt the squirting jet by jet without feeling anything. My girlfriend directed the cock of the third in my pussyhole, it was really a big and firm cock. He fucked well, much longer than the others, but I felt nothing, even the stroking of my clit by my girlfriend did not excite me a bit. I felt quasi-mechanically that this one squirted much harder into me, I felt every single jet. But then the images came, all the shit-rape-crap shot up again with horror in my mind. I just couldn't do it, I panicked and pushed the boy back even though the poor guy was in the middle of squirting off. I ran into the locker room crying. My girlfriend came along, hugged me comfortingly and after a while masturbated me very gently until the panic, the horror was over. I'm afraid I will probably never let myself be fucked again!" Anni was close to tears, but we talked about this event for a very long time. We weren't psychologists, of course, but it seemed that the hard and vigorous squirting of Rabbit #3 reminded her of Ben's squirting and set off the whole shebang. She laughed boisterously because I referred to the fellows as rabbits.

Today Anni had pushed the hot-pants and panties aside as usual and was playing dreamily with her labia and clit, but I felt that something was bothering her and of course I asked. She addressed the rape directly for the first time and was plagued by stupid doubts. I kept silent and looked at her clit play. "I have to report from the be-

ginning, though, so you can understand my doubts better,” she said. I nodded and mumbled that I had nothing better to do until dinner. Anni smiled briefly and played with herself absently, then she relaxed and began.

“I had done a few handjobs back then, of course, but had never seen a boy masturbate. Now, as I come home at noon, Ben is sitting in front of the TV watching some soft porn. You know, where you’re only allowed to show boobs or your ass cheeks, but no real fucking. So, I stop for a moment and look too, there Ben takes out his cock with a wicked grin and masturbates. I look my eyes out, a real, big man’s cock without foreskin, but a big, thick glans and he rubs himself grinning maliciously for minutes and squirts on his pants. I of course ran immediately up in my room and must make it to me instantly because it was so exciting. He did that every day now and I stupid goose watched and watched. Once he interrupted and let me sit next to him on the couch. He grabbed my hand and put it on his cock. I was scared at first but I masturbated him while he watched his porn, this time a real porn. He knew that I hadn’t seen a porn movie yet and he noticed that I was staring at the screen and getting horny and really horny. He always put on a porn movie since then to see me get horny. This went on for at least two months, every day. He grabbed me under my skirt with his clumsy fingers. I wasn’t wearing any underpants so he could easily get to my clit. He was as clumsy as a wooden post, though. He got me to 75%, but never further. When I couldn’t wait, or when the porn movie had aroused me, I masturbated quickly myself. He grinned insolently and then his cock was stiff again for the second masturbating.

One day he was not sitting there, probably he was pissing. I went straight to my room, lay naked on the bed and masturbated. The orgasm was very close when he stomped up the stairs. He entered and grinned wryly, but I continued to masturbate, it wasn’t new to him after all. At the same moment that my orgasm began, he laid on top of me and thrust right into the middle of my beginning orgasm. I felt no pain, I orgasmed for what seemed like an eternity while he fucked me and it was beautiful to be fucked in orgasm, to be honest. I calmed down again and he eventually squirted into me, falling beside me like a felled tree. There was silence for five minutes, then he

grabbed my hand and I had to masturbate him until his cock was stiff again. He fucked me again, but without orgasming I didn't get horny at all. He fucked me much, much longer than he had fucked Trixi before. I have seen their fucking already a hundred times and there it was much shorter and afterwards Trixi had to masturbate for a very long time, which was for itself a pretty horny thing. Ben fucked until he was done and squirted into me again. He trudged wordlessly down the stairs. That's what it was like, that's really what it was like." Anni's fingers rested on her clit motionless and she looked at me with a shame-filled expression. "I wonder every day if I provoked it, if I should have behaved differently, if I wasn't to blame for the rape myself." Tears beaded down her cheeks. I sat down on the bed near her and gently embraced her. I stared at her clit and spoke softly to her for probably an hour. She had stopped crying immediately, of course, listened to me attentively and was soon able to smile again. Her finger was happily playing with her clit and she hugged me tightly as she rubbed herself very quickly and the orgasm came. Never before she had masturbated embracing me. I let go of her and sat back down in my chair. We discussed and debated until dinner. She was cheerful and resolved, she had no more plaguing doubts. She now understood well, that the rape was a horrible crime committed by Ben alone and no matter what, she had not the slightest guilt to worry about.

At night I told Trixi that Anni had talked about the rape by Ben for the first time. Trixi wanted to know everything in great detail because Anni had not yet opened up to her. Trixi was disappointed because Ben seduced her daughter instead of looking for a job. "Such a low-life bitch," she commented, that for months Ben let the little girl masturbate him and had made her horny with hardcore porn movies. She cursed loudly that during his break before the second masturbation he showed Anni the porn and greedily watched the little girl masturbate herself. Trixi was terribly angry with Ben. I had to tell the rape process twice and then she nodded understandingly. That he deflowered her in the middle of her orgasm, maybe had something good too, the little girl was floating in ninth heaven and felt pleasure, not pain. Trixi thought silently. "You know, when you deflowered me, I was full of fear and felt the pain quite clearly, although, after all, I

did it willingly and maturely. But you were so tender and gentle that I learned to love fucking.”

I was sure that my stories, but especially Anni’s questions were helping and doing good for herself to overcome her demons. One day she wanted to know what I thought when she invited a girlfriend for a sleepover. I must have looked at her stupidly, because she complemented, “and for sex, of course.” I nodded in agreement, that was a good idea and would be a step up from cutting herself off, I said. She looked at me big. “A girl, I said,” and I replied that first, opening up was important for her, and second, like all girls, she needed to figure out if she preferred girls or boys, that was normal and important. She pressed around for a while, her hand resting motionless in her pants. Whether I or Trixi might want to watch, she squeezed out. I was surprised and looked questioningly. It would give her a feeling of security if she knew us behind the door. Aha, I thought, and promised to discuss it with Trixi. Anyway, she would leave the door ajar, she said in conclusion, and changed the subject to Ilse and lesbian lovemaking. Her fingers were playing again.

Trixi quickly understood. She went up every night when Anni had a girl with her. I only when I was in the house. I saw nothing new, but the bodies of the young girls were a feast for the eyes. Anni, now almost 16, only invited much younger girls, 14, 15 and 16 year olds. She was also the one who set the tone, who set the pace. She fucked the little girls clit-to-clit, first gently and tenderly, later firmly and mercilessly to orgasm. I was excited by this love game and I sneaked down with Trixi to fuck her like a berserk and we both went off like rockets. We smoked in bed for a long time and talked in whispers about the development.

On the right occasion, I brought it up with Anni and said when Trixi or both of us had watched her. She was truly grateful that we could give her some assurance with this, and not for a moment did she let show shyness, shame, or embarrassment. I suggested that she keeps inviting and fucking girls until she felt the desire to fuck a boy. The desire would come on its own or it would never come, she didn’t need to push herself. Anni looked at me with wide eyes. “If I wanted to fuck one, I’d love to fuck you, Karl!” “Stop!” I shouted, “Stop!

That'll never happen," I said more crudely than I meant to, "I'm your father, damn it!" I calmed down instantly and set her apart that I could almost physically feel it, the incest taboo. I liked looking at her, I liked watching her, but never did it make me horny in the same way as an other girl. No, by God I'm not the type to fuck my own daughter! She looked at me with huge eyes and I saw her thoughts tumbling. It wasn't a question of laws or whether people were gossiping about us, I continued, but the deep-seated discomfort I felt. She nodded as if understanding, to my astonishment. "I feel it a little too," she admitted softly, "I must have provoked you rather stupidly, forgive me!" All was well again.

She took off her Hot-Pants and underpants to my astonishment and sat down fully naked again. I looked at her in amazement. "They just bother me," she explained, "and I don't have to be ashamed or embarrassed in front of you anymore, do I?" I said nothing, and it was better that way. She put her feet on the ground and lay back, her knees apart, she would lay in that way in the future. I inspected her in arms length. She had a full mound of Venus and a thin dark fluff of hairs that would develop into a mohawk mane over the years like Trixi's was. Her labia were impeccable and between them I could see the clit, the same as Trixi. Sometimes I could see her tiny little pussy-hole, when she dipped a finger in to moisten it. She played during our discussions and when she started masturbating I fell silent and watched muted. She made in the afternoon only little and light orgasms, only her knees trembled a little bit. She had told me, that she masturbated every night once before falling asleep, rarely a second time. Mostly then a second time, when her phantasies swirled around, Trixi fucking with Ben and afterwards masturbating. These phantasies of Trixis masturbating made her insanely horny, she confessed. She lowered her gaze and added in a whisper that when she masturbated at night, she could intensify and prolong the orgasm by fucking herself with the handle of her hairbrush. She's been doing that since she was 8. She saw that I smiled with kindness and interest and continued with encouragement, "Trixi taught me fucking myself with the handle when I was 8 and from then on I fucked myself every night with the handle. Of course my girlfriends I did fuck too with it. Most of them didn't have hymens anymore — they had lost it with the father, a brother or a relative — but only a few got an or-

gasm. Still, we had a great fun in fucking each other with the hairbrush handle.” She pointed her chin at the shelf and I now saw the hairbrush. It had a handle that was quite thick in the middle. Anni saw the look on my face. “The hole in my hymen had grown so big by now that it went in easily, my first lover!” We both laughed and I muttered that I really needed to see that. She nodded and picked up the hairbrush. She masturbated quite quickly and before her orgasm rose, she put the handle into her vagina. Just before the orgasm she let go of her clit, grabbed the brush with both hands and fucked herself, very fast and hard. Now her orgasm broke loose, a very stormy orgasm let violently tremble her legs and she fucked herself with closed eyes further, further and further. I was highly aroused, this self-fucking was mind blowing! She stopped, opened her eyes and looked at me with a shame filled look, in which a deep pain was. Tears beaded down her cheeks. “I don’t even have to watch my hymen now,” she whispered sadly, “not anymore.”

To distract her I wanted to know everything about the girls who stayed with her overnight, that was one of her favorite topics. Thank God Anni spread her previously cramped legs and played with her pussy smiling. She kept smiling and it just bubbled out of her. One masturbated in front of each other, one masturbated each other and one fucked each other with the handle of the hairbrush. Almost all the girls knew how to fuck clit-to-clit and the others she taught it. She sometimes took the dominant part, sometimes she let herself be fucked passively. She liked both and was not clear which she liked better. Now as for the hymen, she had curiously questioned everyone and almost all of them claimed that they were very much looking forward to the deflowering and it happened at their own request, some very trickily seduced the father or the brother. Only three or four had been forced or raped and they had a great horror of fucking a boy or a man again. Another had a much too small hole in her hymen and the handle did not fit in. All the others, there will have been about 35, no longer had a hymen, who was still a virgin at 16, was considered a coward, to say the least. Anni told a lot about the deflowerings, it was the 15 and 16 year olds who pushed the deflowering at all costs. Brothers or cousins were the easiest to seduce. But some had only their own father in the household, so it was quite normal to be deflowered by him. In most cases only in secrecy, because the mothers

were not allowed to know anything. Most fucked again and again quite secretly with the father or the brother, but some fucked instead with the big, adored schoolmates. Anni laughed as she told of one in particular. The 15-year-old had crawled into the marital bed with her parents one Sunday morning, cheeky as hell. The mother was really angry because on Sunday morning it was her turn to fuck with Daddy! The naughty girl uncovered the father and pressed her naked body against his. She started masturbating herself until he woke up. She continued masturbating and whispered in his ear that she really wanted to be deflowered and fucked by him, now! He was out of his mind with fear of his wife, but the girl would not be denied until he gave in with a moan of resignation. The mother watched the event with horror, Daddy deflowered the girl with a very bad conscience and then fucked her really wild. The mother slapped her hands in front of her mouth as he squirted into the girl. The naughty child was very pleased and would not be scared away, she stayed in the marital bed and waited. The parents finally cuddled, kissed and caressed and with great shame they fucked twice as usual on Sunday, although the daughter was watching. But the mother did not dare to masturbate after fucking as usual and was in a bad mood accordingly. Supposedly, Anni said, she just lay down with the parents since then when she wanted to be fucked, but she didn't believe her girlfriend.

Anni's look brightened when she saw the bulge in my pants. She unzipped my pants and pulled out my stiff journeyman. She interrupted my lament almost gruffly. "This isn't sex, this is a service I do always at school!" She masturbated me skillfully with her little fist and let my semen splash on her pussy. Despite my vehement protests, she licked my glans clean with her tongue. "But don't put it in your mouth!" I clamored, but she didn't listen. Her lips enclosed my glans softly and fine and she licked it clean. She held my cock in her hand and beamed all over her face. "Is that one beautiful! It looks like a beautiful, ripe peach!" I said rather weakly that such a 'service' would not do at all, but she just laughed at me. From now on, she masturbated me stubbornly and regularly every day and someday more than once, laughing away all my half-hearted concerns. She was bringing the glans right in front of her vaginal entrance and letting the semen squirt in. Closer and closer she pulled the glans daily and I growled angrily. She caught on immediately and pulled the

glans just far enough to insert it a bit into the vaginal entrance and let it all squirt in. But she was stubborn. The glans had to go really deep and all the way into her vaginal entrance until the glans was completely inside her pussy. Anni understood very well that this was a transgression of my red line. But I couldn't talk her out of it, she stubbornly really wanted it that way and didn't let me stop her. Then she masturbated the cock quite determinedly and she had to feel for sure each of the violent movements of her rubbing in her cunt until I squirted, it all had to squirt inside to the last drop. Her satisfied expression turned into a very shy smile when she looked at me after I had cum. She sometimes played during me masturbating with the other hand on her clit, until she trembled slightly. She was incredibly stubborn in what she was doing and would not be dissuaded. She did it so often every afternoon, so often I got a hard-on. I was no longer angry and accepted it, it was a damn fine thing, my dear! Trixi kept bringing over lemonade and watching us. She left again with a big grin after Anni had pulled my cock out of her pussyhole and licked it clean. Only once did Trixi make a comment in the evening. "She has become quite slutty at school! Licking clean after squirting inside, who does that!?" and that was all. I also gradually lost my reservations and eventually thought it was normal. Honestly? I loved it!

I never saw the hairbrush again. "I have shown you my hidden secret once," Anni said with finality, "but I want to keep it as my secret."

At night I told Trixi about Anni's failed attempt to get fucked by three boys in the swimming pool. Trixi was very concerned, because that was not a good turn for her little one. I interjected that I was not comfortable with Anni doing it just because of her social status, but she will definitely repeat the experiment. Trixi changed the subject. I told her that Anni had shown me her secret of fucking-herself with the handle of the hairbrush. Trixi wondered if watching Anni did not make me horny. I grinned, no, not in the same way when the girls did with Ilse or the whores on the night shift. Not like that, but more reserved somehow. Trixi grinned at me from the side. "Of course I'll get a hard-on," I said, "then I'll put one hand in my pants pocket and let it squirt into my underpants." No, Anni certainly doesn't get it, I'm watching out well.

Anni and I continued our conversation and I got used to the fact that from now on she always lay fully naked on the bed and unabashedly stroked her pussy or rubbed the clit, quite often very purposefully until orgasm. She was no longer shy of me and trusted me, not to abuse her. Every time I got a hard-on while watching her in action, I had to sit across from her, she put the glans deep in her vaginal entrance and masturbated me until I squirted. In a corner of my brain, it seemed to me that her strategy was to approach the male gender again. The fact that she seemed to love masturbating my cock and licking my glans was perhaps confirmation of my theory. I spoke to Trixi at night, who had difficulty following my thought. "It's a direct provocation, isn't it!?" Trixi said, "to strip naked and play with yourself, who does that? Getting naked, rubbing your cock and having it squirt right inside and then licking your cock clean, that's pretty slutty, don't you think?" I only partially agreed with her. But Anni was in a difficult phase, she fucked little girls at night and was not clear about being a lesbian. It was a cautious approach for her, an approach to "the male" with someone for whom she was taboo. Trixi wasn't convinced, but she thought there was something to it.

I reached under Anni's ass cheeks the other day and lifted her all the way to the edge of the bed, spreading her ass cheeks so that her pussy lay completely open in front of me. I wanted to pull my hands away again, but she whispered that I should leave them there, that would be so fine! I nodded and lifted her a little so that her cunt opened like a ripe fruit. Her fingers roamed back and forth as if at random, leaving the clit unnoticed or circling it. She pushed the small, protective hood back over the clit, which was less than an inch long and pink. The longer she teased the clit, the stiffer it became and later it turned dark red. I watched her finger, which she dipped at the beginning into the vagina to moisten it and then rubbed the clit. Gently at first, but then I saw how the clit bravely resisted her finger, straightening after each pressure, keeping its little head high. Gradually the fingers rubbed the clit more purposefully, up and down especially, in between she put her finger briefly into the vagina to moisten it. She rubbed slowly, very gently and lightly. Only by her breathing could I tell that orgasm was approaching as she continued to rub her clit. She closed her eyes with relish and let the orgasm come. I lifted her ass higher so that the fruit opened all the way and

then I felt the slight trembling of her ass cheeks, because she was only giving herself light, unspectacular little orgasms those afternoons. I waited until she had calmed down completely and let her slide back onto the bed. She beamed at me. "That was wonderful!" she whispered conspiratorially, smiling radiantly at me. From then on, our afternoons always began this way.

One evening, after I had masturbated Trixi to a beautiful and satisfying orgasm after fucking her and we were still sitting in bed smoking, Trixi brought up the subject. "I've seen you two, you're as much of a voyeur as I am, you're just sticking your nose in her pussy!" she said friendly laughing, "so you obviously enjoy watching her masturbate!" I nodded, what could I say in response? Trixi smoked silently, but not for long. "She was just a kid, 7 or 8 years old. I watched her put pencils in her vagina and the girls who stayed over, and the girls grinned as they poked each other. I was afraid she might hurt her hymen and approached her directly. I explained that she had to take care of her hymen and that of her friends. She listened attentively and I explained it to her in detail. Pencils are too sharp, she can hurt herself with them! I had bought a small hairbrush and gave it to her. The brush had a small, bulbous handle and I told her the handle was not pointed and not as dangerous as a pencil. She understood and nodded eagerly, so much news at once! I told her to try the handle of the brush right away. I helped her start by carefully inserting the handle through the rather large hole in her hymen. "It feels very nice," she whispered astonished. I told her to try it right away. With her head flushed, she fucked herself with the rounded handle. I said she could stick it in deeper and definitely fuck herself faster and harder with the handle. She caught on quickly, her breathing became shallow, her heart beat wildly. Her hand raced back and forth, she tensed and stopped. "Was that right, Mom?" she asked breathlessly and I affirmed, yes of course, so you can do it to yourself every night or to your girlfriends if you like. From now on she masturbated every night with the hairbrush handle. I kept meaning to show her the clitoral orgasm, but I always put it off. She quickly learned to give herself a vaginal orgasm every night with the brush handle and the subsequent, larger brush handles. She tried it on her friends too, but very few of them got vaginal orgasms, but they all had a blast." Trixi paused. "Can you imagine that? My little girl ly-

ing spread wide in the crib and fucking herself with increasing skill with the handle to a nice vaginal orgasm, just naturally! I've rarely had a vaginal orgasm in my entire life and the little one does it to herself every night! She's growing up with it like I have with clit rubbing!" I kept silent, that was right for the moment, and Trixi kept talking. "Then at 14 or 15 she had learned to masturbate the clit properly and used the brush after the fingerrubbing only in orgasm, she still fucked herself with the handle until - - - until the disaster every night to intensify or prolong her orgasm." Trixi fell silent, the memory of Anni's rape still plaguing her. I said after a while that I would take good care of Anni, she would not be wronged again. Trixi hugged me gratefully. "Yes, take good care of her, she is so young and so very vulnerable!"

So weeks went by. Anni kept talking about fucking the guys, of course theoretically. She didn't want to fake infatuation like other girls, she just wanted sex and no fake feelings. I encouraged her, because boys her age racked their brains on how to "get" a girl. But if she made things clear from the start, the boys would know where they stood. Those who needed the romantic stuff would fall away, but there were others. She would know one hundred percent when she eventually fell in love. She looked at me with wide eyes. "And — you wouldn't mind?" I could feel her thinking about it. "But you always have to use a condom!" I said kindly, "a child should be brought into the world with care and planned, not as carelessly as Trixi and I did!" She giggled. "That's exactly the same thing Trixi told me months ago and put two packs of condoms in my nightstand." I couldn't laugh at that. Trixi and I knew what we were talking about. I told her if she wanted to, to leave the door open a crack, "security and all..." She smiled all sweet and shy, "thanks, okay!"

Weeks later she invited a boy to spend the night. Trixi was terribly excited and called me several times that day that I absolutely had to be there. Anni and quiet Freddy disappeared soon after dinner. Trixi and I huddled in front of the door crack. Anni was visibly struggling to cuddle with him naked on the bed, to kiss, to touch his cock. It wasn't working, I felt it. She had put the condom handy, but she still didn't dare and whispered with Freddy for a long time. She gave him a handjob and later a nice blowjob. She swallowed the semen quite

pleasurably and I whispered in Trixi's ear that I didn't know that. Freddy fell asleep and Anni seemed to be dozing. We were about to sneak down when Anni began to masturbate. We watched spell-bound, after the orgasm she turned to the side. Now we crept down.

I discussed with Anni the next day quite long about the experiment with Freddy — and that is her favorite, that I tell her honestly everything and do not preach as Trixi sometimes does — she took off her pants as always right away and played with herself while we talked. She spread her legs in between and masturbated for two minutes with her eyes closed, then she continues to listen and she masturbates half a dozen times on afternoons like this. I have of course told Trixi that, and only rarely she comes up to spy a bit, but she disturbs neither Anni nor me. “I'm a goddammed voyeur!” Trixi laughed.

The next few evenings, Trixi and I were glued to the crack of the door. Anni slipped the condom over the boy's cock and let herself be fucked. She came so easily and so gently to orgasm, even with those who did not fuck very well. For the next three weeks she brought lad after lad to fuck every night. She learned surprisingly quickly and got her pleasure with almost all of them. There were only two guys who needed more than one condom and who fucked Anni's brains out. This fucking was great even while watching and Trixi had to pull herself together not to storm into Anni's room and get fucked so great too by the boy. We talked about her fucking every afternoon and I encouraged her where I could. It was good that she liked to fuck so much and could overcome the rape and all the demons in such a short time. She nodded seriously, “it helped me a lot how Trixi and you took care of me!”

Anni turned directly to me, spread her legs and masturbated not an arm's length from me. She paused and looked at me with a darkly glowing gaze. “You know, my favorite thing to do, is let someone masturbate me. It's just been girls so far, but...” she didn't finish the sentence and lay back, relaxed and expectant. I had some practice in it after all, in 15 years with Ilse and her girls I learned quite a bit, and also Trixi, who always masturbated only gently and softly to orgasm while fucking, always let me masturbate her gently, tenderly, firmly or wildly after fucking.

I bent over and Anni sighed deeply as I touched her clit and pressed the flesh down all around it so that the clit came out well. Anni pressed her arm to her mouth and I heard from her breathing, from her gasping, when the orgasm was approaching. Just before the orgasm she sat up and hugged me, then she let the orgasm come and pressed her lips on my neck. She jerked and quivered and calmed down. Her eyes fell on my bulging pants. Before I could say anything else, she knelt down, unzipped my pants and stuffed my hard-journeyman into her mouth. I had rarely had a blowjob before and what Anni did to me with her tongue and fist was divine! After just a few seconds, she made me cum deep in her mouth and continued to rub my cock until it stopped spurting. She swallowed the semen, wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, and looked at me with a beaming expression. "Learned that in school!" she grinned cheekily-happily and sat down on the bed.

While I stowed my journeyman terribly ashamed away, I mumbled incoherent nonsense. Father, incest, daughter, etc. And of course, "You can't, not at all!" We both mumbled our thing, neither listening to the other. I kept my mouth shut, the blowjob had deeply shamed me, but also impressed me. Anni stuck her tongue out at me, put her hand on my knee and said finally and conclusively, "Fiddle-dee-dee!" We grinned at each other and then both laughed.

For the next 10 days it went the same way every time, she let me masturbate her and gave me a blowjob despite my feeble protests. Her tongue technique blew me away every time, I've never had such a great blowjob! Undeterred and stubbornly, she did it again every afternoon. We continued our afternoon long discussions and she lay spread out in front of me at arm's length playing with her pussy and clit. When she closed her eyes and masturbated properly, I kept silent until she was done. It never lasted long and they were just light, small orgasms and only her knees trembled a little bit.

And then, the unbelievable. On the eleventh day, I expected the same thing as the days before. But Anni surprised me, took me by surprise. Instead of kneeling down for the blowjob, she took out my cock as usual and sat surprisingly on it in one swift movement, my cock sliding effortlessly into her pussyhole. She paid no attention to

my surprised outcry or my half-hearted attempts at defense. She grabbed me by the shoulders and rode off, staring at me with bared teeth, riding me wild as if driven by furies. I stared at her face, which was bouncing with strain up and down in front of my face. How quickly and how easily she came to orgasm! She jerked several times and just kept riding! I had to close my eyes to the inevitable: I squirted and squirted and squirted! She let go of me and sat straddled on the bed. Her face expressed everything: triumph, satisfaction, immense pride.

I pulled my pants up and clamored. Yes, I clamored with shame for only half-heartedly resisting. My clamor slid off her like raindrops on a windowpane. Father, daughter, incest? She grinned impudently “Never mind!”. She winced, however, when I continued that it was actually rape. Tears beaded down her cheeks. I stopped my blathering. She was really shaken, how could she, of all people, rape someone? I gave her a smooth hug, calming her. We talked about it very intensely and I reassured her, technically it was rape. But who wants to look at these things technically or legally? It was assaultive, it was not consensual, and that was the important thing.

Anni suddenly understood. But doing it without a condom? She ducked her head as if under a lash. “I won’t forget next time!” and I intervened like a fury, “there won’t be a next time!” She stammered that she didn’t have her period yet, there was nothing to worry about. — A long silence ended the topic. We talked about her experiences with the fellows and the cramp eased. She liked talking about fucking and was no longer afraid: if she had to choose, she would prefer the guys. But she also liked fucking with girls. I nodded in agreement. “That’s called ‘bisexual’, many people act bisexual at least some time in their lives.”

And of course there was a next time, the very next day. She let me masturbate her with pleasure, took out my cock and slipped a condom over it. “Like this?” she asked, and sat down on my cock in a flash, not waiting for an answer. Just like yesterday, she rode me fast and hard, baring her teeth as she rode to orgasm. She clawed her fingers into my shoulders and let the orgasm come. Moments later she continued to ride for what seemed like an eternity and her orgasm

took us both by surprise. It was her third orgasm altogether and she had had enough. “Can’t squirt?” she asked in a whisper and I shook my head sadly. Her face suddenly brightened, she knelt in front of me, slipped off the condom and gave me a wonderful blowjob. Only seconds later I squirted in her mouth.

At night Trixi brought it up. To put my glans deep in her cunt and let me masturbate and squirt into her, that all went towards incest, didn’t it? I kept silent and convulsively thought about telling everything now. But Trixi did not wait for my answer, of course. “I saw it from the beginning today, I was standing right next to you. She pulled down your pants with a broad grin and sat down directly opposite you. She grabbed your cock and stuck the glans so deep in her fuckhole that it was completely inside. She looked at me briefly and smiled. Then I guess she masturbated your cock for quite a while and didn’t stop until you squirted it all inside. I could see the triumph in her satisfied smile, but she stopped looking at me and enclosed the glans with her lips and licked it clean. — Did I forget something? No, I suppose and I mean, this is going to lead directly to incest one day.” Trixi paused thoughtfully. “I’d leave it up to her if she wanted to go any further. I wouldn’t mind then, it would be her wish, her will, her feelings. And you’re not the type to do violence to her against her will, are you?” I had to answer right now, I nodded and mumbled, of course I would never do anything to Anni. For Trixi the legal side of incest was completely indifferent, Trixi continued the thread, in her youth most girls fucked with their fathers or brothers. Only nobody talked about incest. She knew from Anni that it was today exactly the same in her circle of girlfriends. She just didn’t want violence or an injustice done to her little girl. Otherwise, it did not bother her that Anni and I were inevitably drifting towards incest. I was relieved on the one hand, annoyed on the other, how would Trixi know that for sure? I resisted vehemently and didn’t let on. That Anni stuffed my cock into her hole to masturbate me and let me squirt in, I just couldn’t talk her out of it. She had crossed my red line with a cheeky devilish grin, that was true. But that I was out for incest, I vehemently denied. I was weak and let her get away with everything, that was true, I said contritely. Trixi said she didn’t have a father, or she would have fucked him one hundred percent. “I was allowed to sleep at my mother’s on Sunday and she never made a secret of the fact

that she masturbated every night, that's how I learned it from an early age on. And later, when I was about 12 or 13, I was allowed to stay in her bed and of course watch it when she got fucked by the one-night-stand on Sunday mornings. She always encouraged me to get really close and look at the fucking up close and feel it with my hands. She forced the lovers to a second or third round so that I learned something. She let me feel and explore their cocks extensively, she showed me even then how to do a handjob and let me practice it. — She was a great, enlightened and loving woman who instilled in me a good relationship with my body and sexuality.” Trixi became very quiet because her mother had died miserably of cancer when she was 18. I waited a while and then mumbled, that I would never hurt Anni and if she made me to have incest with her, it wouldn't be because I pressed for it. I was grateful that she was so easy about incest and wouldn't make a drama, I said to Trixi, who looked at me with a catlike look from her green eyes. — Goddamn, how much did she really know?

To get away from the subject, I told Trixi that Anni had meanwhile managed to get herself secretly fucked by the guys in the swimming pool. The social pressure was so great that she just had to do it. I had told Anni that it was already clear to me that she wanted to be on the top rung of the ladder, but she should listen to herself, to her feelings, her sensations and her body. That was important from my point of view. Trixi wanted all the details, of course. Anni usually lets one boy fuck her, but mostly several, up to four in a row. She hugs her girlfriend intimately and holds on to her. The girlfriend masturbates her all the time, so she gets several orgasms during being fucked. The guys are only allowed to fuck her from behind and Anni spoke enthusiastically about now feeling the fucking and the squirting quite clearly. The guys held her by the hips and fucked her as hard as they could and were allowed to squirt into her at the end, but many pulled their dicks out and squirted in the water. I told Trixi everything I knew and she beamed all over. “She got through it! She got through it!” said Trixi over and over again, smiling happily.

For well over a month Anni and I did it every day secretly, she usually had enough after one orgasm while riding me, sometimes after two orgasms. Finally she gave me always a blowjob, it was the

same every time, because I could not squirt into her pussy. I let the reins drag, actually we should stop doing that, that's what I thought every day.

One evening Trixi was angry. She wasn't talking to me, she wasn't fucking me. I racked my brain, it was never like that before. In the morning the same. Doggedly silent breakfast. Before she left the house, I asked her. She stopped with the keys in her hand and slowly turned around. "I saw it, you squirted in her throat!" She looked at me reproachfully and my mind raced. How much had she seen? What exactly? I fell silent in dismay, visibly struggling for words. Chance saved me. Trixi smiled. She had to go, two long hauls. But she would take time off afterwards and come to lunch, we can talk then, good? I breathed a sigh of relief and confirmed, I would take something from the Italian and we could talk then. "Salami-Pizza!" said Trixi and left quickly.

I had decided on the forward strategy by noon, I'm going to tell Trixi everything and honestly, after all I was already determined to marry her and lying to my wife, no, I'm not even starting on that. We ate our pizzas and I first sounded her out, how much she had seen. She had only seen Anni kneeling in front of me, masturbating my cock with her fist in her mouth and making me squirt deep inside her throat. I was relieved that she had only seen a Blowjob and started to tell everything, but she cut me off. "I don't even want to know everything, darling, I'll be here in the afternoon to talk to Anni. In the evening a new guy is coming to see her, will you be there then?" I was on duty in the afternoon from 4pm and wouldn't be home until after midnight, I said, "or should I pretend to be sick?" Trixi waved it off, "No problem, I can watch Anni by myself." It was so that we staggered our services, we needed the money. I served a small espresso Italian style. Trixi asked if I wanted to continue this blowjobs with Anni? She again didn't let me get a word in edgewise and sipped her espresso. "I don't think it will hurt her, on the contrary, what do you think?"

I knew her long enough, here she didn't expect an answer. "She probably started it, you've never been much of a mouth-squirter, and that she does a lot of blowjobs at school, she told me herself."

I watched Trixi, that was just the way she was. It was her own way of doing things. She took care of the case by herself and didn't expect that I answered. "And you sure liked it, don't you?" That, I knew, demanded a binary answer, a yes/no. I nodded, yes!

Trixi was a practical thinker. "I've never had been squirted in my mouth, you know that. But I can have Anni show me and learn it, if you really like squirting in my mouth that much. I guess it won't be that hard to learn, what do you think?"

Also here she expected an answer, I already knew that. I shook my head, the mouth-squirting was really not so important for me. Of course she can learn it, you just have to overcome the psychological inhibition or rather the natural disgust when you swallow the semen. She nodded with utmost satisfaction. "That's how we do it! Anni shall teach me, and we'll do it then, if you want or when I have my period."

Without transition, she asked if I was up for it now? "Anni is still at school and a quickie is made quickly." I didn't care if Anni was at home, I decided myself when I wanted to fuck. Now was a good time, I said. We went to the bedroom and fucked after a day of stupid break. I still had time enough and masturbated her wildly until she was exhausted. We hugged and she whispered how stupid and jealous she had reacted, but she loved me very much and that's where the stupid jealousy comes quite easily. I kissed her deeply and gratefully, she was a good woman and she could navigate around all the cliffs for both of us without me having to do too much rowing.

I slipped into bed very carefully after midnight, but Trixi woke up and still wanted to fuck. While I masturbated her as always after fucking, she chattered away. She had talked to Anni and indeed it had come from her, the mouth-squirting. Anni called the boy to come in pairs with a friend. My daughter is as ingenious in these matters as I am, Trixi said, of course we needed a second boy if I wanted to learn the blowjob. "It was so awesome, darling, we got into bed with two guys, I practiced the blowjob with swallowing down on both of them, I could do it from the start!" Trixi giggled with a grin. "Of course the boys were allowed to fuck both of us as often as they wanted. But Anni always put on a condom, that was for sure! When

the boys could take no more, they went home. Anni asked if she should show me fucking clit-to-clit, but I waved it off, I was dead tired.”

I asked if she had been fucked well and she looked at me puzzled, “you are not jealous, are you? You, Karl?” I shook my head and masturbated her again. She closed her eyes in pleasure and continued, she had already completely forgotten what a 16 year old’s slender cock felt like. The boys fucked as well as they could, but just not yet as well as a grown man. Anni let herself be fucked by only one and quite soon had enough, she had let herself be fucked by both until they could no longer.

Trixi hugged me after her second orgasm, I had masturbated her wild and harder this time and she had a very strong orgasm. Before we fell asleep she mumbled how grateful she was that I had instigated her to the horny evening with two sugary sweet bimbo boys. She would return the favor, she would surely find something horny. She fell silent and fell asleep. I didn’t instigate anything, but I was glad that Anni either hadn’t told anything or Trixi didn’t resent our incest or, and this was most likely, that Trixi hadn’t listened to her confession at all. I juggled the possibilities until I was dreaming.

Anni laughed heartily when I addressed Trixi’s account. It wasn’t quite like that after all, and Anni gave me her version. Trixi had given both guys a blowjob at the beginning, she had listened well to the theory and could do it right away. She swallowed the semen after a tiny hesitation. She couldn’t keep her fingers to herself afterwards and groped and stroked them both until they were stiff again. Anni fucked from the beginning with her boyfriend, whom she had invited first. Condom, of course. She fucked him twice and secretly masturbated behind his back during his recovery break and masturbated secretly the whole time behind his back while they watched Trixi and the other boy fuck together. The boys were a bit intimidated because maybe they had never seen a woman masturbate before, and Trixi masturbated without stopping for 4 hours. Anni saw that Trixi masturbated only lightly and gently and orgasmed only lightly and gently. She only trembled a little when she orgasmed, that was all. But she fucked them both alternately for 4 hours without long breaks.

Anni didn't see her fucking for the first time, but for the first time so demanding that the guys could hardly catch their breath. I laughed, I have seen Trixi fuck like a fury in the old days.

I picked up Gina from the Hotel Excelsior early in the morning, she was one of my favorite whores and I made an effort to bring her home at least once a week at the end of my nightshift. She was in her early 20s, pretty as a model and stalked towards my cab with unsteady steps, carrying a dozen shopping bags in her hands. I brought her and the bags up to her apartment, she poured herself a double and disappeared into the bathroom. I fucked all the hooker girls with condoms without exception for safety, and Gina was the only one who put the condom in her mouth and slipped it over my cock with her lips. I had to smile every time, even in her buzz she managed the feat of art perfectly. After the wonderful fucking — most young whores can fuck wonderfully — we sat in bed and smoked. Gina handed me a small package, a gift, she said. It was a very nice Swiss wristwatch, I thanked dazedly. She smiled mischievously and said she just had to nudge her Mick ever so slightly, her favorite chauffeur needed a new wristwatch. Mick was her main customer, widowed, childless and really loaded. She was still considering whether to accept his marriage proposal. He was only capable of handjobs or blowjobs and that scared her a little. Gina dug out her vibrator and masturbated with pleasure, because she never got an orgasm while fucking. The vibrator could only be operated by hand and she fucked herself with it very passionately for a long time, the battery was empty. For the x-th time I took it upon myself to get her a new battery. Gina came to the finale, she threw the vibrator on the sheet and I put my face near her cunt as usual. Her clit was barely a quarter the size of Trixi or Anni, it always remained hidden in the flesh. Her fingers raced over the invisible clit until she tensed in a hot orgasm. "I never masturbate when I'm with a client, it's really private, it's not for sale!" Gina hugged me sideways. "I think, you like watching me masturbating, don't you?" and I nodded, I was really enjoying watching Gina masturbate.

Anni came home at noon in a very good mood. Soon I went to her room, she was already waiting for me naked on the bed. She would have to tell me something absolutely new, and I sat down on the

chair next to the bed. "I dared to stand next to the other girls today," she began, beaming with joy and mindlessly playing with her pussy. I had to concentrate first, Wednesday, swimming pool, aha. "So far I have only dared to fuck with a single boy secretly in a remote area, as you know. Today I stood next to these girls who were getting fucked by a whole bunch of guys at the edge of the pool. Like the others, I hugged my girlfriend and we gave each other hot French kisses for an hour. I took my bikini pants all the way off so they wouldn't bother me. I stuck my ass out to the back and let the guys fuck me one by one. I love french kissing with my girlfriend, it always sends pleasant shivers down my spine to my clit! She masturbated me for an hour and I had beautiful little orgasms while one after the other fucked me from behind. My girlfriend has perfectly mastered the technique of masturbating me only lightly and gently to a small shivering orgasm and then continuing right away. It's really insanely horny to be fucked while orgasming at the same time, I felt the rapid thrusting of my rabbits really intensely, as well as the jerky squirting in. It was sooo nice!" We laughed at the fact that she had said rabbits, but she found it telling because most of them barely fucked a minute until they squirted in. She told me for two hours about the beautiful fucking and the intense french kissing with her girlfriend. Finally, when the general fucking was already over and she was rubbing her body against the girlfriend's body and they continued to french kiss wonderfully, and her girlfriend fucked her with two fingers stretched, the girlfriend spied an aloof adored one. After much toing and froing, Anni managed to send the girlfriend off to him. She came back after a minute smiling, he would come! Now it was Anni who stood with her back to the edge of the pool and the girlfriend held onto her and stretched her ass towards the unapproachable. She had a one-piece on and Anni pushed the bottom end aside so he could penetrate her girlfriend from behind. The girlfriend closed her eyes and buried her face against Anni's neck. The fucking took little more than a minute and the fellow was long gone by the time Anni had finished masturbating the girlfriend to a violent orgasm. It was the first time she let herself be fucked in the pool, normally she only fucked at home with her little brother without exception. The girlfriend beamed all over her face, she would never manage to win the aloof boy as a friend, but now she had at least let him fuck her, she laughed happily.

Trixi noticed in the evening, of course, that I was soon exhausted. I told her everything about Gina and showed Trixi the new wrist-watch. The masturbating of Gina I had to describe probably for the hundredth time, Trixi could not hear it often enough. With many women the clit is so small that the untrained male eye can't see it, my super smart wife said. Then I told about Anni's public fuck in the swimming pool and the first fuck of her girlfriend, who has always fucked with her little brother only. How many had fucked Anni, even Anni didn't know, but there were at least 12, she had said. I told Trixi with lowered eyes that Anni had masturbated me for two hours in the afternoon. I saw Trixi's skeptical look, of course, and had to explain. Anni had moved very close to me, pulled down my pants and stuffed my glans into her fuck hole to the fullest, she always did that now. She masturbated my cock and when I had to squirt, she stuffed my cock all the way in and let me squirt deep inside her. I tried to pull my cock back out but she kept it half in, for the next two hours. She talked and talked and made me furiously horny with her fuck stories. She kept masturbating my cock immediately when it got hard. And to squirt, she pushed it again in really deep, leaving only enough room for her fingers to rub me to squirt in. "You were right, it goes on unstoppable towards an incest," I said miserably. Trixi hugged me and tousled my hair lovingly. "Don't worry so much, sweetheart, just let it happen. She will fuck you one day, even nowadays many girls fuck their father when they are young. You know that I wouldn't mind if it came from her." She was silent and I waited. Then I said that I had been taught the incest taboo from an early age. Although I knew quite well that it occurred in reality. I kept silent, my throat tightening. Trixi gently stroked my hair. "I know," she said softly, "your little sister fucked your father for years and your mother wanted to punish him and take revenge. She forced you to fuck with her all the years of your youth until we met." I pulled myself together. "And through it all, both upheld the incest taboo like a law of nature; both my sister and I suffered from this contradiction for years." I felt the old wounds, but I was willing to let them scar over. I thought long and hard about telling Trixi everything now, but I let it go. "Thank you for trusting me and for having a clear opinion about this," and I hugged her, my future wife. "Whether it happens today or tomorrow, I can't say. But I'm glad you're standing firmly behind me!" So, that was enough.

We sat next to each other on the bed and smoked our joints. We had never really talked about it and I sensed that Trixi wanted to talk now. "I wasn't even 13," I began, "when she first took me to her bed and of course I didn't know why. Until then I had only masturbated to get rid of the sexual pressure, and now suddenly I was allowed to fuck her as often as I wanted, at noon, in the afternoon, in the evening and at night. I walked around with my chest swelling with pride and yet I wasn't allowed to give anything away. I dragged her by the hand into my pad for the gentlemen's evening. She allowed herself to be stripped naked without resistance and the musketeers looked on with really wide eyes. She was never pretty, she was small and prone to getting fat. Her breasts hung down like heavy balloons and well over her cleft there was a thick black bush. The cleft itself, the labia, were obscenely naked, there was not a single hair. She spread her labia apart with her hands and showed her clit, which was small, stiff and dark red. Her fingers played with the stiff, ornery clit as she stood in front of us. I didn't know then, of course, that she was aroused and horny in her anticipation of the fucking. You could see all the way deep into her fuck hole, all the way up to her kidneys, as Karl the Little grinned. It was the virgin ride for the Musketeers, we were allowed to fuck her as often as we could. The musketeers were quiet as mice when I fucked her, everyone was aware of the enormity of the forbidden. For years she let us all fuck her at the gentlemen's evening, she was fucking very passively and never let on if she got aroused or not while being fucked. She never masturbated in front of the musketeers, she only did that when we fucked just the two of us. She never had an orgasm when she was fucked, but she would spread her legs like butterfly wings and let me watch her intense masturbation with a sardonic grin, that guaranteed her, she would get fucked a second time. I soon had the feeling of being her sex slave and that she also wanted to punish the father who fucked my little sister. But I didn't escape her for a long time."

Trixi lit the next joints. I inhaled with relish and continued talking. "You barged into our gentlemen's evening a couple of times and stayed until the end, despite your disdain." Trixi added, "it was the first time I saw a group fucking, it was insanely awesome to watch and repulsive at the same time. I'll never forget the haughty and triumphant look she gave me when you fucked her!" We remained

silent for a few moments, the images coming back up. “When you gave me the choice, I didn’t have to think long, I loved you with all my heart and forbade my mother to come again to the gentlemen’s evening ever. I even skipped the gentlemen’s nights for a while, that’s how seriously I took my promise to you. I have never been in her bed since. But she stubbornly didn’t accept it, of course. She would sneak into my room every night and I had to fuck her once or twice, when she let me watch her masturbation after the first fuck, before she left. She was the only one who let me watch her masturbate then, you did not and hid it from me, cowardly lying that you never did it — until many months later. We fucked daily and didn’t stop until I was 18, finished school and got an own dorm room.” Trixi snuggled up to me. “I remember how much it hurt me to see you fucking her. I didn’t go again to the gentlemen’s night until you promised me not to fuck her again, even at gentlemen’s night. I was a mess at the time and didn’t talk to my mom until weeks later. She advised me to right my ship even though it hurt a lot, although she understood much better than I did why you fucked her. At that time, I also clinged on for a long time to fuck with my girlfriends in the afternoons. I was insanely keen and happy to let them masturbate me to crazyness or fuck clit-to-clit with them, long after you took my virginity, long after I started to fuck your musketeers. I never told you because I was terribly ashamed, because I cheated on you every afternoon with my girlfriends!” We were silent for a long time, for much of this we had kept secret from each other.

I smoked a third, last joint and I felt my soul floating over a quiet glassy lake. Trixi murmured, she wondered how my sister is doing? I had talked to her on the phone a few weeks ago, I lied smoothly, and could report. “She still goes to the father’s home once or twice a week and fucks him. Her nice and gentle, but unworldly husband was unemployed as ever, hunched over his Latin and Greek books. He knew it, but it didn’t bother him that she was fucking the father. He liked fucking her, but he performed badly — in, out, thank you Madame! He is a severe autist and has no idea about women and sex. He looks up from his texts wondering, not understanding anything when she masturbates in bed. He has no idea why she masturbates at all daily and so often. He doesn’t know the concept of fucking or masturbating and she had to make him understand after the wedding that hus-

band and wife had to fuck at night.” I still liked him quite a lot, he was very gently and affectionate with my little sister. “A real wooden post, a real simpleton, the good guy!” Trixi laughed. I felt sorry for my little sister, she was always terribly afraid of getting pregnant and she already had an abortion. But the father didn’t care, he wanted to fuck Saturday night and Sunday morning till noon as often as he could. He took it for granted that my sister meanwhile stayed over at his place several nights a week and fucked him humbly and slavishly. Trixis’ eyes blurred, the joint making her look soft and gentle. “Have you ever fucked her?” she asked in a low whisper, and I laughed out loud. “What a question!” She looked at me drunkenly. “Be honest!” I pulled myself together. “But of course I did, ever since the father deflowered her after 12 and for a very long time until I moved out of home, and by then I knew you already for a year. Most nights she’d crawl into my bed long after I’d come back from Mother’s bedroom and she from Father’s. She cuddled up to me, caressing my cock and sometimes she cried because she was very ashamed of being so dependently addicted to father’s fucking. We fucked quietly, softly and passionately almost every night and sometimes very sadly, but we loved each other very, very deeply! She fucked with me from age 12 on, in a very shy way and we were both about to learn how to fuck. But we learnt both day by day and in the end she could fuck well like the hookers in town. We fucked quite daily until she was 17 or 18. I never saw her masturbate, although she masturbated after fucking every night in the dark next to me, often for very long. She always liked to put her legs spread on me and I had to fuck her with a finger in her fuckhole, so I got to feel her masturbating and orgasming up close. She never let me turn on the light, she could only masturbate in the dark, she claimed.” I assured Trixi that I have never fucked with my sister since. I don’t know why I hid it from Trixi, but I will tell her one day everything.

When I had a free afternoon, I visited her to fuck. Since she was happily married, she gave me intimate french kisses and masturbated in our fuck breaks completely unselfconscious and let me watch willingly. She fucked still far from as good as my young noble whores, but I loved her with all my heart, my little sister. I was allowed to squirt inside, of course, she said every time before fucking, but I shouldn’t impregnate her. We usually fucked twice with a

break, because she wanted to masturbate very quickly and firmly to orgasm after fucking, because she never got an orgasm there and was only strongly aroused after. We fucked slowly and unspectacularly and long before I came to squirt, she whispered dirty things in my ear. “Ohh, that feels good! I feel you, feel your strong cock thrusting in my fuckhole! And squirt, squirt whenever you like, squirt me full of your juice!” I don’t know where she got that from, maybe from her father. She hugged me tightly as I squirted. “Just squirt, my darling, just squirt inside as you like! But please, please, please, don’t make me a baby!” she whispered anxiously in my ear. Her dear husband then looked up from his books and murmured half aloud, I may not make her a baby, as she was scared to death of it. Only rarely did he look up to watch us fuck, although he was only an arm’s length away.

The days flew by, Anni and I watched out well that Trixi did not catch us in the afternoon. I had already totally forgotten the “horny counter gift” after a week. We went to bed soon after dinner and Trixi beamed at me like a gold florin. “I still have to thank you, remember?” I affirmed, though. Well. I was soon to be 35, age and the forgetting strikes early, I thought. Trixi slid naked out of bed and went to the stairs, calling Anni down. Anni came, a bath towel around her hips. She came in, dropped the bath towel and lay down between us. Never before had she been in the big bed with us. Trixi gently and softly pushed Anni towards me. “My thanks, my gift!”

The two little devils had arranged this together, it was immediately obvious to me. Trixi pushed her until Anni was in my arms. “You don’t need a condom, she hasn’t had her period yet!” Trixi whispered. I needed no further invitation and when I touched Anni’s pussy with my hand, she smiled finely and whispered that she had done the foreplay just before, twice.

Trixi held me close and gave me the warm feeling of her consent, then she directed my cock into Anni’s fuckhole. Anni beamed all over her face as we fucked for the first time like man and wife in the missionary position. She had learned to fuck along very actively and to excite herself quickly to orgasm, unlike Trixi she did not masturbate while fucking, but held me tightly hugged and pressed her lips on the side of my neck. Her strained face became all soft and radiant in or-

gasming and she fucked right on to make me squirt. Trixi stroked my buttocks and said I could really squirt in, no danger! I squirted and squirted and squirted until I had squirted it all in — finally I had overcome my inhibition to squirt in Anni's pussy. Anni and Trixi took turns kissing me and proudly caressing me as if I had just won a marathon. A short recovery break was enough for me, Trixi made my cock stiff again with her fist and put it into Anni's hole with a wide grin. I fucked Anni twice that first night, and then when I turned to Trixi, she shook her head in surprise. "Cardiologist's congress! I've already had four of them plowing my field pretty good today." Trixi smiled and her green eyes brightened. "Two thousand, in one day!" Even Anni had to smile. Trixi was practical and kept an eye on her money. So I had the last reserve left for Anni, who was already dog-tired, she lay back very softly and gently and let me passively fuck her. All three of us were really done.

Anni sleeps with us two or three times a week and there was only a short interruption when she fell in love with Achim a year later. He sleeps only one night in our house, Anni had kept a few good stallions in the hindquarters and fucks with each like a fury her soul out from the body. I like to fuck her, mostly every afternoon, and then in the evening with Trixi. I am the only one with whom she fucks without a condom, because she still has no period at 17.

I have stayed over at Ilse's house only once a month for the past few years, and each time I have enjoyed the sex with her and a stranger beyond belief. We've talked about divorce and I'm keeping my condo and she gets the unrestricted right to live there for free. When everything has gone through, I will propose to Trixi and adopt Anni.

After the divorce, Trixi and I immediately got married and I adopted Anni. Trixi and I were of one mind, the marital fidelity was not even on paper. She wanted to have the freedom to fuck with her passengers whenever she wanted, also the financial aspect was important for her. I still visit Ilse once a month on my afternoon off, fucking with her and her lustful girl warms my body and soul. She always has young and very young girls there and I never ask Ilse if she is already of age.

Anni lies with us daily in the evening. Trixi calls her down every time, when she gets too exhausted during the day. Even when Anni has a visitor, Trixi trudges up the stairs totally naked and enters the room. If the visitor is already asleep, she wakes Anni up so she can lie down with me. It often happened that Trixi lay down to the visitor and let herself be exhausted again when Anni said to her that the guy could do it well, as Anni told me broadly grinning when we fucked.

She studies with good success at the university, Achim has long been lost in history and since she is 23 and has her period, we fuck only with condoms. She doesn't waste time being in love, she takes a one-night-stand a few times a month home, that's enough for her, she says. Every time her lover is any good, she shoos Trixi upstairs to get a good fucking. She comes down to fuck me or watches them fucking when I'm not there. Anni knows how much Trixi likes to be fucked hard and that Trixi and I have a consensual arrangement.

I go to Ilse less and less, I don't like to be caught with a minor. I may have already fucked with all the whores in town, for me that's variety enough. I never see them as whores, to be honest, for me they are fuckable, willing and horny girls. Since they work in the hotel business, they are usually not ugly and younger than me. And when I drive night shift, I know that Anni and Trixi ride with a good stallion. But I really enjoy fucking with Trixi and Anni in the evening until exhaustion. We are, I have already said, a very special family.

I will participate in the cab business with a total of 4 cars. In ten years I don't want to drive a cab anymore.

Maria

by Jack Faber © 2023

Maria leaned back. Piero was at work all week, he always came home Friday night or Saturday morning. She gently stroked her belly, you couldn't see very much yet, she was only 3 months pregnant. She stroked her hand lower, her inner thighs were more sensitive than ever. She had her pubic hair epilated on the left and right side of a landing strip, it was supposed to be a surprise for Piero. The skin was still a bit reddened, but the skin of the labia and the clit was tender and fine and wanted to be caressed. Urgently.

Maria had dozed a little afterwards, but the doorbell had startled her. She threw her dress around and held it together with one hand, there was no time for buttoning. She went to the door, it was Giuseppe, whom she knew only from school. She let him enter. He was very shy and inhibited, that's how she remembered him. He didn't want a coffee, just a lemonade. He stared at the bare skin she couldn't quite hide. He was getting to the point. The old custom. Maria had to think for a moment. The old custom. Yes, now she remembered. Pregnant women are for everyone. He couldn't be serious!

Yet, yes, he said, it has always been the case that pregnant women were there for everyone, that was the old custom. Mary sat down next to him, she was going to give him a hand job, she whispered. But he shook his head. He insisted on the old custom, it was his right. How would he have even known she was pregnant? Giuseppe scratched his head. There's a site on the Internet, you can find them all there. Maria was very puzzled, but she accepted it, she could look later. Giuseppe fussed, he had already idolized her in school, but she had never noticed him. Maria reached across the table for a cigarette. Of course her dress fell apart, but she ignored it. She wondered if she'll make him a handjob after all.... ? He reached out his hand, touched her inner thigh and caressed it.

Maria didn't give up so easily. But she was at a loss, the arguments were no longer enough. Giuseppe had taken a tearful tone and told how he had done everything, back in school, to catch a glimpse of her breasts or between her legs, how night after night while masturbating he had seen those tiny moments in his mind's eye. Tears streaming down Giuseppe's cheeks, Maria took his head to her bosom and comforted the poor man. She dropped her shoulders. She nodded resolutely and looked at Giuseppe. "Right here, on the kitchen table?" she asked, not waiting for his answer. She lay down on the kitchen table, letting the dress hang down to her left and right. She put her legs up and let her knees fall apart.

Giuseppe stood in front of the table, he touched her breasts, her belly, her pussy full of devotion and longing. "Come on, do it now," Maria murmured. He dropped his pants to his ankles. She looked at his cock, it was not particularly large, the glans had pushed through the foreskin and was resplendent in dark red. He penetrated slowly, closing his eyes to concentrate fully on the sensation. She was a little disappointed, his cock was much smaller than Piero's. She had come to Piero as a virgin, she had never fucked anyone but him. But now Giuseppe was here, he was only her second man. She slowly began to masturbate, because she also masturbated when Piero fucked her. She had been masturbating since she was a child and masturbated herself to sleep every night.

Giuseppe squirted way too early, way too soon. She held him back, telling him to keep his cock inside her until she was done. It took a long time for her to orgasm, Giuseppe's soft cock was pushed out as she orgasmed. He was completely irritated, he had never seen a woman orgasm before. He instinctively felt that it was good and right for her. He dressed and kissed Maria, who had stood up, on the mouth. She turned her head away, not wanting to kiss with him, she murmured. "Thank you, Maria, it was beautiful! I won't never forget it!" At the door he turned again. "I'll come back tomorrow," and left.

He came every day, in the afternoon. She had put a mat on the kitchen table, as well as some pads so she wouldn't get bruises. They didn't talk much, he just came to fuck. She let it pass without any emotion, only enjoying the own orgasm as usual. Friday she said that

Piero was coming, Giuseppe left quickly after the fucking. She received Piero stormily, after dinner they immediately went to bed fucking. Then, when they were sitting next to each other in bed smoking, she brought up the old custom. Piero remembered and fell out of all clouds. He immediately called Carlo, and it took his best friend a few bars before he understood everything. "Maria and Giuseppe? Don't make me laugh," said Carlo, "the garden gnome has never had one! Maria and Giuseppe! It's unbelievable!" Piero hung up, Carlo was no help. But he had indeed confirmed that this custom existed, it dated back to the time when the Turkish pirates besieged the Venetians here. Yes, Carlo had said, he himself had fucked Giulia, his friend Pietro's sister, every day during her pregnancy, and even Pietro couldn't do anything about it except sit by stupidly and "watch over her." Pietro sat on a stool opposite Giulia's bed. He had never seen her naked before, now she was lying naked on the bed with her knees apart. Pietro looked very deep into his sister's pussy and watched the cocks penetrating Giulia's pussy one by one and fucking her very fast. The room gradually emptied, everyone had fucked Giulia and left. Giulia put herself under the shower and Pietro, horny and naughty, followed her, never before had he dared. He hugged her like a lover and whispered in her ear that he wanted to fuck her after the shower. She was annoyed at first, but realized how serious he was. She lay down in bed and waited patiently. Pietro lay down with her, touching her body for the first time as an adult. He was older than her, but he was by no means smart. He had fucked many girls and women before and now set about fucking Giulia. She knew how stupid he was, but she was very amazed at how well he could fuck. Of all the boys and young men he was the champion, she got every time a huge orgasm. In the first nights he fucked her so many times that she had to stop him, exhausted. She let him fuck her every night until she gave birth. She didn't want to marry in any case and let him sleep in her bed as her husband. When Lina was 7 years old, he got married and afterwards he only rarely came to fuck Giulia. It did not suit him at all that she sold herself for money and there were regular arguments about it.

A Custom is a custom. Giulia was an insanely popular girl in his circle of friends, and Piero only didn't participate longer because he was so in love with Maria. But Piero had also fucked Giulia every day

during her pregnancy. She had always kept her eyes down and had shamefully and shyly let one after another fuck her while the room was full of waiting, rutting boys. Giulia, Carlo said, clicking his tongue, that's a brilliant one! Piero had hung up, because with Carlo's fucking he had only participated until he met Maria.

Piero was lost in dark brooding. Maria immediately called Giuseppe and told him it was enough, he should not come anymore. Maria understood Piero very well, Giuseppe had broken into their marriage and taken her. She didn't want Piero to suffer, she comforted him and assured him that she was only his. She fucked him as often as he could and let him go again Monday morning. Of course Giuseppe came again, of course she let him fuck, but she told him to forget it. And in no case come again without calling first, she would not open for him.

But now Carlo was in the game. And Carlo could not be counted among the secretive. He called Maria and came. She had nothing to say to him. His friendship with Piero was not at risk, he said; Piero, too, would have to respect the old custom. Maria let her dress slide openly apart, Carlo would fuck her in a moment anyway. So it was. Maria insisted on doing it on the kitchen table and not desecrate their marriage bed. Anyway, Carlo fucked much better than Giuseppe, she masturbated and had wonderful orgasms until he finished cuming. Carlo said goodbye after a grappa and came back the other day, shortly after Giuseppe. Finzi, Carlo's friend, also came later, Maria had fucked enough after 3 men, masturbated all afternoon and didn't answer the phone. Maria had told everyone how unwise it would be to tell Piero anything. One careless word and Piero would freak out. Sure, they said.

The next day all three came again, and after dinner Marcello, a good friend of Carlo's, still came. The four-legged giant had an amazingly small cock, but he fucked Maria three times nonstop, which was remarkable. She was exhausted from all the masturbating and called Giulia. They hadn't seen each other in ages and were soon chatting in a confidential tone. "It doesn't stop after birth," Giulia said, "it's a virus, you'll never get rid of it!" That gave Maria a good scare. "But no one said you had to do it for free!" She, Giulia, take 200 every

time, that was a fair price and whoever didn't want to pay didn't have to come. Maria thanked for the good tip and gossiped with Giulia for another hour. Then it was already time to go to sleep. Maria initially thought she had already masturbated enough and had enough orgasms today, but then came the old familiar feeling in her pussy, which she knew so well since childhood. She rubbed the clit just very gently and softly, the pleasure rose and she did it as always. Starting over several times and stopping before the orgasm, again and again, until she couldn't hold it back any longer and triggered the orgasm violently. Piero had always enjoyed watching her, but had usually fallen asleep in midtime.

Then the gentlemen were amazed, it was no longer free, but cost 200. Giuseppe came once more, but he was very disappointed that she sold herself for money. Finzi no more at all, it cost as much as in the city! Maria remained firm, 200! Carlo came only once a week, he could no more sneak money past his wife. Only towards Marcello Maria gave in, she invited him to fuck at half price. If he had no money, she still liked to let him fuck her and she had nothing to regret when he came very often. He fucked the best of all, and Maria realized that there was something to the saying; length does not matter.

Piero came late Friday night and she pulled him into bed right away. He could see from her face that she had had a few men. She would never lie to him and told him everything. She only hid the fact that she had a crush on the good Marcello. She explained to him that she was only putting the money aside for her child, she didn't want a penny of the shameful money. Consoling the inconsolable Piero was a challenge, he was offended in his manly honor and failed to fuck for the first time. One word gave the other, and suddenly Maria wanted to know from Piero if and with which pregnant women he had gone to fuck for pleasure, the poor man had to list every woman and report every detail. He had red ears and confessed everything, and Maria told him plainly that her adventures were nothing in comparison. Piero knew how right she was. But now he was the cuckold. Maria swore to him that she wouldn't let them fuck her anymore, and she swore to herself that she wouldn't tell him anything. Period.

There were now also men from the surrounding area, from the old fishing villages. They had to pay the same as in the city, but they didn't have to travel as far and they got a fresh, young 19 year old and not a used up road swallow. Maria had to manage her time well, doing everything in the morning, from noon on the men came every hour until late evening or even longer. Usually she fucked 5 or 6 men in one day, sometimes 8 or more. She showered her pussy after each man and put lotion on her pussy. And she noted each one in her calendar.

Piero was inconsolable. Maria professed not to have fucked anyone, but when he looked into Carlo's eyes at the evening beer in the pub, he knew. He despised his friend, who lied to him shamelessly. How could he do it to him, to fuck his wife! He stayed away from the beer, he bought the booze and drank alone at home. The sex with Maria didn't go so well, he couldn't get it up. Maria walked around naked at home, but it didn't help much, his eyes were greedy, but his cock didn't cooperate. Piero sank into dull brooding, he went to the construction site already Sunday evening. He couldn't stand it anymore, constantly failing and that she was lying to him, even less.

Maria was very hardworking, 8 men every day, not a day less. She had settled well on the kitchen table, dutifully washed her pussy and creamed herself with lotion. She was friendly to the men, they were in a way customers who came back. Some she knew quite well and knew who liked to do it from behind. And she cultivated the friendship with Giulia. She was not only a pleasant conversationalist, but also a very experienced advisor. Giulia was 7 or 8 years ahead of her, and that was a great advantage for the 19-year-old. She knew advice on how to avoid stretch marks on the belly and the hips, where to buy bigger bras cheaply. And, of course, she listened carefully about Maria's marriage to Piero. She thought it was quite important that Piero did not sink underground; he often stayed out nights, got senselessly drunk, and woke up at noon next to a nameless saddleback. Maria feared the end of her marriage.

Giulia knew advice. She would lure him to herself, it was much better to know where he was and what he was up to. Of course it wasn't completely altruistic, Piero had been on Giulia's menu for a

long time. He had fucked her a lot 8 years ago when she was pregnant, and she hadn't forgotten him. Maria knew all this, but she trusted Giulia completely. The older woman knew what she was doing.

Piero let himself drift with the wind, losing Maria in such a miserable way completely broke him. Giulia had no trouble luring him into her web. He closed his eyes, it was a very different Giulia he was fucking now. No longer the shy 17 year old girl who demurely lowered her eyes when a man penetrated her pussy. No, a confident young woman who demanded money from her lovers and could live a luxurious life with her daughter. He did not move in with her, but he slept with her every night. He had lost the job, they couldn't use a drunk. He slept with Giulia as her husband, and in the afternoon he took care of her daughter Lina. He drank only in the evenings, but Giulia had judged him correctly, he was not an alcoholic. She kept reporting to Maria regularly how things were going.

Piero, of course, no longer had any idea what he had learned at school. Nevertheless, he sat with Lina every afternoon and studied with the 8-year-old. The child was extremely smart and inquisitive. She did her written homework first and then her oral homework. When she was done with that, too, she researched on the Internet about things that interested her. Piero sat next to her, studying with her. When she wasn't clear on an assignment, she would put one foot up on the edge of the chair and tug excitedly at her pussy. He watched it out of the corner of his eye, but said nothing.

Lina said, "Don't look!" and he obeyed. She pulled her panties aside and rubbed her clit. After two minutes she had finished and called out, "You can look again!" and he looked again. She had accepted him as a friend and replied with her face flushed, "I've seen it done at Mom's and I do it exactly the same way at night. I rub it a dozen times and stop again. Then, when it's enough, I masturbate to orgasm and sleep. I believe that it is right that way." Piero nodded sadly; Maria did it that way too, every night. The conversation had relaxed Lina, now she let him look when she masturbated while studying or doing internet research. He shook his head, no, he didn't want her to masturbate, that wasn't proper. Lina shrugged her shoul-

ders, okay. Then don't. Lina masturbated every afternoon, often twice, and the little exhibitionist let him watch completely uninhibited. Lina now took off her underpants every time, spread her legs like butterfly wings and masturbated really unabashedly in front of Piero's nose. "You're not a virgin anymore," he exclaimed in horror, "at seven years old!" Lina paused in her masturbation. "I've been 13 two months ago, and of course I'm not a virgin! Uncle Finzi comes every Saturday at noon, after all, when Mom is out shopping. He fucks me really fast and runs away again after some minutes. The fucking makes me a little bit hot, but I always have to masturbate afterwards!" Piero didn't reply anything, because Finzi was a child fucker, at least that was a rumor. And that a 13-year-old girl let herself be fucked in such an unspectacular way, Piero found wretched. Would Lina also have a child out of wedlock at 17 like Giulia?

Maria had been busy fucking and cashing in, the disgrace money had already grown to over 75,000. Now it was time to stop, there were only days left until the birth. The old midwife did very busy, but the real work was done by the young one. She had had a good training and the birth went quite smoothly. Maria gave birth to Angelina at 8 o'clock in the evening, a healthy, beautiful child. Piero was the first to join them. It took only a split second for them to know that they loved each other. Maria hugged Piero very tightly. They would move away, to another city. He would give up drinking and work, and she would give up other men, be a faithful wife and mother, and never fuck another man again. They promised that each other and stuck to it. They became loving, faithful spouses and Angelina grew up to be a gorgeous girl.

Only many years later, when Maria was 35, she fell in love with a 14-year-old. She had told Piero and he let her, she just should not make herself unhappy. She fell for his childish charm, his childish body and, above all, of course, his childish cock. She had never had such a young cock in her hand, it was slim and long and squirted, that it was a joy when she gently pulled the foreskin back and forth over the glans. She gave him time and waited patiently to fuck him, there was no hurry. She let him squirt many a times in her hand, later on endlessly in her mouth, drinking his seed like honeyed mead, for Franco loved it, when she licked him with her tongue and

lips. Soft as an angel, she cuddled with Franco, had explained to him beforehand exactly how the fucking goes and what was important in it. She let him feel her G-Spot, that was the trigger. That was important.

Franco's cock was dripping with excitement and he squirted immediately when he first entered her pussy. She kept him inside her, caressing his back and ass cheeks until he was stiff again. It lasted only a very short time, he had a good condition. They fucked nonstop for three days and three nights, leaving the bed only to pee. They saw each other almost every day after that, but if Maria had admitted it to herself, it was over after that three days. She clung to Franco, but after 2 months he broke free. She cried for a day, then got over it.

She had a few more affairs, but she never let anyone get under her skin that deeply again.

Giulia's Fight

by Jack Faber © 2023

The old doctor confirmed to Palomina that she was pregnant. “You have a very nice pussy,” the lesbian doctor said, “and a very nice, pointed clit!” Palomina was uncomfortable with the old woman tampering with her jewels, but it had to be done. “And, do you practice diligently, do you often make it with the clit?” Palomina blushed slightly and then admitted that she did it sometimes, once a week perhaps. No, she had always hidden it from her husband, it was very private after all! The old doctor asked her if she was aware of the old custom? Palomina only knew roughly what it was about, and the old woman enlightened her. Riccardo was not going to like that at all, the way he was ticking. He was eager for her to marry as a virgin and was mighty proud that she was. The old woman said that it was a nice custom, but she should make sure that the guys washed their dicks clean, because there was a risk of infection and it could lead to a miscarriage. Palomina thanked her and left, the old woman grabbed the phone and called Carlo.

The next day Carlo rang her doorbell. Palomina offered a coffee and listened to him with increasing horror. It was perfectly clear to her that she could do nothing against the custom. Crying silently, she went into the living room and dropped her clothes, trembling. She lay down on the couch and hid her weeping face in her hands. “Don’t do it, Carlo, please don’t do it!” she begged, but the juices in her aroused pussy were already dripping treacherously. Carlo did, of course. He liked being the first, he liked it when the chaste and faithful newlyweds cried, he liked very much fucking someone else’s wife. Palomina couldn’t complain, Carlo fucked her well and waited to cum until her orgasm had subsided. “See you soon,” he said and left. She nodded and took it upon herself not to say anything to Riccardo. Then she continued to cry.

Giulia’s parents raged. Barely 17, no husband far and wide and already pregnant! Giulia had told nothing about the Belgian or Frenchman, it were stormy nights with the tourist. She didn’t even know his

full name or an address. But she had let herself be deflowered and had given herself completely to him. She did not argue with her parents, she packed her things and took a rented apartment. The parents sent Pietro after her. Surely the stupid girl could not be without a male protector! Pietro was extremely stupid and simple-minded, and he obeyed without contradiction. He slept on the couch and Giulia in the big marital bed.

Carlo came, he was always the first. Pietro knew the old custom, he had often gone with Carlo and his gang to fuck young pregnant women, most recently Palomina, who, weeping inconsolably, surrendered to the lads and patiently like sheep let them all fuck her. Palomina was so good to fuck that Pietro fucked her twice in any case, on some days even three times. So now Carlo had come for fucking Giulia. Pietro said he had to watch her and would sit quietly on a chair. Okay, said Carlo.

Pietro had never seen Giulia naked, he didn't really know anything about her. Did she masturbate? Was she fucking? Yes, probably so, she was pregnant after all. Of course he didn't know who had impregnated her. But no matter, he now sat at the foot of her bed and propped himself up on the board. Giulia lay naked in front of him, her pussy just an arm's length away. He looked at the pussy with professional interest, it was a beautiful pussy. She had pulled her labia apart with one hand and the fingers of the other hand were gently playing with her clit. She had a very nice, big clit and it got hard very quickly from the caressing. Giulia lowered her eyes virginally as Carlo mounted her. Pietro knew Carlo's cock of course, now he was making his way. Giulia's vagina adjusted to his cock, the black fuzz of hair over her cleft bristled, the tiny hairs stood up.

Pietro followed the fucking with great interest, Giulia was one of those girls who masturbated while fucking. Pietro noticed that Carlo waited to squirt and continued fucking. Giulia's orgasm came short and hard, now Carlo could finally squirt. Groaning, the boyfriend rose and Giulia went into the bathroom. Pietro opened the door, Gino, Tadzio and the child-fucker Finzi came in. They let the unpleasant Finzi be first, he didn't last 2 minutes and disappeared like a weasel. Carlo stood in the doorway while Tadzio and Gino fucked

Giulia one after the other. They were both very dedicated and politely waited to squirt until Giulia was done masturbating. Then the 3 friends went out together into the night.

Giulia stood under the shower. Pietro licked his lips in excitement, then resolutely joined her in the shower. She was obviously irritated, but he hugged her under the shower and whispered in her ear that he would fuck her later. “No, you won’t!” brusquely Giulia fought him off, “Brother!” He had only been waiting for that. “The old custom does not forbid the brother,” he said confidently, “all may, it says! And I’ve gotten so insanely horny from watching, look!” Giulia began to waver. Maybe he was right? In any case, he had a really huge hard-on. She argued back and forth some more, but he could feel she was going to give in. She lay down in bed, and he followed her.

Giulia was still quite inexperienced in fucking, but she admitted to herself that Pietro fucked best of all. She stopped masturbating in the middle of fucking, she got the orgasm while fucking, and damn it, how! She was now inflamed and cuddled up to Pietro. What did he like the most? she asked and he answered that it was her masturbating that got him the most fired up. She had expected something else, Carlo’s fucking or Tadzio’s, those were very good. But her masturbating? She asked to be sure he wasn’t fucking with her, but he kept at it. “Do you like to see it again?” she asked and he nodded enthusiastically. She started to masturbate and pulled his head by the hair in front of her pussy. Indeed, he loved it, she could see that quite clearly from his cock coming to life. If he may fuck her even before orgasm, the big boy asked and she nodded. He mounted her immediately and fucked away, she let her orgasm come in the fucking. Was that a glorious thing!

Giulia didn’t need a man, she had Pietro who fucked her wonderfully and powerful night after night. He sat at the foot of the bed every time someone came to fuck her. She was especially happy about Piero, he was also very good at fucking and he came reliably every day. When her belly was already quite big, he fucked her from behind, waited with the squirting until Giulia had finished masturbating and only then squirted. Piero was the only one who behaved so politely, the others didn’t care if she had already finished masturbat-

ing. Shortly before she had her child, he fell madly in love and didn't come to fuck anymore.

No sooner had she given birth to Angelina than her parents came again. Lina this, Lina that. Giulia kept the distance, they had ostracized her, now let the devil take them! She and Pietro were parents enough for Lina, grandparents were not wanted. Especially since her mother wanted to interfere in the upbringing, but Giulia prevented it. Brother Pietro was an excellent man, he was diligent at work and very diligent at fucking. Giulia liked her brother very much, she felt safe with him sitting at the foot of the bed when she was being fucked by a lover. She always arranged it so that he could look very deep into her little fuckhole before and after fucking and masturbated for his sake in a very provocative, obscene and frivolous way to make him really horny like an ape. She took money from everyone, free was only the air to breathe. The money allowed her to live a luxurious life.

Pietro married the butcher's daughter, a big fat onanist who only had masturbating on her mind. Pietro only came to fuck once a week now, he was very unhappy with the marriage, but he had been keen to get the butchery. Giovanna, his wife, masturbated all day, her labia and poor clit were constantly reddened. But Giovanna only made herself have one orgasm a day before going to sleep after they fucked. Anyway, Pietro was amazed every time how violently she masturbated before falling asleep and how she let herself be torn by the orgasm. She didn't like fucking at all, although he insisted of course, she didn't want children either and she preferred it when he went to the pregnant women with the other guys to fuck them. Pietro was very annoyed that he had to force her to fuck every night and now he brought three or four friends home every time. He woke Giovanna up and had her fucked, one by one. Giovanna howled at this humiliation, but she had to let his friends fuck her until the last. They often fucked her for long hours because they had not had enough. Giulia for her part was happy every time her brother called up to fuck her, she freed herself for him. Unfortunately, he often didn't come for weeks.

Her friend Maria and Piero were having real marital problems. Giulia promised to help and immediately caught Piero. He was com-

pletely devastated and drank too much, he had also lost his job. She proceeded vigorously, to drink he got only after dinner. He was not an alcoholic, she recognized that immediately, he simply could not tolerate alcohol. After two weeks he was content with two grappas after dinner. She had made it clear to him that he fucked much better when he wasn't drunk, that tipped the scales. And she wanted him like she had 10 years ago. She listened patiently when he talked about Maria, he was still madly in love with her and he told her everything frankly, how often they fucked, how and how often Maria masturbated herself and that she liked it best when he masturbated her before she was asleep. Giulia supported him, reinforced his belief that they would get back together as soon as the other men stopped fucking the pregnant Maria. Giulia was firmly convinced of that. And she was glad that he studied every day with Lina, who had since become one of the best in the school.

Lina masturbated from the first day on Piero's lap and masturbated again right away. He looked at her labia and clit, he spread her vaginal opening with his fingers and looked deep into her little fuck-hole. She let him look shamelessly, the sly one. He looked at her very closely. Lina was no longer childlike, he would probably have estimated her at 15 or 16. The reddish-blond hair hung down to her hips, the precocious green eyes had seen a lot. "I used to watch mom quite often when she let a man fuck her, but eventually it got boring. But when you fuck her, she seems so devout — Lina searched for a word — then she's completely beside herself!" Lina's breasts were only growing, the whole physique rounded and womanly. The light blond hair fuzz announced the pubic hair and the hairs stood up perkily when she was aroused. She was insanely fond of letting him masturbate her, he had learned that from Maria, who always let him masturbate her one more time before she tiredly fell asleep. "You have to rub the clit," she said when he masturbated her the first day. Piero smiled, "lean all the way back, unclench, and imagine you're lying in a soft down bed. I know how to do it!" He bit his lips, he had always said that to Maria about the down bed. Lina insanely liked to let him masturbate her, he had learned that from Maria, who always let him masturbate her once more before she tiredly fell asleep. Lina enjoyed his masturbating, he cleverly stayed away from her big clit and masturbated the clit only just before the orgasm, during and afterwards

further, she had never managed that herself. The whole first week she let him masturbate her two or three times in the afternoon, yakking nonstop about fucking, fucking with him, until he got all woozy. And she cleverly waited a day. She lay naked on his lap again and spread her labia with her fingers. "Come fuck me, Uncle Piero!" He looked inquiringly into her eyes to see if she meant it, then carried her to the couch. He undressed and lay down with her. "You really want it?" he asked again, and she nodded, "I've wanted it for a long time!"

She looked at his cock, "oh my, it's never going in," she said in a whiny tone, "uncle Finzi just has a much smaller one!" Piero knew Finzi's dick, it had stopped developing somewhere around 12. "We'll be very careful, he's sure to go in," he said. He slowly and carefully penetrated her vagina, the vagina widened and adjusted. However, he could not penetrate deeply, she was still a child. His cock didn't even go in halfway, then he felt resistance. He fucked her slowly and deliberately, she became very aroused, but she did not have an orgasm. "You'll have to help it long with masturbating if it doesn't come that way," he said and she nodded. She masturbated really fast and got her orgasm, then he squirted, squirted all in. He had been fucking her for almost three quarters of an hour and he liked it a lot. She laughed brightly as he squirted and murmured that she could feel the squirting in, she never had that with Finzi. They lay side by side for a while longer, then he got up, "we haven't learned anything yet today!"

This is how it went on for the next few months, he fucked Lina every day in the afternoon, some days twice and fucked Giulia at night. Of course Giulia brought it up because she knew that Lina masturbated while studying. He said, yeah sure, but it didn't bother him. Lina usually stripped naked, he reported, she lay down on his lap, spread her legs and masturbated in front of him. It was okay for him, he said, she has a huge clit and Giulia laughed, "she has a huge Frenchman-clit!" and that gave proper conversation. "Finzi, the bastard, fucks my little girl every Saturday," Giulia said to Piero's amazement, "the neighbor saw it herself, through the window." Piero said Lina had already told him, "but Finzi can't fuck well, even your 10-year-old daughter knows that. He fucks for a minute or two at most,

then he disappears immediately, not caring about her orgasm. She has to do that herself afterwards.” Giulia said she would kick Finzi in the balls, but hard and forcefully! Piero asked if he should do it, but Giulia waved it off, saying she would do it herself. “I’d rather you would fuck her, and not that wretched thug!” exclaimed Giulia. Piero nodded understandingly, he will be very happy to do it, he said. He didn’t mention with a word that he fucked Lina already every day since the first week, the sneaky boy! Maybe Lina would want to fuck him when Finzi was out of the race, but he would certainly not actively seduce her, he could not. But was it for her as a mother...? Giulia waved off again. “I have never restricted Lina, never patronized her. Since she can masturbate, she does it, and that’s okay. If she wants to fuck at the age of 10, then so be it, but not with a child-fucker like Finzi. When she gets her period, I’ll tell her all about contraception so she can decide for herself when to have a baby. She is already quite precocious, her Frenchman-breasts are already budding visibly. Maybe she will get her period as early as 14 or 15, I pay a lot of attention to that.” Piero was quite dejected. He had been ashamed in front of Giulia when he admitted that Lina lay naked on his lap to masturbate and that he sometimes masturbated Lina as well. Not with a word had he told Giulia that he had been fucking her daughter every day for weeks, somedays twice, from the first week on. But Giulia hadn’t even batted an eyelash, for her it was okay, if he fucked her daughter. Piero fucked that night with Giulia all intimate and dreamy and had Lina’s pussy and clit in front of his eyes.

Giulia had actually and literally kicked Finzi in the balls and threatened him violently if he approached Lina again. Lina was disappointed that Finzi didn’t come again, so Piero could explain to her that Giulia had sent the douchebag to the desert. She shouldn’t fuck Finzi, but fuck him if she absolutely had to, Giulia had said. Lina bit her fingernails. “With you? Doesn’t she know?” she asked, her eyes wide, and he nodded in affirmation.

Giulia eventually let it slip that she knew. She very rarely bothered them in the afternoon, that’s when the men came to fuck her. But sometimes she came over and left right away, she nodded kindly and let them continue fucking. Sometimes she would stand motionless and just watch the fucking with glittering eyes. Piero quickly got used

to fucking Lina once or twice in the afternoon, because he liked it very much. He was more cheerful than he had been in a long time, always thinking about Maria and hoping she would eventually get tired of fucking so many men and none as honestly as she did with him. It was clear to him how much he loved her with all his heart and only because of that he didn't enjoy the fact that she let herself be fucked by so many nameless people. Sometimes, when he was fucking intensely with Lina or Giulia, his brain would play tricks on him, then he would only see Maria and stammer her name. He could not know, of course, that Giulia was faithfully reporting all of it to Maria.

Lina was curious and wanted to know what it was like, fucking from behind? She had picked it up at school and was confused. Is that where you fuck into her asshole? Piero smiled. "Actually some do, but not me, I don't like it at all." But if she meant fucking from behind, of course he did that, just not in the asshole, but properly. Lina thought about it, he could tell by the look on her face. He had her kneel down on all fours and penetrated her vagina from behind. "Got it," Lina said and tried to get up, but he said you don't do things by halves. He fucked her from behind and now almost all his cock went into her pussy! Lina orgasmed for the first time while fucking. She was amazed. "That was something!" she exclaimed, "an orgasm without masturbating!" Piero smiled, saying that everyone is different. Some like this, others like that. He sat down next to her on the floor and lit a cigarette. She took it from his hand. "I smoke at school," she explained. But now she needed a cigarette, because the orgasm of fucking was something very fine! So it happened that he almost always fucked her from behind and she almost always had an orgasm.

Giulia rushed him, he had to go to the midwives very quickly, "your Maria is having the baby!" He ran, tears streaming down his face. He then had to wait three hours in the anteroom, smoking one after the other. Then he was allowed to see her. He knew in the first second that they loved each other, madly loved each other. She beamed at him and threw back the covers. Angelina. He had seen babies before, but this sleeping child was their own. He looked at her closely; she had obviously taken after Maria. He kissed Maria for the hundredth time.

“It’s over,” she said with a beaming smile, “we’ll buy a house, I even know which one already. With the disgrace-money we can pay for it almost entirely, you give up drinking and find a new job, dammit! I’ve fucked enough men now, I’ll never fuck anyone but you again, word of honor! Agreed?” Piero couldn’t get a word out. He nodded and kept nodding. “We’ll be there for Angelina and we’ll make love like before!” Maria had grown up so much overnight, so smart. Piero was happier than he had been in months.

He stayed with Giulia for a few more days, their fucking was a long goodbye and his deep gratitude. Giulia let Lina sleep with them in the big marital bed, he fucked both of them in turn and Giulia was amazed when Lina got one orgasm after another while fucking from behind. Lina’s face danced back and forth over her body, in orgasm she bared her face on Giulia’s bosom, gasping and trembling. They stayed in bed for days, leaving school and fuckers out, they were fucking nonstop. During his breaks for recreation, Lina masturbated in front of their eyes, because she had a strong tendency to exhibitionism. He fucked them both as often as he could. He kissed, hugged and cuddled with both of them, for it was goodbye forever.

He headed off to pick up his wife and daughter.

Carlo's Raids

by Jack Faber © 2023

Palomina went to the old doctor every morning. She was in perfect health; there was nothing to examine. The doctor hummed with satisfaction, Palomina had a very nice clit and she rubbed the young girl slowly and with pleasure to orgasm. When no other patient was waiting, she continued rubbing with a wide grin, making Palomina moan and groan and gasp her way to the next orgasm. Palomina had enough after two orgasms and went home completely relaxed.

Late in the afternoon Carlo came to fuck with Gino and Tazio as usual. Palomina was looking forward in advance, but when they came, she played the crying newlywed who was robbed of her innocence by the wild guys. This was the role she herself liked best and she only had to think of her poor Riccardo, whom she deceived and lied to every day, and the tears would flow. If she would admit it to herself, the three poaching barons all fucked better than Riccardo, who worked until late in the evening and came home tired. He didn't have much strength left but to stick his cock in and squirt in, which sometimes went all by itself. If not, she rubbed his cock, which stuck in her pussy, very gently with her fingers, as he had shown her. He was always too tired to fuck, he much preferred to be rubbed with her fingers. She had no idea of Riccardo's past life. As a child he had always played with his building blocks in the marriage bed when the mother's girlfriends came to lick each other's cunt and clit. It interested him later because he got to fuck the girlfriend from behind and watch over her shoulder as she licked the mother's clit to orgasm. He was allowed to fuck them all and when there was no girlfriend, the mother let him fuck her, from the front like a man. The mother had taught him to lick the clit in the right way. If he licked the girl who licked the mother to orgasm at the same time, she patiently let him fuck her from behind and let him squirt all over inside even when she could get pregnant. The father they did not miss them both, he worked in Sweden and plowed the Swedish furrows at night. Only when Riccardo grew up did he realize that the mother was a lesbian, but it made no difference to him if he fucked a lesbian, they had a

hole just like the non-lesbians. Palomina was still a virgin when they got married, he fucked her every night for the first month and taught her to masturbate him with her hand. He found that it was most pleasurable when he just stuck his cock in and let it squirt on its own. Palomina quickly learned to really masturbate his cock when he put it in. She always had to smile when she thought that she had impregnated herself in this way all by herself. She had no idea about fucking and masturbating at that time, even that she learned only from the old doctor. The three musketeers were the first men with whom she fucked really and regularly, and her husband didn't even need to know that. He was so satisfied with her, rubbing his cock and making it squirt into her pussy, that was all he wanted. Sunday morning they fucked properly, he licked her clit after fucking quite masterfully and she loved that very much, it made her all fuzzy and she was really exhausted after those strong orgasms. Palomina stroked his head gently, he had done more than enough, she had already had the real fucking that afternoon. She would masturbate a little before going to sleep, in the way the doctor had shown her and the doctor would do it to her again tomorrow.

Carlo had talked to the doctor on the phone, she said Maria, Piero's wife, had let her being masturbated patiently without a word, but she wasn't a bit of a lesbian like Palomina, who didn't know it herself, but came back every morning to get an orgasm or two. Otherwise, there was not much to report, young Laura had become pregnant. Of course Carlo went with Gino and Tadzio to see Laura. The 17 year old was not at a loss for words, but was frightened at first. But she caught herself again, they should better refrain from fucking, her Mauro can't take a joke there! Nevertheless, she let herself be raped by the three with a beaming smile. She didn't get an orgasm, but she had not fucked many a men, so she was very curious, how the three performed. She laughed and demanded a second and third round, which only Tadzio could manage, the strong youngster. She kissed them and said farewell and shouted after them that they should not come again! And indeed, Mauro came into the bar and dragged Carlo out by the collar. He beat up Carlo on the street and went right back inside and grabbed Gino, whom he also beat up on the street. Tadzio voluntarily went out with him and was lucky, Mauro was already tired and let him go after a few juicy slaps. "And tomorrow I'll put my

brass knuckles in my pocket, and then I'll beat the living breaths out of you all!" They now avoided Laura like the plague, Mauro with brass knuckles, no thanks!

Carlo kept passing Ursula's room, sometimes stopping and watching her masturbating. She had the little light burning, next to it the statuette of Our Lady illuminated from the inside. She didn't have her legs up for masturbation, just stretched them out to the side. Ursula was a damn pretty thing, but she had a religious fad. Some said she was crazy. Crazy or not, one day he silently appeared beside her bed and waited until Ursula had finished masturbating. She opened her eyes and stammered, "Heavenly Lord! Oh, Heavenly One!" Carlo shifted in a flash. "Yes, my dear Ursula, it's me, Carolus." "The Angel Carolus?" asked Ursula raptly, and he nodded, "the Archangel Carolus!" She knelt down and kissed his hands. "Oh, be welcome, my archangel!" Carlo let her kneel and kiss hands, but eventually enough was enough. "I've come to fuck you!"

Ursula was delighted, her cheeks glowing. "I was just waiting for you, my heavenly Lord, saving my virginity for you! Oh, how excited I am to fuck you as my first man! I know it will hurt the first time, but for your sake I will endure anything, my Lord, my beloved!" In a flash Ursula was on the bed, lying on her back and unfolding her knees. Carlo dropped his pants and mounted her.

Oh, how he cursed quite unheavenly, as Ursula's hymen seemed to be made of elephant leather! Only when she grabbed his ass cheeks and pushed him inside her with a wild jerk, it was done. The Archangel fucked St. Ursula for almost half an hour until she reared up in orgasm and he could finally squirt inside. He stayed with her for three more hours, fucking her as often as he could. He promised to come again tomorrow. He came for a good 10 days, fucking her two or three times and promising to come again. But he didn't come again on the eleventh day, he was actually very bored with her constant lousy praying. A good month later the doctor called him, holy Ursula was pregnant and was babbling something about an archangel fucking her. Carlo, Gino and Tadzio went on their way.

The archangel Carolus first had to make clear to holy Ursula with saintly blather that the holy Ginus and the holy Tadzius had to unload themselves immediately and she had to fuck with them, absolutely, for the sake of heaven, Amen! Ursula was very confused at the beginning when all the three of them lay down with her. But she understood right away that she had to cuddle, kiss and porky with two of them, while the third one fucked her sideways or from behind, one after the other. Yes, she found pleasure in the piggish games, as the angels behaved quite humanly porky. Of course they were also allowed to put their cocks in her mouth, she sucked and licked so devotedly that she even forgot to pray. One after the other cock was put in her cunt, one after the other rammed and squirted. It was almost midnight when the three angels left, but they promised to come back. They did, because Ursula had learned to fuck magnificently and was already sucking the next cock while being fucked. No one else in the town did that.

For months the three angels went to St. Ursula, her mania for rattling off quite a few Hail Marys before fucking no longer bothered anyone. She could fuck wonderfully and suck cock at the same time like no other woman did. Gino and Tadzio, who were much younger than Carlo, did not have to economize with their semen and often squirted into Ursula's mouth. She swallowed the semen and said that this was "holy Manna, already Moses and his men had fed the women with Manna in the desert, that's why cocksucking and semen swallowing is so widespread in Israel. Maybe there's a little Hebrew blood in my veins, too?" They never learned where Ursula got this shitty wisdoms.

They came across the cornfield to Gelsomina's window. They whispered quietly, for her father-in-law sat outside the door, shotgun at the ready. He had to defend the honor of his daughter-in-law, his son was at work all week and only came home on Saturday. Gelsomina had long been madly fond of fucking, and when her father-in-law crawled into her bed on Sunday mornings, she was happy to let the dear old widower fuck her, after all, it stayed in the family. Now she let the three musketeers silently in through the window, they fucked for a few hours until all three had enough. Unfortunately this only worked for a few weeks, later on the father-in-law was lying naked on

Gelsomina's bed, looking at the naked daughter-in-law. Gelsomina sat by the window in the sunshine, legs spread in the sunshine and passionately caressing her baby bump, her pussy and then the clit too, very gently. Then she was masturbating every time, her feet spread apart on the window sill and her pussy in the sunshine. She knew, the old man liked to watch her caressing herself and masturbating, so she laid in the sunshine and let him watch all of it, the dozen times she masturbated in plain sunshine. The old man watched her with greedy looks and letting his cock gradually get stiff. He just had to wait a little bit, then Gelsomina took care of his poor dick, in the afternoon and in the night, she fucked him really devotedly.

Carlo and his friends again visited Ursula and Palomina, who, unlike Maria or Giulia, did not ask for money to fuck. Josefa was the wife of the only farmer in the village, she was already approaching 30 and was expecting her first child. She was already quite fat and was well acquainted with the old customs. She led the three of them to the barn, where she let herself be fucked wordlessly between pigs and cows. She propped herself up on a board, bent forward and let herself be fucked from behind. She never smiled, never spoke a word and simply let the old custom happen. Carlo often did not know which eyes looked more stupid and indifferent, Josefa or the cows. So, Josefa was not a main winner, rather a loser. But something good followed.

The pastor's wife was pregnant, the doctor said. The pastor was traveling all week in the surrounding countryside, staying overnight with old widows, which was sometimes even true. Of course he didn't tell his wife a word that he fucked them all, there couldn't be any too old for that! That he, of course, preferred to stick to the young women, he wisely concealed. Anyway, his wife Jenna, in her mid-20s, was pregnant and turned Carlo down. First, she knew how beautiful and desirable she was, and secondly, the old custom was something really pagan, that repelled the demure Christian. But when had Carlo not gotten what he wanted? Gino and Tadzio held the pretty Jenna tightly, she resisted of course and kicked with her feet. Carlo carefully undressed her so as not to tear her clothes. She had wet herself

and Carlo wiped her clean with her underpants. Then the two of them lay down on the bed and held the pastor's wife ironclad.

She cried heartbreakingly, because she had given up all the whoring and all the pack-fucking when she got the pastor. She cried and cried as Carlo fucked her really fine and long. They didn't have to hold her down anymore, she held Carlo embraced and quickly orgasmed and didn't stop orgasming at all. After Carlo had squirted, she lay there with trembling legs and her toes twitched for a long time until the orgasm had completely subsided. It was now Gino's turn. She hugged him like a dear and welcome husband, she got an orgasm towards the end and after that she kept orgasming until Gino had squirted and pulled out. She nodded encouragingly to Tadzio, after all she had fucked hundreds of guys his age in her previous life. With Tadzio, her orgasm came so quickly that she had to cover her face with her forearm, and the orgasms repeatedly came until he withdrew. Her flanks and legs continued to tremble for a long time, her toes twitching involuntarily. She raised her arm and smiled at them. "That was really divine!" The three of them were not at all used to a woman praising them and stepped from one leg to the other. And they came back as often as they could arrange it. Jenna was definitely a treat, she licked the cocks as well as Ursula and of course swallowed the semen. All her skill, fantastic positions, and thunderous, long orgasms that had been buried in the unimaginative pastor's life, now evolved again. Jenna loved her three lovers, she was again the pagan girl who never missed an orgasm.

Jenna laughed quietly to herself when the pastor came home and ranted about how old, ugly and unfuckable this or that widow was, which was only rarely true. He admitted, when she asked, that he was fucking this or that widow, out of Christian love and pityness and because he couldn't masturbate in the widow's bed. He did, honestly, he did. He waited when the old woman masturbated and stuck his cock inside her orgasming cunt, squirting all in. He really didn't care, how old she was and if she wanted be fucked or preferred the masturbation. Jenna kissed his fingertips and said, he was a good Pastor, caring for the poor widows, who had no other man to fuck. She would caress her round little belly and just tell him that she masturbated much more now than she used to, more than a dozen times

a day and the same at night. She was his devoted wife, whom he loved more than anything. That was even true.

Carlo had debated with Piero, Carlo believed rock solid that Lina was already 16, he had eyes in his head after all, didn't he? Piero said nothing to this, he just wanted to say goodbye to his friends, he moved away with Maria and Angelina. Only in an almost unintentional side sentence he mentioned how greatly young Lina was already fucking.

He saw the glint in Carlo's eyes and knew he had done Lina a good service.

Carlo was one day at noon in front of the school. She recognized him immediately and greeted Uncle Carlo. He was a little more diplomatic than usual and did not immediately go like a bull at a gate. She turned and turned in circles because he complimented so beautifully on her figure, on the budding breasts whose nipples stood out firmly under the T-Shirt. Probably, he let his guess be heard, probably she really was such a cannon in bed, as Piero had said. She rejoiced, "did he really say that?" and later she said that she had enjoyed fucking with Piero very much, but he had unfortunately moved away. Carlo was a master at keeping her on topic. Unfortunately, he couldn't come to Giulia's apartment when she wanted to fuck with him. She would have to come to his place, where she could fuck him if she wanted to. Doesn't she want to? Lina thought about it, maybe for a quarter of a second, and said that would be fine, she would come right away. Carlo did not hesitate either and so they went to his apartment.

Carlo's mouth watered as Lina undressed. A pretty and horny 15 or 16 year old, with all the trimmings. Her beautifully curved mound of Venus with the delicate blonde fuzz drove him half crazy. He couldn't wait to fuck this babe. She said completely naively that Piero's big cock only went in halfway, her vagina was still very short. Carlo penetrated carefully, even he couldn't put his cock all the way in, but what the hell! He fucked her way too fast and squirted even though Lina was still masturbating. He pulled his cock out and watched her masturbate. They smoked and fucked again and again.

Then Carlo was completely exhausted. He explained to her that he usually went to fuck together with his best friends, he listed which girls or women they had fucked together lately. One after the other, of course. Lina asked with a cheeky grin, where are they now, that Gino and that Tadzio? Carlo called them immediately and after a few minutes they were here.

Lina wanted to fuck first with Gino and then with Tadzio. Gino had a shorter but broader cock than young Tadzio. So Gino got ready and Tadzio's cock also grew as he watched the two of them fucking. And then it was finally his turn. They fucked one after another, Lina really got her money's worth before she quickly ran home. She had less time to study now because she went to Carlo's almost every day after school ended. She found it piggish and insanely horny to cuddle, kiss and piggle with three nice naked men at the same time and get fucked by the third one. It was wonderfully filthy and beautiful. When she found out how Piero had recommended her, she cried with happiness. Uncle Piero, you're a good man!

A year later she got her period and Giulia told her everything she knew about contraception. It was only long after that she learned about Lina and her Trio.

Who Is Afraid Of The Black Man

by Jack Faber © 2023

Ze, whose real name was Zeid Obakunde, had come to the United Kingdom by adventurous means. He was in his mid-20s, slim and tall, and was a handsome man. Only his skin color did not suit many Europeans, but he had two aces up his sleeve. He spoke fluent English and was very good with computers. He had worked as a computer specialist in his home country for a few years, but had earned far too little. He had come to earn a lot. He had gotten two good pieces of advice from a good friend right at the beginning. First, to wait patiently for the residence- and work permit, in this point the British understood no joke, one was punished and expelled quickly.

Second — here the friend scratched his head in embarrassment — “pretend to be gay. Wait,” said the friend, “wait! You’ll have to think about two things before you decide against that. First, being persecuted as a homosexual in Africa is a good reason to flee, to earn more is a bad one.” Friend Mo grinned, “Europeans suffer from homophobia and human rights. That can be exploited. The second is easy to explain.” Ze hated it when his friend made long pauses, first, and second, that he found a first and a second in everything.

“Second,” the friend resumed the thread, “with our skin color we quickly meet with rejection. It has to do with 1. race and 2. xenophobia, which is quite clear to both of us. You might meet girls, but you’ll hardly get a British girl into bed, black man. But many women make friends with us gays, they are not a threat. They will even take you to bed, they are not afraid of a gay man. He won’t touch her.” Ze shifted in his chair, feeling uncomfortable. “I didn’t know you were gay, Mohamed,” he finally said. Mo laughed brightly. “Here in England, yes! And why, I just explained to you!” Now Ze had to laugh, too. Mo knew every trick in the book and used to be a lawyer, but he had messed with the wrong people and was now safe here. He would have

to find another profession, Mo had said, “I can wear the lawyer and take my hat in England. When I get a foothold here, I’ll bring my wife and three kids over.”

Mo had been here for 3 weeks and took Ze to the real pubs. They went to various parties together as two gay guys. Mo winked, when Ze went to get his backpack to spend the night with Jenny. A day or two, he’d told Jenny, and she’d agreed. They trotted side by side through the nighttime city. Jenny was younger than Ze and worked in a flower store. She had only a one-room apartment, one room for living, sleeping and cooking, toilet and mini-shower in the kitchen. But she had a nice balcony where she smoked and drank coffee.

She set up a place for him to sleep next to the bed, he packed the red wine from his backpack and they drank on the balcony. Jenny showered before going to bed, and Ze got his fill. She slipped on a negligee, and good night! Ze knew he would have to wait a little. He wrapped himself in the thin blanket and slept.

When he awoke, Jenny was sitting next to him. He had uncovered himself and she was staring with glittering eyes at his morning wood. He covered himself and she asked if he needed it badly, should she do it to him? He actually wanted to sleep on, the sun hadn’t risen yet and he nodded absentmindedly. Her hand crept under the covers. Ze sighed, somehow it was going wrong. At least, that wasn’t his plan.

Jenny did it very skillfully, she obviously had a lot of practice with handjobs. She really strained, her negligee slipped and he looked at her shaved pussy. The hair had already grown back a bit and he remembered that for the evening. She wiped the semen off with a paper handkerchief. “A very nice cock,” Jenny said, getting up to make coffee. He was in the way, of course, and Jenny told him to lie on her bed while she fixed breakfast.

He had gone shopping, cooked dinner, rice with peas and ground beef mixed in. He wasn’t a particularly good cook, but he had bought 2 bottles of cheap red wine. Jenny came as announced only at 8 o’clock, she still quickly looked at the news on the cell phone. She didn’t have a TV. He had cooked large portions, she ate with relish

and they sat down on the balcony with the red wine. She thought it was great that he had cooked and cleaned up the apartment. They chatted splendidly, even the second red wine ran out. He cleverly brought up the subject of shaving her pubic area and offered to shave her before showering, he was a master at that. She could only brusquely refuse or accept it. He shaved her pubic before showering. She thought it was stupid, the bed on the floor. They would both have room next to each other if they moved together. Ze nodded, that was a good idea and so they lay down on the bed next to each other.

Jenny fell asleep almost immediately, he had to let her lie on his arm and she pressed her back and ass cheeks against him. With both blankets they were nice and warm too. He placed his cock in her ass crease, not bothering there. He found that her synthetic fiber negligee was quite itchy, but he had to deal with that.

He woke up in the middle of the night. Jenny was lying on top of him, half hugging him and sleeping soundly. He couldn't sleep like that and carefully turned her back to her original position, she bent her top leg and slept soundly on. He placed his hard-on back in her ass crease, but now his glans was touching her freshly shaved pussy. He was very, very careful in his penetration. She made a few sounds, but immediately went back to sleep. He couldn't fuck her, she would wake up immediately. Infinitely careful, he slid his cock in and out, in and out, slowly. And only a little, only halfway. He always paused when she stirred, but when he put a hand on her ass cheek, she calmed instantly. He squirted without moving and let it trickle into Jenny's vagina. He pulled back and fell asleep.

Ze woke early to find Jenny had moved and uncovered herself. Her hand stole to his morning wood. He was awake in an instant. She smiled and said, "Shh, shh! Keep dozing while I do you!" He closed his eyes and enjoyed the handjob. She did it perfectly and wiped the semen off with Kleenex. Then she made coffee. Before she left, she put 20 pounds on the table, "for shopping."

He stayed until the weekend, repeating the secretive squirting in at night, and every morning she gave him a handjob. He asked her on the last night if he could fuck her to please her. She lapsed into dull

brooding. She felt blindsided, it was happening too fast for her. She said, “shower first, and then we’ll lie down. So maybe, maybe not.” He insisted on shaving her pubic area again, and Jenny agreed.

They lay as they did every night, his cock in the crease of her ass. He groped to her clit. She was very surprised, but she allowed it. Gladly, because she was totally sexually starved, he noticed immediately. He masturbated her so finely that she almost jumped out of her skin. She was very ashamed later, because she had gone out of herself so completely oblivious during the orgasm. He kissed her on the shoulder. She whispered that she had never fucked a gay man before and felt insecure. He asked her to put that thought aside, he would fuck her wonderfully, he promised!

He laid her on her back and penetrated her cunthole. She felt his cock reach to the end of her vagina and sighed deeply. His pace was slow to start, she felt the horniness coming up and he increased his pace. They fucked for over an hour, she got a strong violent orgasm in the middle of it. He kept going powerfully and she whispered that he was allowed to squirt, she was sure. Ze didn’t squirt for another hour. They both gasped, he went to the fridge and brought two glasses of orange juice. Then they continued fucking at midnight, he fucked her again for a very long time and she had another very strong orgasm. She bit his shoulder because she was not allowed to scream loudly. After this orgasm she masturbated her clit very gently and softly, not to orgasm but to enjoy her pleasure. She kissed him on the mouth as he cum. They slept until morning. Upon awakening, they fucked again, then he grabbed his backpack and went again, to Mo. He then had to tell him everything in great detail. Mo laughed when Ze described how he carefully squirted into the vagina of the sleeping Jenny every night without fucking her.

Ze stayed with Mo one night, they went to a party again and both found a girl. Ze went with Mae. She had two rooms, an eat-in kitchen and a bedroom with a big double bed. Mae was much dirtier than the reserved Jenny, she didn’t push around it, there was enough room for both of them in the double bed. Mae was pretty drunk and said she was going right to sleep. Ze nodded, okay. He undressed Mae because she couldn’t make it on her own. She was grateful and was still

cuddling while undressing. She pulled him into bed and he quickly undressed.

Mae spread her legs wide apart and giggled, “I need it in a minute, sorry!” and she immediately and shamelessly began to masturbate. He sat by her feet and watched her masturbate. In the middle of it, she saw his stiff cock, paused and gurgled, “do you like to jerk off too?” He shook his head, no, he didn’t want to jerk off. Mae asked, what? He groped his fingers on her clit and fuck hole, “I want that!”

Mae sobered up for a moment. “Do you want to fuck me?” she asked confused, “so, do you fuck women too?” He nodded and mumbled, “but only if they want it.” Mae was completely drunk again and slurred, “I really like getting fucked while jerking off myself at the same time.” She continued masturbating further and didn’t flinch as Ze penetrated. He was actually fucking alone, as she concentrated only on her masturbating and her orgasm. She had to pull herself together very hard to orgasm no matter if and when he squirted. She continued masturbating without a pause and when he tried to pull his cock out, she shook her head. “Leave it,” Mae slurred, “leave it inside!” He obeyed and she continued to masturbate well past midnight. He fucked her in between when his cock stiffened and squirted when he was ready. He left his cock inside and fucked her with the semi-soft as well. Only after a long time she had enough and fell asleep in the middle of masturbating. He also went to sleep.

He woke up because the whole bed was shaking. He realized that it was a waterbed, which forwarded and amplified every of her movements. Mae was already masturbating again and poking herself in the vagina with a dildo, making the whole bed shake. It was a large dildo, made of a semi-soft material, that she was thrusting into her vagina like crazy. He knelt down with his morning wood in front of Mae, but she shook her head, “not yet, not yet!” He waited and she thrust herself really fast and hard.

“Now, now!” she screamed all at once, tossing the dildo aside as he thrust in. He picked up her fast pace and fucked like out of his mind. Mae, a small, rather roundish person with large, buff breasts, clung tightly to him and cried out briefly as her orgasm erupted. He

wouldn't have been able to tell later if she had a 5 minute orgasm or if she had orgasm after orgasm for 5 minutes, fascinating either way. He had to squirt in the middle of her orgasm and stopped after he finished squirting. Her whole body jerked violently a few more times, then it was over.

Mae worked in the home office mornings and afternoons, she had lunch and dinner delivered. He would lie on the bed and watch TV or read the newspapers. After lunch and dinner, she would lay with him and get out the dildo. That was her favorite thing to do and Ze complied. She masturbated three times every day, morning, noon and night. He fucked her vigorously after she fucked herself to orgasm with the dildo. Sometimes she masturbated again after fucking and Ze held her in his arms or fondled her breasts. He stayed with her for 4 weeks, then went back to Mo. He showed Mo the videos he had made of Mae. Mo told him about the women who had let him fuck them.

A few days later, they went at it again. Letitia clawed Mo, June took Ze home. June was in her mid-40s, her boyfriend had recently left her and her 16-year-old daughter Julia. June looked much younger, she had kept her body fit and was very athletic. She ran her route every morning before breakfast and showered while the tea steeped. Julia was pretty and very shy, not even daring to look Ze in the eye at first. June worked in the home office almost every day and went to the office only once or twice a week. June's son had moved to another city for college and Ze got his room. June let two days pass before getting involved with him. She worked at her computer screen dressed casually but demurely. Julia, on the other hand, was very unhappy that there was only distance learning and wore only panties and bra all day. She usually left the connecting door between the two children's rooms half open. Ze had a great pleasure to see her beautiful body now and then.

June mostly just cooked ready-made meals and sat with Ze after dinner. She let him tell her all about his African homeland and he enjoyed doing it, although he was not homesick. After two lonely nights, she lured him into her bedroom. She was very shy and ashamed that she needed it so badly. She had become very used to

screwing her boyfriend every night. Since she didn't masturbate, she needed an orgasm again. Julia masturbated every night for a very long time, Ze could see and hear her through the half-open door. Like June, Julia had a dim light on. Now he was lying with June, who had orgasmed very easily while being fucked and was snuggling up to him. She kept talking about her boyfriend, who not only brought her to orgasm, but also seemed to be a very fine person. They had gotten into a tiff when he let June's best friend fuck him at a party. He had moved in with the girlfriend in a rage after the argument.

Ze lay with June every night, but after fucking her he went back to his room. Julia was usually still awake then, pecking in front of the screen. She always went to bed very late, masturbating for a good hour before falling asleep. Ze watched her masturbating with amusement, she was apparently unaware that he could watch her. Mostly she masturbated under the covers, but she often uncovered herself when she got to the final spurt.

One day June's boyfriend was back. Now the boyfriend lay with June and Ze stayed alone in the nursery. Julia had watched him and her mother fucking and could figure that the dear black man must be lonely and sexually starved now. She was neither blind nor stupid and quite fiercely in love with Ze. Every night she fantasized about him when she masturbated. One night she couldn't take it anymore and sneaked off to him, like she used to sneak to her big brother, to masturbate him or to masturbate together with him.

She could no longer stand fantasizing while masturbating. She silently crept up to him, lifted the blanket and wordlessly lay down with him. Of course he was completely surprised, but he wouldn't turn down a naked 16 year old girl. He kept his hands to himself and waited silently. She pressed her naked body against him, the minutes passed. Then she caressed him, his arms, his shoulders, his torso. Though it was pitch black in the room, she closed her eyes as she slid her hand lower and touched his cock. "May I?" she whispered almost inaudibly. He nodded, and she understood. Very slowly, she began to masturbate him.

She had practice at it, he noticed immediately. “Where did you learn to do that?” whispered Ze, and she didn’t answer for a while. “With my brother, Ken.” He nodded, “ahh, I see. How did it come about?” Again it took her a while, but then she haltingly told him that as children they had often laid with each other and stripped naked. They took turns playing with his cock and her pussy until they discovered squirting. She’d been doing it to him every night since. “So, and your pussy?” he asked quietly. Ken had seen a girlfriend do it and had been doing it to her every time since after she made him squirt. Julia focused on the rubbing and he pretended to be curious. “Ken’s not around anymore, so what now?” Her silence lasted a long time. “I do it myself now, every night, thinking of Ken — or you.” Ze nodded and murmured, “I’d like to make it for you.” She fell silent and quickly made him squirt. She rubbed the semen on his belly and hugged him with both arms. The minutes ticked by.

He gently groped for her. She didn’t open right away, he probed and searched. She held her thighs pressed together and whispered, “I’m still a virgin!” Ze nodded, she was only 16 and in England. “But girls in England are allowed to do it at 16 and over,” he whispered hoarsely and Julia nodded. His fingers slid demanding and he said he would be considerate of her virginity. Now she opened her thighs a little. He groped for her clit and teased it finely. She opened her thighs wider and wider, because she noticed that he knew how to do the clit. She opened her pussy all the way as he masturbated her really fine. It lasted a few minutes, then she clutched his head tightly and jerked in orgasm. He continued to stroke her clit very gently and lightly until she was breathing again quite calmly. “I want to fuck you so bad,” he whispered into her hair, but she shook her head. “No, don’t!” whispered Julia. They held each other tightly, then she broke away from his embrace. She slipped silently back into her room, and Ze could see and hear that she was still masturbating for a long time.

Every night she came to him, she masturbated him and let him masturbate her. He whispered each time how much he wanted to fuck her, how much he longed for her, but she shook her head.

June’s boyfriend was out of town for a week. June came naked into his room and lay with him. He let himself be fucked and knew

that Julia was watching through the half-open door. After June left, Julia came to him and let him masturbate her. He didn't want it now, June had already totally exhausted him, he said. Julia cried disappointed with anger at her mother on his shoulder, and after he had masturbated her, she went and masturbated desperately well until after midnight. He watched her defiantly silent, no longer whispering that he would like to fuck her.

The boyfriend came back after a week. Julia had him to herself again. She sat down on his thighs and masturbated him while sitting. She wiped off the semen and lay on top of him. She stayed on top of him for minutes, sighing as she lay down next to him to be masturbated. She cried and sobbed the whole time and went again. He heard nothing, she did not masturbate tonight. The next evening she sat on his thighs again and rubbed his cock far too lightly and absent-mindedly. She bent over and put her face on his cheek. Did he still want to fuck her so eagerly? she asked almost inaudibly. "I want it now, too," she said into the silence. She lay down next to him, snuggling up to him. "Are you going to hurt me?" she asked in a whisper, and he nodded, "It hurts a little the first time," he said. They fell silent.

"Take your time," he said, "it's okay if you give me a handjob tonight. That's all it takes right now." Julia nodded and whispered, "Ken and I had tried and tried, but we ended up not doing it for real. It would be too soon, he said. But I always let him fuck all the way in the front part of my pussy afterwards, so he didn't tear the hymen. We then fucked once or twice every night because it was so good for both of us. Ken said that it was almost the same as fucking a girl for real." She sighed and after a while she masturbated him and let him masturbate her. She went again and masturbated then for a very long time.

A few days later she was ready. She left the small light on in her room so it wasn't completely dark. Lethely, she pressed herself against him. "Come, do it with me, I don't want to be a virgin anymore!" He gave her a long time, lay between her legs and accustomed her to this feeling. "A man is between your thighs. Feel it, it's all new to you." She smiled, "Ken lay on me like that every night," and Ze had

to smile now too. Ze urged her to guide his cock with her hand. She reached out and pressed his glans into her vaginal entrance, then closed her eyes. Ze gave her a long french kiss and penetrated quickly. She jerked briefly and bit on his tongue. He paused deep inside her and looked at her inquiringly. "Are you okay?" he asked, and she nodded, "Yes!" He began to fuck, slowly at first and then picked up his pace. She was getting very aroused, but she wasn't having an orgasm. Ze squirted deep in her vagina, squirting it all in, and lay down beside her, breathing heavily. "Come on, do it to yourself!" he panted. She masturbated for only a few seconds, then had her orgasm. He hugged her. "Thank you, that was wonderful!" he sighed. She stayed with him until well after midnight, masturbating, one time after another, interrupting only to fuck. They fucked two more times, then she went to her room to sleep.

She would sneak up to him every night, and they would fuck two or three times when she interrupted to masturbate. She always slept in her room, though. They had overlooked the fact that June's boyfriend was traveling again. Suddenly June came naked and silent into his room while they were fucking. She stood motionless until they were done. His cock was still in Julia's fuckhole after he had cum and squirted inside when he noticed June. She left silently, throwing herself on the bed and cried sobbing.

He let Julia go to her room and went naked to June's bedroom. He lay down beside her and held her tightly until she stopped crying. She said in a matter voice that he had to leave immediately, leave her apartment. He argued that Julia was already old enough, but she remained stubborn. He fingered her pussy until she was quiet. He began to masturbate her. He had never done that before and she protested that that was fie and she had never done it before. He paid no attention to her babbling and stubbornly continued to masturbate her. She was silent as the horniness rose up in her pussy and gasped desperately as she jerked in orgasm. She knew that one. He had gotten hard and immediately fucked her as she started orgasming. He masturbated her all over again, she protested again softly and he didn't care. She fell silent and spread her legs wide, it was so fine! He fucked her a second time in the middle of her orgasm, wild and furious. She kept her mouth shut as he masturbated her again. Her look

was desperate, not horny. She had been masturbated for the first time and had let it happen with a sore heart. Masturbating was phooey and disgusting, really. But she had gotten such beautiful orgasms that it threw her into complete confusion. She struggled with the conflicting feelings, on the one hand it was disgusting, on the other hand she had had wonderful orgasms. He stopped masturbating her just before her orgasm and fucked her one last time, wildly and mercilessly making her orgasm and continuing to fuck her until his cock went limp. "I'm leaving!" he said and left, packing his backpack and walking away.

Mo wasn't home, Ze sat down on the steps and didn't call Mo until the town woke up. Mo came immediately and let him in. Ze reported how he had messed up. Mo stayed with his girlfriend at night, and Ze regained his composure. A week later, he went to another party and let Jane pick him up. Jane said she was gay too and he was welcome to stay over at her and her friend's apartment for a few days, no problem! He went along without a word. Sam, Samantha, was Jane's girlfriend, both were short and chubby, Jane was in her early 30s and flat as a board. Sam was maybe 25, equally plump, but she had big breasts. Ze was immensely curious, he had never been around lesbians before. Jane's apartment consisted of a very large bedsit and a tiny kitchen with a tiny shower and a toilet. Jane determined that he could sleep across the foot of the bed, so there was room for all three of them.

Sam was very embarrassed to strip naked like Jane and Ze. A dark-orange light burned behind the television all night. The two women held each other and cuddled endlessly. Jane quietly asked him if it was okay with him, and he nodded, of course. He even lay on his side at first, turning his back to them so they wouldn't feel disturbed. He remained ironclad like that, just listening at first.

The two women uncovered themselves and he heard them whispering and masturbating. He watched unobtrusively, they masturbated each other at the same time at first, then each masturbated separately herself. One by one they came to orgasm, Jane was the first to finish. She stroked and teased Sam, who had a very strong

and violent orgasm. She twitched forever as Jane rubbed her clit again and again. Minutes later she was done.

Jane saw Ze's erection and sat with him. "You poor boy, I'm going to do it to you!" and without waiting for his response she began to masturbate him. He looked at her pussy up close and felt her cunt with his fingers. "Do you fuck with men too? Because I fuck women too and your pussy looks very appetizing," he said. She grinned wryly and continued to rub him. "Of course I fuck with men, I wouldn't miss it!" Ze sat up abruptly and hugged her. "Come on, let's fuck!" he growled, laying her on her back. "You're a quick one for me," Jane giggled and lay down ready to fuck. He looked briefly at Sam, who was watching the whole thing with disgust. Then he penetrated Jane's cunthole.

Jane was not the prettier of the two, but she fucked excellently. She knew that coordinated pace was all that mattered, and they quickly found the pace they shared. Arousal rose up in both of them and Jane briefly rubbed her clit and triggered the orgasm with her finger. Ze increased his pace and squirted shortly after, he hadn't fucked in a week and had saved up quite a bit of semen. Jane laughed happily as he squirted and grinned until he had finished. She lay back down with Sam and they cuddled. He lay down behind Jane's ass, placed his cock in her ass crease and dozed off, with half an eye still noting that Jane was masturbating Sam, then he fell asleep.

He was the first to wake up. His morning wood was stuck in Jane's ass crease. Infinitely cautious, he slid his cock into Jane's pussyhole, but she awoke. Grinning, she let him penetrate, sticking her ass all the way out and widening her ass cheeks so he could get into her pussyhole well from behind. Sam woke up now too, because the two of them rammed quite uninhibitedly. It was Saturday morning and they could stay in bed. Sam moved off as Jane reached between her legs and triggered the orgasm. Jane never had an orgasm while fucking. It was natural for her to relax the excitement that had built up while fucking with an orgasm that she triggered with her finger. Jane was very showy and masturbated obliviously, even if someone was watching. Sam moved even further away as Ze turned Jane onto her back and continued fucking her, he had some catching up to do. Sam

put on a pair of panties and started fixing breakfast. It was the first time she had experienced Jane letting a man fuck her. She had never fucked herself and had only done a hand job a couple of times very reluctantly, but she found it disgusting. Breakfast finished, Jane triggered her third orgasm with a finger, and Ze squirted roaring. Man, did that feel good! He went to take a piss and sat down at the table.

Jane had to tune Sam up again, they all went back to bed and Jane fucked Sam clit-to-clit. Ze's eyes almost fell out, so horny was it how she fucked Sam to madness.

They lay on the bed pumped out. Ze asked Sam if she wanted to get fucked, but Sam shook her head, she never fucked a man. Ze touched her pussy and masturbated her. She let him, yeah, she opened her thighs wide and came gasping and moaning to her strong and violent orgasm. Just as he had seen Jane do, he rubbed her clit again and again in orgasm, making her twitch until she had had enough. Ze fucked Jane again and again and masturbated Sam masterfully. It was a good arrangement for all three of them.

Jane, who was really enjoying fucking Ze, kept pushing Sam to get fucked. She didn't give up and after a week literally forced Sam to do it. Sam was very insecure and shy, half a dozen times she lay wide open in front of Ze, brought his cock into her vaginal entrance and recoiled again. Ze remained patient, definitely not wanting to take her by force. But Jane was extremely determined. She lay down on her back with Sam on top of her. She masturbated Sam from behind and after the orgasm she said firmly, "Now, fuck her!" Sam directed Ze's cock into her vaginal entrance and Jane held her ironclad. There was no turning back now.

Slowly and considerately Ze penetrated, Sam's hymen tore ever so slightly that she felt no pain. She turned her head to the side so no one would see her cry. Ze held onto Jane's shoulders and fucked Sam for what seemed like an eternity. Sam amazingly got a strong and violent orgasm and then several more small ones. She beamed all over her face when he cum after the last orgasm. She snuggled into Jane's arms and it just gushed out of her. She would never have believed that fucking was so great!

Ze stayed with the two of them. He fucked them both as often as he could and watched them as Jane fucked Sam to ecstasy with her clit-to-clit-fucking. Sam's clit was too small, so she couldn't really fuck Jane, although she tried again and again. They were having a great time, living off Jane's money and not worrying about tomorrow.

Until one day Sam told them that she was pregnant. Jane was furious and threatened to scratch Ze's eyes out and threatened to kick him out. The storm died down, they continued fucking as before and watched Sam's belly grow. Ze fucked Sam every night and took very good care of her round belly. Jane licked Sam's clit before fucking her. Sam liked the licking very much, but she rarely licked Jane, she didn't like doing that at all. Ze was tormenting the authorities, he was going to be a father and needed a job. The authorities, of course, wanted to know exactly how he could be a father as a homosexual. It was a difficult time.

Sam gave birth to a baby daughter. It was snow white. Ze couldn't be the father at all, that was perfectly clear to him, Jane and Sam. Jane was dying to know who Sam had been screwing around with, and Sam honestly and naively admitted: everyone!

Ze stayed with Jane for a few more days until Sam and the baby came.

Then he went into hiding.

• • •

The Dog Whip

by Jack Faber © 2023

Rainer worked day and night on his America-project, he hadn't fucked Lena in a year and slept in the study when she had a one night stand here and there. She had gone for a week to the neighbor who had a student from Africa visiting. He had a huge crooked black cock, but she found that he fucked just as well as others with smaller cocks. She still let him fuck her brains out every morning for a week. She was completely sexually starved after that year, although she masturbated night after night.

Jack had knocked softly and was standing naked under the bedroom door. She was slowly waking up. He had never lain with her since he wasn't a baby. He had very rarely seen her naked in the bathroom, she was completely sexually reticent and had raised him very strictly in that regard. He saw his friends masturbating, but he dared not touch himself, she was so strict. *He was allowed to touch "nasty Leila" though, because she let every classmate do that and because she was just nasty, a dirty one. She always walked around school without panties and showed her cunt to everyone with pride. She was butt ugly and flat as a board, yet she took off her blouse and presented her non-existent breasts and her big nipples. He had to touch them and was quick-witted enough to feign admiring words. He couldn't even look closely with excitement as she lifted her little skirt and showed him her pussy. She patiently and kindly explained the different parts of her pussy and showed him the clit. That was there for, when a girl needed it very badly. She sighed deeply and said she needed "it" right now, badly. When he didn't respond, she took his finger and rubbed her clit with his finger. He was completely overwhelmed with what she was doing, as she rubbed and rubbed the clit endlessly. Then she shuddered and pressed her own finger on the clit. She let the finger vibrate and looked at him proudly and haughtily, then caressed the clit a few times. "Ahh, that was good!" she exclaimed softly, "I really needed it*

badly!” He was almost ashamed to death as Leila unwrapped his stiff, wet cock and stroked it with relish. “Now you, now your turn to squirt inside!” He had never cum before inside, but now she pulled him on top of her and used her hand to guide his cock into her cunthole. He was completely bewildered by the hot sensation coursing through his cock and squirted instantly. But she apparently ignored it and demanded that he thrust, in and out, “you know how it goes! Don’t you?” He nodded, even though he had no idea, he had never fucked before after all and had only watched Franco and little gay Johnny do it, and now she demanded him to thrust. He thrust a few times and squirted right inside after a short while. She let him go very disappointed. This was only noon today and he had Leila’s pussy in front of him all evening. He cursed inwardly, because of shame and sin he had looked only briefly and had the pussy actually not really seen. He tried to remember Leila’s pussy again and squeezed his cock very hard, so that it only got stiffer.

Now he stood naked under the door. The father had left weeks ago and would stay in the States for almost a full year. She had fallen asleep after her masturbation and now looked at him sleepily to ask, what it was now?

“It’s urging me hard,” he stammered, touching his cock, “it’s pushing and urging and wanting!” He didn’t know what he was actually saying. She flipped the blanket halfway back and grumbled good-naturedly, “come under the blanket, then!”

Jack looked curiously at her half exposed vulva under the nightgown, under her dark bush the slit was quite clearly visible. He had never seen her pussy so clearly before, but somehow this one was much more exciting than Leila’s pussy. Her labia had shifted slightly and he guessed that “it” was hiding behind them. He stared at her cunt for minutes and turned off the aisle light. He slipped into bed with her in a flash. She reflexively grabbed his cock and sighed deeply.

“Oh my dear,” she said into the silence, “oh my dear! He’s bursting stiff! And — can you even squirt and fuck yet?” He nodded eagerly

and sputtered away, telling her about Leila. She listened to him, sighed and put one leg up. The leg folded to the side as he told how Leila took his finger. He lay half behind her and stretched his cock forward from below. His cock touched her pussy and she directed his cock into her fuckhole, deep inside. She hesitantly let go of his cock and he pushed forward, slowly penetrating Lena's fuckhole. He was still recounting how Leila masturbated with his finger and rubbed and caressed her clit, when she had an orgasm. Lena sensed her arousal when she imagined the young girl's masturbation. Lena folded her leg all the way to the side to facilitate his penetration. Her fingertips touched his cock and her clit. Slowly in and out, he said to himself, recounting lengthily how Leila had done it herself with his finger. His fingertips touched Lena's fingertips, which were rubbing the clit gently. He jerked back, his fingers had no business there. He slid in and out slowly and reverently, telling how Leila pulled him on top of her and guided his cock inside with her hand. And that Leila had ignored the first squirt. The mother closed her eyes, rubbing gently and relaxing, he thrust and thrust and told how Leila had told him to thrust. He moved back and forth in Lena's cunthole, dreamily she waited anxiously for the end of the tale. He said pressedly how he had thrust inside Leila for a very long time and she nodded, for she could empathize with Leila as he thrust. "Yes, Yes Ahh!" Lena moaned softly as she orgasmed and slowly stopped rubbing her clit. She enjoyed very much after the orgasm to caress her clit and enjoyed that he fucked so fine and deeply — but after a while she felt him squirt inside. She immediately ripped out his cock, rubbed it hard and the last jets splashed onto her palm. "Hey, don't do that, that's a big mortal sin!" she screamed. He asked, that with Leila? She shook her head in horror, no, the Leila thing was okay, but this, now, "this is a damn mortal sin!" She thought for a moment. "You mustn't squirt into me, don't squirt into me! That's a bad, a mortal sin!" She held his cock tightly, which was stiff to bursting again. "But..." he began, but she interrupted, "Oh, he still has to fuck, you're not done yet, darling" she mumbled wearily, "all right!" and she stuffed his cock back into her cunthole. "No more squirting inside!" she admonished him, and he nodded. He kept fucking and fucking and she hung on to her dreams while caressing her clit intensely. He snapped her out of her reverie and gasped, "Now squirting!" and squirted with a solid jet inside. Immediately she yanked his cock out, rubbed it hard

and let it squirt all over her pussy. With a determined jerk, she turned on her side and turned her back, her bare asscheeks to him. He was disappointed that she had let go of his cock and hugged her ass longingly. She was so different from Leila, who had let him cum inside without any comment. She felt his cock thrusting here and there. She reached back and grabbed his cock. "Give it a rest!" she said sternly, "and don't wriggle around like that, it's pure unchastity!" There, she thought, that said it all. "Here you may rub and squirt," she muttered wearily. She gradually let go of his cock, which came to rest between her asscheeks.

Jack lay very still, one hand resting on her asscheek. He stroked her gently, she had such nicely rounded asscheeks! He pressed his cock into the crease of her ass. His hand followed. "Now then!" she pressed out fiercely, "don't you dare do it with your fist, that's a sin, a great sin! I certainly don't want you to do it with your hand!" His hand froze in mid-motion. "Yes, Mom!" he whispered softly, "I won't do it with my hand! I promise!" She nodded imperceptibly and stroked his cock. Her fingers slid his cock deep into the crease of her ass. There, she thought, that says it all. "Here you go rubbing and squirting," she murmured tiredly, stuffing his cock deep inside her ass crease and continued to rub his cock hard for quite a while. He held his breath, she almost made him squirt. But then she stopped and gradually released his cock, which came to rest between her ass cheeks.

Was she asleep? Her hand rested firmly on his cock and he stirred. His cock slid up and down her ass crease, her hand pressing his cock into it from above. On purpose? He slid and slid up and down until the beautiful feeling rose. He felt it squirt into her hollow hand, then he closed his eyes. He was completely spent. She whispered almost inaudibly, "you piglet, you little piglet!"

Jack came into her bedroom every night. She would flip back the covers and let him under. He always penetrated her pussy from behind and from below and she steered his cock into her cunthole with her fingers. She always admonished him that he was not allowed to squirt inside. She kept her fingers on his cock first until he started to fuck. Then she put her fingers on her clit and teased it, she sank into

reverie and masturbated her clit. Slowly at first, then faster and faster. She was already on the home stretch when he squirted in, but she never noticed that because she was no longer aware of her surroundings. He kept fucking her slowly for the second time and she shuddered ever so slightly in orgasm. He knew he had to warn her before he squirted in and fucked faster and faster. She put her fingers on his cock and mostly felt with her fingertips when the squirting came. He called out softly, "Now!" and she pulled his cock out. She rubbed it really hard and let it squirt on her pussy or her palm. She kept rubbing until she had let every drop squirting out. If his cock was still stiff, he was allowed to fuck her another time. She stroked his mane of hair afterwards and gave him a kiss on the forehead. It was very nice for both of them. After 6 weeks she got her period with the usual delay and she told him he was only allowed to fuck her ass-crease or her asshole. That was a bitter blow, because she didn't want to let him cum inside anymore.

She let him slide up and down her ass crease every night, she was rubbing his cock in that tunnel and letting him squirt onto her palm. Only once did she mention it directly, "I'm glad you're doing it this way and not with your fist, because that would be disgusting and a great sin!" He kept silent, what could he say in response? For another 14 days she allowed him to penetrate her fuckhole and let him fuck there just up to squirting, rubbing his cock hard in her ass crease and making him squirting into her palm. Each time she whispered that he was a little piglet, but he really didn't care as long as he was allowed to fuck and to squirt. She had suppressed her sexual arousal every night, but now it just wouldn't do, she needed it now immediately. She waited until he was deeply asleep, only then did she reach for her clit.

Her mother was very strict. Until the age of about 10, the little daughter slept in the marital bed. She watched as the father beat the mother with the dog whip until she let herself be raped. The girl crawled between her thighs to watch the fucking up close. The mother waited until he was deeply asleep and then masturbated. The girl thus learned to masturbate and orgasm. Now she also masturbated, orgasm after orgasm and the parents laughed and gig-

gled when she orgasmed. She thought it was great to produce herself proudly in front of the parents and let them watch her masturbate. Her mother said halfheartedly that it was phooey, but she ignored that because the mother masturbated every night. At 10, she got her own bed in the nursery and now a stern wind was blowing. The mother strictly forbade her to masturbate.

When she caught her little daughter masturbating again, she grabbed her by the hair and dragged her to the marital bed. She picked up the little dog whip and pressed the end of the handle on the little girl's clit. She rubbed the clit relentlessly hard with the end piece and didn't care that the little girl was writhing in pain and lust. She stopped only when the girl was already coming to orgasm. She now used the flat end of the dog whip to lash the labia, pussy and clit of the little girl until the orgasm fully erupted and ebbed, then she chased her out. She now caught the little girl masturbating every night, dragged her to the marital bed and flogged her to orgasm. Every night.

Lena detached herself from Jack and reached to the nightstand, there lay the pen with the thick knob on the end. She pressed it very hard on the clit, very hard from left to right, again and again, as the mother had done. She felt the approach of orgasm and yanked the belt off the chair, then whipped her pussy to orgasm and only after that she breathed a sigh of relief, that was good, that fucking did it! — The mother prayed a lot, almost always. The father always got goopy eyes when she flogged the daughter to orgasm. He stared at the scenery and at the little girl's pussy, his desire like his stiff cock growing day by day. He could no longer hold back after touching the little girl's pussy during her orgasm and raped his wife in front of their daughter. The mother had not wanted to fuck ever and really scuffled with him because she did not want to be fucked anymore. One evening — the mother had interrupted the drinking again and again briefly to pray aloud and to curse — after the whipping the mother rushed the father with all her power to mount the daughter. He deflowered her wildly, he fucked her wildly and

squirted inside wildly. The drunken mother patted him kindly on the butt, "well done, old boy, well done!" and was glad not to have to fuck him again. He was perfectly content to watch the whipping and fuck the girl afterwards. The daughter let her father fuck her for years until she walked away and started a new life. She never saw her father and mother again.

Jack awoke in the morning and watched her face until she woke up. She closed her eyes right then and there. "Do you always do it this wild?" asked Jack. She remained silent. He had overheard everything, this was a disaster. Or maybe not, now she didn't have to hide it from him. She smiled, that was okay. He lay down behind her asscheeks again and spread them with his hands. She always let him penetrate her pussyhole first and fuck until he almost cum, then she pulled him out. Then he slid up and down her ass crease, and when his cock pounded against her asshole, he saw her broad smile. He had seen Franco assfuck a few times, now he saw her asshole invitingly in front of him. *Franco had always assfucked little gay Johnny wildly, who was so submissive. Johnny stretched his legs to the sky, clasped the backs of his knees with his hands and spread them wide apart. Franco always fucked him really fast and Jack stared at Johnny's cock, which didn't get really hard and from which the semen oozed out white and viscous. At one point Franco grabbed Johnny's cock and rubbed out all the semen. Franco ordered Jack to masturbate gay Johnny. Jack liked it insanely to do it and usually made little Johnny cum twice. He spit on his fingers and rubbed it in her asshole. "What are you doing, what are you doing?" she asked confused, instantly knowing what he wanted. She relaxed her ass muscles, she always did that before ass fucking his father Rainer.*

Jack entered her asshole very gently. She gripped her ass cheeks with both hands and widened them. He thrust for long and squirted. It was incredibly satisfying. And it continued to be satisfying. She let him fuck her asshole every night. Every few days she needed it too, she needed the pencil and the belt. He kept himself turned away and didn't watch her, that seemed better for her without her having to say anything.

She'd better lie on her stomach, he said, that would be better at ass-fucking. "Don't say such dirty words as ass-fucking," she rebuked him, "you don't say that!" But now she lay down on her stomach and stretched her ass cheeks willingly toward him. He looked covetously at the labia and the little hole before penetrating the asshole. Lost in thought, he caressed the labia and the little pussyhole beforehand, more intensely each day. "I want to fuck you, really fuck you!" but she immediately turned her head around and scolded, "that would be a mortal sin, the Good Lord would never forgive that!" But he remained stubborn. He said it every time before he penetrated the asshole; she helped him penetrate each time. He already felt very grown up, he fucked her in the asshole every night and one day he would fuck her in her cunthole, he said. She objected each time angrily.

After the assfucking one day he pulled out his cock and immediately stuck it in her cunthole. Like a fury she whirled around and let him plop out. "Are you insane?" she screamed at him and he ducked. But the next day he did it again and let her yell at him. This went on until the end of the week. He noticed that she was resisting less and less. It took longer and longer for her to whirl around. Another week later he pulled his cock out before squirting, stuck it in her cunthole and squirted deep inside. She was rigid with shock. "You did that on purpose," she said crying tearfully. "You mustn't do that, it's a mortal sin!" He ducked his head and muttered, "I wonder if you could be deader than dead with the second mortal sin?" She stared at him, stunned, wondering if he wasn't taking mortal sin seriously? He shook his head, "No, I don't." She spoke to him, she only talked about the seriousness of the mortal sin, she didn't mention the injecting anymore. She felt how hollow her own words sounded.

He was bold and did not waste a day. The next night he didn't squirt in her asshole either, but again in her cunthole. She pushed him back so that his residue squirted over her ass cheeks. She started talking about mortal sin again and he said that squirting over her asscheeks couldn't be a mortal sin! She was confused, of course it was not a mortal sin! But the squirting inside, before! That wasn't worth mentioning, he said, not worth mentioning! She was completely distraught, why didn't he understand?

She was armed the other day, she would turn around as soon as he was ready. No sooner said than done. She whirled around, but he was prepared when she turned around. He really just wanted to fuck her in her asshole, he said grinning, but she would have to stretch her legs upwards. She was caught and nodded helplessly, stretched her legs to the sky and spread them with both hands. He penetrated her asshole and fucked her. She was very aroused and whipped with her fingers on her pussy, on her clit. She whipped herself to orgasm and made him cum in her ass. They were both enjoying this, she murmured, this wasn't such a big mortal sin. He never understood her evaluation of the different deadly sins. But her whipping orgasms got him going until, weeks later, he couldn't take it anymore. He penetrated from the front for the first time in a long time, holding her iron-clad by the hips as he squirted into her little cunthole, squirting it all in. She felt defenseless and cried silently. Jack stroked her face and wiped the tears from her cheeks. "You don't want it to happen again?" he asked softly, and she nodded. "I can't promise you that," he said quietly. She nodded in horror.

The next evening she lowered her head, she was lost, she had allowed the mortal sin. Her resistance was broken. She turned her head away in shame and cried, but she no longer resisted him fucking her from the front. But she cried each time before she allowed herself to be fucked shamefully. He fucked her with pleasure and squirted into her cunthole with great satisfaction. She masturbated afterwards with her finger, without pencil and belt, letting him watch. Then she cuddled up to him and told him everything.

Of the mother who whipped her to orgasm. Of the father who fucked her for years and spared the mother. Of the hundreds of lovers she let fuck her until she fell in love with Rainer. Who liked to whip her to orgasm and give her beautiful orgasms. That's what she liked about him, that he liked to whip her and didn't question it. To him she was faithful, except for a few little slips that he put away with a grin. Before he flew overseas, he told her that she could take any lover until he got back. That it was now Jack of all people, he would not approve of, but that was the way it was.

Before fucking, she cried heartbreakingly and willingly opened her thighs, but when he fucked her, she stopped crying after a while. She once whispered that his cock was big as his father's and that he had learned to fuck quite excellently. He said nothing, but it made him proud. One day she brought a dog whip and taught him to whip her to orgasm. He was initially far too inhibited to strike hard, but she showed him how to do it. The whip had a flattened end, with this flat part he had to hit her clit, not too hard, but rhythmically. He learned it quickly and now he whipped her to orgasm, which made him very horny before fucking her.

From then on she no longer cried.

Lena let him fuck her asshole when she had her period, she quite liked that and Rainer usually did it. At first Jack fucked her ass from behind, later she lay down on her back, lifted her legs up in the air and spread them wide apart with her elbows. He stared greedily at her pussy and into her little hole as he fucked her ass. She had already decided to let him fuck her at the next opportunity, she wanted it. His cock was already as big as Rainer's now, and he could already fuck well too.

She would not have been able to say later why she was playing a theater to Jack. Probably it was a memory of her father, to whom she also had to play a theater. Anyway, she would wail about the mortal sin of him getting lost in her cunthole and cry heartbreakingly. He strayed more often and she wailed after he squirted in. She could even cry wonderfully genuinely and play the shameful one, which only cheered good Jack on. She acted really bent and broken when he stopped fucking her in the ass. He clung to her heels and spread them wide open to fuck her hole. She really liked him spreading her feet so far behind her head that it really hurt. She enjoyed the pain and it made her cry and sob and she enjoyed being fucked a lot.

She didn't like being fucked in the missionary position very much. She preferred to stretch her legs up in the air, press the backs of her knees apart with her elbows, and raise her head to see her pussy getting fucked. She could see the cock plunging in and her clit twitching with each thrust. It was a really nice feeling, the horniness creeping

higher and higher, but she almost never got an orgasm while being fucked. When he had finished squirting and did not continue fucking, she stayed in the position and touched the clit with a finger. It took only a very firm and quick rubbing and the orgasm came immediately. Only when it was over did he pull his cock out and she lowered her legs. That was always beautiful!

• • •

Victoria had married her rapist when she got pregnant. She didn't love him, not one bit. He had to rape her every time he wanted to fuck. She hated the child that was growing inside her. She had imagined life very differently.

At 40, she was still a virgin, and still the bigoted bigot that she had been since her strict childhood. She had had her interest in lads and sex beaten out of her. She was then the chaste and God-fearing daughter her parents had wanted her to be. The only thing that could not be beaten out of her was her daily masturbation, although her mother beat the living daylights out of her every time she caught her masturbating. She grew older and masturbated only secretly. Every night, all her life.

Her rapist was happy to have finally found a woman he could rape every time. She never let him fuck her willingly, and her hard resistance was all he really needed. That she masturbated every night, he never found out.

She was a strict mother and would hit the little daughter if she touched herself. That was yuck! But little Lena had learned to masturbate by watching her mother do it and she did it in the marital bed with the parents laughing. Lena must have been about 10 when Vicky caught her really masturbating. She slapped Lena on the fingers, phooey, you don't do that! Lena defiantly kept silent and waited until Victoria had left, then she continued masturbating each time. Again and again Victoria caught her masturbating, one day she became furious and dragged Lena by the hair into the master bedroom. Her husband stared at the naked girl. Victoria ordered him to hold the little girl. Then she reached for the dog whip.

Actually, the daughter should be punished. But it turned out that Lena enjoyed the pain, enjoyed it sexually. Victoria stared at Lena's clit, which twitched with each stroke. Vicky was so fascinated by it that she didn't stop. Lena squirmed in her father's firm grip, obviously having an orgasm. Vicky paused. The child squirmed and jerked in orgasm, her husband stared at her cunt with greedy eyes, and she chased Lena away, back into the nursery. She wearily fought her husband off, she had no desire to fuck or to be raped. All the more furiously he raped her.

Victoria had started a vicious cycle that soon grew over her head. Lena was now masturbating so provocatively that she couldn't help but whip her. Lena loved the pain that inevitably led to orgasm. And her husband enjoyed it so much that he had to rape his wife afterwards. Victoria, who had kept the raping somehow in check until now, now had to suffer it daily.

The alcohol didn't help, but it made it more bearable. The parents were now regularly drunk when they first fell over Lena and then over each other. The years flew by, Lena no longer went straight to the nursery after the whipping, but watched the parents falling over each other, scratching and biting and fucking. She knew the beautiful pain it would cause her to be fucked by them. She pounced on them one day, losing every vestige of respect, biting and scratching as they did. Vicky looked at her with a blurry expression. The loathsome child interferes?! "Fuck her!" she yelled at her husband, "fuck her!"

He was completely off balance. What was Lena doing here!? He grabbed the girl and Vicky screamed for him to fuck the girl, damn it! Lena recoiled at the last moment and stared at her father in horror. "Fuck her, fuck her!" roared Vicky as if out of her mind, but it was Lena's horrified look that sparked his devilish lust. He gripped Lena even tighter, his knees forcing her thighs apart. In a flashback, he recognized the Vicky he had deflowered and raped years ago. With a savage jerk he penetrated Vicky's, no, Lena's vagina, tore her hymen and fucked her mercilessly.

Lena had never felt such beautiful pain as she did now. As if in a fog, she lost herself and consciousness for a moment. The orgasm

jerked her back to the present and she clutched him in her happiness and pain. He continued to fuck for what seemed like an eternity until he cum deep in her cunt. He immediately let go of her and pushed her aside, his lust and greed were satisfied. Lena cowered and whimpered in happiness and pain. Vicky patted his ass cheeks with the flat of her hand. "Well done, old boy! Well done!" He nodded, that has been really good.

This opened Pandora's box. Vicky now sicked him on Lena every night, who let him fuck her with tears in her eyes. Vicky no longer had to let him fuck her, and that was liberating. She masturbated when he was asleep, and that was all she wanted. He fucked Lena every night, she calculatingly played the poor, frightened virgin because she instinctively recognized his dark depths. The price was three abortions by her 18th birthday, but she didn't think about it later.

• • •

Lena fucked the first lad before she was 15. She unconsciously rebelled against her parents' abuse, because Vicky still whipped her to orgasm before her father raped her. She needed the whipping and being raped every day, but she broke out daily and fucked her brains out with the boys. She fucked everyone who wanted it, and they all wanted it. She graduated from school by the skin of her teeth and went to waitressing. One day she fell madly in love.

Rainer was very permissive when it came to sexual matters. He didn't bat an eye when she confessed to him how much she loved pain, how much she needed the whip. He learned it quickly and had no problem with it, on the contrary, it made a hidden sadistic chord vibrate. He learned to beat her clit with the flat part of the whip very lightly and rhythmically, bringing her to orgasm wonderfully. She had a son, Jack, who became a splendid lad. She had a few stormy one night stands, which Rainer put away with an understanding smile. After all, it was just something physical, not a threat to the marriage. She was grateful for it and would have indulged him in a fling, but he didn't need it at the time. Jack was already a senior in

high school when Rainer flew to the States, meant for a few weeks, but it turned into a year.

Lena didn't want to go to the States for a few months, she wanted to stay home with Jack. He was getting to the age where he would discover his sexuality, and she didn't want to leave him there. She had brought him up very strictly in sexual matters, and she had forbidden him to masturbate very strictly from a very young age. She had no idea why she raised Jack so strictly in sexual matters, but she did. She had always covered herself chastely and had never let him see her naked until now. She had only shown herself naked to him now in the bathroom because she wanted to educate him sexually and had shown and explained everything to him. But she also said that it was quite normal and right when he squirted by himself at night, she could see that from the sheet. He must never masturbate with his fist, that was *fie*. He did not know the word, so she rubbed his cock for a few seconds and stopped very quickly when his semen began to drip. She held his cock tightly and it took forever for all the semen to drip out. "Is that masturbating?" he asked and she shook her head. "No, masturbating is when you rub your cock with a fist until it really squirts." A long silence followed. "You're not allowed to do it yourself, that's totally yuck!" She clutched his stiff cock. He nodded, that was *fie*, sure. "But how does masturbation go now?" he asked persistently. She took her time with an answer, thinking long and hard. "I can show you, only you can't do it yourself, but I can show you once." He nodded. She said she would rub his cock now and rubbed it lightly and gently with her fist. He gasped. "I think I need to squirt again!" he groaned, pressed. Now she rubbed him up and down very hard a few times. He squirted immediately, his seed really shooting out in thick jets, and she continued rubbing firmly until he had finished spurting. He gasped, breathing heavily, and looked at her, beaming. "That's the masturbation," she said. She loved him very much, her little man, and said, "there, that was fine, wasn't it?" and pushed him back. He clutched his stiff cock with a beggars look. "Do you like again?" she asked, and he nodded mutely. "All right, but just for once, exceptionally. I do you now," she said, looking at the small, red glans as she rubbed his cock anew with her fist. She had sometimes watched in school when a lad masturbated, she had found it fascinating then. Now she held her hand in front of

the glans to catch the semen. She rubbed for a very long time and he gasped, "Here it comes!" She caught the semen and let it finish spurt-ing, then let go of his cock, which slowly collapsed. He was shaking all over and she nodded, "that's masturbating, but you're not allowed to do it yourself!" Why was she so strict with him? She took him by the shoulders and looked him seriously in the eyes. "Some silly fel-lows did it to squirt, but it's better and healthier to let it squirt by it-self." She wondered if he would promise her that. Jack looked at his naked mother and swore by all the saints. "But don't do it yourself, always come to me and ask, maybe I'll do it again for you!" He nod-ded and actually came every day four or five times and let her mas-turbate him, but he got bored after a few weeks.

Every night he conjured up the blurry image of the naked mother, that made his cock quite stiff and he held it very tightly in his fist. When her naked hole appeared in front of him, indistinct and myste-rious, blurred and pale disappearing, that made him squirt after a short time, he didn't have to rub for long at all. So he could partially keep his word.

But probably it had happened quite differently, only she did not want to admit it:

Lena didn't want to go to the States for a few months, she wanted to stay home with Jack. He was getting to the age where he would discover his sexuality, and she didn't want to leave him there. She had raised him very strictly in sexual matters, she had strictly for-bidden him to masturbate from a very young age. She had no idea why she raised Jack so strictly in sexual matters. She had always covered herself chastely and never let them see her naked until now.

Now she had shown herself naked to him in the bathroom, to ex-plain him everything. She explained to him all the parts of her vulva, she let him put his index finger in her vagina and she ex-plained to him how to fuck, how to squirt in. She showed him the clit. She stroked it a few times and said that women did that with the clit because it was very good for them. He had asked everything

and she had answered everything. She had explained to him that it was quite normal and right if it squirted by itself during the night, she could see that on the sheet. But he must never masturbate with his hand. He did not know the word, so she rubbed his cock for minutes and stopped very quickly when his semen began to drip. She held his cock tightly and had to rub for what seemed like an eternity until all the semen had oozed out. "That was the masturbation," she said. He looked at her, beaming. "Stick it in like daddy, stick it in like daddy!" he said croakily, because his cock, like Rainer's, was still stiff. She vaguely remembered letting Rainer fuck her earlier, even though the little boy was in bed with them, but that Jack could remember it now? "I've seen the daddy stick it in and fuck you! I want that too! And really cum inside!" the little boy exclaimed. She had only a moment to think, for he had stepped up close, standing in front of her and his cock was pushing into her flesh.

"You like to stick it in like daddy?" she asked cooing, feeling the heat of shame and temptation rise like the biblical serpent. "Come here then, little man!" She grabbed the little guy and allowed him to insert his little cock into her fuckhole and he immediately began to fuck. A few moments later he squirted and looked up at her, proudly beaming. His stiff cock was still inside. "Again!" he ordered himself and fucked away, fast as a clockwork. She put both hands on his ass cheeks and pushed him in as he squirted. He was still stiff, the little guy! He caught his breath for a while until it calmed down. Then he fucked again like clockwork, but now it was hard and he got out of step. He strained and fucked slowly and laboriously. She pulled out the flaccid cock. She took his cock in her fist, made him quickly stiff and gave him a superb handjob. He squirted high and gasped for air. His cock collapsed on itself. "That's enough, isn't it?" she asked, and he nodded wearily. She realized how wrong the whole thing was. She loved him very much, her little man, and said, "my little darling, that was fine, wasn't it?" and pushed him back.

The other day he pulled her by the hand into the bathroom and dropped his clothes. He clutched his cock and waited impatiently for her to strip naked. He maneuvered her to the edge of the bathtub where she sat down. He looked at her determinedly and said, "Again, with sticking in!" She stroked his hair, "all right, but this is

the last time!” He was stubbornly silent, staring at the cunthole. “Want to fuck again, like daddy!” She sighed and unfolded her thighs invitingly. He stepped forward, holding onto her hips and thrusting his cock into her fuckhole. “That’s so fine in there,” he beamed and fucked away. She did not correct him that he should start slow. He was squirting after only a few moments. Like yesterday, he let his cock stick in her and fucked her again. She stroked his hair, he was so focused and bit his tongue, which he stuck out a little to the side. She stroked his cheeks, he squirted with effort and high concentration. Now he had to take a longer break, but his cock was still really stiff. He fucked again, but he struggled. She pulled out the flaccid. Again she took his cock in her fist and gave him an excellent handjob. It was barely squirting even though he was really straining. Then he dropped his head, ashamed cause of his failure. He looked at her questioningly. “Was it right like that?” he asked, and “Tomorrow?” But she kept at it, today was the last time, tomorrow no more. “Don’t put it in anymore, now was the last time.” He nodded, though he didn’t understand why.

He stood in the bathroom again the next day and cheekily pulled off her underpants. “But no more stuffing inside, I told you that yesterday,” she muttered, “really no stuffing in my cunt!” He nodded sadly, for he did not understand her unexpected about-face, but there was a flash in his eyes. After the second time, yesterday, she wouldn’t let him fuck her anymore, he realized, without really being offended.

She sat down on the edge of the bathtub and let her thighs spread apart. He stared open-mouthed at her pussyhole and gripped his cock even tighter with his fist. Now she nodded encouragingly at him, “you know how to do it, don’t you?” and he nodded proudly, “of course I do, look here, like this!” He stared unblinkingly at the pussyhole and rubbed his cock. The little guy was very skilled at this, having done it hundreds of times before, and rubbed his cock faster and faster. She hadn’t seen masturbation for a long time and had no doubts, he wasn’t doing it for the first time. It took him several minutes and she stared at his glans slowly approaching her little hole. The glans touched her vaginal entrance and he immediately squirted. She pushed him in by his ass cheeks and let him fin-

ish squirting inside. But as soon as he finished squirting, she pushed him back. She scolded herself for not staying consistent.

He was already rubbing on. How she loved to watch him! He bit his tongue again and rubbed, faster and faster. She put her hand in front of her pussy, not letting him penetrate anymore. He squirted into her hand and onto the vaginal entrance, but she kept at it. He was disappointed and the cock in his fist shrank. That was enough for today. "Do you do it often?" she asked softly, and he nodded rather dejectedly. Then they walked out.

On the following days she sat naked on the edge of the bathtub and watched him masturbate, usually twice in a row. Somehow she was fascinated by his childlike eagerness and skill. She held her open hand in front of her pussy and let him squirt into it. He stared unblinkingly at her cunthole, which excited the little fellow immensely, so that sometimes he would masturbate and cum a third time. She smiled and said softly that he should not masturbate so often, it was harmful.

It annoyed him that she admonished every time after he squirted that masturbating would be bad for him in the long run. Where did she get that stupid idea? She affirmed it again and again. He was shaking all over and wanted to masturbate again. Why was she so hard on him? She took him by the shoulders and looked him seriously in the eyes. "Some stupid fellows do it all the time to cum, but it's better and healthier to let it squirt by itself. Or at least not too often!" She wondered if he would promise her that. Jack looked at his naked mother and swore by all the saints.

She watched him masturbate every day. The bigger he got, the bigger his cock became. She now let him squirt more often into her pussyhole when he had finished masturbating, he enjoyed it very much to squirt inside at the end. Then at some point she had lost the desire to watch him masturbate. She never found out why she ended it so abruptly.

Years later, Rainer flew to the States.

No sooner had Rainer flown to the States than Jack was standing in the bedroom doorway. He could not fall asleep, his stiff cock pressed and pushed so. She let him join her in bed and considered giving him a hand job. Blushing breathless she remembered that she had let him fuck her after the sex talk, twice. She blushed up to her nipples, she had watched him masturbate for weeks and sometimes let him squirt inside to finish. She was confused and decided to wait. She caressed his cock a while and asked, although she knew the answer of course, if he could even squirt yet? Fucking? “Yes!” exclaimed Jack enthusiastically, saying he had been seduced into fucking by a certain Leila today. Lena pulled him close and stroked his cock, which she placed on her pussy. She let her thighs fall apart in a fit of dull horniness. “Tell me everything,” she said sleepily, and continued to caress his cock lightly. It just bubbled out of him as he was allowed to fondle Leila’s flat breasts and she lifted her skirt to show him her pussy and explain everything. Lena closed her eyes and let go of his cock as Leila pleased herself with his finger. Lena, of course, felt Jack’s cock gently digging into her vagina, but she let it, — fuck, why not? He kept talking, letting his cock slide in and out, — fuck, why not? Lena moaned softly as her orgasm gradually rose, making her tremble softly. Jack gasped heavily and came to the end of his telling, he had squirted into Leila and was now squirting into Lena’s cunt. Immediately she was alarmed and yanked his cock out, he squirted all over her palm. She scolded him properly and of course noticed that his cock was still quite stiff. Rainer’s cock also remained stiff after the first squirt. She ostentatiously turned her back on him and stuck his cock firmly in her ass crease, he had to keep grinding there, she ordered. He squirted into her hand and she smiled softly, “you little piglet, you!”

He crept up to Lena every night. She had lain down wide-legged and he lay across her, clutching her leg as he thrust his cock forward. She acquiesced and steered his cock inconspicuously as he very gently inserted his cock into her cunt from underneath. Fucking in and out a bit, that was okay with her. She pretended not to notice, but when he sped up, she pulled his cock out, turned her ass to face him, and placed his cock firmly in the crease of her ass. She hissed that he was allowed to fuck there and squirt into her hollow hand, that

would be fine. “You little piglet, you!” — She still wasn’t sure if she should let him fuck her.

Sometimes he was quite restrained and didn’t fuck quickly. It was just this slowness that made her horniness slither into her pussy seductive like the snake in paradise. She couldn’t resist the seductive snake for long, her finger sliding gently over her clit. She didn’t need the whipping to reach orgasm like that. If she was already on the home stretch, she did not notice anything of the environment, did not notice his rapid thrusting or his hasty injecting. Her orgasm came much later, when his cock was already fucking soft and steadily again. Subconsciously, she guessed that he had squirted in, but neither of them addressed it. It didn’t really matter.

For the first 14 days, she had always fearfully pulled out his cock. The 19-year-old had a nice, big cock that she liked to cradle in her hand. She pulled the foreskin all the way back, looking at the red glans covetously. She had great practice in handjobs, now she grabbed the cock really tight and rubbed it with plain pleasure. She could tell by his breathing how his arousal was rising. She let him squirt on her pussy, that was quite okay so. At some point, after another 14 days, she let him fuck in her asshole, for weeks. He sometimes fucked her in the the cunthole and after some time she didn’t care that he squirted inside. She couldn’t have told if it was because she masturbated every time he fucked her. He lifted his head to watch her finger masturbating, it seemed to turn him on. She was always racing on target when she felt his squirting inside. But she kept masturbating and masturbating until her body shook in orgasm. When she masturbated with her finger, the orgasm was never as strong as when she was flogged to orgasm. When she came to orgasm with the finger, her body twitched only slightly and her limbs trembled for a few moments. Soon she relaxed, caressing her clit very lightly and gently before continuing to masturbate all over again. She always masturbated until his cock went limp. After the first timid 14 days and weeks she was happy to let him keep fucking and squirt inside as often as he wanted. She had always really liked being fucked while masturbating or masturbating while being fucked if it didn’t bother her lover — but she never masturbated with a one night stand.

She never again scolded Jack or not allowing him to squirt inside. It didn't really matter.

She had to masturbate whipping smart at some point, of course, and she did it when he had fallen asleep, but he had caught on anyway. Fuck it, Lena thought, I won't have to hide it from him anymore. He turned his back on her and looked down at the floor when she whipped herself to orgasm. He obviously felt that she preferred it that way now. Later on he learned to whip her to orgasm.

She really had to cry dead sad when she thought about the future. She wondered what Rainer thought about it? Would she have to do without Jack? Could she fuck both of them, Jack in the afternoon and Rainer at night? Or both of them alternately?

She slept fitfully; it was a difficult question. In her heart she knew, that Rainer wouldn't return.

Lena's Struggle

by Jack Faber © 2023

Lena lay sprawled on the bed, rubbing her clit anew slowly and with delighted relish. She was lost in her reverie. Rainer had been avoiding her bed for a year and had flown to the States months ago. Since Jack's birth, she has been unable to have children anymore and that may have been one of the triggers for his sexual dilemma. He slept on the couch in the study and she dragged on the one night stand guy into her bedroom, Rainer didn't care. Since that time she got used to leaving the bedroom door open and also the bedside lamp burning overnight. She knew very well that Rainer was secretly watching her and her lovers fucking. She also noticed, of course, that he was watching her masturbate. The semen stains on his sheet spoke a clear language. Every time she noticed, that he started to masturbate, she went naked to him in the study and fucked him immediately. But he was always upset when she caught him in a moment of weakness and fucked him. It did not solve the problem at all. She had gone down to the neighbor's apartment every morning for 10 days and let his guest fuck her brains out. The African had a big, crooked black cock that filled her pussyhole completely. She let herself be fucked almost to unconsciousness with his giant cock every morning, and the old, ugly neighbor sat grinning next to her, rubbing his ugly, unappetizing cock. He never found women and he had no one to fuck, so it was a godsend for him when young Lena, who was not yet 28, came down to him to be fucked by his guest. He did not miss this opportunity to fuck her when she was completely exhausted and defenseless. He sat curled up next to her like an evil leprechaun, greedily rubbing his cock. He stuck his tongue half out and chewed on it as the African came to the finale and squirted into her. When the African had finished squirting, the leprechaun also stuck his cock into the exhausted girl and let it squirt in with a wicked, gloating laugh. She felt terribly ashamed when he fucked her with a sardonic grin and squirted in, but she couldn't stop it. Afterwards, sometimes the neighbor would ambush her in the corridor and forced her to follow him to his apartment to fuck. She found it very disgusting, but she fucked him anyway. He was already quite old and fucked only

with great difficulty, but he wanted to fuck her every two months at least. Rainer had flown away and left her alone with Jack. With Rainer gone, so was the whipping to orgasm gone, so she masturbated every night with her finger only.

Jack had knocked and was standing naked under the door. He held his cock tightly, his eyes begging miserably. She flipped back the covers, allowing him to join her. He stopped and stared at her pussy for minutes. She had continued to play with her clit, lost in thought, but when she noticed his gaze, she stopped instantly. The memory came to her with force and the blush covered her face down to her breasts.

When Jack was little, about 11 or 12 years old, she had once shown herself to him naked in the bathroom and explained sex and everything in detail. She had shown him the clit in particular, saying that it was there so that women could pleasure themselves with it if they wanted to. She showed him her masturbation, when the boy insistently demanded it, but she stopped without orgasm. Men rubbed their dicks with their fists to cum, but that wasn't healthy. He should let it squirt by itself at night, she said, and that was normal and healthy. The little boy had been allowed to stick his index finger into her pussyhole when she explained him the fucking and squirting. He was allowed to fingerfuck her and she laughed brightly. He paused thoughtfully. A thought flashed in his eyes, then he crowed that he wanted to stick his cock in like Dad, who had been allowed to stick it in and fuck her. He had seen it as a child. Strange, that he could remember it after so many years. She had reluctantly given in after a long hesitation and dispute and the little boy fucked her standing up, twice in a row. He stood between her thighs and held onto her hips. He stared at her breasts, her nipples dancing in front of his face. He thrust for an amazingly long time and squirted, his fingers clawing into her asscheeks as he cum. He was taken aback and waited a few seconds before continuing to fuck. He stared down at his cock driving in and out of her pussyhole. He had to fuck much longer now, but he squirted bravely and held still. He looked up at her and she nodded encouragingly, "come, again!" she

said smiling. But he didn't manage the third time, she took his cock in her hand and gave him a quick and wonderful handjob. Rainer laughed when she told him, but he didn't like it at all. She was lying to Rainer, she would not let the boy fuck her again. Rainer agreed, because this kind of physical instruction really went too far for him. The next day Jack wanted to fuck again, she very reluctantly gave in and said this was the last time, for sure. Again he stood between her thighs, pulled back the foreskin and spread her little hole with two fingers before penetrating. This astonished her, because he copied Rainer in detail. The boy fucked slowly and squirted, after a short pause he continued fucking, very much the little Rainer. He had to fuck her for a very long time until he squirted in rearing up. She smiled encouragingly at him to keep going. Again he started a third time, and again she had to finish it with a firm handjob. For the next two years she only let Jack fuck her when he begged very persistently. Mostly she just gave him handjobs, three or four times in the afternoon. Or she would watch him masturbate, which he did more and more often in front of her. But after two years, he was in a gang at school where the girls gave the boys handjob after handjob. Jack secretly filmed the girls when they masturbated in front of the gang or when a girl was gang fucked, one by one. He showed the videos to Lena, who found that very arousing. Jack didn't participate in the gangfuck, because he was too cowardly to fuck in front of the others and because gangfucking a girl didn't seem to be fair to him, he stated, but she didn't believe that.

Now he stood naked under the door and begged. She threw back the blanket and he lay down with her. She let the blanket slide carelessly to the floor. She reflexively grabbed his cock and instantly felt a hot wave race through her pussy. "Your cock has gotten pretty big, though," she murmured. She hadn't seen his cock in years and was surprised. He was very excited and burstingly horny. He squeezed in her hand and she put the cock on her pussy. Holding him very tightly, she considered for a moment relaxing him with a handjob. "You really want it, I can feel it!" she exclaimed softly, immediately dismissing the handjob. He sighed deeply as she moved his cock back and forth on her pussy. "So," she asked lurkingly, "can you fuck at all

yet?" she asked and he nodded. "I secretly fucked a girl from the gang today," he whispered hoarsely. "First girl ever." Lena pulled the foreskin all the way back and pressed the glans onto her pussy. "Ahh, I see," Lena said, "and now you want to fuck me, don't you?" Jack continued to sigh, shying away from saying it so directly. "So, secretly fucked, huh?" It wasn't irony, it was curiosity. The urgent warmth in her pussy made her think three steps further, she squeezed the glans even tighter. Something in her mind whispered to her not to do a senseless handjob after all, as his glans dripped a little bit and she dabbed the glans rhythmically on her clit. Maybe, she thought, maybe this was how he would squirt. She had no way of knowing that he had already squirted while watching her dreamily masturbation. She dabbed the glans a little bit into her cunthole and she knew quite clearly that she wanted him to fuck her. Jack told about a certain Leila he had had to fuck. "Isn't she afraid of getting pregnant?" Lena asked and he didn't answer, he hadn't thought about that. "Leila is one who lets the whole gang fuck her," he said croakily, "she lets one after another fuck her. She always takes off all her clothes, she has no shame there. They fuck one right after the other, five or six guys. Leila masturbated during the whole fucking and usually long after the last one had squirted in. She did it grinning because she's a real slut and I don't think she's afraid of getting pregnant." He said he had already shown her Leila's group fucking and masturbating as a movie, had she forgotten? Lena grabbed his cock while he was telling and rubbed it hard on her pussy. "Tell me it in detail," she said, closing her eyes dreamily. She saw it clearly in front of her, *how Leila took his finger and masturbated with it*. Her finger touched her clit, it wanted it now too. "You used to let me fuck you years ago," he said in a begging tone. Lena let go of his cock and he thrust forward instantly. Smiling, she steered his cock and folded her leg to the side, allowing him to penetrate deeper. Lena rubbed her clit gently and imagined what he was telling. *He had cum immediately when Leila let him penetrate.*

Jack fucked slowly and anxiously, would she let him continue, would she tolerate it? Lena let him tell again how *Leila masturbated herself with his finger*. Lena listened for minutes, now rubbing her clit fast. She moaned softly as the orgasm came, her legs trembling

ever so slightly for moments. He continued thrusting powerfully, reporting *how he had to thrust in Leila's*. Lena continued to dream on and he reported haltingly *that he had squirted into Leila, jet by jet*. Jack felt it rising up inside him and he thrust faster and harder. Lena felt his firm thrusting and continued to stroke her clit, so fine it was. A moment later a certain restlessness spread through him, he felt the explosion and squirted the first jet hard inside. Suddenly she flinched, Jack was squirting, hell, he was squirting right in! Suddenly a kind of panic seized her. Surely he wasn't supposed to squirt in, or hadn't she told him?

She yanked his cock out with a soft cry. His cock kept squirting and she rubbed him hard. He squirted and squirted, slowly it stopped. She scolded him, he was not allowed to squirt inside! He nodded contritely, he had suspected it, but he didn't care. She considered for a moment why she didn't want to let him squirt in. She wanted to keep control, have the upper hand and not submit to him as a submissive weak female. She was still holding his cock, it was still stiff. Lena looked at him from the side and smiled knowingly. "You still have to keep going, keep fucking, don't you?" Without waiting for an answer, she stuffed his cock back into her pussyhole. "Okay," she said decidedly, "you can keep going, just don't cum inside!" He was confused for only a split second, then his face brightened and he continued fucking all over again. She caressed her clit and continued to dream on. *The flogging with the dog whip had stopped as Rainer's sexuality froze*. It was a complete surprise, but she told herself it would come again, that it would come again for sure. It didn't come again, and he urged her to find a guy to fuck. She did, as she was so upset and angry with his cold reaction. She was getting one or more guys every week. She completely forgot how nice it was with Rainer. She let the guys fuck her, but usually she remained highly aroused only, when she sent the guy home. She only satisfied herself with her finger every night, no whipping anymore.

Jack was thrusting much faster now, panting "Now!" he gasped with a suffering look on his face. Lena did not understand what he actually wanted to say and continued to rub her hot clit. But after a while she cried out, because he squirted with all his might inside. She yanked out his cock and grabbed it, rubbing it really hard until he

finished squirting. She didn't blame him, but she turned her ass to him and stuffed his cock into her ass crease. She continued to rub his cock there, muttering that's where he could rub, grind and squirt at will. She continued to rub his cock and he squirted into her palm once again. She grinned wryly, "you little piglet, you!"

The next days she always let him fuck in her pussyhole for a short time, for minutes only, and grabbed his cock well before squirting. In the end she taught him to fuck her in the asshole. He seemed to like it, at least he preferred it to a handjob. He did it for a few weeks, she lay on her back, stretched her legs high in the air and spread them with her elbows. He stared at her open pussyhole and muttered that he was going to fuck her one day like a man. She objected and shook her head, never! He fucked her asshole wildly and squirted in, then he stuck his cock in her pussyhole. She protested aloud, but he let his cock inside. Now she masturbated, with her legs high up, rubbing and whipping her clit with her fingers to orgasm and enjoyed beaming his aroused watching. It went well for a few days.

But he no longer squirted while ass-fucking. He put his cock in her cunthole and held her by the hips ironclad, her legs were stretched high in the air, which she held with her elbows. So he fucked her hard and squirted inside. He pulled it out and she cried, she cried bitterly and disappointed. He had done it on purpose, she lamented sobbing.

But he did it every time now. She cried heartbreakingly each time, because she didn't want to lose control, but he was winning. She let him fuck her with her legs stretched high up in the air and she flogged her clit with her fingers to orgasm. She got such a quick orgasm and let him squirt inside, smiling. She enjoyed it this way night for night.

She sometime later questioned Jack how it was now with the group fucking of the gang? He scratched his head and only hesitantly came out with the truth. He fucked all the girls in the meantime like the others, if the girl wanted to be fucked. He was really enjoying it by now, he admitted grinning. But some girls were forced and cried because she wanted to fuck with one guy only, but did not want to be

fucked by all. He didn't go along with that, he felt sorry for the girl and despised the hulking, brutal gangbangers who forced the girl to do it. He had still filmed the group fucking and Lena masturbated wildly and full of horniness while she watched the footage. She had never been fucked by more than one before and the idea alone made her furiously horny.

She had been talking to Rainer on the phone for an hour every month, and he was horrified that she was fucking Jack. He demanded to divorce. But the matter was much more complicated. Rainer had bought a part of the company with his patents and was making a lot of money. He had seduced and deflowered the 15-year-old daughter of a business partner. The affair threatened to blow up, and the only way he could save himself, his reputation and his money was to marry her. So he planned to get engaged. Lena hung abruptly up and howled into her pillow until midnight. Jack learned piece-meal how the things stood. He lay down with her, hugged and comforted her. He didn't think for a moment about fucking.

Of course, she agreed to the divorce; she had lost Rainer already some time ago. Jack was a sensitive boy and held her tightly in his arms night after night. Sex had no place now in that time.

But it didn't last a week. She lay on her side and reached back, touching his cock. She felt how bursting stiff his cock was. She smiled, not wanting to see him suffer just because she was suffering miserably. He lay half behind her, as he had in the beginning of their relationship, holding her breasts very gently from behind, as he always did. His cock was pressed into the crease of her ass. She whispered, "come on, let's fuck!" She steered his cock into her pussyhole and he immediately began to fuck, squirting after only a few moments. "You sure needed it badly," she grinned. He had his cock stiff and continued fucking slowly. Her fingers touched the clit as if by accident, but she knew it wasn't accidental. She let herself float in her reveries and masturbated. He lifted his head to see her finger masturbating the clit and kept fucking. It reassured her that he cared and that she was making him horny with it. She let her legs shiver in the gentle orgasm and kept going, orgasm after orgasm, until he had enough and stopped. So they overcame the bad news.

They kept this way of fucking in the next years. He liked to lie half behind her, holding her breasts from behind and she directed his cock with her fingertips. He lifted his head to see her finger masturbating. He had secretly watched her masturbate every night in the months after Rainer had left, but he hadn't dared to knock on her door in these first months. The door of the bedroom was always open and the bed light on, so he could hunker down in the dark and watch her quite clearly. He watched her a hundred times as she spread her legs and caressed her labia for a long time, then parted them with her fingers and he could now see her cunthole. Her little clit seemed stiff and hard as she rubbed it relentlessly. She usually had only a slight orgasm that made her legs shiver for seconds only, then she gently caressed the clit and masturbated all over again. She usually masturbated until she dozed off and fell asleep. It was insanely exciting and arousing for him to watch her masturbate.

Earlier he had not spied on her so often, because he was afraid of being caught by his father. But sometimes the father was not home, and there he took his post in the dark spot and watched her and the lover fucking. She always brought men with big cocks. Jack held his breath when the man penetrated her pussyhole with his fantastic cock. Jealousy ate at his mind. He had gotten to fuck her many years ago as a young boy, a few times, but he barely remembered the details. Back then he had such a small cock, that his hasty fucking didn't arouse her at all. Now, however, when the man penetrated and fucked her long enough and really hard, she went into sexual ecstasy and sometimes even had an orgasm, but very rarely. Otherwise her ecstasy was not so strong, but every lover could excite her sexually more or less. Jack advanced as close as he could when the lover squirted inside, that was always the most exciting moment. Then, when the man pulled his cock out, Jack would stare into her wide open cunthole, with the semen oozing out. She threw on a robe and walked her lover to the door. Then she lay back on the bed and masturbated immediately. She was sometimes still so sexually aroused from the fucking, that she had to masturbate only very briefly to reach the first orgasm. He would always stay on watch until she got tired, dozed off and fell asleep. He would then sometimes silently sneak up to her and stare at her pussy for minutes. His thoughts

would flash over, when he dared to touch her pussy with his fingertips. She then moved a little bit and he slipped out silently.

It wasn't until he had fucked Leila in the janitor's tool chamber that he stopped in the open doorway, watching and waiting until his mother had dreamily finished masturbating. He watched her body shivering lightly in orgasm for a minute, firmly and gently pressing her finger on the clit. She sighed deeply and caressed her clit, maybe to start again masturbating. But he didn't want to wait anymore. He squeezed and rubbed his cock desperately to gain courage, then only knocked on her door. He said what it was about and stared with begging eyes at her wet shimmering slit, her reddened labia, and at her clit, which her fingers were touching again, lost in thoughts.

“Come in, lie with me!” she sighed sleepily.

• • •

The Twins Love

by Jack Faber © 2023

Ria had quit her job as a kindergarten teacher and moved in with Karl when she got pregnant. She would take care of his children because he had gone to Africa for working on a barrage dam system for months and wouldn't be on home leave briefly only in a few months. But they would talk on the phone every day at lunchtime and he would send a lot of money that he earned. Karl's wife had left when the twins were about 12. She divorced him, followed her mountaineer around the world, and visited her children no more than once a year. The twins, Jasmin and Raimund, could not have been more different. Jazz, as she was called, was a bright and friendly girl and was preparing to graduate from high school, but she was now pregnant at 18. Ray, on the other hand, was not as mentally fit as she was and attended a special school.

Ray tricked Ria already on the first day, because he was smart enough to take advantage playing the helpless. She had to accompany him to the bathroom and had to hold his cock while he peed. She was very surprised at the young man's big cock, holding the heavy piece in her hand and carefully aiming the wide beam into the basin until he had finished. "You have to shake it off really hard," he commanded then and Ria obeyed. She shook him really hard until no more drops fell. She looked at the big cock curiously and close up. She looked at him, but he just grinned proudly and encouraged her. She pulled the foreskin all the way back and looked at the good thing. It was really extraordinary. Large, heavy and bursting stiff, a cock thick and firm as a tree trunk, the glans large and swollen red. She nodded hesitantly when he told her to do him. "You have to grind it, really grinding it hard!" said Ray. "You mean I should masturbate you, rub your cock? You want that I make you squirt?" she asked, as the word grind seemed to be unusual, though of course she knew exactly what he wanted. He nodded affirmatively, "yes, I need to cum twice, twice squirting!" Ria grabbed his cock from underneath, energetically pulled the foreskin back and forth. "Been there, done that," she said lightly, as she had done many handjobs before and it wasn't

really anything special. She rubbed his cock and observed the glans. That was the best way for her to tell how far along he was. She rubbed his cock, stretching the foreskin very tightly forward and backward. She watched his face and the glans very carefully. "Isn't it good?" she asked, and he nodded. "It feels good!" he whispered, his face expressing how good it felt. "Should I do something different?" she asked, but he shook his head. She made every effort to rub him as best she could, she had to grab his cock firmly with her fist and rub it really hard. She had to rub it for some minutes until the glans twitched. "Go ahead," she said affirmatively, "go ahead and squirt!" Ray put his head on the back of his neck and panted loudly. She increased the pace for two minutes and he panted heavily. The first jet splashed over her wrist, then the squirting abruptly stopped. She was very surprised and squeezed the cock examiningly in her hand. The tension in the glans seemed to ease for a moment, but the cock itself remained hard and firm. She pulled the foreskin all the way back, she turned the glans back and forth, squeezed it tightly and looked into the little hole in wonder. But only a few drops came as she squeezed the glans tightly and she said, "it's amazing, but it stopped squirting!" She rubbed the cock lightly, as she was a little perplexed. He wasn't done yet, he croaked impatiently, and she laughed. "I see, I see!" she laughed, clasping his cock tightly in her fist and beginning to rub him anew. "It's about to squirt for real," he muttered, "it always squirts really fine, when you grind it hard!"

At that moment Jazz came over and laughed loudly, Ria felt caught and immediately let go of the cock. "He was just trying to impress you with his big cock," Jazz laughed, slapping Ray friendly on the back of the head. Now all three of them were laughing at the hoax. Ria laughingly said that the boy had a surprisingly big one! Jazz nodded, getting serious, "Yes, he has a big one, the funny boy! A giant piece! And he loves it when you make him squirt!" Ria said she had just let him squirt once, the lad, but he had stopped squirting way too soon, he had only squirted a single jet and then suddenly stopped squirting. "Does he always do that?" Jazz looked shyly at Ria, wondering if she could tell it her, but then she nodded, "he always does it, and I suspect he doesn't do it on purpose. I only know that he only really squirts the second time, but then he really squirts fully, squirts everything out like the other guys." Jazz thought for a

moment before continuing with a shy sideways glance at Ria. "I've been masturbating him for years now and it's been like this from the beginning." Jazz stared at the floor and bit her lips in embarrassment, had she revealed too much of the secrets? Ria said nothing in reply, for she felt how ashamed Jazz was at the moment. She put a hand on Jazz's forearm in a gesture of comfort. "I understand how much it seems to be bothering you. I don't know if I would have done it to my brother if I had a brother. But I think you did the right thing. Boys have to squirt a lot more often than we girls do. As a young girl I often fantasized about having a brother and giving him a handjob. But mostly when I masturbated I sank into reveries of letting him fuck me, even though I had never fucked at that time. I imagined fucking to be incredibly horny and my brother was the prince who fucked me until I got my little girlish orgasm. I envied my girlfriends who had a brother and got to watch them at masturbating or masturbated them with the fist, so I learned to give a handjob. I was always quizzing them and interrogating them like a tough detective. I was very surprised, because some were already fucking for real with the brother. One girlfriend even showed me a video, her cunt in close-up, her youngest brother fucking her with the tiny cock and squirting inside." Jazz breathed a sigh of relief and smiled at Ria, she would have loved to have a big sister like her.

"I'm not done yet!" Ray crowed impatiently, his cock was no longer really stiff. Jazz and Ria looked at each other indecisively. Ria took a step back and made room for Jazz. Jazz stepped up beside him and grabbed his cock. "Do it by hand?" it sounded rather questioning, and Ray shook his head decisively, "No, squirt inside!" he demanded. Jazz looked at Ria with a long look, as if to tell her to get out. Ria ostentatiously remained standing. She wasn't going to miss this, whatever it was. Jazz was visibly disappointed and very embarrassed, but she pulled the dress over her head and let it slide to the floor. Ria looked at the naked girl for a moment. She was pretty, her small breasts slightly filled above her large belly. She had to be 4 or 5 months pregnant, it flashed through Ria's mind. Her slit and labia were slightly reddened, there was a small light blond bush above the slit. She must have cut it off on both sides, thought Ria, who shaved her pussy twice a week, as the stubble was very unpleasant when she touched herself masturbating. Jazz rubbed the cock, which after two

minutes was proudly stiff again. Jazz stepped in front of Ray, turned her back to him and propped herself up in front with both hands. She bent over and stuck her ass out wide. Ria bent over to see everything very closely. She suddenly blushed at the thought: they were siblings! Ray penetrated Jazz very carefully and slowly from behind. The pussy widened and clutched the thick cock very hard and very tightly. He paused for a moment when he had penetrated her all the way in and spread her ass cheeks with both hands. He began to thrust. Ria bent down after a few minutes. The thin skin, which formed the vaginal entrance of Jazz's was pulled in and out by the cock rhythmically, when he thrust in and when he pulled out. Ria knew this, the thin skin pulled and tugged at the clit, which of course she couldn't see now. But she knew that this pulling and tugging of the clit by the skin sometimes led to orgasm. Ray groaned and squirted in a single jet. Jazz sighed disappointedly "Ahhh!" and lowered her head. "I thought you were going to squirt fully by now, I actually expected it." Ray was silent and grumbled that he just has to do it again. "You already squirted into Ria's hand," Jazz said stubbornly, raising her head, "that's why I thought you would squirt in fully. But anyway, come on, keep fucking," she sighed deeply and made some fucking motions. "Come on, keep going," she urged, and Ray woke up from his torpor. He kept fucking her, holding her by the hips and thrusting hard. Except for Jazz's gasping, no sound was heard. Ray gradually fucked faster, Jazz lowered her head down and began to tremble. Ray had fucked her now for nearly 10 minutes, Jazz trembled all over and wheezed heavily. Ray gradually fucked faster and Jazz trembled and shivered, shaking all over her body, she jerked her head up and pushed out the air loudly. She pressed her face against the wall where her fingers had clawed. Her face contorted into a grimace, and now she jerked two or three times in orgasm and her legs continued to shake. Ray continued to fuck and after a while he was squirting, thrusting deep and squirting, squirting deep inside several times. He paused for a while, then pulled his cock out. Jazz lowered her head when the trembling of her legs had stopped. She spun around but did not look at Ria. Her face was deep red with shame and she couldn't look Ria in the eyes. Ray's cock was hanging down now and Ria had seen cocks like this before, it was a so called meat cock that you could fuck even when it wasn't stiff. Jazz straightened up and pulled her dress over. She was terribly ashamed and could not look Ria in the

eye. “Have you had a good orgasm?” asked Ria and it was more of a statement than a question. Jazz finally nodded and said, with other cocks she rarely has an orgasm. Ria asked, how about the brother fucking and squirting inside? Jazz felt again ashamed, didn’t look at Ria and said with a suffering look on her face, “Yeah, since I’m pregnant I just let him fuck and squirt inside. It doesn’t matter, or does it?” Ria nodded thoughtfully, thinking her part. She smiled at night while masturbating, when she heard the two of them fucking like mad in their sleeping room.

No sooner had Karl departed than Jazz was working on Ria. She really wanted to move in with her sweetheart, and Ria didn’t really mind, because she was already pregnant after all, and she wanted to get ready for family life. Ria was quickly convinced and phoned Karl back and forth, because he was a bit annoyed that Jazz had not asked him personally. Finally he agreed and Jazz moved in with Gert, her customs inspector.

Ria was dozing after masturbating, dreaming of the good times with Karl. Then the bedroom door opened, Ray quietly scurried in and lay with her.

“Ohh, did I interrupt your grinding?” he asked, noticing her finger on her clit.

“No,” Ria said, “you didn’t interrupt me doing anything.” She covered them both, and she had no desire to respond to his suggestion. “Can’t you fall asleep?” she asked.

“No,” he replied, “I’ve never slept alone, only ever with Jazz.” He thought for a moment. “Jazz used to let me grind every night twice,” he finally said, “grind twice. May I?”

Ria didn’t know then exactly what he meant by grinding. She nodded, “go ahead, as usual.” But she instantly protested as Ray quickly lay on top of her and thrust his cock into her pussy with lightning speed.

“Hey! What are you doing, get off me, right now!” She clutched his cock, although it was magnificent and quite stiff and pulled it out. She lay on her side and turned her back and ass toward him. She grabbed his cock again. She made a few motions with her hand, indicating the handjob. “Do you like it like this? Do you want me to make you a handjob or would you rather do it yourself?” She now had a definite idea how to interpret the grinding.

“Okay, I’ll do it myself,” he said croakily, stabbing her ass crease with his cock, then rubbing with his hand. His cock kept getting lost in her pussyhole, she kept pulling it out decisively. Still, he kept thrusting into her pussy again and again and she pulled him out again after a few thrusts. Ria was horrified on the one hand that he kept fucking her shortly in between, but on the other hand there was a voice inside her that laughed at her, that she was in fact enjoying his fucking. She blushed with shame, because it was true, at least partially. The funny struggle went on, he pushed in and she pulled out. Ray groaned and gasped and pushed hard in. She realized far too late that he was squirting, that he had squirted. He had squirted only once, only once inside. She pulled his cock out with a deep sigh and finally put her hand protectively over her pussy. Getting lost, ha! She wasn’t going to let that happen. “Not done yet, have to do it again!” gasped Ray and she told him not to fuck her in her pussyhole. “I need it one more time,” Ray whispered, grabbing her ass cheeks with both hands. “I always need the grinding twice before I go sleep,” he added. Ria was uncomfortable that he was now pressing his cock directly in her asshole while masturbating, but she said nothing. She had done many handjobs before and knew what was going on behind her back. For minutes Ray rubbed his cock. “In the asshole?” he asked, but she didn’t answer. His glans actually penetrated her asshole, deeper and deeper! She knew this too, but again she did not protest. He now grabbed her ass cheeks and fucked her asshole with determination. She sighed with surprise, for he fucked quickly and skillfully. Could she fight it off now, interrupt him? She was still thinking, as he fucked steadily in her asshole.

Ria was stirred up inside, because for her the ass fucking also belonged to the sexual activities. She was therefore completely off her

rocker, no sooner was her stepson alone with her, than he wanted sex. She was completely caught off guard, her thoughts rolled over.

She remained silent, eyes wide. She was frozen, why did she let him fuck her in her asshole without resistance? He pulled his cock out, caressing finely her ass cheeks. She was somehow horrified when the horniness was creeping into her pussy like a swath of mist. What was next? she thought, for she no longer had her hand protectively on her pussy. She feared he would fuck her and wanted it at the same time, that he would stray into her cunthole again. She would let it happen, her inner voice said, laughing gleefully at her. She was trembling.

She really needed to think, to gather her thoughts. She turned on her back and put her fingers on her pussy, "Oh, do you like to grind yourself now?" Ray completely misinterpreted the situation and knelt between her legs. Why not, Ria thought, because her clit had already decided. She kept her eyes closed. Very lightly and gently she began to masturbate. He probably looked for a few minutes, slowly rubbing his cock. "I'll push it in, I'm sure it will be pleasing you!" His cock was only half stiff, but he managed to stuck it in and watched her face, watched her masturbating. It was really very fine to feel his huge cock sliding inside. He made very light fucking motions and she just enjoyed it. Maybe five minutes later she came to the finale, Ray's cock had long since stiffened again and in the roar of her orgasm she felt as if from a distance that he had squirted inside once, just once. She relaxed and looked up, pulling his cock out with a long sigh even though it was still really stiff. Ray was beaming all over his face.

Ray grabbed her ass cheeks and slowly penetrated her pussy hole again. She screamed loudly once and made senseless sounds, but she lifted her ass so he could thrust in better. She stopped screaming because it was pointless and she admitted to herself that she was enjoying his fucking. He fucked slowly and devoutly, caressing her ass cheeks and fucking on and on for probably 10 minutes. She almost orgasmed and put a finger on her clit. She had masturbated before and now her orgasm came in seconds. Her body trembled, then all at once he pushed his cock deep into her pussy, into her cunthole and squirted rhythmically inside. Jet for jet he squirted into her pussy-

hole and grunted like a wild boar. Then it was over, after a while he pulled his cock out and she lowered her leg again. It was a good fuck, she admitted to herself. He lowered himself onto the sheet behind her. He caressed her ass cheeks softly and whispered almost inaudibly, "Thank you!"

She was the one who had desired to be fucked, he only did what she was longing for. She caressed his head, his hair. "Can you go to sleep now?" she asked softly, and he nodded wearily. She turned to him, hugged his head and hummed a lullaby. He fell asleep.

Ria lay half on her stomach, had her upper leg bent tightly and her hand pushed in at the cunt. She slept only superficially and rubbed her clit dreamily and slowly like every morning before waking up. She was used to dreaming something horny in the morning and waking up with soft cliscaressing, only very rarely did she masturbate really. But now she woke up alarmed and scared, because Ray had grabbed her ass cheeks and with a single jerk had entered her pussy from behind, the blanket had slipped to the floor. She was about to protest out loud, but it felt so fucking good! She hadn't fucked for days, only masturbated in solitude. Now she was awake and clear in mind. His morning wood filled her pussy completely and she felt the horniness stiffen her clit. She couldn't remember ever having had such a big, huge cock inside her. Her horniness increased rapidly, and when her finger touched her clit, the orgasm came immediately as she had already masturbated in her dreams before he woke her up brutally. Her body twitched and shivered for a moment, but he fucked way too fast and squirted after only a short while. Again he squirted only a single jet, she felt it very well. She reached back for his cock, which was still inside her. She pulled him out, he was no longer so stiff and tense as before. He grumbled that he had to fuck again for a second time and that she had to make him stiff now. Ria was annoyed for a moment, because she didn't like to be ordered around. Her displeasure faded as he begged in a thin voice, so she rubbed him hard for a while, until he was firm again. She directed him back into her pussyhole from behind and raised her leg even higher. He fucked wildly for a while, then he squirted deeply, thrusting his cock deep inside to squirt, squirting in jet by jet. She was only a little bit aroused, it was much too short to reach an orgasm. Ria

was disappointed but calmed down, telling herself, that she already had an orgasm beforehand, so she said nothing mean and turned friendly to him. He quickly ran out to pee and lay back down with Ria. Today was Friday, so he didn't have class, and they stayed in bed.

She propped her chin on the palm of her hand and said, he had to tell her everything, from the beginning, how it had started with him, how it had started with the grinding and the fucking. Just everything.

"I don't know," he said doubtfully, "I promised Jazz not to talk to anyone about it," he said uncertainly. Ria said she was going to be his stepmother soon after all, who he was allowed to tell everything to, and besides, she wanted to understand why he had just fucked her.

He thought hard. "Dad told Jazz and me that you were pregnant and we were going to have a sibling. And that's okay for me to squirt in, since you're already pregnant?" She couldn't say anything to that, because it was true in detail, but he obviously hadn't grasped the general concept of human relationships.

"Tell me everything from the beginning, how did it start, what have you done and experienced with grinding?" said Ria emphatically, "you may really tell me everything."

"Everything?" he asked uncertainly.

"Yes, everything. Don't leave anything out, tell everything, because I want to understand why you just fucked me. I have a right to hear everything." Ray wasn't smart enough to refuse.

He gave a halting, sighing, rather jumbled account. She had to put the pieces of the puzzle together for herself.

Before the mother left them, he stuck his head under Jazz's covers and watched her wag her finger between her legs. When the mother had left with the stupid mountaineer, they both cried in sadness. He was allowed to snuggle up to Jazz to cry. They held each other, cried and sobbed. Before, he was never allowed to join her in bed, his mother had strictly forbidden it and she watched over it like a vul-

ture. They had never seen each other naked and now they comforted each other and cuddled naked together, curiously exploring their genitals, they had never done that before. They didn't think about crying anymore, Jazz examined Ray's cock expertly, because she had already seen and rubbed a lot by that time. Ray's cock was still slim and little at 12, it only grew into a monster from 15. She showed him how he could grind himself with his hand and squirt, Jazz knew about that very well, from school. She made him squirt, to his amazement, for the first time. Then she showed him her jewels, the slit between her labia that hid the little hole. She let him look inside, of course, and explained all about the hymen, which wasn't torn until the first fuck. Ray was allowed to put his index finger in through the small hole in the hymen and feel the vagina. Finally, she showed him the clit and told him that it was exactly what she rubbed to orgasm every morning. She made no suggestion that she knew about his spying. She showed him immediately how she masturbates and he was allowed to watch up close. She explained to him that the girls could only orgasm, but not squirt. In the next times, when Jazz would be grinding her clit between her legs, she let him watch. She now told him, giggling, whenever she had given another fellow a hand job.

Jazz had also let the lads grinding her in school, right in the fuck-hole like the adults. She taught him to grind her in her fuckhole. Ria asked if Jazz wasn't afraid of getting pregnant? He shook his head, she didn't have her period then and only later she had to watch out. When she had her period, he had to grind in her asshole or pull out his cock to squirt. She pulled it out most of the time, except when she was grinding herself, then she sometimes overlooked and missed it and scolded him. But when she had gotten pregnant by her customs inspector, Ray was allowed to squirt inside again. She had explained that to him in great detail, that you were allowed to squirt into a pregnant woman.

Ria saw that his cock had become a little bit stiff again during his telling. She sat up and stroked the cock, which was half stiff and heavy in her hand. The glans was shrunken and covered by the foreskin. He sighed deeply as she pulled the foreskin back and forth. It was fascinating to watch the glans fill with blood again and gradually enlarge. Smiling, she continued. "First you have to learn to call

things by their proper names,” she said to Ray, who was lying on his back, comfortably enjoying her teasing with the foreskin. “You don’t say fuck hole, that’s mean and vulgar. You say cunt, pussy or vagina, that’s decent. When you wank with your hand, it’s called masturbating, girls and lads both masturbate with their hands. And when a lad and a girl do it with each other for real like adults do, you don’t say grinding, you say screwing, bumping or fucking. Get it?” She repeated the words several times and so did he.

“So, let’s start from the beginning,” Ria said, “you stuck your head under Jazz’s covers and secretly watched her masturbate?” Ray nodded, that was correct. The beds abutted, her foot end blending seamlessly into his head end. He was lying with his head by her feet, after all, so he could lift the covers unnoticed. Sometimes he hardly saw anything because it was so dark under the covers, but usually he saw her finger very clearly as she masturbated her pussy. She never noticed his spying, Ray said.

“And when you cuddled up after crying, she let you watch her masturbate?”

“Yes,” he said, “we didn’t fuck then, not until much later. We cuddled for the first time naked on her bed and inspected our genitals. She showed me everything and the clit too, that she needed for masturbation, which she had learned from her girlfriends. She was always very proud of her masturbating and I was sometimes allowed to dive down and see it up close. She wouldn’t let me do it, though, because I was too clumsy. She laughed, when I kneeled up and squeezed and tored my cock, then not knowing how to do it. She pulled the covers aside, showed her naked body and spread her labia with her fingers. I then squirted immediately. She laughed and gave me the first handjob, teaching me how to do it.”

After a pause, Ray continued. “Jazz masturbated the lads by hand and did me every night. I had to learn it too and it was easy, but I always preferred it when she masturbated me. She masturbated me every night and of course we tried fucking. But it did not work because she had her hymen and I was only allowed to fuck her with the glans only. After squirting in once, she always gave me a handjob and let

me squirt in a high arc until nothing more came out. I fucked only with the glans and we had real fun doing it. She pushed me with my ass cheeks a little further inside her every day. She looked every time with a pocket mirror her cunt, because the hole in her hymen was getting bigger day by day. One day she pushed me in really hard and she smiled, her hymen was no longer in the way. So we started to fuck for real like the adults. It wasn't until months later that she was ready to fuck with other guys."

"Jazz then started fucking with the boys at school like the adults and she fucked with me every night too." Ray was all proud because he had managed such a complicated sentence. Ria nodded appreciatively and slowly pulled his foreskin back and forth. "We fucked twice every night because I needed it twice, and then Jazz masturbated because she needed it once again." Ria asked if Jazz often missed it because she was absorbed in masturbating? He thought for a long time. "Actually, I mostly squirted inside her, for sure, she only managed to pull it out a couple of times. She usually masturbated while we fucked and missed often the moment to pull out my cock to squirt outside. That's when it always squirted in, even though she tried to stop it." Ria couldn't shake off the feeling that Ray had impregnated Jazz. He continued. "And on weekends, I usually fucked Mrs. Weber!" Ria listened up.

"Who is this Mrs. Weber, and why did you fuck her?" she asked curiously. Her fingers played with his foreskin.

"Mrs. Weber lives two floors below us, and when Dad and Jazz were away for the weekend, I stayed over at her place. She's very old and her husband died a long time ago. She doesn't have anyone to fuck anymore and she has to masturbate lonely unfortunately, she said so herself to me." Ray looked uncertainly at Ria, wondering if she understood him. Ria nodded, "go on!"

"I asked her very gently if she would like to fuck me instead of masturbate? She went right for it and she apologized because she was so old already. But I told her it didn't matter, I was just so used to fucking twice before going to sleep and therefore it didn't matter to me how wrinkled and old her pussy was. She apologized for the

fact that her pussy hole was so tight and narrow that I could only put my cock in with great difficulty and she had to help firmly at the first time. After apologizing she smiled and laughed brightly and said, how fine it felt to have a big cock now after the long lonely masturbating. We then fucked much more often than twice and she still masturbated because she was so used to it. We sometimes fucked Saturday all day and into the night. Because she wanted it again and again when she had rubbed my cock stiff. Often I had to leave my cock in her fuckhole, because then she masturbated forever and let me fuck her with my cock at the same time, although it was only half stiff. But she wanted it that way, been fucked when masturbating. I enjoyed it very much and it didn't bother me at all, that she was already so old. But I had to promise not to tell, but Jazz knew it as it was and teased me a bit. But she thought that it doesn't really matter how old you are. If she felt like it, then I should do it with her and fuck the old woman really good. She questioned me in detail and I told everything in detail. Jazz said it was so sweet of me to fuck the old woman really good as often as she wanted and that it was okay with her." Ray closed his eyes because it was so nice, the way Ria was caressing his foreskin.

It was time to take control back again. Ria swung herself astride Ray's thighs. She wedged his cock between her labia and grabbed his cock. She looked into his eyes for a long time and began to masturbate him. She felt with every fiber of her pussy as she shook his cock with each rubbing movement. She came to the end, she felt the throbbing of his cock and felt the semen shoot through his urethra in a single jet. She let it squirt onto his belly.

He wasn't done yet, she could see. She held his half stiff cock and asked if he needed it again. He nodded with eagerness and she rubbed him the same way again. She pressed her labia together and felt the masturbation all the way to her clit. She pressed her pussy very hard on his cock as she made him squirt again after a long rubbing. He groaned and moaned as he squirted in firm, rich jets. So, now she was back in control, she wasn't the frightened female he could fuck at will. She was the boss, that much was certain.

Ria made coffee and cocoa and they had breakfast, then she learned math with him, he was weak at that. After dinner, she cleaned up, showered and got into bed. Moments later Ray was lying next to her.

“Don’t you masturbate?” he asked curiously.

“Yes, of course I do, always before I sleep.” She thought about it for a moment. “Ever since I was a kid,” she added.

He thought for a long time. “Can I fuck you again today?” he asked, for he had listened to her well in the morning that it was polite and decent to ask first.

Ria smiled kindly, “all right, and how would you like to fuck? In the asshole or in the pussy?”

He answered immediately. “In the pussy, twice please!” She stroked his hair.

“You’re a very sweet boy, I’ll let you fuck me twice and squirt inside twice, because I’m already pregnant.” He smiled proudly, he had been right.

“Once from behind, once from the front,” Ria murmured, lying on her side and stretching her ass towards him. He fucked her from behind, quickly squirting only once in her pussy. He waited a while and turned her on her back. She hugged him with both arms. Then he fucked her from the front for a good ten minutes and she almost got an orgasm and triggered her little orgasms with her finger. He squirted in rich jets and this time he squirted very, very hard and intense. It was a good fuck, she said, caressing his hair. He was very tired and dozed off when she started masturbating again. He was already sound asleep when she frantically rubbed the clit in the final spurt and her body reared, twitched and jerked in orgasm.

It was a nice and quiet time. They fucked at noon when he came home from school and again in the evening before going to sleep. Although her belly was not yet very big, she preferred to be fucked from behind or in a side position. That way her belly was always well pro-

tected and she could masturbate at the same time while being fucked, because she masturbated much more often than usual during her pregnancy. Ria taught Ray a few tricks to cleverly solve some math problems. He struggled, but when he understood, she was pleased. She had made up her mind to take Ray as far as he could go. It could only be done with her private lessons, she knew that. But he must be ready to succeed in outside life one day.

Four weeks later, Jazz was at the door. She had argued with her Gert and left after a fight. At night, Ria went to the nursery and heard the two of them fucking like mad. She smiled and left again.

Ria listened to what Jazz had to report. It was silly stuff, nothing serious. When Jazz had gotten everything off her chest, Ria told her to think about three things. First, all these problems were neither serious nor catastrophic. Second, we women have an up- and down ride of emotions during pregnancy, tears and laughters were only millimeters apart. Our hormones go crazy and cloud our judgment. And third, you solve problems together with the husband and can not run away, run home. That does not have to mean giving in. But adults solve problems and do not run away. Most of the time, both of them had to approach each other and give in a little bit. Jazz was upset at first and jumped up, but where was she going to run off to? Ria said, "Sit down, let's talk about it!" Jazz sat down and they talked about everything. Ria was 10 years older than Jazz and just had more life experience.

During the phone calls with Karl, she reported Ray's learning progress, of course, but she didn't say a word about the sexual developments. She couldn't tell him, couldn't have explained it, although the gradual development was clear to her. She hoped to explain it to him someday in a face-to-face conversation.

Jazz and Ray fucked to exhaustion every night, Ria could hear them fuck wildly every night. Jazz was sexually extremely aroused and masturbated every night even as her skin became inflamed. Ria rubbed sore ointment on her pussy and clit, although Jazz was terribly ashamed about it. "I've never touched a womans cunt before," Ria said as she rubbed the ointment on Jazz's cunt for the first time. Jazz

lay sprawled out on Ria's bed, she was a very pretty girl, Ria thought as she looked at the nude girl. Jazz was lolling comfortably and moaning lustfully as Ria rubbed her clit with the ointment. "Don't stop, keep going, please!" she breathed with her eyes shamefully closed. Ria was at a loss, "I've never done it to anyone else, not to a girl" she stuttered, but Jazz repeated, "Please!" Ria hesitated for a long time, but she gave in and masturbated Jazz. She avoided touching the inflamed areas and rubbed the clit carefully, only with her fingertips. Jazz held her round belly with both hands as her body twitched and shook in orgasm. Ria continued to rub the clit, as she always did herself, and Jazz's orgasm took no end. Gradually the orgasm ebbed. Every morning when Ray was at school, Jazz had the ointment rubbed on her, even though the inflammation had gone down, and let Ria masturbate her. She said she had never had orgasms that lasted for so long.

Once, sitting alone in the kitchen with Jazz, Ria asked rather directly who the child's father was, Ray or Gert? She said she knew that Jazz had been fucking Ray for years, day after day, maybe on her fertile days too? Jazz began to cry, she didn't know for sure. "I only ever let them all fuck me with condoms when I wasn't sure," she cried, "only when Gert promised to marry me did we fuck without condoms." She cried heartbreakingly and sobbed, "but Ray ... !!" She continued to cry and said, sobbing, "I always calculated the days exactly, the boys had to use condoms and Ray I taught to assfuck with me, it was no problem at all. Before and after the days I pulled his cock out to squirt outside, that usually worked. Only a couple of times was I so engrossed in my masturbating while fucking, that I didn't pull it out in time. Maybe it happened there, maybe not, I don't know. Maybe it was Gert, because we were very much in love and really very libidinous. He had promised me the marriage, and so it may already have happened when we fell over each other like maniacs. It hit me like a bolt of lightning when I was suddenly pregnant. I didn't want to admit it, but at that time I only fucked with Gert without a condom, he wanted it too." She wiped her tears with a handkerchief and blew her nose. Gert had acknowledged paternity and she left it at that. She sobbed again, because maybe it was Ray after all. Ria nodded, because that was what she suspected, but they didn't talk about it anymore.

Ria asked Jazz how it all came about. Jazz told that before the mother had left Ray always spied under her covers when she masturbated early in the morning. It was kind of horny when he watched and it stayed that way for a long time. She had learned to do hand-jobs in school. Now she would slip over to Ray after masturbating, grab his cock and make him squirt. She liked his big cock and rubbing it made her really horny! He learned it quickly, but he didn't like masturbating himself at all. He much preferred to let Jazz rub him and groped her pussy meanwhile. She let the boys fuck her, since the peer pressure was getting stronger and she didn't want to stay behind, and she was popular again. Of course she tried to fuck Ray in all positions, he learned quite quickly and she usually got an orgasm when he fucked her well. They fucked as often as they could and it went well for 2 years, because she didn't have her period until then. She fucked everyone and only let herself be fucked without a condom when she had done the math and was sure. She had fallen in love with Gert in a disco, he was so serious, clever and was a real customs inspector. With him, too, she calculated the days and only let him squirt in on safe days. Then the gynecologist said she was pregnant. Gert was very happy and promised to marry her as soon as she graduated. Jazz sighed, she had argued with him about nothing at all and had run away. She had been stupid, really, fucking stupid!

Gert, the customs inspector, showed up at the door one evening with a bouquet of flowers. Ria and Ray left the two of them in the living room to discuss and fixed dinner. Ria made up a guest bed on the living room couch because it was getting very late. She was sure Karl wouldn't agree to let Gert spend the night with her, she told Jazz. At night she heard the loud fucking in the children's room and was surprised in the morning when she saw Ray lying on the living room couch. Ray and Gert had secretly switched places. After breakfast Jazz went with Gert, they had made up. Ray went back into her bedroom and lay naked on the bed. He had been fucking his mind out all week with Jazz, now he was eagerly waiting for Ria.

She went to him smiling, she knew exactly how badly he needed it now.

...

Jazz came to Ria almost daily over the next few weeks, placing her twins left and right on her breasts, where they sucked and slept while Ria masturbated the wide spread young mother. Ria had no doubt now that the twins were Ray's. She smiled kindly and understandingly when Jazz wanted it again. Jazz spread her labia with her fingers and Ria masturbated her gently and carefully with her fingertips. She made Jazz tremble and shiver for a very long time during the second orgasm, Jazz liked that very much.

Jazz was very disciplined and sought to get rid of her excess weight, and she already looked very good. She missed Ray, and not only at night. She discussed a lot with Gert about taking Ray in. Gert was not so stubborn and understood that she simply missed her brother. Where he struggled a bit was sex, because he could read between the lines that Jazz missed that too. She had been fucking Ray every day for four years and the loving sex like Gert was doing was not as physically fulfilling, that he understood. Jazz, who loved Gert from the bottom of her heart, was unhappy without her twin. She was on the pill, which reassured him a lot. In the end, he agreed, because Jazz never questioned their love.

When Ria's time came, Ray moved in with Jazz. Now they were reunited and she visibly blossomed. Jazz was wise enough to give Gert time and did not push him at all. Gert knew, of course, about their sex and he was not a prudish idiot. He knew, how much Jazz liked to fuck Ray and he had talked it out with Jazz, so he could let him. It wasn't easy for him to get over the hurdles and it was quite some time before he really accepted Ray fucking his wife. He watched the two of them and had to admit to himself that it really did Jazz good. She let Ray fuck her the first night, and Gert jumped the final hurdle with his heart racing as he watched Ray fuck Jazz for the first time. He watched Jazz blossom as she fucked Ray, running up the ladder of arousal and having a very powerful and fulminating orgasm. He tearfully hugged his wife and kissed her a thousand times. From then on he was free of the petty bourgeois baggage. He didn't mind that they now lay in the marriage bed as a threesome and they both fucked with Jazz. It was agreed that he always came first and Ray after him. Sometimes there were five of them, when Jazz had to put the twins to her breasts while her husbands fucked her one after the

other. Gert sometimes held Jazz in his arms when she was being fucked by Ray, because that reinforced their togetherness. And Ray, he was fully aware, was 10 years younger than him and was very strong in the loins. Ray fit in very well with the young family and was an important support for Jazz.

Ria gave birth to a beautiful baby girl, Elizabeth, and Karl arrived tanned two days later. He had taken two months off work and it was a joy to see him with Elisabeth. She was a real daddy's girl.

Ria actually wanted to tell him all about Ray because she didn't want to keep it a secret from her husband. But no opportunity arose and finally she left it at that.

• • •

The Queen's Escape

by Jack Faber © 2024

Axel von Fersen, the Swedish diplomat and jack-of-all-trades, had perfectly prepared the escape of the royal family. Everything went like clockwork. He had ridden ahead to Varennes and noticed to his horror that a company of insurgents had been ordered to this bottleneck, awaiting the fleeing king. Axel tried to lay a false trail via the La Brie post horses station, but his opponent did not fall for it.

The stolen stagecoach was stopped. The king raised his voice, saying that he was not the citizen Louis Capet, but the king! His Majesty must turn back, said the leader respectfully. The stagecoach turned around, Axel's and Marie Antoinette's eyes met. They both knew that they would see each other for the last time. The queen brought her hand to her mouth, Axel bowed deeply in the saddle, his hat respectfully in his hand. The coach drove off.

The king and queen sat in the first row, Charlotte and Louis in the second. The couple continued their confidential conversation quietly, both knew that they were prisoners, and it was perhaps the last opportunity to speak openly to each other. The king wanted to know what was true about the pamphlets of the Countess de la Motte, was his wife a shameless whore, as the Countess claimed? The queen laughed bitterly. "I nurtured this false snake in my bosom, Sire, and now it bites wildly just to get free from the Bastille. Not a single word of her accusation is true, my dear husband, I have always been a faithful wife to you!" She remained silent, unsure whether she should tell him. The king wanted to know for the third time why Lord von Fersen risked his life to save him and his family? The queen repeated that the Swedish king Gustav III was the only one on the entire continent who had openly taken the side of the French royal family and described the revolutionaries as rabble and enemies of order.

Marie Antoinette pulled herself together. "Sire, Lord Axel von Fersen is my only lover, I swear it! The only one I would die for as he would die for me!" There was a very long pause. "So he was your

lover, Madame?" King Louis asked quietly. Marie Antoinette nodded confirming. "The only one, Sire, no one else has ever touched me, only you and him. I confess, I have loved him for over a year, we love each other and we have no intention of bringing shame on you, Sire!" The king caressed her hand confidentially. "I always wanted to be a good husband, Marie, always! To give you no reason to love anyone else. But I understand that your love for him is a deep interpersonal bond!" They were silent for a very long time, then Marie Antoinette told her husband everything, leaving nothing out and sugarcoating nothing. That the countess was there as a chaperone in the first few weeks when Axel fucked her in an armchair. That she then retreated to the bedroom with Axel so that she could fuck naked and without a chaperone. In the end, she said that it had bothered and embittered her that he, her husband, had not been faithful, that he had brought plump, big-breasted peasant girls into his bed every day. This had hurt her for years. She had understood very well that he had a much stronger sex drive than she did, but seeing him in the arms of peasant girls, seeing him fuck those lusty pussies, was very painful and drove her into the arms of a lover. But Lord von Fersen was not just a lover, but a steadfast, good friend who filled her life with light and happiness.

The king was very contrite because it was true that he preferred peasant girls to fuck. The desire to fuck the well-shaped, chubby girls came from his earliest days, when he could not fuck because of his phimosis. He lay naked next to the peasant girls, he caressed their plump hips and full, plump breasts for ages and watched them masturbate. It was not long before he could masturbate the girls himself. He did it with great excitement, it was very horny to watch the girls change their faces. Because of his phimosis, he only fucked rarely at that time, because he had to trust the girl who rubbed afterwards the semen out with her fingers from his foreskin. Later, after he had fucked all of the skinny ladies of the court rather joylessly, he rediscovered the peasant girls. How happy he was, who loved the full curves! He confessed to Marie Antoinette that he would find her less physically desirable if she did not have such beautiful, full breasts and beautifully curved womanly hips. The thin, skinny ladies of the court had not interested him for years. Marie Antoinette listened to

him, because the couple spoke about these piquant matters for the last time.

Brother and sister sat on the back seat; they had been brought up separately and met like strangers. Louis shifted back and forth on the seat. "Neville always did it with her hand when I was as excited as I am now," whispered the little seducer, "the parents up front don't notice what we're doing back here!" Charlotte had no idea about sex other than her own masturbation and didn't know what he was talking about. "When we couldn't fuck, Mademoiselle de Neville did it with her hand," he continued to whisper, fiddling with his trousers. He took Charlotte's hand and put it on his cock, which he had pulled out. Charlotte swallowed hard, she had never seen a cock before, even though she was already 14. Now her brother, two years younger than her, put his cock in her hand, it was rock hard and wet. "What do I have to do?" she whispered fearfully, not looking at the cock. He whispered that she had to hold the cock and when it squirted, catch it with her handkerchief and wipe it off. Charlotte nodded with a stony face. He moved his cock back and forth in her hand and squirted. Her fingers tried to explore the contours of the cock. She jumped a little when he spurted. She caught the semen with the handkerchief. "You have to rub it out, all the rest!" he whispered. She obeyed, she ran her fingers back and forth along his cock and squeezed the semen into her handkerchief. She stared straight ahead and didn't dare to look at the cock. She wiped the rest away.

"I learned that from Neville!" he whispered softly as he lifted up her skirt and her petticoats. Charlotte was horrified because she was now helplessly exposed naked and he was masturbating her clit! Outrageous! But he did it right, he did it very well. She herself was very practiced at masturbating and did it as often as she had the chance. Her fear vanished and her excitement grew until Louis triggered her orgasm. He grinned from ear to ear as she straightened her petticoats and skirt. Her face was bright red, hopefully Mom and Dad hadn't noticed! Louis acted as if nothing had happened.

Louis' cock had become rock hard again. Again it swished back and forth in Charlotte's hand and squirted, she wiped the semen away and rubbed the rest out of the cock with her fingers. She was

completely confused because she could imagine the cock in detail as it was swishing back and forth, she had noticed the squirting with her fingertips very clearly. They didn't say a word, everything happened secretly and silently. His hand went under her skirts, thank God he didn't expose her naked like the first time. She closed her eyes and let him masturbate her. Her brother was really good at it, she felt safe and spread her legs so that it was easier for him to rub her clit. She only closed her eyes when the orgasm was approaching. She only twitched briefly as the orgasm rolled through her body. Then there was only silence again. Shortly before Paris he had to squirt for a third time, she let him swish and squirt in her hand. She carefully rubbed the semen out of his cock, which she now looked at curiously, and her fingers curiously explored his cock. There was still enough time for him to reach under her skirts and bring her to a third orgasm. She straightened her skirts, because they were already in the suburbs.

They were taken to the Pavillon du Temple, a barracks built 400 years ago by the Knights Templar. It was a heavily guarded fortress, and the royal family was housed in two rooms in the center. They waited three months, but nothing happened. Axel von Fersen, the master spy, managed to sneak into the Temple unseen six times, calling Marie's name quietly. They exchanged letters in silence, even whispering was too risky. On the seventh time, he was nearly caught in action and withdrew at the last second.

The citizen Louis Capet was taken to the trial, no one ever called him "Majesty" again. Danton and Marat had already decided on his death, only the narrow-minded bureaucrat Robespierre wanted a long, exhausting trial. King Louis XVI was not allowed to speak again, nor was the citizen Capet. The only person he spoke to was his Lord. He murmured what good he had done and what he had not done so well. He regretted with all his heart that he had fucked the peasant girls and thus driven his wife into the arms of Axel von Fersen. He hardly knew the man, but Marie Antoinette had spoken a lot about him, so he had a good impression. He thought of his wife and children during the ridiculous trial. He was very worried about their future, but he hoped that when he, the king, was removed and

killed, they would leave the queen and the children alone. That was the only thought that kept him going.

He did not bat an eyelid as he was carted to the Place de la Concorde in a horse-drawn cart. He did not bat an eyelid as he knelt down and the executioner cut open his collar to expose his neck. He murmured his prayers as the guillotine whizzed down into the depths. Marie Antoinette fainted when her maids, who were allowed to bring her fresh clothes once a week, told her about her husband's beheading. The next day they were transferred from the Temple to the Bastille, to a cell with two miserable bunks.

The guards in the Bastille were rough and not gentle. They raped the queen in front of the children, two or three times a week. Axel had found a way to correspond with her. They wrote what was important to them in coded messages. She never mentioned the rapes. Nor that her son had become unduly intrusive.

Louis masturbated openly when Marie Antoinette was being raped by the guards. "I was always allowed to fuck Mademoiselle Neville!" he said, whining and deceitful. He became more direct every day, he wanted to fuck her or Charlotte. Charlotte was horrified, virginity was sacred to her and what did he think he was doing, wanting to fuck Mama!? She scolded Louis, who was constantly rubbing his cock and squirted on the floor, she had gotten used to that by now. But the fact that he wanted to fuck Mama was an outrageous disgrace! Louis ducked when Charlotte yelled at him. But he demanded to fuck Mama, no less. Marie Antoinette gave in. She sat down with her legs apart and pushed her skirt and petticoats up over her knees. Louis had to stand between her thighs and was allowed to fuck her standing up and squirt inside her. Marie Antoinette loved her children very much, but at those moments she despised Louis deeply.

She and her daughter became very close during those 9 months. Charlotte was always horrified when Mama was fucked, whether by the guards or by Louis, the petty criminal. Marie Antoinette and Charlotte spoke after each court day, when the widow Capet was interrogated and mocked. She maintained that the accusations about her loose lifestyle were untrue and false, everything else, having been

queen and living like a queen, she could not and would not deny. Her death sentence had been decided from the start, they just wanted to give the appearance of legitimacy, that was all. She did not bat an eyelid when she was sentenced to death. She was allowed to say goodbye to her children, then she was taken to the Place de la Concorde in a horse-drawn cart. She climbed up to the guillotine in silence, her collar was cut open and her neck exposed, then she was beheaded by the guillotine. The crowd was immediately silent, because everyone knew that something really terrible had happened.

Louis was sent to a shoemaker, the couple were supposed to raise him to be a good 'citizen'. But the boy left no doubt that he was the Dauphin, a prince, and they were his serfs. The shoemaker collapsed, he could not cope with the domineering behavior. The boy insisted on fucking the shoemaker's wife, his serf. She was completely shocked and screamed "I am an honorable and faithful wife!" and fled into the arms of her husband. He could not help her either. "Be at his will and do what he wants, he is the Dauphin, the next king! He only demands what is his right!" The shoemaker bowed his head, he was not a rebel, he was a simple man who had grown up in the royal regime. He undressed his wife, who was shy and frightened. Louis fucked her mercilessly, what did he care about her tears! He was the master, he had the power and his right. Without caring about the poor woman's tears and misery, he fucked her several times a day. He squirted inside her mercilessly, even though she whimpered that she didn't want to get pregnant, but he didn't care. The shoemaker had to undress her and hand her over to him. To torture him, the prince did not let him go, he had to watch his faithful and dear wife being fucked by the monster. But evil could not hold out forever. The fucking came out. The shoemakers were accused of treason against the revolution and guillotined. Louis was returned to the Bastille, where he died of pneumonia two months later.

The king's half-sister, Madame Elisabeth, loosened up a lot of gold pieces to take care of Marie Charlotte, the king's 14 years old daughter. This was all the easier because the rebels negotiated and haggled with the Austrian emperor for her. Two years later she was allowed to travel to Vienna, until then Charlotte was given a tutor, Lord Frank Butterill from London.

Axel von Fersen received orders from his friend, King Gustav III, to travel to Denmark. There he found a long letter from the king, telling him to stay in Denmark voluntarily and wait for further orders; he did not want Axel to be involved in the French Revolution. Axel obeyed and locked himself in when he heard of Marie Antoinette's death. King Gustav wrote to him how glad he was that his friend was safe from the guillotine. In France everything was in turmoil, revolution followed revolution. Marat was gone, Danton was gone and Robespierre was also killed, but Axel lived. Tempers in Sweden had calmed down, Axel was allowed to return home with full honors. The dying king made him supreme general and gave him rich gifts. The new king Gustav IV only stayed on the throne for 12 days; his new tax angered the mob. He was stoned by the mob on the way to the Radshuset. He was followed by Gustav V, a prudent and clever king who quickly got the mob under control. Axel withdrew from public life and wrote his diaries. He did not skimp on sexual details, every word he wrote reminded him of his great love, Marie Antoinette. After his death, his heirs censored his texts, initially cutting out lines of saucy content, then overwriting the saucy lines with garlands, that covered everything up like twisted barbed wire made of ink covering the original writing. Luckily for us, modern computer technology made the garlands disappear, so that we have over 70 sexual reports about him fucking Marie Antoinette, but also about the strange behavior of her husband, the king, who fucked one buxom peasant girl after another in his cabinet. 20 years after the revolution, at the beginning of the new century, Axel followed the king's wishes and led a uniformed guard of honor through the city. Whatever it was that riled up the mob this time, the procession was attacked by the mob and some, including Axel von Fersen, were killed.

Madame Elisabeth, the sister of Louis XVI, put Charlotte up in her palace. She hired the best tutor to educate her, although she of course knew about Lord Frank Butterill's reputation. But she would rather have an English nobleman fuck her niece than a stinking rebel, she is said to have said. Frank had already taught hundreds of young girls from good families and immediately had a good rapport with Charlotte. She had become an obsessive masturbator since her imprisonment in the Temple and the Bastille, which did not bother

Frank, he simply ignored it. Charlotte constantly masturbated under her skirt, and to orgasm she lay on her back and exposed her naked pussy to rub herself to orgasm. Frank hardly watched her masturbate, but when she rubbed herself openly naked to orgasm, he watched closely. Of course he had seen it a thousand times, but it was always very exciting.

“I want to fuck you, Charlotte!” he said one day. She thought he was joking and making fun of her masturbation addiction. But he remained serious, he was by no means laughing at her. Masturbating was nice, but fucking was even nicer. Charlotte lowered her eyes and mumbled that she had never done it before and had never seen it either.

She had remained a virgin and had never let her brother, the poor guy, talk her into it, because while he was in captivity he always wanted to fuck her. He stood in front of her masturbating and stared under her skirt at her pussy. He squirted upon her inner thighs, the horny guy, because he forced her to show him her pussy when he masturbated. She had spoken to Mom about it and she had suggested letting him masturbate between her inner thighs or, better still, fuck her between her thighs so that he could only squirt on her pussy from the outside without endangering her virginity. So Charlotte let him fuck and squirt between her thighs. But she always had to be extremely careful because he pushed his cock closer and closer to her pussy and parted her labia as he fucked her there, until he squirted in her vaginal vestibule. But she preferred that to him fucking Mom, and she let him fuck her between her pressed inner thighs and pussy lips several times each day. This way she could usually keep him from fucking Mom. Charlotte’s voice became even quieter as she told of the carriage ride from Varennes to Paris, the only time she had held a man’s cock in her hand, but she didn’t dare to look at it, she had been brought up to be so shy. And, she said after a moment’s hesitation, it was the first and only time that someone was allowed to touch her pussy, her brother Louis. “Just touch?” asked Frank, smiling, and she looked at him with a wounded look. “No, he secretly brought me to orgasm, in the back, in the carriage. Several times. Without my parents noticing.” She had blushed and wanted to run away. Frank smiled kindly and said that was fine, because when you

were fucking you got close, really close. She had to know that and had to want it. They were both silent for a long time, then she said, "Master Frank, did you really say, really mean that? To fuck me like a grown woman, to make me a real woman in the first place?" Frank looked her straight in the eyes. "Yes, of course I was serious. I want to deflower you and fuck you if you want to." She lowered her gaze. "Deflower?" she asked shyly. Frank then explained to her exactly and in detail what deflowering and fucking would be like. They didn't have to worry about contraception yet because she hadn't had her period yet.

Charlotte sat thoughtfully on the chaise longue. These were completely new things, but since he had confirmed that he was serious, her mind had been made up. She looked straight into his eyes. "Yes, I want it, Master Frank. Make me a woman, I will be the happiest woman in the world and I will be forever indebted to you!" She looked questioningly into his eyes. He nodded and said that they would do it right now, immediately! She pulled her dress over her head and sat naked. Frank also undressed and sat next to her. "Come, grab my cock, get to know it!" he said simply and she touched and looked at his cock. He explained everything to her, then laid her on her back, pulled her knees up and spread them apart.

She was very slim, almost skinny and already had beautiful, apple-sized breasts. Only a delicate, blonde fluffy down grew on her pubic hill, which made her pussy look childlike. Just to his taste. She rubbed her clit as ordered until she was breathing very shallowly from excitement. Frank tried to penetrate, but her hymen offered resistance like leather. He looked at it briefly and took a paper knife from the desk. He cut the leathery hymen in a cross shape, then he could penetrate. "You are a woman now, a real woman, Charlotte," he said tenderly, "and from now on we can fuck as often as we want!" Frank hugged the trembling girl very gently and calmed her down before he fucked her. "You can help with your finger if you don't have an orgasm," he said and she nodded. But it wasn't necessary at all, because she had an orgasm very easily and a second one, then he squirted inside.

Madame Elisabeth nodded constantly when she saw the two of them fucking in the study. That was good, Charlotte was 15, other girls were already mothers at that age. And Lord Frank was a man of honour if Charlotte wanted to marry him. But she rejected the idea, in her opinion the Lord was an ancient man, he just looked very young. He was not looking to get married, definitely not. His book about China, which she hoarded like a treasure, had been written 100 years ago, his real age was a secret that she never mentioned. He looked 30, he fucked fiery like a 30-year-old, so he was 30. Basta!

Charlotte could not and did not want to give up masturbating, it really was her addiction. But she loved fucking and learned everything there was to learn from Frank. They fucked every day, usually more than once, and she enjoyed these beautiful orgasms, which were so different from the orgasms she got from masturbating. She studied very hard, she even wanted to learn a little Mandarin, why not? She quickly had learned English, German, Italian and Swedish like a world champion. After two intensive years, just before she turned 17, she was allowed to travel to Vienna. Frank didn't feel like it, he had no good memories of the Austrian Empire, so he didn't accompany her.

But he observed her life like he did that of all the girls he had met and loved over the centuries.

• • •

Fucking with Scheng's Ghost

by Jack Faber © 2024

From an early age, the wet nurse who had nursed me as a baby slept in my bed, that was the norm. Nana was still quite young, perhaps only 20 years old, and she could really do witchcraft, as I later found out. I remember very clearly that she always masturbated every night, but as a child I didn't know what to do with it. She always told me that a ghost came every night, her fallen fiancé Scheng, who would shake and wiggle her with his love, that's how she explained it to the little boy. She came from the bandits of Wu-Dan-Shan, and Lieutenant Scheng had snatched the 12-year-old girl from the bandits. He served under China's Emperor Teng in the Imperial Army, but things were relaxed there at the front. It was not at all uncommon for an Imperial Officer to have a captured girl in his tent. And Nana, who lived a slave life in Wu-Dan-Shan, immediately fell in love with Scheng, her saviour, who treated her like a human being, like a precious young woman. She was no longer a virgin, she had been fucked by a whole lot of bandits, so she naturally lay down next to Scheng and fucked him lovingly. And the young officer was very flattered to be able to fuck such a pretty young girl every night; he considered it a great gift from the gods.

She remained his companion for 8 years, until one day he did not return from a battle. The death money that the emperor paid was only enough to make it to our city. Chance brought her to our house, she only had her beautiful body to offer. My mother needed a nursing wet nurse for her child, me. My father was still alive at the time and was licking his lips, a new, pretty girl in the house, I don't need to say more. Nana had already fucked hundreds of men and now she was lying with my father. But 5 years later he was dead, my mother kept her as a wet nurse for me, she nursed me for a good 16 years. She nursed other babies too and only took the child's father as payment. She would have had to give my mother any money or gifts, and the two of them kept their distance. So Nana demanded that every child's father had to fuck her during or after nursing, since my father was

dead and our household was firmly in the hands of women. During this time Nana let herself be fucked by hundreds, maybe even a thousand men.

When I was growing up, Nana would nurse me before sleeping and tell me about the day's fucking. I was of course much too young, but every evening she would tell me how many men had fucked her that day. Of course I wanted to know all about the cocks and the fucking and about the wives who watched, unhappy or indifferently. Most of the men fucked her when the baby was nursed on her breasts, but most of them didn't last long enough, because the baby had to nurse several times and the poor man had to fuck her several times a day, which was difficult for most of them. But so that the babies didn't starve, the mothers repeatedly made the fathers hard with their hands, mouths or tongues. That, Nana said, was a very exciting thing! But sometimes she got a man with strong loins, and that fucking was what she liked to talk about the most. And about ghosts and gods and the ghost of her fiancé Scheng, who would shake and fuck her every night before she fell asleep. She would strip naked, put me to her breast and give me her milk to drink. I sucked and licked her nipples, even though no milk was coming out, but she had said how wonderfully horny my sucking her nipples made her. She lay on her back and lay there spread-eagled like a frog, the soles of her feet pressed together and her eyes became milky and glassy, they rolled upwards until only the whites were visible. She was really horny now and I stopped teasing her nipples. I watched her very carefully because I really wanted to see the ghost of Master Scheng. She was no longer aware of her surroundings, I could poke and poke her, she was not aware of any of it, she was completely out of it. She rubbed her clit with one finger for ten to twenty minutes until the spirit shook and tore her around wildly in orgasm. While she rubbed her clit, I could spread her pussy hole with my fingers and look inside, because inside her cunthole the flesh moved and ground in the same pace with her clit rubbing. When the spirit then attacked her and made her body shake and tremble, I let go of her pussy hole and pulled back. Then her eyes cleared, she gave me a wonderful good-night kiss, and then we slept.

I watched this night after night for years. But when I pretended to be asleep and held out my little erection to her, she rubbed the sleeping boy until the erection subsided or later squirted. She nodded very contentedly, she really liked doing that. I could never see Scheng's ghost and when I told her, she threw her hands up over her head. "You mustn't watch me when the ghost comes to me, I have to hide my eyes too because you can't look at a ghost! Got it?" Of course I had understood it, but I just didn't believe the fairy tale about Scheng's ghost anymore. I then watched my mother fucking a few times and asked Nana honestly. Again she threw her hands up over her head, "you're still much too young to talk to me about fucking me!"

Okay, I waited until her eyes turned milky, rolled back and only the whites were visible and she rubbed her clit with concentration. I was really young and couldn't squirt yet, but I stuck my little cock in her pussy and fucked her like the grown-ups fucked my mother, until Nana's orgasm woke her up. Of course I pretended to be asleep and Nana was very satisfied because I hadn't watched her fucking her ghost. She rubbed my little cock very devotedly and made it squirt wonderfully in a fountain, because one day I could finally squirt. I did that every night for years. I was as proud as a peacock, but I didn't tell anyone. Now I squirted into Nana's pussy hole night after night while she masturbated completely absentmindedly. Sometimes I would pull my cock out, spread her pussy hole wide open with my fingers and squirted inside her hole from an inch away, it looked really funny!

You have to imagine it like this. Every evening I lay in her arms like babies, I sucked and drank her milk until her breasts were empty and pulled and sucked hard on her nipples, which made her very horny. She sank back and whispered that I wasn't allowed to watch. I nodded obediently, but I watched. She lay naked on her back spread-eagled, pulled her knees up like a frog and pressed her soles against each other. In this position I could see deep into her little pussy hole. She whispered that I was not to look and her middle finger began to rub the hidden clit. The clit was hidden deep in her flesh, only a small bump showing where the pea-sized clithhead lay hidden. Her eyes turned milky and glassy as she whispered to the spirit "I hide

my eyes as you commanded,” and she rolled her eyes, losing her grip on reality. She squinted briefly, then rolled her eyes upward so that I could only see the whites.

“Come on, fuck me, my darling Scheng!” she breathed after I had penetrated her cunthole. I fucked her for an endless time, she continued to masturbate without stopping. “Just squirt inside, my love!” she whispered over and over again until I actually squirted inside. “Yes, that’s good, just squirt inside, my love!” she whispered and increased her fingers pace. It wasn’t long now before the ghost grabbed her with all its might and shook her body violently. She pressed her finger upon her clit in orgasm and her eyes slowly rolled back down. “Aaah!” she let out a breath and looked through me. “Have you seen him?” she asked and I nodded, “he’s a beautiful, friendly ghost!” I answered. “And you didn’t look?” she wanted to know and I answered obediently, “No, just a little bit!” Her face glowed with happiness. “Imagine, I could feel Scheng inside me very clearly, his spirit fucked me wonderfully and squirted inside me, it was really wonderful!” I asked her to tell me and she told me everything. She could feel me fucking and made it up, it was Scheng’s spirit!

She often asked me about the spirit and I had to describe his cock and his fucking in great detail while she played with her clit, but not to the point of orgasm. I didn’t have to invent anything, I described the cocks and the fucking of my mother’s lovers, because my mother had awakened sexually after my father’s death and was sexually very active. When Nana had drunk a few glasses of wine, I was sometimes allowed to stick my cock in her pussy hole for a short time, just to demonstrate to me. But she wouldn’t let me fuck her, I was still too young. That was the end of the matter, she gave me a big goodnight kiss and we fell asleep in a tight embrace.

A few times my mother appeared under the door as I was fucking the totally stunned Nana. She caught on in an instant and waved me off to continue. She seemed impressed by the way Nana masturbated absentmindedly with her eyes rolled unnaturally up. Once I showed her how I stretched Nana’s pussy hole wide open to squirt and squirted inside in thick jets from two inches away. I think that impressed her too.

After a few months I was able to squirt twice and I enjoyed it very much. About two years must have passed when I was able to fuck and squirt three times in a row. But now the little knight was running out of time and she woke up right after her orgasm, much too early. I continued to fuck doggedly and she protested a little bit. But I fucked and fucked, I just couldn't stop in the middle of it, only after I had squirted. I endured her whiny laments and argued that I was already learning to ride a horse, use bow and arrow and fence with a wooden sword like an adult, but she didn't accept that. "The good spirit fucked you two or three times," I said with conviction, "then he smiled at me and asked if I didn't want to fuck you too? So I was allowed to fuck you!" Nana looked at me uncertainly, but if Scheng's spirit had allowed it, well ... Nana smiled shyly, "if he allowed you to, ...!" I stuck to my story, kneeling in front of Nana's pussyhole with my bayonet fixed. "I've watched Scheng fuck you hundreds of times, he's already let me fuck you twice!" Nana looked at me with wide eyes. "And Scheng told me that I had to hold your asscheeks firmly when I squirt inside, so that your rose opens wide and soft and I can squirt everything in!" Nana had certainly already forgotten that she had told me that detail herself years ago. Her eyes widened, she was now quite sure that Scheng himself had asked me to do it. She only objected quietly that I shouldn't squirt all inside, she didn't want to get pregnant! I nodded, but I didn't care. Nana lay back and let me timidly and fearfully penetrate her again. I started fucking her all over again. If she woke up too early after the second squirt and I hadn't finished fucking her yet, she would smile shyly and quietly and wait until I was finished. Of course I squirted inside her every time, the full load and her quiet moaning didn't bother me.

I always waited patiently until her eyes were milky and glassy and she stared unblinkingly at the spirit, and then I continued to fuck her in her trance, every night. When I turned 13, she spoke to my mother and got the permission. Now she was allowed to let me fuck her, dozens of times a day, and she taught me everything, the good soul. As a teenager, I fucked her like a berserker, she was always ready and I never was tempted of fucking the neighbor's daughters or the servants. At 13, I experienced for myself that Nana really could do witchcraft. She had permission from my mother, who was only thinking about her affairs, to teach me how to fuck and to let me fuck her,

and that was all right! Nana came to me beaming with joy and told me that my mother had allowed it and that she was allowed to transform my cock into a more suitable cock.

It was just stupid women's talk, I thought, and I was very wrong. She made a sour tea made from lots of herbs, and I had to drink two large cups every day. Every day she took my cock in her hand and examined it. At first it was a completely normal, small boy's cock. But I was amazed and astonished to see that it very quickly turned into a big man's cock, a heavy, lustful piece that wanted and needed to fuck constantly. She turned my sweet little one into a monstrous meat cock, so that I could fuck for as long as I wanted, I hold my erection well over half an hour, regardless of whether I had squirted, and that's how it has remained to this day. She was a real witch, damn it!

But when I was 17, she got pregnant and I had to fuck her day and night. She only wanted to masturbate very rarely and fuck instead. Nana was quite sure who the father was and it wasn't one of the children's fathers. My mother gave her a lot of money and sent her away when she was already visibly pregnant. I never saw her again and don't know anything about our child, my mother never answered that.

Even as a small boy, I would sneak into my mother's bedroom in the afternoons, where she was letting her affairs fuck her, after my father's death. I learned there, how adults did fuck. I stood silently next to the servants, who stood motionless in the bedroom and watched everything, but were not allowed to see anything. The younger servants had all been deflowered by my father when he came home from the campaign for a night or two. As a secretly spying child, I found deflowering incredibly exciting. The girl lay on her back on my mother's naked cunt, who caressed her from behind and whispered soothing words in her ear. Then the father came in, as the prince of this part of town and therefore rightly insisting on his right to deflower the servants. He rammed his cock into the tender child and fucked her brutally, often leaving a bastard inside her. So I sneaked over to the servants and was fascinated for a while by the affairs fucking my mother, but that alone quickly became boring.

I began to reach under the servants' dresses because I was amazed at how many different breasts these girls and women had. My curious hand slid deeper to the wet, moist-slippery pussies. I felt them curiously, they were not allowed to move and had to look straight ahead in silence and see nothing. I found the little bud in all the roses, I rubbed them skillfully, as I had seen my wet nurse Nana do, and they trembled and twitched quite secretly. I did it again and again because I found it exciting that each one had to let it happen defenselessly. I grew older and lost interest.

One time my mother was ill, I sneaked over to her and lay down next to her because she was sleeping. It is still common in better families for mothers to let their sons fuck them, I knew that and that was what I was thinking about. I uncovered her and looked at her beautiful body, she was only 37 years old. My cock woke up, and at 15 you just have to fuck. My mother lay on her side, I pulled her ass cheeks apart with force, searched for the path along the crease of her ass to her pussy hole with my cock and rammed it pretty roughly into the tight little pussy hole. She squeaked briefly, but she just went back to sleep. Then I fucked her like a lazy mare in a poppy field, because I knew that was how she liked it best. She wasn't fully awake, but she moaned and grunted very contentedly, her finger groping for her clit in her half-sleep. I squirted deep inside and she didn't wake up, only the two maids put their hands over their faces in disgust. I was a little pompous prince and the servants' awful reactions didn't bother me. I came to my mother every morning and fucked her, my lazy mare in the poppyfield. She wanted to keep dozing when I fucked her for the second time. After a few weeks she was well again, she scolded me properly and that was the end of it.

Nana was gone, my mother let me fuck only in the early morning, so I started to fuck the servants in our house. First I approached the young ones, my own age. They always acted very chaste and shy at first, but in truth they were just as crazy about fucking as I was. I knew how scared they were if they were caught fucking the other servants. My mother only punished them very mildly, but some mistresses had a girl beheaded as a deterrent.

This took place once or twice a year on the big square and I always pushed my way to the front row. It wasn't the beheading that attracted me, but what happened before. The executioner stripped the girl naked and laid her face down on the executioner's block spreading her legs. I stared into the little pussy hole as if hypnotized. The executioner always made a great show of fucking the girl from behind. He ordered her to masturbate like a proper Chinese woman while fucking. I couldn't look away because he pushed his cock in very slowly and fucked the girl thoroughly. I knew that the executioner fucked every woman and girl in public before the beheading, that was his right and tradition. He ejaculated inside the masturbating girl and stood up. Then he beheaded the girl during her orgasm, sometimes he had to hit her a second time until the head was severed. I was fascinated by her orgasming in death and after. He would pause and then pick up the head and show it to the people, that was the rule. The street urchins meanwhile pounced on the headless body on the executioner's block and the most impudent of them began to fuck the corpse. The guys who fucked her were a pile of filth. Sooner or later the executioner would chase them away with some bootkicks, then he would throw the body into the wicker basket with the head in it, where her relatives would pick her up. My cock became hard as hell, when the henchman started to fuck the obediently masturbating girl and I pressed it into the asscrack of the woman standing in front of me. Some flinched and tried to escape, but that was impossible because of the crowd. I bared her asscheeks and fucked her violently in the asscrack and then in the asshole, squirting my juice deep into her asshole. But most of the women grabbed my cock grinning and stuffed it into her pussyhole from behind, as there was fucking going on all around in the crowd. I sometimes imagined that the girl's body continued to orgasm even at and after the beheading, I fucked in beat with the little rascals who were fucking the lifeless girl. Somehow it was really arousing to watch them fuck and fuck at the same time. After I had squirted inside, I ran away horrified without looking back at the anonymous woman I had fucked. I was so hornily watching and fucking and only much later did I realize that a poor girl was dead. When I grew up, I stopped going to this spectacle.

After a year, when I was about 17, I had fucked all the servants in our house except the old ones who didn't excite me. My mother

didn't have so many lovers anymore, so she called me over every morning and let me fuck her as the lazy mare in the poppy field, the only position in which she regularly came to orgasm. She lifted one leg, spread with a hand her ass cheeks wide, and used one hand to guide my cock into her pussy hole. She cheered me on, she wanted to be fucked really hard until her orgasm hit her. Her finger was always on her clit, but she didn't have to use it often. Afterwards she was hugging and kissing me because she really loved me. She was insatiable, but she still let me go to my servants. The meaty cock that Nana had witchcrafted for me did its job well.

For the next 4 years I had one of them lay with me every night, most of them for just one night, some stayed longer because they were good to fuck. I told the girls to decide among themselves who would lie with me that night. That saved me the annoying, stupid flirting. I said I was only good at three things. Fucking from the front, the lazy mare or from behind. And if one of them was worried about getting pregnant, I would finish by squirting in her mouth. I didn't count, but I squirted in the mouth of about a third of them.

At 21 I fell in love for the first time, at a banquet to which I was invited as the man of our house, I was at a banquet for the first time.

One of the young ladies aroused my interest, I behaved very awkward. But she smiled and laughed at every mishap and linked arms with me. She told me her name and address, because she had to leave very soon. I was still completely inexperienced in dealing with strangers and accompanied her home. We kissed for the first time in front of the gate and I was more confident in that kissing part. I now went to her house every afternoon, we went for a walk and on the first day she led me behind the bushes. She fucked greedily and very gracefully, I fucked madly with love! We fucked behind the bushes every afternoon and I gradually learned her truth. In two weeks she would be taken to the neighboring kingdom of Han and marry a rich prince there. He was the wrong man, she knew that, because there were hundreds, maybe thousands of princes there, and she would have preferred any other to this old, depraved drunkard. But business is business, said her father, "you can take a lover any time, my dear daughter!" I was devastated. We had a few days left and she

fucked happily and cheerfully because hundreds, maybe thousands of lovers were waiting for her there. I knew now that I was just a pas-time and a stopgap, nothing serious. But I was so damned in love that I wanted to run away with her. She knew about my financial situation and laughed at me. I was devastated and mourned for weeks as if she had died.

I would have liked to have continued to mourn for a while longer, but the queen had me called to the palace. She had seen me at the banquet weeks ago and invited me to afternoon tea in the palace. I threw myself on the floor in front of the king and queen, I was allowed to sit at their table. The king left after a few minutes, he had things to do. He let me stand up, but not kneel on the floor. "Once a day, that's the custom, my dear boy," he said and left. The queen looked at me amused. "You won him over in 5 minutes, Sir, he very rarely says 'my dear boy', I must say!" I had no idea how I had "won" him and the queen ignored my question. She wanted to know exactly who my teachers were and which books I had studied. "I just read them, I didn't study them. I can remember everything I've ever read."

The queen smiled cryptically. "Have you read the fairy tale of Lin Po Po?" she asked and I nodded. "Both versions of them, including the Forbidden One, my queen!" I answered hesitantly and her eyes began to sparkle. "Does that mean you know it by heart, Master Tschin?" and I nodded, "Yes, my queen!" Our conversation only revolved around the books, which on the one hand amazed me and on the other hand put me on safe ground. She wanted to know what my current tasks were and I confessed that I spent the smaller part of the day managing my widowed mother's fortune because one day it would fall to me. I devoted the larger part of the day to reading; there were still millions of bamboo scrolls that I had not read yet. Yes, I borrowed the books, I didn't have to buy them. The queen got to the point. Could I take the time to read to her from memory for an hour or an hour and a half after lunch when she lay down after lunch? I agreed and became her reader.

Every midday I went to the queen in her bedroom. For reasons of propriety, a transparent screen had been set up in front of her couch. Her two servants, and they were always the same ones, undressed

the queen and she lay naked on her daybed. The two servants stood like marble statues against the wall, their eyes straight ahead. The queen then had me “read aloud”, first the forbidden Lin Po Po and then every other saucy work that I had read. She caressed her beautiful, still youthful-looking body for about an hour, then she masturbated very quickly and determinedly to orgasm. Like the servants, I could see everything, and I stopped for a short break when she orgasmed. She let it fade away slowly and asked me to remember the passage and continue from there the next day. That was my signal, I bowed deeply and went home.

Once every few weeks she invited me to tea. She was very interested in how my fortune was doing and explained why she wanted and had to pay me, her reader. I gladly accepted the money because I was doing something to earn it and I could really use the generous payment. “And do you sleep alone at night, Master Tschin?” she asked once over tea. “Of course not, noble lady, never!” I answered, but she waved her hand. “I know that you are not married or tied up, noble master, and you don’t fuck young boys,” she said impatiently, “my men are always keeping an eye on you. So the only thing that remains is that you are still lying with your mother despite your age?” Her look was strangely angry and I answered immediately. “Not for a long time, Your Majesty, I have long since put that behind me. She rarely calls me more than two or three times a year, she is free to do so.” I lowered my head and wondered why I was telling all this to a stranger I had known for barely half a year? The queen leaned forward curiously. “So, who’s on your sleeping mat?” The cat was out of the bag.

“Our household has 43 women, only 3 of them are old. There is no one in particular among the 40 women that I prefer, at least not in the long term. Has your curiosity been satisfied, noble lady?” She nodded and thought. “That sounds unusual to me, dear master,” she picked up the thread, “I don’t know a single man who only gets involved with the servants. Just in between, yes, I hear that sometimes. But in the long term!?” Now the ball was in my court again. “I am very happy with that, Your Majesty,” I said, “it is enough variety for me and I don’t experience any nasty surprises, I had sent those away long ago.” The queen thought for a long time and asked if I would tell

her about the servants, about their physical advantages and about their fucking style? I nodded obediently, her curiosity matched the saucy stuff I was reading to her.

For an hour I described my servants, their naked bodies, their way of fucking, their favorite positions and who had an orgasm during fucking and who masturbated while doing it, as was usual with Chinese women. The queen asked this and that in between and was very satisfied. When I had described everything, the tea time was over.

At the next tea time she asked if I had ever seen her naked body? I confirmed, “Yes, every day, Your Majesty!” She smiled faintly. “And do you like what you can see but shouldn’t see, Master?” Her smile was simply mischievous. I immediately answered, “Yes, Your Majesty is blessed with a beautiful body, and if you don’t want me looking, then just let me blindfold! I, for one, enjoy looking at you, it is a great honor for me!” I hope I chose the right words, it could cost me my head. But she smiled like a purring cat. “Everything is as I want it, my dear master. Your reading delights me, the sight of my body should delight you!” She was silent for a moment.

“And otherwise, do you see everything, good man?” I answered immediately. “I see everything, noble lady, my eyes are not blindfolded! I am happy every time when my stories, my words, excite you, as they should!” I knew we were treading on dangerous ground. The queen sighed deeply. “I have been doing it since I was a young girl, master!” I nodded humbly. “Every girl has to have a good relationship with her clit, Your Majesty!” I said quietly and she continued, “Since neither the king, my dearest husband, nor the few men I had to fuck for state reasons can excite me as much, I have suffered a lot. But since you have read to me from your books, I am happy again as I used to be. This is partly thanks to you and I am very grateful to you for it.” The Queen abruptly changed the subject and tea time came to an end.

Thank God our relationship remained intact. The only thing was that the queen moved the transparent panel with her foot so that nothing remained between us. She turned to me to masturbate and we looked each other straight in the eyes, how intimate that made us!

Half a year had actually passed and we had become closer than many lovers. I paused in my lecture and watched as she parted her labia with one hand and masturbated very quickly and intensely with her middle finger for less than two minutes. After the orgasm, her face took on a sad expression for a moment and then she smiled guiltily at me. How I loved her! I was aware that she was the queen and I was a little subject, neither of us could change that. Or could we?

It was another tea time. The queen no longer took any detours. She had had a one-on-one conversation with each of her two servants and confidants. Since her birth she had not been “alone” for a single moment. At least they, her most trusted servants, were always there. Whether she was fucking her husband or a desired or a forced lover, they were always there. And also when she was masturbating. Other people, other women sometimes had a moment “alone” for themselves, only she, the queen, did not. She asked her girls how it was for them to be “alone”? But the girls couldn’t answer her question, even with the best will in the world. “You were alone when no one else was around, quite simply. That wasn’t really anything special, Your Majesty,” both assured each other independently. The queen changed the subject.

“Do you know my son, the heir to the throne Feng, master?” Her question came as a surprise. “No, Your Majesty, but I’ve only heard good things about him, they say he’s very eager to learn,” I answered truthfully. She thought about it and then said that she had banished him from her bed several weeks ago. He was already 13 and should sleep in his own bed with his wet nurse, she had told him. I listened in silence. “He always slept with me, but now he was over 13 and could ejaculate. I always caressed and fondled his body and his cock too, but when he ejaculated while I was caressing his cock, I withdrew. He had been ejaculating for months when I caressed his cock, I masturbated him and I did it to him several times when he begged. But one day it changed, he rubbed himself on his knees in front of me and ejaculated on my body, on my pussy, which he had only touched shyly and innocently before. I did not like that he now masturbated every evening kneeling in front of my pussy and ejaculated over my pussy from an inch away, so I spoke to his nurse, who followed my orders. — Did I do it wrong, dear master?” I did not have to think,

but I pretended. “Allow me to answer freely, Your Majesty!” I said and she nodded in agreement. “I told you about my own youth, Your Majesty, and that I slept with my wet nurse and fucked her too. But it was very special to fuck my mother. Although she almost always made love as the lazy mare in the poppy field, she always hugged me afterwards and let me feel how much she loved me, even today she still does. I believe the custom of fucking sons is a very essential and important part of becoming a man. Mothers have been doing it for many thousands of years, it can’t be wrong. When I see orphans, I feel this deep hole in their hearts. — You didn’t react correctly, Your Majesty!” I ducked my head in fear she had chopped it off.

The queen was very surprised at my answer. She was neither angry nor annoyed, just shocked. She pulled herself together and reported on her conversation with Feng’s wet nurse today. The nurse, nearly 50 years old, had let him do whatever he wanted. He didn’t want to fuck yet, she said contemptuously, he masturbated kneeling 4 or 5 times a night, he preferred to squirt on her pussy. To squirt he had recently started putting his penis into her pussy, but no, he didn’t want to fuck her properly yet, although she was always willing, as ordered. The nurse obviously despised him, concluded the queen.

I thought about how I should express my thoughts, but then decided to answer simply and directly. “Do your lovers lie with you every night, if I may ask?” She looked at me in surprise, even indignation. “I have no regular lovers, Master Tschin! Only when my master, the king, orders me to! We have been married for 17 years and in all these years he has ordered me to fuck a dozen times for reasons of state, maybe 13 or 14 times, not more often. I followed the king’s orders without a word of protest, but fucking the state guests was always lousy!” I understood, “so there was nothing against prince Feng sleeping with you,” I said quietly. She looked at me questioningly. “Yes,” I gathered all my courage, “you should take him back. As long as he only masturbates and squirts, you should be his best friend, his well understanding girlfriend. He likes it just as much as you do, remember that. And if he wants to fuck someone, it should be you, not an old nurse who doesn’t excite him sexually at all. But you, you are beautiful, young and a sexually desirable woman. You have your pubic hair plucked, your pussy is more reminiscent of a 13-year-old girl,

which excites every man, certainly prince Feng too. Yes, you should be the one to teach him how to fuck, as you love him with all your heart as he loves you.” I was silent and waited, she thought very intensely and then called her son Feng for tea.

He was a pretty, nice boy and was quite unsettled because it was the first time he had been called for tea. I loosened him up by asking him about his studies, he was on the right track. The queen joined in and explained to him that I was her reader and closest advisor, and that she wanted me to be there for this intimate topic. I was very flattered, but I suspected the direction the queen was going in. Feng shrugged his shoulders resolutely, “intimate topic?”

She asked him about sleeping, about the wet nurse. He cast a sideways glance at me, so she added that he should speak openly and freely. He slowly thawed out. Yes, he had to squirt 4 or 5 times in a row, that’s how it was. Usually he managed to persuade a young servant to lift up her skirt so that he could masturbate at the sight of her pussy. They were willing to let themselves be fucked, but he didn’t dare yet, the boy said almost inaudibly. “And what about the wet nurse?” the queen continued to probe kindly. “Yes, she always wants to fuck me too, but I find her old, ugly and repulsive in character. She goes to the stable every afternoon to let the stable boys fuck her, I saw that with my own eyes,” said the boy Feng. “The fucking looks so disgusting and violent, it doesn’t appeal to me at all. I let her lie naked and spread-eagled in front of me, I masturbate kneeling in front of her and squirt everything over her ugly cunt!” His mother smiled and grinned, “I hear you penetrate her to squirt, my dear son!” and her smile was disarming. He lowered his head in shame. “Yes, mother, that’s happening more and more often now. As much as I dislike her, I’m attracted to squirting into her soft, warm pussy-hole. But I don’t want to fuck her, as she wants it brutal and violent, and I can’t and won’t do that.”

The queen put her arm around his shoulder and hugged him. “What do you think, would you rather sleep with me, like before?” He nodded and paused. She kissed him on the top of his head. “It’s OK, you can masturbate as often as you want and you can also squirt on my pussy, you seem to like that!?” He gave me a desperate look, then

nodded silently. “But we still have to be very careful about squirting inside, because I’m only 35 and I don’t want to get pregnant again!” she said and kissed him on the head. He nodded happily and beamed. The queen let go of him and changed the subject.

Now Feng was lying in her bed again, she reported at the next tea time, he pressed himself close to her body to masturbate. To ejaculate, he lay on top of her and penetrated her cunthole deeply. “So wonderful, so fine, so tight!” he exclaimed in surprise, but then he fell silent and thrust in three times to ejaculate. She said how much her heart rejoiced, she caressed and kissed him endlessly because she loved him so much. She took my hand and smiled, my advice was good and right, she thanked me for that. She would raise my salary, she said, because Feng would probably lie next to her after lunch.

And so it happened. Feng listened to my saucy tale and began to masturbate when he got hard. I watched the servants, but they didn’t bat an eyelid, they stood like marble statues. I continued reading, usually he mounted the queen three times, fucked her reverently and squirted in many jets inside, then she started to masturbate her clit. The reading took a little longer now.

The king called me for tea. He had spread the map out on the table and was discussing with the queen. She knew even less about warfare than I did, I had read a dozen books about it before, but I was not a soldier, I said to the king. He just nodded, he saw an army approaching from the north and he only had a vague idea. There was a traditional battlefield where the fighting took place every few decades. But now an army was coming, the size of which had never been seen before. He said we were far fewer than them and that he would lose the kingdom. I contradicted him, I could not imagine living under a foreign king. “Could the emperor Teng not help us?” “No,” said my king, “he was completely at loggerheads with Wu-Dan-Shan and did not have an army at hand.”

I looked at the map and trembled because it was so hopeless. My finger went deeper, to the southern end of the kingdom. A desperate idea. “We split our army in two and hide them on the left in the wooded hills and on the right in the sparse forests along the river.

We don't confront them directly on the great plain like we did before, we lure them to the south with small mock attacks. They have to abandon their battle formation and force their way through the swampy bottleneck. This is our chance!" The king stared at the map. "We avoided the area because it is very swampy!" But he thought about it, listening me saying, "The swamp is causing us problems, but it is also causing them problems. And they will get stuck with their heavy wagons, we won't, we will just fight with the swamps, no wagons." The king looked at me for a long time. "You don't happen to plan to serve as a general!?" There was silence, then I could no longer hold back and burst out laughing. "Serving the queen is hard enough, Your Majesty!" I exclaimed laughing. He looked back and forth between her and me and asked doubtfully, "But you are not serving between her loins?!" I paused and felt the cold steel of the executioner on my neck. The queen looked at him kindly. "Fight the enemy army first, my lord and master, we will talk about my loins later!"

The king's generals refined his idea and soon the enemy army was embarrassed. Up to their knees in the swamp they were ready to negotiate.

The queen took her time seducing Feng, but she did it. Neither I nor the servants batted an eyelid. She hadn't had many lovers, but she was obviously a natural fucker. I watched her fuck for the first time and I fell for her from the first time. That's the truth and she completely conquered me. I had only once been in love and I pulled myself together. She belonged to Feng now, not to mention the king. I read aloud with concentration, but I watched the two of them fuck after lunch. Feng was a smart guy, he soon fucked like a grown man. I put my hands in my lap so that my erection didn't attract attention. The servants stood like immobile statues, but nothing escaped them. When I wanted to go home in the evening, they caught me. They relaxed me just in time before my cock exploded. One fucked me, the other giggled, then they swapped. I wasn't proud of myself, but I was deeply relaxed.

As soon as Feng turned 15, his father, the king, put him in the military. For the future king, this was a must. From one day to the next, the queen no longer had anyone to fuck her properly, noon and

night. The king only fucked her rarely, every few months, and unfortunately it had to be admitted that he wasn't a good fucker. The two loved each other with all their hearts, but they had to accept that he only had good success with very very young girls. She was in her mid-30s, so no longer a very young thing. The king believed that I was her secret lover anyway, and he hadn't had me beheaded yet. The queen masturbated like a madman during her lunch break, but it was too lonely for her, this little innocent vice. Were the servants smiling mischievously at me or did it just appear that way!?

I didn't have to wait long. First the queen asked me to sit next to her on her daybed, and one thing led to another. Feng hadn't been in the military for ten days yet when I was already fucking his mother after lunch and then reading her saucy books until she was ready to fuck again. The queen was slim and petite like a girl of 13 or 14, even though she was 35, she had the curves of a woman, her breasts looked virginal and she had no pubic hair, she had had it plucked out. Her pussy looked girlish too, her little clit was well hidden. She was so wonderful to fuck, her pussy was tight and warm and silky soft. She went along with our shared pace completely naturally, she gave in to her excitement and came more and more often to orgasm before I squirted inside. Feng had to pull out his cock to squirt on certain days, but she let me squirt inside without any fear. Always.

I was invited to dinner with the king every evening and she made no secret of it, after which we continued to fuck and I didn't go home until nightfall. The king smiled quietly to himself, he had always known it.

I was the queen's lover for the next 3 years. Then, one evening, the king and queen became ill after dinner. I vomited my guts out for 3 days, then it stabilized again. All three of us had been poisoned, there was no doubt about that. I rummaged through my memory, but unfortunately I had only skimmed over the medicines and poisons. I had saved a small jar of my vomit, and now I ran to the royal library and looked for the book on poisoning. The king and the queen were dying, there was no time to lose. I consulted the best doctor, we carried out the most unusual tests because the usual ones didn't give answers. Then, during the night, the breakthrough came, it was the sil-

ver gentian's poison. I immediately brewed the recommended herbal tea, drank it first and when I soon felt better, I gave some to the king and the queen. Nevertheless, it took weeks before I could breathe a sigh of relief. The king, still lying in bed, summoned his four best detectives. He wanted to know immediately who was trying to get at him and the royal family. I was to be present during the investigation, the king ordered. And a room was to be prepared for me, as I had to be his guest during the investigation. The king, lying in bed, held me back by the sleeve while everyone else left. I knelt down so he could whisper in my ear.

“Apart from the doctors’ report, how is she?” he asked, breathing heavily. I stuck to the truth. “The queen has had it the worst, Your Majesty,” I said quietly, “but I have the impression that she is responding well to the antidote. She sleeps 20 hours a day, which is a good sign. I am quite sure that in a few days, a week perhaps, she will be over the hill.” He nodded and closed his eyes. “I have had the room next to hers prepared for you so that you can look in on her at any time through the wallpapered door, I beg you. I am very attached to her!” It was difficult for him to speak. “I got over it pretty quickly,” I said, “and of course I will keep an eye on her, as well as on you, Your Majesty! You will be able to sit in three days and stand in five, Your Majesty, I am sure of that, even though I am not a doctor.” He smiled with his eyes closed. “After all, you worked better and faster than any of my doctors, Master, that’s the truth!” he whispered. He coughed and I wiped the sweat from his forehead. “I am very attached to her, I love her very much!” he whispered, “I am already over 60, an old man who can only train himself on very young virgins. Nevertheless, I love her like no other. And I am glad with all my heart that you are her lover and not a less one. Thank you, Master Tschin!” I was not embarrassed, it was nothing new for him and I had had his tolerance for years. “I am aware of how much responsibility lies on my shoulders and I will never disappoint you!” I answered. He squeezed my hand.

“I am very worried because I have no enemies, or rather a million, but no one I would believe to be capable of this attack. I was sure that the peace treaty after the last war would hold, but I may be wrong. Investigate it anyway. The same goes for the court, I can’t have made

anyone so angry there either, but investigate it! I have many who are dissatisfied with me, but I thought I hadn't made anyone so angry. So don't listen to your king, I would tell you about every suspicion if I had one. Question, interrogate, torture! But find the guy!" I was still pretty unsteady on my feet, but I bowed to the ground.

First, a detective ordered that the guards on the king and the queen should be doubled, tripled. Food and drinks to be checked in advance. That seemed right to me. The detectives split up. They had to interrogate the foreign spies, they tackled the professional assassins, they probed the known opposition parties.

They interrogated hundreds, followed every lead. The detective who was following the trail of the silver gentian gradually made progress, I stayed with him because that seemed the most promising track to me. There were only 3 pharmacists in the area who stocked the gentian. They were interrogated until they named everyone who had received the gentian. They were all arrested and interrogated in the most scrupulous way, with no result. The search was expanded, now they went back 10, then 15 years. But nothing, nothing at all. I repeated the tests again and again, but it was 100% the silver gentian, no doubt about it.

But why hadn't we died?

A thought, an image tore me from my sleep. The queen turned to the side when I got up. I sat for hours at the queen's dressing table. First thing in the morning I had all the herb collectors arrested again. The silver gentian only grew in Tibet, a priest state that strictly controlled exports. It was the best remedy for stomach ulcers and was only given in tiny doses. The records were thoroughly reviewed again, everyone had to give an account of every gram. But not a single gram was missing, the plant was still crushed in Tibet and sold by weight. Not a gram was missing. We had to let them all go again.

But why are we three still alive?

I slept very restlessly, even though the ill and tired queen had let her be fucked until I was completely exhausted. The solution was ob-

vious, but not on my tongue. I dream that I am a little boy and an old man is leading me by the hand. He smiled disgustingly. "They are looking for an old man and a little girl! So not both of us, am I right??" I woke up from the dream again. I stayed sitting there until morning and ran back to the detectives. All the pharmacists and herbalists were brought here again. We asked them, who was missing? Which former pharmacist, which former herbalist was missing? Hours of guessing followed. Then came the breakthrough.

A single herbalist dared to talk about it. Long Qin, the king's older brother, had been on an expedition to Tibet ages ago; as a young man he had brought back many of Tibet's special plants and herbs 30 years ago. The entire family of the king and the queen had been questioned as to who might be going after the king. All and none, in short. I insisted on calling the brother in and questioning him. He would come with them in a minute, he told the investigators, he just wanted to finish his ceremonial cup of tea. He prepared his tea while our men waited outside, poured it carefully and then drank a cup and a second, bowing humbly before the house altar. He dropped dead within minutes. The tea contained a lot of aconite or monkshood, a large amount of the silver gentian and other poisons were also found in his home.

It all came out. The gentian had lost much of its strength, after 30 years the brother had also lost his mind. No, said the king, who was totally devastated by the news, his own brother! The father had foreseen that the brother was no good and denied him the throne. 30 years later he lost his mind completely to grab the throne, and wanted to realize his fantasy by committing fratricide. Nevertheless, the king mourned. The bribed cook, whom the detectives had soon identified, was beheaded.

At the King's express request, I remained in the palace, in the room next to my Queen, as the reader of the Queen's midday rest.

• • •