



Jack X.
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Mandrake

Volume 5

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Ellis Hot Summer

by Jack Faber © 2023

Elli had hesitated for a long time before agreeing. A distant relative, a 4th cousin who lived in the province, asked her to take in her two sons for the summer. The 19-year-old twins, Andi and Bert, wanted to study at the university in the capital and already had a place in the students dormitory starting Oct. 1. As agreed, they brought a pull-out couch, which they set up in the living room. Everyone was sweating in the merciless June heat, Elli had prepared a cold snack for dinner. The windows and doors were all open and they were glad for any cooling breeze.

Elli sat on the kitchen bench and watched the twins shower. The shower had been installed in the eat-in kitchen a long time ago and was open to the eat-in kitchen. The twins were well-built boys, slim and trim with athletic bodies. Elli looked at their cocks carefully; they had been circumcised at the insistent request of their aged great-grandfather, who had survived 5 concentration camps as a Jew. Elli vaguely remembered the heated arguments in the province, in which she did not interfere. The twins had beautiful, strong-looking cocks that were smooth and straight and had beautiful, red and tapered glanses. She was sure that they had fucked quite a few village beauties. She would ask them about it someday, maybe.

She handed them both a towel and said there was another dessert and ice-cold lemonade on the kitchen table. Elli had inherited three aunts and could afford a little luxury. The two of them sat down at the table and she put herself in the shower. She was now 68 and very slim, almost skinny. Her once beautiful and full breasts were now empty sacks that hung down sadly. Her pubic hair had fallen out almost completely, making her labia and cunt appear larger and more dominant. She had had no problem with nudity all her life, she had posed nude countless times for photographers, painters and sculptors and had always enjoyed being filmed in a very exhibitionist way having sex, masturbating and fucking. The exhibitionism meant

nothing pathological for her, but it corresponded to her nature and she simply enjoyed it. So she didn't think for a moment as the boys watched her curiously. Finally, as she did every evening, she squatted over the shower head, the strong water jet directed at her pussy. This stimulated her in addition to the gentle rubbing of her clit. She enjoyed this every evening to get in the mood for the final masturbation in bed. She rubbed her clit very gently in the strong jet of water for a few minutes, until her legs began to tremble with excitement. That done, she quickly dried herself and put on a short negligee, the only suitable piece she still owned, because usually she stayed naked in the summer, living alone. She sighed, because she could no longer maintain the beautiful sexual excitement that she usually took from the shower to bed. She sat down with the two naked boys and they chatted for over an hour more. She looked at the cocks with a certain amount of comfort, as it was easy for her to imagine fucking these beautiful and large cocks. They were smooth and slender and not yet as brutally chunky as some men's cocks. The guys kept the erection going, sometimes casually stroking the cocks and the slender, tapered glans. She found them very sympathetic; they had come to the capital with wide open, curious eyes. Then they all went to bed.

She watched through the open door as her two boys went to bed and then waited a very long time before she began to masturbate as she did every night. Her bedroom was bathed in a bright twilight from the street lights, and it was still brutally hot. She lay down, bent her legs left and right and stroked her clit only very gently until she was aroused and horny after a few minutes. Now she pulled the foreskin all the way back over the clit and pushed down the surrounding flesh so that the tip of the clit, the sensitive bud, stuck out a few millimeters. Elli closed her eyes to fantasize and spread saliva on the bud. She started very slowly, as always, and increased only after minutes, when she was deep in her reveries. Her mother was in the hospital with a bad abdominal episode and she woke up at night. The father moaned and groaned pathetically and she ran alarmed into his bedroom. He was rubbing his cock and stopped immediately when she rushed in. "It's not working," he complained moaning and she breathed a sigh of relief, it was nothing alarming. She snuggled up to him and grasped his cock comfortingly. "It's not working!" he wailed. She learned that he hardly ever masturbated. In the last few months,

when his mother couldn't fuck anymore because of the pains, she had always done it to him with her mouth. "I never liked that, it's disgusting," Elli said, shuddering, "Fucking is much nicer!" Now she had to tell her father everything, that she had been fucking boys and men for more than a year. Mostly boys, sometimes grown men, sure! No handjobs, no blowjobs, she much preferred real fucking. He was very surprised because he hadn't known, but she was almost 16 and that was nothing out of the ordinary, she said. And she seduced her father because it was right for both of them now. He wrenched his eyes open as Elli sat astride his cock and inserted it very deeply. "We can't do that!" he wailed, closing his eyes, "we're all going to hell!" She laughed roundly at him and began to ride him. She was very surprised, for his cock was much smaller than she remembered. She put a hand on his lips, she didn't want to hear any more about hell or the poor mother who they betrayed now. He only resisted at first, was racked with a guilty conscience and didn't let stop him from pulling out his cock to squirt at the end. She finished it, rubbing him with her fist and letting him squirt on her pussy or belly. They fucked every night and they had the mother's permission. The father had confessed everything in detail to the mother, crying and shaken by sobs. She calmed him down and then talked to Elli in private. The mother had also not known that her 16-year-old was no longer a virgin and had already been fucked dozens of times. Elli told her everything without reservation and also that she had felt so sorry for her poor father. The mother was actually grateful to her and didn't mind Elli continuing to fuck the father. She was still recovering from the abdominal surgery and would not be able to fuck for the next few weeks or months. Elli's heart dropped and she promised the mother that she would continue to fuck the father faithfully. The mother lay quietly next to them and stroked them lovingly. When the mother was able to fuck again after a few months, Elli stopped going to her father. The beautiful memory now flooded her with lust, she came to the final spurt. Elli rubbed the clit very purposefully and firmly to orgasm, her pelvis twitched two or three times and her legs trembled. She let the orgasm slowly subside and when the trembling stopped, she opened her eyes. One of them was sitting right next to her on the bed, his hand on his stiff cock. She instinctively closed her legs and looked at him. There was a long silence. She could remember darkly

that he had sat down next to her at some point, but she had only caught it unconsciously.

“Aunt Elli,” he began in a low voice, “I’m sorry, but I woke up and saw everything. Wouldn’t you rather fuck me? I’ve fucked already many times and I’m pretty good at it.” He had to wait a long time for her answer, because she was really taken aback. She had withdrawn completely from her surroundings and lived on her own, she hadn’t fucked in at least 5 years. She shook her head decisively, “No, no way! I’m far too old and ugly after all, I haven’t fucked in ages and I’m content to make myself the orgasm.” So, she had said it all, that had to be clear to him.

Andi — or was it Bert? — did not let himself be turned away so easily. He clutched his cock and said, “I would really like to fuck you now,” he whispered and his hand wandered up her inner thighs and stayed on her cunt, “I haven’t fucked in days and would have an unbridled lust now. And you’re not ugly at all, auntie, I’ve fucked plenty of older women in our village, really ancient ones too. When you really need it, age really doesn’t matter.” Elli shook her head decisively, “No! I’m way too old to fuck and I haven’t needed it in at least 15 years.” That was an outrageous exaggeration, but she didn’t want to fuck a fellow that young, by God! He didn’t give up. “I looked at you in the shower when you were rubbing yourself, and I don’t think your cunt is old or ugly.” His fingers explored her cunt curiously. “And, what did you find with all your old women?” she provoked him. “All the old women have very tight vaginas, like the very young girls.” He thought as she said, “just, and some old women don’t like to fuck because of that, like me. I have such a tight cunt, I can’t even fit a pencil in it!” Unexpectedly, he crawled on top of her, the firm cock pressing into her vaginal entrance. Instinctively, she tensed her vaginal muscles. “I have to try,” he stammered, trying to penetrate, but he didn’t get a millimeter. He chafed in her vaginal entrance for some minutes to no avail, and Elli considered letting him continue fucking and squirting in her vaginal entrance, but she instantly dismissed the idea. She indignantly pushed him back. “Hey, what are you thinking? Rape me, violently and brutally penetrate me!?” she exclaimed, boxing him lightly against the chest.

He was contrite and muttered, he didn't want to rape her of course, he just wanted to fuck her. But apparently his cock was too big and wouldn't go in. She growled, "I told you, I haven't fucked in ages, in 20 years! I'm way too tight!" She had calmed down and smiled, "Do you quite need it now, do you really need to squirt now?" He nodded, almost desperately. She stared at his hand and his cock. "Just have to do it yourself with your fist," she added. He shook his head slowly, "I haven't done that for years, I don't like it at all." She didn't think about it for a moment and asked, "but your girlfriends, they do it to you with their fists sometimes when they don't want to fuck or can't fuck right now?" She was uncomfortable with his hand touching her cunt again and pushed it away vigorously. She lifted the head cushion and sat halfway up. He nodded thoughtfully, "Yes, sometimes they do. Would you do it to me?" She thought for a long time. Why not, really? She nodded, "Okay," and reached for his cock. He put his head back on his neck and closed his eyes as she masturbated him.

A few minutes later, his brother came into the room, immediately grasping the situation and grinning wryly. "Why don't you fuck her?" he asked, still grinning. She had stopped at the same moment. "She doesn't like fucking, she hasn't fucked in 15 years and she doesn't need it, masturbating is enough for her. She's way too tight, he won't go in, I've tried it!" The brother nodded and sat down next to his twin. "But I want to squirt later, too, Aunt Elli!" he said cheerfully. She made no reply, she kept rubbing his brother and after a few minutes was already in the final spurt. Moments later, the first one squirted all over her hand and she continued rubbing him, slowing down, until he had finished squirting. Masturbating him had first confused and then sexually aroused her, now the brothers switched places. She now masturbated the second one and the other groped for her pussy and found the clit immediately. Her own arousal rose immediately, because the lad knew how to do it. She felt for her clit with the 'wrong' hand. "Damn, now I need it myself," she commented, gasping, and rubbed the clit as he did, but it wasn't the right hand and she had to stop. She recollected herself and masturbated the cock, he squirted after a short while and now she masturbated herself in a final spurt. The orgasm made her wince briefly, her legs trembled slightly. They all three grinned, then the two went to sleep.

In the half-dawn of falling asleep, her life slowly passed her by. *She had grown up completely normal and middle-class, she had learned to masturbate from her girlfriends at 9 and was instantly addicted to it. At 11 she learned to give handjobs to the boys and at 14 she posed for the first time to a photographer for erotic nude photos. The nude modeling made her insanely horny and she seduced the poor gay photographer. He deflowered and fucked her several times in a row by all the rules of the art. She liked the fucking very much. At 16, she voluntarily fucked her father for a few months until her mother was well again. She now fucked everyone who did not resist. At 19, she married head over heels to a wild, crude sculptor and the marriage was a disaster. Her husband turned out to be a psychopath, beating and punching her because he suspected her of cheating. She went to the emergency room several times and also went to the police, but she did not get a serious hearing. He stabbed her one day with a kitchen knife, she went to the hospital and he to prison for 5 years, she divorced him immediately. She had used this time to the fullest and fucked hundreds of men, was available as a nude model for little money and for more money she fucked and masturbated in front of the camera. She loved to pose in front of the camera and found nothing wrong with masturbating and fucking in front of the camera. She was not one of the reserved, chaste models and fucked directors, cameramen and the whole crew without restraint. She made good money doing it and met Robert, who not only wanted to film her but also marry her. He was a wonderful partner, they got engaged and she got pregnant. They were going to get married before the birth. But they were notified of her ex-husband's release with a wrong date. He came out a month early, he researched her, questioned unsuspecting neighbors and boiled with rage. She was pregnant!!! engaged!!! and about to get married!!! He couldn't take it. He attacked her in her own apartment, stabbed her a dozen times, and left the woman believed to be dead, lying in her blood. With her last strength she phoned for help. She was operated on, the child was dead, and the doctors said she could have no more children. Robert sat by her bedside and she broke off the engagement. She didn't want to marry as she couldn't*

have a family, and in her grief, despair and anger she pushed him back. She regretted this mistake all her life, Robert left her dead sad and quickly married someone else. Her ex was sentenced to life in prison, which meant he would get out after 15 years. But he was a troublemaker and a thug even in prison. When he brutally raped and injured the ever-popular nurse, he lost the last of his sympathizers. He was found hanged in his cell one morning, they wrote suicide on the death certificate and did not investigate the case further. Three of her aunts died shortly after each other, leaving her enough money so that she didn't need modeling and fucking in front of the camera so much and could live in modest luxury. But she needed the exhibiting, the nude shots, the masturbating and the fucking in front of the camera. The lesbianism now really came into fashion, she tried hard and did everything. Cuddling and kissing with the girls was immense fun for her as well as masturbating or being masturbated by the cute girls. She also licked the girls and let them lick her, but she found it as disgusting and abhorrent as the blowjobs or the anal fucking. More and more often she refused or was refused, she was no longer so young and the scars on her belly had to be covered elaborately every time. Unhesitatingly she plunged into unbridled sex life and fucked even more men than ever before, hundreds. She preferred to fuck in front of the cameras of amateurs, who let her do it her way and did not interfere with her. In her mid-fifties, she noticed that her vagina was constantly shrinking. The gynecologist thought it was age-related and couldn't help. She had to give up men with big dicks more and more often or fuck with pain, but fucking with the small-dicked ones was a single disaster. She gave up fucking completely 11 years ago, withdrew more and more and was satisfied with daily masturbation. She read newspapers and books, solved crossword puzzles and watched a little TV. She had collected all the movies in which she fucked and masturbated and watched them over and over again. Once a week she went shopping and then to the coffee house. She drank the coffee sometimes alone, but mostly with acquaintances or complete strangers, that was interaction enough for her.

Elli spent the day in the usual routine, the boys were out on the town all day. Dinner, showers and long chats before bedtime, that was the norm. The boys waited patiently beside her bed until she finished masturbating and opened her eyes again. She was not at all surprised, let them take a seat next to her and masturbated one after the other. Of course, she tried to masturbate both of them at the same time, but it didn't work. Mostly one — Andi or Bert? — played with her clit and she masturbated again herself in the end when she was aroused.

Mostly, however, the one she had not yet masturbated made her so horny with his finger play on her clit, that she gasped after the first one had cum, she needed it right now. She spread her legs while masturbating and the boy knelt between her legs. He masturbated quickly and squirted on her fingers, on her clit and on her pussy. She continued to masturbate unimpressed in the slippery sauce until the orgasm came. This went on for about a week, and everyone was satisfied.

Then the first one didn't want to have it with her fist anymore and cheekily laid on top of her. Elli pressed her legs together and put a hand on her pussy. However, he wanted to fuck at any price and churned up and down. She clamped his cock between her inner thighs and there he fucked. She kept her hand pressed firmly on her pussy and did not let him penetrate. The boy fucked, wedged between her inner thighs and his glans pounded against her hand and her cunt. He squirted on her hand, on her labia and on her cunt. The second one did the same now, diving deep into the slippery sauce and fucking quickly between her inner thighs. She got really horny again at the pounding, but she wouldn't take her hand away and let him cum on her cunt.

This went on for several days, she gradually dared to take her hand to masturbate. The fucking glans drummed against her fingers, clit and cunt. But he could not penetrate and only splashed her on the outside. She loosened her legs to masturbate better and the glans pounded on her vaginal entrance where he cummed and 10 minutes later his brother. She made herself orgasm with both of them and then was quite tired, really finished.

This also went on for several days, she let the guys fuck and cum in her vaginal entrance, one after the other. She no longer kept her hand protectively on her pussy, she opened her legs wide and let the guys fuck and cum in her vaginal entrance. She masturbated every time and then was always exhausted. Every day the boys penetrated a little further, she spread her legs wide apart and let them fuck and squirt in her vaginal entrance, now one or the other could penetrate with the tip of the glans. Her vagina was completely tense, he did not come a millimeter deeper, but she felt it very clearly when he squirted in warm jets inside. It was a memory of beautiful times gone by. Days of pounding against the vaginal entrance, penetrating with the tip of the glans when they squirted. She tried to loosen the cramped vagina, but it just didn't work. The second one always had an advantage because her vagina was wet from the previous squirting and he could penetrate a millimeter further in the slippery sauce. Every day the boys penetrated a little further, and one day, when her cunt was dripping with juice and slippery, the second penetrated fully, hard and deep. She felt a brief pain and cried out softly, but when he had fully penetrated, he stopped, startled and confused. She of course had stopped masturbating immediately, so startled was she. He had really penetrated!

“Pooh,” he said to his brother, “but she is tight! A madness!” and he wanted to know, “like Rita, the little Gangmiller?” But the pioneer shook his head, “No, like the Burger's old Emma, that's how tight she is!” Into the long silence, the pioneer asked softly, “Elli, may I?” She nodded, though embarrassed for some reason put her forearm over her eyes and willingly opened her thighs. He began to fuck and had to fuck for a very long time, then he squirted with firm thrusts his jets. He waited until his cock softened and pulled it out. Elli felt the pain in her vagina, but it was not as bad as years ago. She had felt the horniness slowly rising as she was fucked, but she didn't orgasm. His brother took his place. “Elli, I want too!” She nodded smiling tiredly, that was to be expected. He very carefully and slowly penetrated his brother's slippery juice, it went in, but only with difficulty. He rolled his eyes. “She's even tighter than old Emma!” he exclaimed, then started fucking. It took him much longer than his brother and he didn't squirt as much as at the first time either. Elli let the horniness of fucking come back up and began to masturbate during his fucking.

Then the two sat to the left and right of Elli and watched until she finished masturbating.

“So, what’s the deal with this Emma?” asked Elli with a smile, “what was the deal with her?” The two told her that of course they had fucked everyone over 60 and over 70 in the whole area, since most of the young girls were taken or newly married. They had also, of course, fucked everyone under 60 who wanted to join in, but there weren’t many. There were, on the other hand, many old and ancient ones who were ready to fuck immediately and gladly. Surprisingly, it was just the most bigoted bigot women who fought the most to get all the boys. They agreed with their buddies that old Emma had the tightest vagina, even tighter than the little Gangmiller, Rita, who many had previously considered the tightest.

Elli laughed and said, “so there is a competition among you fellows as to which one has the tightest cunt?” The two nodded a little embarrassed, then Andi said, — Andi or Bert? —, “Well, we judge the girls without meaning anything bad. For example, which girl does the best handjob, the best blowjob, the best fuck, the longest fuck, which one masturbated the most times in a row? And so on, we don’t write it down and forget most of it the next day. There’s nothing nasty about it.” Elli nodded, because that way she could understand.

When Elli asked if they also did it with their sisters, the two looked at each other. Then Andi said that it was the mother with whom they learned to fuck. She had taught them all about sex when they were allowed to be with her in the big marital bed one Sunday morning like every Sunday morning and cuddle with her naked. It was like this every Sunday morning when their father had gone out for his Early Morning Pint. She showed them everything, she smilingly demonstrated the female masturbation to them and when the two didn’t stop begging, they were allowed to fuck her properly one after the other. Mostly on Sunday morning, when the father was at the Early Morning Pint, for a good year and a half. But after one and a half year later the father caught them one day in flagrante delicto and beat them firmly up. Only then did the 14-year-olds storm the girls’ bedroom and fucked the sisters, and later all their cousins. At first the sisters acted as if they were terribly indignant, but they had long

since been deflowered and secretly enjoyed it. And the cousins didn't need a special invitation, because when the word got out about the sisters, they enthusiastically stayed overnight at the sisters'. Being related as such was not interesting, but the possibilities that arose, well. Bert lowered his eyes, "it was really great with the pregnant women. Most of the pregnant women didn't want to be fucked by our gang, only some. But they had fucked the best," Bert concluded.

Elli told a bit about her love life and how her vagina had changed and tightened a lot, 15 years ago. That's why she had given up fucking altogether, that's why she was only into masturbating. Andi (or Bert) asked if it would be okay with her if they both fucked her in future, it was much more fun than the other way. Elli smiled and said, "we'll try it again tomorrow, see if it works again?" They went to sleep.

Andi and Bert went to a pharmacy the very next day and got some lubricant. And yes, it worked! They fucked Elli, one after the other, and she actually liked it too, although she was careful not to praise them too much. The lubricant was good and Elli had no more pain while fucking. She spent her days in the usual routine, cuddling with the boys in the evening before they fucked her.

It was a nice summer for all three of them.

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A maid's fate

by Jack Faber © 2023

Rosemarie came to the Villa Hallwax, a stately home on a hill in Grinzing, as a maid when she was 15. The old Baron von Hallwax had bought the villa of the Jewish previous owner for little money, after all, the Hallwax-factory was important for the Nazis during the war. The old widower was a man of pleasure and allowed himself this luxury. He lived alone, except for the staff, his son meanwhile ran the company and the grandson studied in England and France.

The old gentleman had chosen the young beauty from the countryside because he wanted her around. Somehow the pretty, bloody young girl rejuvenated him. He waited a week, let her serve him coffee early in the morning, and decided to leave her in the care of the old cook. But at the end of the first week he laid the completely frightened girl with her upper body over his desk, flipped up her skirt and pulled down her underpants. He raped her, he deflowered her, and he fucked her. When he was done, he pressed a few bills into the girl's hand and told her to buy some new and pretty underwear.

Rosa ran into her room and threw herself on the bed crying. She actually had little idea about sex at all, it just hurt a little and she calmed down. The cook listened to her and said that now it was time to be smart and take advantage of the situation. "So cheer up and play along," said Brigitte the cook, as they went to the suburbs to buy sexy underwear. The cook knew this very well, because for a long time she had taken care of the old man's sexual balance. Rosa was horrified at how expensive the goods were, but the old man's money was plenty.

Rosa had really very little idea about sex. She had already discovered masturbating as a child and had given her little brother some handjobs when he could squirt. But the little guy wanted to fuck for real, so she gave in to him and inserted his little boy cock through the hole in her hymen. They had to watch the hymen like hell because the strict mother kept checking. So he was allowed to fuck and cum

very carefully, the hole got a little bigger, but she was officially still a virgin. So she came to the old Baron Hallwax.

Rosa served the coffee every morning at the same time, but the old gentleman could only fuck her once a month, he was already approaching eighty. However, his son, also approaching sixty, wanted to fuck the red-haired beauty every morning. She served the widower his morning coffee and lay down with her upper body on the desk. He fucked her the same way every morning. She got used to it and then went to take a shower and to the kitchen. She was very teachable and was already an excellent cook by the end of the war. Every month the younger Hallwax gave her an envelope, "for good service," and she saved as much as she could. The old man had bought her a particularly nice outfit, which she had to wear to his salon once a month. It used to be called a gentlemen's evening, but now, having become wealthy and fine, they spoke of the salon. Once a month Baron Hallwax entertained his customers, a good 20 to 25 officers in uniform. The Hotel Zum Erzherzog provided the feast, and industrious hands prepared the banquet in the marble hall. Rosa's only job was to serve drinks and cigars to the gentlemen before and after the banquet.

The old man had briefed her quite accurately, she was not a hooker, damn it, but a pretty 16 year old girl, who at the very most was allowed to flash her sinfully expensive underwear, but nothing more, for God's sake! Kissing, cuddling or dating, that in no case! She was not a hooker, damn it, but only a pretty eye-catcher to distract and please the officers. Rosa nodded when he explained all this to her and then had Brigitte, the old cook, translate it for her. She blushed red as a beet when Brigitte explained the word hooker. She turned even redder when Brigitte explained and demonstrated how she should flash the panties. "Show it all off?" asked Rosa with a pale face and Brigitte nodded. That was the purpose of the exercise, she was to show as much naked flesh as possible, the butt and the pussy, unabashedly and unobtrusively. Brigitte took a pair of scissors and snipped at the panties until they were just a thin cloth from the asshole to above the cleft. If Rosa now bent over or let herself be pulled onto the lap by one of the gentlemen and kicked with her legs in the air, then the ass as well as the cunt flashed up lovingly. The Baron

was totally thrilled, because all eyes were now on his eye-catcher and not on the boring documents. Rosa learned quite quickly to show off as often and as much as possible and after a few salons she was really good at flashing her jewels, praised the old man.

His father was buried with all pomp, even the mighty and powerful mayor sent a delegation. The son had insisted that “Baron von” be chiseled on the tombstone, although since the end of the Habsburg empire there were no more titles of nobility and of course no more Barons, but he himself continued to let himself be called Baron. As the new old man he now had no more consideration for his old master. He listened carefully to, which officer wanted to have a private audience with Fräulein Rosemarie. Depending on it, he sent the presumptuous insolent to the devil or he talked Rosa into receiving the important gentleman in the library, where there was a large, comfortable chaise-longue. Rosa knew it was well rewarded and fucked as many important people as she could. She often discussed with Brigitte whether she had become a hooker, but Brigitte just laughed at her. “What do you have to offer, what does life have to offer you? A pretty face and a pretty ass! So, make the most of it! Remember, one day you’ll be too old, so put that money aside for the old days!” Rosa nodded to Brigitte’s philosophy, every single word was true. It was war and everyone had to see to it, that they got a piece of the pie. Baron Hallwax made sure that he sold his stuff to the Wehrmacht, and Rosa made sure that she always got a well-filled envelope. She was not particularly businesslike, but she made it clear to the Baron that she expected more the next time.

The war was coming to an end. The former Baron of Hallwax tore the golden party badge from his lapel and angrily shoved it into the desk drawer. And — swoosh! — he was no longer a Nazi! The English, French and Americans needed his goods just as badly, for they too had howitzers, mortars and other toys for which the Hallwax Works supplied. The saloon was down for only a month, then the officers came in other uniforms and spoke only foreign languages. Rosa served as before, silently smiling, flashing her jewels. She spoke only with her eyes; she had had her makeup done beautifully by Brigitte, and she glowed with pride when one or the other of the officers gave her a euphonious verbiage. The old man coughed and coughed be-

cause he understood the foreign languages and his chest swelled with pride. Rosa willingly gave herself to the gentlemen from all over the world for money in the library; she didn't need to understand foreign language to fuck them. Whether German Wehrmacht, French or American liberators — without underpants they were in principle all the same. The Hotel Zum Erzherzog provided the banquet in exemplary quality. Even if one had lost the war, that was no reason to slack off. The Hallwax Works only got bigger and bigger, the more weapons were needed for peace. Rosa also blossomed, for she was truly in love.

Shlomo Yakubovich had survived the war in England and was now employed as a mechanic-chauffeur at Hallwax. He was the seventh employee in the villa, along with the cook, two cleaners, two gardeners and Rosa. He lived above the garage, where he was in charge of the two cars. Rosa was immediately in love with him. He smiled sullenly; she, as a pureblood, should not get involved with a Jew. Rosa didn't understand his humor and nagged back, that she was not a purebred, her great-grandfather was from Scotland, you could clearly tell by her red hair and green eyes. Shlomo hugged her laughing, then nothing would stand in the way! She visited him every day after lunch, they spent the two free hours in his bed.

Rosa loved everything about Shlomo, he was a skilled mechanic and an excellent chauffeur. And he had a big, beautiful cock, really big compared to the old man's little cock. He was circumcised and she admired the glans that never hid under a foreskin. He had a good meaty cock, with which he could continue fucking her for a long time after he had cum, until her orgasm. She much preferred those orgasms to the ones she gave herself before falling asleep.

Shlomo had a hard time accepting that his Rosa had to let the old master fuck her every morning, that she also had to let his customers fuck her sometimes in the library for her master's favor, but that was the deal. They kept talking about leaving the Hallwax house and starting over somewhere together, but their combined savings weren't enough at the back of their minds. Shlomo was very educated and he approached her about her period, even in the early days. Rosa didn't know what it was all about at first. She was 22 and didn't have

a period yet, Shlomo sent her to the gynecologist, but he didn't know anything either. You will not have children, Shlomo said sadly after reading the doctor's letter, we will have to adopt some. Rosa nodded, that was fine with her, she was very happy to have a family of her own.

Shlomo stayed with Hallwax for two years and one day he disappeared without a trace. Rosa cried heartbreakingly, but the guy was gone, with one of the cars. Although the crashed car was found a week later in a ravine in Tyrol, blood trails led into the woods and then got lost. Only after two or three weeks Rosa learned more details from Brigitte. It sounded like a bad detective story. The old master had gotten into a fight with Shlomo, over a woman, they had scuffled and the old man had threatened Shlomo with a revolver. Shlomo had knocked the old man to the ground and had sped away in a car with the revolver. Rosa remembered, she had asked the old man then, how he got the bruises on his face, but he had not answered.

Yes, she had asked the old Hallwax directly if it was true, but he had denied everything, "stupid chick's talk!" Rosa mourned Shlomo all her life and never fell in love again.

It all went on as usual, she let the old man fuck her whenever he could, but it became less and less. The son, Siegfried, had returned from England with his wife and child and occupied the vacant west wing. Siegfried assisted his father in the factory and gradually grew into the business. However, like his father, he was a real bon vivant, taking over the salons and living it up. His wife was more often in London, Paris and Monaco than at home in Vienna. Little René was at boarding school for most of the year, he was eager to learn and scored points with Siegfried with his good grades.

Rosa was 35 when old Hallwax was buried. He had just fucked her and had cum one last time, then he had simply dropped dead. She stood in the back row with the other domestics, but she didn't cry. He might have had her Shlomo on his conscience, she never forgave him for that, not in all these years.

Siegfried Hallwax continued his father's work. The Hallwax Works flourished and the new boss was from the trade, which impressed his employees. He spoke fluent English and French, which impressed the European clientele. The salons continued as before, they even became a tad more boisterous. And Siegfried didn't want to waste his precious time in bars and brothels; he took over Rosa from his father. She was only in her mid-30s, still pretty and not averse to fucking. She agreed immediately, she had faithfully taken care of the physical well-being of her masters. And of course she was quite keen on him, Rosa said with her most seductive eye flash. Yes, she would gladly let him fuck her, if he wanted, every day. But he was not such a barbarian as the old men who fucked standing, while Rosa bent over the desk.

He led her by the hand into his bedroom; he had a bottle of champagne in the ice cooler beside the marital bed and soft, ingratiating music playing. He undressed without a word and lay down on the bed expectantly. Rosa quickly undressed and lay with him. He quietly asked if they needed to use contraception and she shook her head. No, she didn't have a period and wouldn't have children. She liked his quiet, friendly manner and his claim to a bit of sophistication. She stroked her hand unselfconsciously over his cock, which was quite a bit larger than his father's and grandfather's as well. She asked how she should keep it with his wife, since they were cheating on her right now? He smiled, she should not think about it anymore, his wife is actually for sure lying on the beach of Nice or Monte Carlo and lets herself be pampered by a masseur. If she valued physical fidelity, she would be here and not there. That made sense to Rosa, there was a lot of truth in it. She looked at his cock more closely, it was not circumcised like Shlomo, but still pleasing to look at. She had heard that many women said that cocks were ugly, but not her, she had only seen nice ones so far.

She let Siegfried fuck her, and he too was as good in bed as Shlomo, he too usually brought her to orgasm. She had only had an orgasm while fucking Shlomo, before that only during her daily masturbation at night. The old man had never managed it and she believed that he didn't care at all either. Siegfried also cared that they kissed and cuddled. She had only done this with Shlomo before, but

she felt it was important and right. The cuddling, kissing and caressing really belonged, she learned that quickly. She felt like a woman with Siegfried and not just an object as she had with his father and grandfather. She had always felt that it was all wrong with the old masters, but she could not have put it into words. It was a beautiful new experience, even though she knew full well that it was all about his physical satisfaction. She lay with Siegfried for the next 20 years.

Something had changed, however, and she really didn't like it. The salons no longer had the banquet at their center. It was about the big booze-up afterwards, one drank to booming music, smoked and swallowed all sorts of things. Rosa drank very little alcohol and only sipped from her glass; she didn't smoke or swallow anything. Siegfried, however, was beside himself; he swept her into the middle of the hall and danced with her. She was confused because she had never danced before, but she went along with everything. It pleased her that he was so happy and exuberant. She danced with him from salon to salon, it was actually quite nice. But one day he was so hyper that after dancing he threw her on the chaise-longue and fucked her in front of everyone. This was terribly embarrassing to her because, although most didn't care, some were watching them fuck. She left immediately after he had cum.

She waited for him in his marital bed, but fell asleep. Only in the morning she served him a strong coffee and then dared to confront him. He was stubborn and intransigent. "When it gets to you," blah, blah, blah. She didn't want to hear it. She explained to him that it was embarrassing and uncomfortable for her, she felt pathetic and soiled. He didn't listen. After all, there was nothing wrong with it, it wasn't that bad. It went back and forth for half an hour, but they didn't find each other. Looking somber, he asked her if she would let a stranger fuck her at the salon if it was important to him or the company? She immediately shook her head, but then thought and said if it was really important, then. Siegfried nodded, "that's good!" and that was the end of the subject.

Promptly, he had her fuck his best friend at the next salon. He was important, he reminded the hesitant girl. Again, there were only a few who watched them fuck, but it was no longer so embarrassing. So

it gradually got to the point where she was getting fucked at every salon. If in the beginning there was only one, soon there were three or six who fucked her coram publico. Siegfried praised her and the monthly envelope became much thicker. He smiled secretly, she was as much a whore as all women. One was just more expensive than the other. But whores they all were.

Siegfried turned 60, Rosa 57. He gave a big party with all his friends. The day after, he told Rosa that she had to prepare for her well-deserved retirement. Therefore, he had hired a young assistant whom she would have to teach everything from cooking to the salon. Rosa nodded and was a little crestfallen, but on the other hand she understood. Siegfried's son René was studying at university and was now living at home again. Siegfried bothered her less and less often in his bedroom, of course, it was not he who had aged, but she. Sure.

The new girl's name was Mi Lei Sung, her parents had immigrated from China and the older children were able to help them out in the restaurant, but the younger ones were placed in various workplaces. Mi Lei was already almost 19, but looked like a 13-year-old. Rosa immediately realized that she was the change of pace Siegfried envisioned for his bedroom. But he lulled her suspicions, called Rosa into his bedroom once or twice, and she calmed down.

The little Asian girl, who wanted to be called Mimi because she was so used to it, was basically lazy as hell. She learned while cooking only for the day, the next day she had forgotten everything again. What she was good at, however, was fawning over Siegfried or René when she served coffee and other things in her skimpy little skirt. No question, she was after one or both of them. And sure enough, after six weeks Siegfried came into Mimi's room at night and Rosa, who was sleeping in the room next door, woke up to Mimi's soft cries of pleasure. Mimi meowed like a kitten while fucking, she could be heard for miles. Rosa got really tight palpitations, maybe from indignation that she had been dumped or maybe because she had gotten horny listening to her. Mimi meowed loudly every night now, and Rosa was somehow glad he hadn't brought Mimi into his bedroom. Days went by.

One night there was a knock at her door, it was René. He just came in, hissed a greeting and lay down with Rosa, snotty. He noticed that she was naked under the covers and took off his T-shirt and underpants. It was not completely dark in the room and Rosa noticed his grin. He looked at her and laughed softly. "That Mimi sure got my old man around fast," he murmured. "If I'm counting right, this is the second time he's fucking her tonight." Rosa nodded and said softly, "he usually fucks her twice." She paused for a long moment. "I hope he doesn't overdo it, like your grandfather!" René had no idea about this and she had to tell him everything. At first she just told how he had collapsed dead after fucking her, but René kept drilling until she had told him everything all the way back to her de-flowering at 15 by his great-grandfather. After the long silence in the next room, Mimi was heard meowing very quickly and choppily. "Now she's masturbating," René whispered, "she let me watch her a few times, that's how I know." After a small cry, the meowing died away and Siegfried's deep voice was heard briefly.

René continued to discuss his parents with Rosa for a long time. The father thought the mother was a slut, but he himself had fucked the little slut in the last days. He was depressedly silent and had his arms wrapped around Rosa's neck. She gave a jerk and told him that until now, for almost 20 years, she had been the slut for his father. He propped himself up on his arms. "Not true!" But Rosa nodded and said it was the full truth. He said he was sorry, but she fought back. "He always treated me like a gentleman, he was always decent to me!" She bit her lips; she didn't have to tell him the humiliations at the salon. He lay down a little more quietly. "I am glad he treated you like a gentleman, for you are quite lovely and a sweetheart!" Rosa blushed in the dark. A thought rose in her mind.

"Can I ask you something?" she initiated, "just because I'm curious. Do you have a girlfriend to fuck?" René let go of her neck and was silent for a long time, then shook his head in denial. She put a hand on his chest. "Forgive me if I'm too curious, but have you ever really fucked before?" His body immediately stiffened. Again he shook his head and she felt tears running down his cheeks. She hugged him, for the first time, and immediately felt his stiff cock. "It's okay René, it's okay! One day you will..." He interrupted her un-

certainly, “Do you really think so?” She stroked his cheeks and nodded. “Of course I do, I have no doubt.” He had to get it off his chest. “There were no girls at boarding school, and I wasn’t one of the gang that sometimes broke out at night and went to the brothel,” and Rosa interjected, “you certainly didn’t miss anything important!” He looked at her big. “Mimi used to come into my room and wanted to fuck so badly, but I didn’t know how to do it. Then she just masturbated and laughed at me later. She came to me at least 10 times, to masturbate and laugh at me.” Rosa knew that René was somewhat autistic and had a hard time interacting with people, so she felt great compassion for him. “One day you’ll meet a girl who will show you everything, and it won’t be hard.” He was electrified. “You’ll show me one day?” Now Rosa froze. “Why, I’m well over sixty,” she exaggerated, “I’m an old, ugly woman, much too old for you!” She groped her way to his cock and embraced it. “My cunt has already shrunk and become very tight, much too tight for such a big cock as you have!” She squeezed his cock affirmatively. “And at boarding school, you only did it yourself?” He nodded and answered immediately, “Sometimes I did it at the same time as others, sometimes one rubbed the other. But not very often. And the ass fucking I never did, that seemed too gross.”

Rosa was still holding his cock. “You have to squirt now, don’t you?” she stated. “You can make yourself do it if you want, I don’t mind.” She paused and waited, but he said nothing. “You want me to make it for you?” she asked, and all at once he nodded his head. “Okay, I’ll be glad to do it to you!” she whispered and grabbed his cock with her fist. He put his arm on her shoulder as she sat up and masturbated him. He buried his face between her breasts. It took quite a long time and she was starting to get a cramp in her arm, but then he squirted, spurting high into the air several times and she didn’t let go of his cock until he had finished spurting. She let him rest for a long time and said softly, “I have to sleep now!” He woke up from dozing. “Can I come back tomorrow?” he asked uncertainly and she giggled. “As soon as Mimi starts yowling, you can come!” He gave a short laugh and left.

He was punctually on the spot as soon as Mimi and Siegfried had started fucking. He had taken a flashlight with him and dived down

to explore Rosa's cunt in great detail. He did not reappear until Mimi's mewling while masturbating was heard for the second time. René grinned all over his face as Mimi finished with a little cry. He really questioned Rosa, he wanted to know everything about fucking. She said nothing of her little brother, but told of his great-grandfather and grandfather and the officers she had fucked in the library. She shook her head with a smile, No, she hadn't been sent to the hustle, she had been able to choose if she wanted to fuck the officer. After all, the grandfathers only wanted it because it benefited them business-wise. She assured the boy that she wanted it herself, because it was the only way she could fuck many men, very many. And she was pretty and young and wanted to fuck all the time, she really loved it very much.

Rosa had held René's cock in her hand during the conversation and now he was ready again. She masturbated him and made him squirt high in the air. He came every night now, he hugged Rosa and they listened intently to Mimi until she was done fucking and masturbating. René kept her hugged, lying half on top of her and pressing his cock between her inner thighs. Rosa offered to let him fuck her every day, but he wasn't ready yet. She masturbated him and let him cum on her thighs and pussy.

Rosa had accompanied Mimi to the abortion clinic and brought her back home in a cab. Mimi was very dejected, but the Lord had insisted, he did not want a bastard. For two weeks he summoned Rosa to his bedroom and lamented his suffering. He nodded with satisfaction when Rosa reported that she had persuaded Mimi to take the pill. The abortion had hit Mimi pretty hard, but he was back in Mimi's bed after two weeks. The game started all over again, René was back with her, lying on top of her, and she was stroking his stiff cock, steering it closer to her pussy day by day.

One day René was ready. He was very excited when Rosa directed his cock into her vaginal entrance. She didn't need to explain much to him, he knew at least in theory how the fucking went. Rosa had held her breath because he had a very thick cock, the same length as Siegfried, but much thicker. They both fought like doggedly because he didn't go in easily. She felt a brief pain when he finally went in

with great difficulty. He still hesitated a bit, but then he thrust dutifully and squirted way too soon. He slumped to the side after squirting. Now it was Rosa who embraced him and kissed his tears away from his cheeks. They talked quietly, she explained to him that the man had to hold back the squirting until the woman had had her orgasm. It is more difficult for some than others, but the majority could do it. If a man couldn't do that, he became uninteresting to the woman. René nodded, that was easy to understand, and he promised to try. It took him several days before he could hold off long enough for Rosa to orgasm. He came every night now, he lay on top of Rosa and they both listened aroused to Mimi's sounds of pleasure before they fucked.

René was a good boy and he always used a lubricant, he learned to penetrate her only slowly and give her vagina time to dilate and adjust. He came to fuck almost every night and Rosa was a good listener, she had no idea what college was like of course, but she was pretty knowledgeable about interpersonal relationships, something René really needed her opinion on.

Siegfried was apparently in the know, and once remarked to Rosa that he highly valued her good influence on René. Rosa turned red as a beet, although he made no salacious remark. He knew how hard René had it with people and appreciated that she cared for his son, he said so quietly and hugged her. Although he no longer invited her into his bedroom at night, she usually lay with him in the morning hours or before noon, but they did not fuck every time. After all, Siegfried was already 60 and gave all his loins strength to fuck Mimi at night. Rosa mostly just listened to him and caressed his body, he talked about everyday problems, but he always asked her how René was doing. He was very pleased with René's grades, but he worried if the boy could one day take over the Works, the Company. Rosa knew that René didn't study the same as Siegfried had, but maybe he could take courses that concerned business management. Siegfried thought for days and interviewed the university before talking to René about it. Although Siegfried no longer fucked Rosa every day, she regularly got her envelope at the end of the month.

Sometimes Siegfried was traveling and that's when René was very fond of going to Mimi's to fuck, Rosa didn't object and encouraged him a lot. He secretly made recordings of it and showed them to Rosa. She was electrified, because she practically never saw others fuck. She watched the footage hundreds of times, it was very arousing. Mimi apparently had no trouble inserting René's thick cock and she visibly enjoyed letting the boy fuck her. She always wanted to be fucked twice with a break and always masturbated after the second fuck. He fucked her powerfully through and she never taunted him again.

It was probably one and a half year later when the house bell jingled. The gardener threw on the jacket of his fantasy uniform and opened. He called out loudly, "Rosa! A Visitor for Fräulein Rosemarie!" Rosa brushed her hands against the kitchen apron before removing it, a visitor? She hadn't attended the salon in years, and who else would visit her? She walked curiously to the door with her heart pounding excitedly and stepped out.

It was Shlomo.

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On Waves And Billows

by Jack Faber © 2023

For hundreds of years, a considerable portion of humanity lived on the oceans. As recently as the 21st century, it was thought that the world population would not grow beyond the 9-billion-mark. Growth leveled off somewhat, but still, 300 years later, there were now nearly 11 billion people. The oceans were populated with huge floating platforms consisting of thousands of loosely connected parts. One got the necessary energy from sun- and wind power, wave power stations had not got beyond the different project stages. Platform 451, where Una lived, had an edge length of 10 kilometers and was one of the most modern ones. There were about 4 million people living on the platform. The platform was anchored in the doldrums, powerful breakwaters protected it from the rare storms. The houses, which were densely packed together without gaps, were three to five stories high and a dozen formed an apartment block, and about a quarter of the total area was used for agriculture. One was almost completely self-sufficient, only a few goods were delivered from the mainland.

Una had a good job as part of the air traffic control, the 3 three hour shifts a day demanded the utmost concentration of course, but it was an interesting work. Most of the time she ensured smooth local flight operations over the platform, regularly she was assigned to air traffic control between the platforms or long distance traffic to the continents. Only long distance traffic still had a few combustion engine aircraft; the local gliders and helicopters were all electrically powered. Many of the residents had privately owned small electric flying machines of any design, and a pilot's license was required for these as well. Most private pilots obeyed the law and flew under the control of air traffic control, there were of course black sheep and daring youths who flew around without permission or control. Surprisingly, there were few accidents, as a crash usually involved more than just a cool dip, most simply drowned.

Una had grown up in Greater-Paris on the mainland, had done all the schools and general pilot training. She originally wanted to become a civilian, commercial or military pilot, but she had a chronic problem with her teeth and was no longer shortlisted. She completed the three-year training for air traffic control and moved to Platform 451 because she could not afford the expensive life in Paris. On the platform, she immediately got a well-paying job and a spacious apartment of almost 48 square meters, actually an officer's apartment near the air base.

Una's childhood was carefree, learning not only the local dialect, which used to be French, but also Interlingua, the official English language of large parts of the world, which was a hodgepodge of American, English and other Anglophone languages. Una had a sexually average adolescence, masturbating since early childhood like all the other girls, and it really became an addiction. She saw her biological parents barely twice a year and had no close relationship with them. She lived like most children in state institutions, every year she got a new roommate. Before she was 14, she was said to be a lesbian. But she didn't care, she was in bed with the other and they sweated when they masturbated or the other masturbated her. She had learned to lick the clit from one of her girlfriends and loved it very much. She was a good student and hardly thought about sex during the day. The sex was only in the evening and at night, she was very libidinous and did not let any night pass unused. At 14 she let a friend deflower her and learned to fuck very quickly. She loved fucking very much, only sometimes it was difficult to get together with the guys. One did not waste time on falling in love or building relationships. One arranged to have sex with a boy, because "today's youth" was just like that. Romance had died out in large parts, no one missed it. It was all the norm at the time, and at 17 she had to choose between getting married, going to work, or going to college. She wanted to be a pilot.

She loved her new apartment. It consisted of two rooms, a small kitchen and a sanitary cabin with shower and toilet. One room was her bedroom, the other the living- and working area, because she only went to the flight control center for one shift on three days a week, the other shifts she worked from the apartment, that's what ev-

everyone did. The monitor she worked on took up the whole wall and she could see 5 or 10 partial images at a time. The small kitchen was sufficient as she only made her own breakfast, the two main meals were supplied by the Fly&Eat, she just needed to heat it up. The Fly&Eat belonged to the Aeroboard and catered to a good 20,000 men. There was a lot of emphasis on good, healthy food, since the crews received expensive training and any illness hit the company hard. Health was a top priority. One was also required to follow a sports program every morning before breakfast. Una rode her electric scooter to the port every morning, swam for 30 minutes, and ran once around the entire harbor, a two kilometers round trip. She always found time for a chat with the Mariners or with Sailors from outside, i.e. other platforms or the continent. In these short chats, the courtship had to succeed, so that she had a guy to fuck in the next evenings. They saw exactly what they could expect, her swimsuit cleverly showed everything that one tried to hide in earlier times. Depending on the mood, she rode home in a happy or a bad mood on the pedal scooter, changing her foot every 100 meters to pedal. She usually used the electric drive of the pedal scooter only when she went for a ride.

She was only 26 and naturally pretty, she had nice small breasts and a very slim, womanly body. She did shave her pubic hair every day before showering, but usually there was no sex for two weeks or more, no fuckboy, no lover. Masturbating was in the program every night, but she found variety in telesex. The communicator, which used to be just a smartphone, offered her everything she needed. It recorded the data of her early morning exercise and sent it to the employer, it recorded all vital signs and alerted Una when necessary. He likewise gave her information about her fertile days and the exact time of ovulation. She could use the communicator to compile her meal plan or grocery shopping; you no longer went to stores or small businesses, everything was delivered to the house. The communicators between the supplier and the recipient independently and automatically agreed on the dates that suited both parties. And Una, like most, was among those who obtained sex through the communicator.

Una had only three devices she used for sex. An electronic penis, a stimulator and a love cloth. She used the penis when she wanted to have sex with a distant man (most of the time it really was one). It came very close to actual fucking and even surpassed it in one respect. The man could maintain his virtual erection for as long as he wanted during phone fucking. Contraception was not necessary and there was no risk of infection. And neither the distance nor a possible age problem offered a barrier. Una had already had telesex with old men or underage boys (and probably girls too). No teenager was too stupid not to pretend to be an adult. Many teenagers loved to pretend to be the opposite sex because they found it exciting. Una was sure that she had had telesex with many dressed-up girls of all ages. Occasionally she also had lesbian telesex, but very rarely. Of course, it always happened that one chose the wrong person to have telesex with, but one could always press the off-button.

The second device was the stimulator, it came in a hundred varieties, for men and for women. Una's stimulator was basically a simple clit-stimulator that she could control herself or have someone else control. It was sometimes really horny what lesbians or other women could do with it.

And there was the love cloth. It came in sinful expensive full-body-versions and smaller ones. Una had a small model, about 25 centimeters on the edge. It was used to transmit manual stimulation, stroking and touching in a way that was true to feeling. It was an important adjunct used in a wide variety of activities. The combination of two or all three devices made telesex a very intimate, exciting experience.

Una loved the personal contact while fucking though, that was better than any telesex. But she hardly had more than one or two lovers a month, she had already fucked all sympathetic work colleagues, neighbors and the workers in the port city and was happy about every Sailor from overseas.

She often sat in front of the monitor for hours discussing, arguing or exchanging ideas with people from all over the world. And yes, she also flirted when she felt the tingle. There were even three men from

other platforms who had come all this way to fuck Una. But none had the quality of character she expected. She longed very much for a lasting, loving partnership, but so far none had been even remotely acceptable. She could use the purely physical lovemaking, but she was not fooled by hormones or her imagination. She had read hundreds of books and articles on the subject, watched discussions and lectures, and had even exchanged long and thoughtful emails with some of the various experts. She knew how difficult dating was and was far too educated and intelligent to fool around.

Una lived on the third floor of a house and had the advantage of being on the flat roof on sunny days. Although it rained quite often there were many sunny days where she could lie down to tan. Up there on the roof, everyone was naked, and there was nothing unusual about two getting together to make love and fuck. Una was one of the few young women on her apartment block and was in high demand for fucking. Fucking on the roof, in the beautiful sunshine, was the only situation where she let herself be fucked in public space and felt an exhibitionist shiver when other women stared over in envy or when her onlookers got an erection. It wasn't strangers, it was the neighbors. In rainy weather, she usually sat by the only window, at the kitchen table, looking out at the sea or the rain pelting down on the shore road and the wide strip of grass, bushes and trees. She was fascinated by the waves crashing against the platform during the rare storms and the spray splashing in ever-changing shapes several feet high. The rainy weather was always a good time to gossip with friends and girlfriends. She had resolved to read at least one book every week and watch at least one movie on the Internet. She knew how important education was for her.

Una had met a nice Sailor, who was sailing an electric trimaran, while doing early morning sports in the harbor town, and had invited him to dinner. The boy was perhaps ten years older than her and was traveling all alone from platform to platform, heading for the Caribbean. She flew home lovey-dovey and ordered the evening's groceries from the road. She had to work concentrated shifts, but in the evening she set the table for two and whistled a pop song, she was in such a good mood. A glance at the communicator showed that it was still 10.9 days until the next ovulation, so free ride! She was annoyed

because she couldn't teach the device to display the time in a more understandable way. 264.4 hours was the only possible alternative, but it was even more stupid. She had already sent a suggestion, but one never knew if it was even read and if a programmer ever tackled it. The bell rang, the Sailor came.

Armand, he introduced himself, came from Marseille in France and he was a decidedly cheerful and likeable guy. How good it did Una to be able to speak French with him in the language of her youth. He ate proficiently and they emptied two bottles of red wine until, with an artificial yawn, Una signaled to go to the bedroom.

Armand obviously had some catching up to do and fucked her twice, holding his own very well and waiting patiently for Una to fuck herself to orgasm before he squirted. They smoked during the break and afterwards, as Armand was a heavy smoker, but Una rarely smoked. He told how he had prepared for his adventure. Apartment sold and off he went! Until a few miles from the platform the batteries ran out. He lay in the slippery sea for 12 hours, had spread out all the solar panels, and waited impatiently in the sweltering heat until he had enough power again. Two technicians were working on his ship, they had already ordered the defective parts from the mainland and they were waiting for it to be flown in. He was very annoyed that the mishap had happened and showed him the vulnerability of his ship. He laughed, seeing that he was still a real city boy who could not yet fix everything himself. She cuddled up to him covetously, but Armand was drawn to the port city. Wind had come up and he was getting restless, he could not leave the ship unguarded. She ordered him a glider and he left, but promised to return tomorrow evening.

The days flew by, the evenings with Armand were wonderful and so was the fucking, of course. They promised each other to keep in touch, although he would hardly ever come back, his destination was still the Caribbean. They kept in touch for years to come, they talked about the Visiphone almost every week and had telesex on a case by case basis, but in truth he didn't like it very much.

Una had met new neighbors, Peter and Gwendolyn, who were from London. They had a daughter, Anna, and a son, Paul. Anna was

Gwendolyn's daughter and Paul was Peter's son. Anna was a very good student, bright and clever. Paul was dumb as a brick, lazy and stubborn, and they were both about the same age. Peter and Gwendolyn were both engineers and built platforms. Una, of course, had talked Peter into fucking her on one occasion and he went along with it with a very guilty conscience. Una later regretted her covetousness, for Peter was a real failure at fucking. The only positive thing about their brief fling was that Una learned of Gwendolyn's lesbian tendencies. Immediately she seduced Gwendolyn, who was really a grenade in bed, and the two fucked at regular intervals.

Gwendolyn taught Una something new, fucking clit-to-clit. Una was thrilled and almost passed out with pleasure when Gwendolyn fucked her mercilessly to orgasm. She fucked Gwendolyn too, of course, but she had a much smaller clit than Gwendolyn and unfortunately could not fuck her just as well. Peter knew about their sexual relationship and kept silent about it, because he knew very well himself that he had nothing to offer Una. Gwendolyn and Peter had a problem, they had a job on an other platform, but they had to put the children somewhere for the 6 weeks. Una hesitated for a long time, but finally she agreed.

Anna and Paul, quarreling like cats and dogs, surrendered growling to their fate. They promised to be good and not disturb Una during her shift. Una had threatened to put them in the state home immediately if they disturbed her at work. The threat worked; the siblings had only known each other for a few months, but they got along. Una could really work, and when she was done, she went into the bedroom where they could watch movies. But they were both naked on the bed, Paul had just rolled off Anna and Anna was sprawled on the bed, her pussy smeared with semen. "No, we didn't fuck, Aunt Una," Anna replied through her tears, "he's much too cowardly to fuck, he's afraid of Mom who would beat him up!" Una took a close look at Paul's cock, he had a really strong man's cock, the guy with the birdbrain. Una got a washcloth and cleaned Anna's pussy. "Well, then what did the both of you do?" she asked the girl. Anna answered that he only fucked in her vaginal entrance and squirted there, to spare her hymen. They had been fucking like this for months, she was not allowed to watch him masturbate, but he

watched her every time she masturbated. She had shown him the vaginal entrance fucking when he didn't want to deflower her and fuck her for real. But she definitely wanted to fuck! She would have allowed him to deflower her and fuck her, but the coward didn't dare. Una fixed dinner, the two of them sat naked nestled close to each other in front of the monitor, watching an ancient horror movie on the Internet and shrieking with pleasure. Watching the movie together was one of the situations where Anna was allowed to play with Paul's cock and make him stiff. She rarely managed to make him squirt, and today she didn't manage it again. Paul kept rewinding during the sex scenes, explicitly showing sex was allowed if it was less than 5% of the movie, else it was porn. Paul had the sex scenes played in slow motion, the clumsy vampire fucking the leading lady or the werewolf fucking the same poor girl. The actresses of that time unabashedly fucked in front of the camera and this one even did the scenes with the werewolf herself, the fucking performed by trained dogs. Una briefly looked at the monitor, but she actually did not like the dog fucking and turned off the monitor. So dinner, and now off to bed!

Una was lying naked under the sheet as usual, Paul had made a place for himself on the floor next to the bed. Proud, because he was a man and not a wimp! Anna came out of the shower cabin and hesitated for a moment, then put aside the pajamas and slid naked to Una under the sheet. "Lights out!" commanded Una, and Anna wrapped her arms around Una's neck. Whispering, she asked Una about her sexuality. Una answered her curious questions with a smile and caressed Anna's body. Anna half lay on Una and pressed her body against her as they continued to whisper. She slid a hand between their bodies and masturbated. Una smiled and put her face on Anna's beautiful, full breasts. She caressed and fondled the glorious breasts, her fingers seeking the nipples, pressing and twirling them until they were stiff. She caressed the breasts and teased the hard nipples until Anna had finished masturbating. She gently stroked the girl's hair until she calmed down. Anna replied to her question that she had been masturbating every night since she could remember. Una nodded in agreement, that was quite all right. Before her mother had met Peter, she had been allowed to lie with Gwendolyn, press herself against her and masturbate. Paul had heard their whispering

and now lay down next to Una as well. He noticed that they were both naked and threw his pajamas on the floor. Una said with a laugh, "Auntie à la sandwich!" Anna grinned and explained to Paul what was meant.

Anna reached over Una and grabbed Paul's cock. He let her play with his cock for a few minutes until it was completely stiff. Only then did he protest, "your hand is much too weak and powerless, so I won't let you do it!" Anna withdrew her hand in a huff. Paul sought Una's hand and placed it on his cock. "He never lets me watch him do it," Anna whispered aloud, "he's so unfair! Me he watches of course, me he half fucks too, but when he does it himself he sends me 'out! As if I've never seen it before!" Una kept an iron silence, the two of them had to fight it out between themselves. Paul's hand trailed Una's hand up and down his cock. Una murmured, "do you want me to make you squirt or what!?" Paul nodded and nodded, "Yes, please, do me!" Una sighed deeply, for she did not want to argue, and masturbated the boy, and Anna clasped his sack with her hand. When he came to squirt, she whispered to Una, "please, let me!" and she took over and rubbed his cock eagerly until he finished squirting.

They lay very still for a few minutes, then Una lightly poked Paul in the side. "So, have you fucked before?" Paul lied brazenly, "yes, many times, with Mary and Emma, in London!" Anna immediately protested half aloud, "and with me, you little piglet!" Una knew instinctively that the fellow was lying, but she felt like it now. Lust to fuck. "Well, come on then, you hero, come lay on Aunt Una!" That's how Paul got his first time. She helped him with her hand to put his cock into her vagina, but she didn't have to show him the thrusting. Anna had put her hand on her pussy, curious to the fucking. Paul fucked very long and amazingly well, at least better than his father. He knew instinctively that he had to trigger Una's orgasm with firm thrusting. Anna pulled her hand back in fright as Una orgasmed violently. Paul continued to fuck Una for ages, even though she was already very tired after the orgasm. He squirted, he squirted quite a bit and Una dozed for a few minutes.

Paul lay down on top of her again after a while, his cock was hard as a board again. Una woke up from her dozing again, the lad really

fucked her excellently and she got a smaller orgasm again. Anna had not pulled her hand away this time, her fingers were on Una's clit and she was curiously following the whole thing. Paul kept fucking and Anna's fingers touched her clit, gently and tenderly. She only withdrew her fingers when Paul was panting like a steam engine before he started to squirt. Una was already tipping away when he squirted and dozed off immediately afterwards. They slept close together until early morning.

When she came back from early morning exercise the next morning, Paul was already lying between Anna's thighs and fucking upon her cunt. Una stopped under the door and watched the two, then she knelt down next to the bed to see everything up very closely. "I'd like to squirt in," Paul whispered, and Anna protested, "not today, too dangerous!" Anna, who already had a very womanly body, yanked and tugged at her breasts, she had her legs spread wide and Paul was fucking her wide open cunt. He wasn't actually stuck inside, but he was fucking up and down between her labia, along her slit like a weaver's shuttle in a loom. Tirelessly, his cock swept up and down, bumping and scraping along Anna's clit each time. The clit was erect and looked quite stiff. This made Anna furiously horny and she kept gasping, "here it comes, I'm about to come!" but the orgasm did and did not come. Fucked up and down for a good ten minutes and stopping in climax, he straightened up and grabbed his cock. They waited breathlessly and a bright, short jet spurted over Anna's clit and her cunt, he clenched his cock with his fingers, immediately stopping the spurting. Anna had started rubbing her semen-smeared clit at the same moment he had squirted, she couldn't take it anymore, she had to finish it. She masturbated quite hard, for she had become insanely horny and was staring at him with wide, glassy eyes. "No, don't squirt inside!" she whimpered several times, not stopping her rapid masturbation. He directed his glans into her slit and Una pressed down one of the labia to see it up closely. She saw the hymen, it had quite a big hole. He infinitely carefully pressed the tip of the glans on the hole in the hymen and penetrated a few millimeters, half of his glans inside. His fingers loosened and he now squirted in once through the hole without fucking further. "Don't squirt inside!" wailed Anna. He didn't move a millimeter, not wanting to hurt her hymen. Una looked at his cock as if entranced, she saw him contract and squirt in a sec-

ond time, a full jet. As if from far away she heard Anna's desperate calling and now she had to intervene! She grabbed Paul's cock and yanked it out. She tore at it hard and let the stunned guy squirt upon Annas cunt. She kept yanking hard on his cock and making him squirt again and again. She rubbed him until he stopped squirting and vigorously rubbed the last drops out of his cock, then he rolled to the side. Una straightened up, she had never seen this way of fucking before. A few moments later Anna orgasmed, she jerked wildly, but immediately calmed down and closed her legs. "The stupid guy always squirts in through the hole," Anna said plaintively, "but at least he pays attention to my hymen!" Una wondered about the boy's loin strength, he fucked Anna two or three times a day and fucked her, Una, once or twice a night.

When Una was done working, she would often lie down with the two of them and watch them fuck. Anna did not orgasm during this kind of fucking. Una put her fingers on Anna's clit, which was a lot bigger and thicker than her own. Anna nodded in approval and Una rubbed her clit to orgasm at the exact moment he started to squirt. Una grabbed his cock afterwards and rubbed the last drops out of him.

It had been two weeks and the three of them spent a lot of time in bed during the day. Una strictly kept her working hours and closed the door to the bedroom. Beer is beer, and booze is booze, she kept that very well apart. She was the cool, focused voice on the microphone directing air traffic. There had been only one incident in those weeks, an unreported airman had crashed and survived badly injured, his homemade glider had crashed into the front of a house. There was an investigation, of course, but since the fool had not reported to air traffic control, Una was not to blame. She chewed on it for quite a long time anyway, how could anyone be so stupid!

At night she really enjoyed being fucked to orgasm by Paul. She shook her head in denial, she didn't want to be masturbated by Anna while he was fucking her. During the day she would lie down with them when her shift was over and if Anna wanted her to, she would masturbate her while Paul was fucking the girl.

One day it happened. Paul's glans was stuck in Anna's hole and he just squirted inside, but Una had masturbated Anna to orgasm way too fast and Anna jerked so hard that Paul pierced her hymen and penetrated very deep. He immediately stopped fucking, his cock spurting uncontrollably all at once. Una instantly yanked his cock out and rubbed it like she always did, yanking really hard and making him squirt, over and over. When he was done, she rubbed the last drops out of his cock with her fingers. He tore his eyes open in despair, a sacrilege had happened, he had committed a sacrilege! He stuttered senseless apologies and Anna put her forearm over her eyes, no one should see her tears, but they were tears of relief in the end. Una kept silent and stroked Paul's hair, he had done nothing wrong, she reassured the sobbing boy. Una fixed a snack and they ate in silence. "You must always watch Anna's fertile days now," she told Paul, "we don't want her to get pregnant! Check her com every time to see when she's expecting to ovulate! And you can't fuck her during that time, no way!" Una glanced at Anna, but she knew, no question.

Una lay down during the day as often as possible to the two, because now Paul fucked Anna no longer restrained, but with full steam. Unfortunately, Anna did not get an orgasm now either, she had to do it herself with her fingers. But she was beaming, she was beaming all over her face. Now she had finally become a real woman! The two of them stopped picking on each other like cats and dogs from one day to the next. They had grown up. At night Paul fucked Una first, then Anna. It was a goddamn good time!

Peter and Gwendolyn came back, tired and worn out from 20-hour-shifts. Peter slept for three days straight, Gwendolyn came on the second day and lay with Una. Infinitely cautious, Una inched forward, exploring her attitude toward fucking of not blood-related siblings. Gwendolyn wasn't as open to the subject as Una herself, but she wasn't at all obdurate either. After the hourlong conversation, Una let the cat out of the bag; after all, Anna was her daughter. Gwendolyn was as white as a sheet. "I've noticed lately, of course, that Anna has been pretty horny for fucking when I've watched her masturbate," Gwendolyn said, angrily wiping tears from her cheek, "and I've been talking to Peter about it for hours, on and off. Actually, I wanted him to deflower Anna, and he agreed in the end,

though with a lot of bellyaching. Peter had never deflowered a girl before and was really really scared of it. I had to describe it to him a hundred times and explain exactly how it had to be done. Of course I knew that Peter was not the best at fucking, but I love him with all my heart and wanted to give him and Anna the best that was available to me. Now I can take this heavy burden off his shoulders.” The two women were silent for a long time, Una finished the red wine and asked Gwendolyn if she wanted another. She nodded absent-mindedly and muttered to herself. “They’re both smart enough that Anna won’t get pregnant,” Una said, putting an arm around Gwendolyn’s shoulders. “I think it’s wrong to separate them,” she said quietly, knowing full well that Gwendolyn was thinking hard about it. “It’s new and exciting for both of them, they’re just eating each other up. But I don’t think they’ll stay together forever and ever. They’ll get to know others and it will gradually fall asleep.” Una waited a moment. “Paul can fuck wonderfully, clearly better than Peter. Peter is a great disappointment at fucking, dear Gwen!” The women looked at each other; they had never talked about it. But Gwendolyn had always suspected it and now nodded with a scornful look. “Paul is really excellent at fucking, he is naturally gifted and has strong loins. He always waited to squirt and dutifully kept fucking until I had my orgasm. Not many men do that.” Gwendolyn nodded again, she had fucked with many and knew how right Una was. “I’ve always had an orgasm when he fucked me and I’ve rarely experienced that before” Una said and continued slowly, “I imagine Paul could do you well too if you wanted him to, he’s not your biological son after all.” Gwendolyn looked up startled and shook her head, but Una could tell it was starting to work in her mind. “Paul is naturally made for fucking, he understood right away what he had to do and what was important in fucking,” Una said, looking at Gwendolyn, who was very thoughtful. “It might even be good for you and Peter, if you can relieve your sexual tension better that way.” Una remained silent, not wanting to appear patronizing to Gwendolyn. After a long pause, Gwendolyn looked directly at her. “I think you are right about everything. I’ll talk to the kids and to Peter.” But the desire to fuck now had gone out of her.

Una spent her day off on the flat roof, it was windless and not a single cloud in the sky. She was already reading the second book of

the week and felt like a million bucks. She looked up, the obviously moronic boy had crouched down opposite her, staring into her cunt-hole and very slowly rubbing his little boy cock. She remembered, she had only seen little cocks like that in her school days. He rubbed very, very slowly and grinned happily as Una let her thighs slide all the way apart. Her labia slid apart, giving him a direct view of her pussyhole. She smiled when she saw his greedy look. She let him stare and then asked if she could touch him? He crawled very close and she grabbed his cock. He stared at her pussy and kind of mumbled disappointedly that it was much smaller than Mommy's. His cock was a slick, narrow boy's cock with a small glans, but bigger in size, and she pulled the foreskin over the glans a couple of times. "You want me to do it for you, make you squirt?" she asked temptingly, but he immediately withdrew his cock. "Do it myself," he mumbled and slipped away. She had watched him many times before, he didn't really squirt, but his semen oozed out of his cock in thin streaks, then he would stop for a moment and continue after a while. He would apparently sneak around on the flat roof all day, crouching down in front of the girls or women to look inside their pussies and rubbing his cock very slowly, letting the semen ooze out drop by drop throughout the day. A few women — the older or uglier ones — good-naturedly let him come closer, that's when he masturbated really hard and squirted on their ass cheeks or cunts. Some let his glans dance and squirt on their labia while masturbating, or let the glans penetrate a bit while squirting. Una always looked very closely, but she didn't see any that let the imbecile penetrate her cunt-hole really deep. The very young girls opened their legs wide and shrieked and hooted when he squirted on their pussies or pressed his glans on their little cuntholes and squirting. Una had watched him disappear behind the large solar panels several times and when she curiously followed him, she saw him. Surrounded by a small crowd of underage girls, he was fucking one girl after another. The girls were still fucking very awkwardly and much too briefly, but they allowed themselves to be fucked by the imbecile adolescent, grinning and giggling quietly. He also grinned all over his face and plunged his little boy cock into their pussies. Una was soon gone then, she wasn't really a voyeur, just curious.

Robert had joined her. They had fucked on the flat roof a couple of times about a year ago, he was a likeable guy and she had enjoyed letting him fuck her, although he didn't last nearly long enough and squirted far too quickly. She hadn't seen him in a long time and he told her he had been on the mainland for the last year finishing his degree. He was now a meteorologist and had applied to air traffic control, perhaps they would soon become colleagues. He had hardly changed, his nice big tail bobbing as he nervously opened and closed his knees rapidly.

They had been talking for a good quarter of an hour and she asked him, smiling, if he needed to squirt so badly? It was perfectly normal at this time to address fucking quite directly. He was smiling now too, "the girls on the mainland, in college, are putting the emphasis back on romantic preparation, they're not as relaxed as we are out here." He lay down next to Una on her mat and pressed his cock between her inner thighs. "Yeah, I really need it bad, I've only been back for two days and that's a fucking long time!" He turned Una on her side with her back to him and penetrated her from behind. She laughed brightly and said, "I remember, your favorite position!" She reached back and stroked his ass cheeks while he thrust quickly as always and squirted after a few minutes. She lay back on her back and let Robert caress her.

"Say, do you know that guy?" she asked Robert, pointing her chin at the dimwitted boy who had crouched down just two feet from them, watching them fuck and rubbing his jack cock absentmindedly. "Oh yes, that's Jacob, he lives somewhere on level 2. He's completely harmless, he doesn't hurt anyone," Robert replied. Una said after a while, "he's been rubbing his dick all day now, I wonder if he ever wants to fuck?" She had actually just spoken her thoughts aloud, but Robert took it as her desire. He called out softly, "Jacob, come here! You may fuck with Una, squirt in! Just come over here! Squirt in!"

Jacob seemed to know Robert and trust him. He crawled closer on all fours and eyed suspiciously, for the larger girls and adult women usually chased the lad away. "Squirt?" he asked in Robert's direction, "Squirt in, will I?" and Robert confirmed nodding, "yes, squirt in! Una likes it now!" Now Jacob looked questioningly at Una. "Rob

squirted in, Jacob too?” Una knew she couldn’t help it and nodded kindly, “Jacob too!” and held out her arms to him invitingly. He crouched between her thighs and licked his lips. He didn’t lay his whole body on top of her as he inserted his cock, he propped himself up with his arms and only his abdomen touched her. He began to fuck her at a slow pace. Una felt transported to her youth, she had fucked such small smooth boy cocks then too and smiled. Jacob did his thing quite well in principle, but he didn’t squirt as orgasmically as other men, instead his semen trickled in in tiny droplets with each thrust.

He fucked indefinitely, longer than half an hour, and looked at Robert with a grin. “Jacob is only allowed to squirt in mommy, not in other women on our roof. They’re mean.” Neither Robert nor Una responded, Jakob unaware of keeping the secret. Una finished by fucking him very quickly and violently from below. Jacob’s eyes snapped open like a spooking horse as he squirted really hard during her onslaught. She pushed him back after he had cum. “Jacob, you squirted in real fine! Real fine!” Jacob rose and slowly walked away. Una now explained to Robert that she had actually meant it differently and he smiled sheepishly. “I probably should have asked there if you meant it that way,” he squeezed out, but Una reassured him. “If I hadn’t wanted to let him do it, I would have said something,” she said lightly, “other than that, it was nice to get fucked for a really long time.” Robert didn’t understand the hidden implication, they chatted for another hour about this and that, then he left.

When Jacob came near again, she just gave him a handjob. She said quite nicely that she didn’t want the fucking, no more squirting in. He stayed away from then on, amazingly. By now she was reading mostly three books a week, she didn’t particularly care for getting fucked on the flat roof. The men saw that she was absorbed in reading on her com and didn’t bother her. It was getting to be autumn, although the temperatures remained high, there was just more rain and a few storms, autumn that is.

The air traffic controllers welcomed her with big hellos and cheers as she went on duty on her birthday. She was hugged and kissed by all, by some even intimately, as she had already fucked them all.

There was tea, orange juice and cake for all, her workplace was festively decorated. The air traffic controllers had chipped in and given her an electronic penis, the most expensive model. She slapped her hands together with genuine joy, it was a very nice gift.

Una had tears in her eyes, this was her family!

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Minnehaha

by Jack Faber © 2023

My young friend *Emil Droonberg* wrote down our long fireside chats and my life story in his novel *Minnehaha* and we spent many hours together here in Boston going over the manuscript. And no, he couldn't tell me everything, it was too private, too spicy. I released his manuscript. Now, years later, I am 97 years old and dictating my necessary additions to my last confidante, who was providing for my physical well-being. She would not publish it until long after my death.

I had emigrated to Boston from Germany; the young republic could well use a young doctor. My wife Bertha, from the wealthy Böhm family of Vienna, gave birth to our first son, Wilhelm, in 1887. Wilhelm seemed like a good name for us, a reminder of the good Kaiser to our German emigrants in Boston, and to our English-speaking friends, Bill was coming along just fine. I was only building my practice when two events threw me off course.

Bertha, who loved me dearly and with feminine drive before William was born, now refused completely marital Sex. She had discovered her lesbian inclination and lived it out unashamedly. She brought another mistress into our marriage bed daily and forced me to fuck her friends, since I was still young and well in juice. Bertha laughed at me quite meanly when I gave in to my urge and mounted her friend. I was very sorry, the girls were not my own wife and I just could not control myself. It could have gone on like this, I gave in and fucked each of them. With Bertha's explicit consent, I fucked each girl mercilessly, even those who didn't want to be fucked by any man, and deflowered many of the girls, not caring about their whining or their tears. I didn't care how Bertha recruited all the young girls. She obviously had a preference for young girls, whether it was important to herself or whether she did it for my sake, I never found out. Only two or three evenings a week it was a mature woman of 30 to 35 years, whose licking, whose merciless licking to orgasm Bertha

sometimes needed badly. They let me fuck them with the greatest pleasure, none of them protested. On the contrary, they cheered me on obscenely like harbor whores. Some days she would have a lover by early afternoon and have me called out of the office to her bedroom, every night she would be in our marital bed with a girl or young woman. I loved none of them, I waited with rising horniness for Bertha's signal. She would take the girl's face in her hand or grab her by the hair, she would bring the girl's lips and tongue to her clit and get licked. I never saw if she licked a girl in turn. She silenced her when the girl protested against fucking and Bertha looked horny at my upcoming greedy desire. Bertha deliberately maneuvered the girl to kneel in front of her and lick her clit intensely, which made me very horny to watch. All the more it made me horny that the girl stretched her ass and half-open pussy invitingly towards me. I looked at the most beautiful ass cheeks in the universe, at the most beautiful and the most seductive pussies that Mother Nature has ever produced. I took another long look at Bertha's face, which blossomed when the girl licked her, blossomed as in our best hours of love. I impulsively penetrated the girl from behind, in many cases tearing the hymen and fucked the licking girl. I looked at Bertha's face, which gradually changed horny, then distorted into a grimace in orgasm and pressed the girl even harder on her pussy to be licked further in the subsiding orgasm. Afterwards she looked at me triumphantly and cheered me up, I fucked the girl like out of my mind. When I straightened up to squirt, our eyes met. She twisted her face into a sardonic grin while I squirted into the piece of shit. Bertha was always pleased when I fucked a girl against her will, when I deflowered her, and when I squirted it all inside after a long fucking. There must have been hundreds that I fucked and deflowered. But Bertha's calculation worked out, she could count on my sexual greed being greater than my decency. That I despised her and especially myself abysmally, did not prevent us both in our shameful doing.

Then Wilhelm, at one and a half years old, died of sudden infant death. That's when I lost my mind completely. My life without Wilhelm, with a cold wife and to fuck the ridiculous round of anonymous girls no longer made sense. I closed the practice and went to Canada. In the vast forests I sought to find peace. I became a trapper, a fur trapper. I had spent my youth in a large hunting estate and had

learned hunting from scratch. I found my place in a cave at River Qu'Apelle not far from the Indian reservation and settled in for the winter. I made only superficial friends with the Sioux, who were refugees themselves. I lay down with the Indian widows, who were excellent to fuck for a dollar and whom I could forget about the other day.

How I rescued the Indian girl Minnehaha in a blizzard and healed her broken ankle, Emil described very well. But he shied away from telling it all. I did not touch the beautiful young girl for the first 10 days of her recovery; I kept a respectful distance. I had divided the cave in half with hanging a blanket and listened to the young girl masturbate every night. She told me why she had run off the reservation into the Blizzard. She had left the convent in Le Bret because her father, the great chief, was dying. She, along with her mother and younger sister, cared for him until his peaceful death. He had decreed before the assembled people that the man whom Minnehaha took as her husband would be the next chief. He knew of what noble character Minnehaha was and trusted her judgment. Minnehaha, however, wanted to become a spiritual sister and not marry at all. She detested the men of her tribe and so there was no new chief for half a year. Her mother besought her to take Charly, with Indian name 'Rain-in-the-face' as his famous father has been. He was the son of the father who, along with Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull, had wiped out the arrogant General Custer at Little Big Horn to a single man. The chief had killed the general's brother, Tom Custer, single-handedly, but he was captured and was now in prison, where Sitting Bull would free him one day in the future. Minnehaha's mother received many gifts from Charly, who brought a keg of whiskey to the reservation every few weeks, first getting the men drunk and then having them loudly celebrate him as the future chief. Charly was already married and beat his wife and their children up when he was drunk. Where he got the whiskey, he never revealed, but it could not be legal. He was an unsympathetic person and perhaps a criminal. The sale of whiskey to Indians was strictly forbidden and punished so severely, that no white man dared to break the law. Minnehaha had run away when he physically harassed her and finally wanted to become chief by rape, she ran blindly away and was caught by the blizzard.

She recovered well, on the morning of the 10th day she came to my lounge and sat down. I woke up when she reached under my fur blanket and grabbed my morning wood. I was speechless and she whispered she wanted to thank me, she had received more from me than from any white man. She dropped her dress and crawled naked to me under the fur before I could even say peep. And why the hell should I say peep when a beautiful 17 year old Indian girl lay down in bed with me?

No, I didn't give a peep. It had been 3 weeks since I had fucked an Indian girl in the reservation, and Indian girls could fuck wonderfully, at least I knew it from the grown up ones. We stroked each other for ages and Minnehaha whispered that she wanted to give herself to me, as her first husband. I was left breathless, but it was soon clear to me, she had been in the convent for years, and there were no men there. I asked her several times if she really wanted it, but she laughed softly, to the Sioux virginity meant nothing.

I laid her on her back and gave her a long French kiss while I tried to penetrate. But the hymen was very reluctant and she smiled, that was definitely from masturbating so much. But with combined forces we managed to overcome her hymen and we fucked wonderfully. She had seen it many times before, how the Indian women fucked and she imitated them perfectly. We fucked again and again throughout the day, I just sometimes put a log on the fire and made us a snack. We fucked like young lovers and got closer every day, maybe we even loved each other. I went twice on my rounds to my traps, hardly had I returned, she pulled me smiling to the lounge. She had been with me for 3 months now, spring was coming and I had to leave again, this was the best time to set up my traps. But when I got home, a nasty surprise was waiting for me.

I heard men's voices coming out of my cave, in between soft cries of Minnehaha. I let my captured furry animals slide behind a bush, crept cautiously closer and wanted to surprise the gentlemen with a revolver shot, but my revolver clicked silently. Again and again. I put the useless thing away, but attacking several strangers armed only with a hunting knife was pointless. I silently climbed up to the thick tree that was above the 'chimney' of the cave and silently worked my

way down the roots. At the end there was a sharp bend and I had to drill a hole in the ground with my hunting knife, then I could see into the cave. Minnehaha was lying naked and tied up on the lounge, a young and muscular Indian was raping her. He would certainly have heard me had he not been engrossed in his nefarious activity. I considered jumping down, but it was a good 20 feet and I would have broken all my bones. I stayed in my lookout all day and all night, the two criminals raping Minnehaha dozens of times. I cried unrestrainedly and cursed the criminals who raped my beloved. The white man I had seen several times, it was John Craig, a farmer with a wooden leg, about whom people rumored that he was dishonestly enriching himself. The Indian I had never seen, but suspected he was Charly. I mourned with Minnehaha, who turned her weeping face aside when one of the men tried to kiss her. It was a pathetic and horrific crime against which I was powerless.

The crooks slept for two hours at dawn, but it did not seem advisable to me to ambush them. At least the Indian would awaken at the noise and give me a hot reception. Nevertheless, I was determined to try it by day. But it did not come to that. The two criminals were getting ready and I heard Craig shouting to Minnehaha that they would return before dark. I waited until they were far enough and climbed up as fast as I could, running around the hill into the cave. With four cuts I freed Minnehaha, threw on her leggings and jacket, and urged haste. We did not waste a moment, I gathered my things into the backpack and a knapsack, took the rifle and the full cartridge pouch and ran. I wanted to take her to Le Bret, to the convent, but she called me back. "We are safe only in the reservation, in my village," she shouted and ran along the river. We ran like the trapper rangers of Canada, twenty minutes of fast running, five minutes of fast walking. We arrived at the village two hours later.

The deafening yelp of the dogs betrayed our coming. We walked directly toward Minnehaha's teepee, there she introduced me to her little sister Minnewanna, a pretty young thing who shook my hand after our white men's manner, but did not dare to look me in the eye. A little later came her mother 'White Feather', a friendly person of about 35, slim and tall like her two daughters. Her jacket barely hid her large and full breasts and I immediately remembered what Min-

nehaha had told about her. She was blessed with mother's milk and suckled many babies in the village. Minnehaha despised her because she occasionally let the child fathers fuck her. I immediately noticed that White Feather had even more pronounced European features than Minnehaha and Minnewanna. She was the daughter of a Norwegian trapper and a Sioux. Her birth name was 'Deer of Ice,' but she was neither a deer nor of ice. She was a distinct beauty and her reputation for being very libidinous reached the just widowed big chief who immediately claimed the 16 year old beauty for his own. The man who had made Deer of Ice a woman and made a small fortune from exploiting her sexuality also laid claim to Deer of Ice and challenged the great chief to a duel. The chief was not yet too old for a knife fight. Although everyone would have put their money on the challenger, the old chief won. He dodged the attacks immensely skillfully and sent the pimp to the ground with a single punch of his knife-armed fist. Contrary to custom, he did not cut the unconscious man's throat, but spat contemptuously on the ground, dishonoring him. Only a feather of his headdress had been cut off by his opponent, he picked up the feather and handed it to Deer of ice. He shouted aloud, that from now on she was called White Feather and was his rightful wife. She bore him two daughters, Minnehaha and Minnewanna, who had inherited her sexual drive as well as her slender, regal stature and beautiful face features.

I was received very kindly and I picked up my knowledge of the Sioux language to follow Minnehaha's report to White Feather and Minnewanna. She told everything but nothing about the rape, Charly or Craig. Later she explained to me that rape was considered a very great shame. Most Sioux women would rather commit suicide than live with the shame.

Minnehaha, whose name meant 'Laughing Water', and Minnewanna, whose name meant 'Murmuring Water', both slept like White Feather on one side of the teepee; on the other side was the galley. Minnehaha had already told me the customs, and when we had fucked at night, Minnewanna crept up to our lounge. She whispered briefly to Minnehaha and crawled naked under the covers with us. She had, as Minnehaha had told me, already had a few lovers and the young girl swung upon me. She was really more experienced than

her big sister, who had never ridden me before. But when our pleasures became intense, I put the little girl on her back and fucked her Trapper-style. To my great astonishment, she got an orgasm and I could now squirt properly. She went again without a sound. Minnehaha embraced me tightly, I belonged to her alone, she whispered in my ear.

How surprised I was, however, when the next night it was not Minnewanna who waited for our fucking to end and crawled under the covers to us. Minnehaha whispered, that she wasn't allowed to see that, it would bring bad luck, then she turned her back to me. White Feather mounted me like her youngest the night before, she also fucked masterfully and willingly let herself lie on her back. She didn't get an orgasm, but after I had squirted she held me tight and didn't release my cock until she finished masturbating. It was a very intimate experience and I wondered about Minnehaha's tears, which she explained to me in whispers when her mother had returned to her lounge. No woman in the village had the right to dispute me with her, her mother only. I did not think long about the meaning of this insane custom and hugged her tightly. Although her mother fucked very well, I would never trade her or the sister for Minnehaha, I said loud enough for all three women to hear. I could feel Minnehaha's tears of joy on my cheek. I stayed with the Sioux, to anticipate, for almost 3 years, fucking the mother and her daughters alike.

When I wasn't out getting furs for myself and meat for the village, I was mostly sitting with Minnehaha on her favorite tree and we had plenty to talk about. She said she was pregnant and I was very happy. She knew about Bertha and Wilhelm, of course, and that I could not marry her according to the law. She remained serious and sad, she was not sure who the father was. Charly, Craig, or me? I felt the tender kiss of the cosmos in my heart and, filled with love, said I would accept her child as Minnehaha's child and ask no questions. To be blunt, I spoke like an idiot.

Minnehaha had made her choice and married Red Eagle's father, 'Thundering Rock' pro forma as his third wife, for she considered Thundering Rock the most capable Sioux who was a suitable chief. She returned from the wedding night quite taciturn, the old man was

surprisingly strong in the loins and did not mind fucking young Minnehaha all night. But such was the custom.

Minnewanna had married herself to 'Red Eagle'. He was the youngest son of Thundering Rock and theoretically Minnehaha's stepson, he had learned to read and write from his father and had a good chance of becoming a chief himself one day. He was a tall warrior, with his height of six feet a fearsome warrior. Minnewanna was already pregnant when Red Eagle joined the Lakota to fight the Huron two months later. He fell in battle, encircled by a dozen Hurons. He killed five Hurons before he fell. Minnewanna wept for her husband, but the village was proud of its warrior hero. The Lakota brought the body, which was buried with full honors. Minnewanna was now allowed to return to her mother's teepee.

White Feather chased me out of the teepee when Minnehaha's time came. She didn't give a hoot that I was a doctor. She had already delivered dozens of children as a midwife, and men are not allowed to be present at a birth. I was banished to a young widow's teepee and suffered inward agony for three days while the widow wrested unexpected joys from me and herself. White Feather and Minnewanna had done a good job, Minnehaha had a very long but little painful birth. I ran after the little messenger girl, into our teepee. I hugged and embraced Minnehaha, I was overjoyed! White feather let me see the wrapped child. A white child, red-haired, stared at me with the grimace of John Craig. I ran out of the tent, chased the village dogs like a madman and kicked them until I was exhausted. I then committed the only sin of my life. The as yet unnamed child was deathly ill and I did nothing to save him or at least try. I sat on a log in the village square for 48 hours without consciousness and threw pebbles at the dogs, the chickens and the children. Then Minnehaha came and led me by the hand into our teepee. I was speechless, the little bastard was dead and they needed me at the funeral. I was at least nominally his father and had the duty of lifting the little corpse up a tree. I did everything in mental confusion and didn't come to my senses until after the ceremony. I sat with Minnehaha on her favorite tree for many hours and we comforted each other. She understood that the grimace of her abuser had deeply affected me, but I remem-

bered, it was also Minnehaha's child. I understood this only after a long time.

When Minnewanna's time came, White Feather banished me back to the young widow to attend to the birth with Minnehaha. I was not ungrateful when the widow 'Snow on the Grass' completely neglected the household and did not let me out of her lounge for two days and two nights. She had put a little girl of 6 years old in charge of our care, in return the child was allowed to watch us fucking up close as often as she wanted. I did not mind, although this was one of the customs I disapproved of. The girl could not be her daughter, since I knew that a daughter was not allowed to look at her own mother been fucked. Snow on the Grass was a typical Sioux, about 30 years old, widowed and childless, small and roundish, breasts not worth mentioning. She was destitute and lived on the little money she earned with fucking. Of course I gave her the dollars she was entitled to and that also in later years when I came to fuck her. She fucked in the very special way of the Sioux women, essentially it involved the Indian woman using her clit to fuck the cock to orgasm while the cock fucked her. It seemed to work best when she rode the man, probably because she could reach the clit with her fingers in between. Trapper-style, face-to-face fucking also worked well in bringing the Indian woman to orgasm. Fucking in the dog position was not very popular with the Indian women because she could not fuck the cock there. They usually did that only for the sake of the white man. But I had to give it my all and Snow on the Grass was by no means satisfied with half pleasures. For the first time in my life a woman took my cock in her mouth. It was very unusual at first, but I soon loved it and it was a sure way to make my cock stiff, no matter how tired I might be. I had to ask her three times if I had understood her correctly? But she confirmed I should take her clit in my mouth and lick her pussy with my tongue, but I refused. — I was very exhausted, but not dissatisfied. Snow on the grass knew very well to keep the fire burning and truly made me perform at my best. At last a messenger girl relieved me and directed me to our teepee. Minnewanna had given birth to a beautiful, healthy boy, and I was allowed to call out to the village community on behalf of his father that he would be called 'Falcon in the Lightning', as White Feather and Minnewanna had decided.

I went into the woods more often than before, I set twice as many traps as before, and supplied the village with meat in abundance. My new revolver, which I had bargained down from \$8 to \$6, was excellent, quicker to reload than the old one and very accurate. Even when I made my rounds without a rifle, I could kill deer and other small game with the revolver and help feed the village. Mostly the Sioux ate fish, but that was too one-sided in my opinion.

For a year Charly had not been seen, now he came back with several kegs of whiskey. The Sioux danced around the fire in the village square and enjoyed the whiskey. But Charly didn't even have to start about wanting to be chief, they laughed at him. "Had Thundering Rock died?" Charly, whom I immediately recognized as Minnehaha's rapist, looked at me with undisguised hatred when he was told, that I was Minnehaha's husband. Charly slipped away before sunrise and secretly drove off in his cart. Everyone was still asleep, but not me. I whispered to Minnehaha that I would follow Charly. I followed the criminal invisibly and silently, but after about 15 miles it was clear that he was trotting toward Craig's farm. I stayed in the shade of the woods, nothing happened all day, so I returned home.

I followed him month after month, for a whole year. Once he had stopped his cart, something had broken in the middle of the forest. He knelt in the dirt next to the cart, concentrating, and didn't hear me coming. He looked around as I cocked the hammer of the revolver. He looked straight down the barrel from inches away. But I couldn't bring myself to shoot the defenseless man in cold blood. I hit him over the head with the barrel and left him lying there. I was not a murderer.

The last time, I passed him unseen and hid on Craig's farm. Craig came first, half an hour later Charly. I overheard their conversation and learned that they were distilling whiskey somewhere nearby. Craig had bought grain and Charly had gotten combustibles, burning material. They were leaving the next day to distill. They both toasted their own whiskey properly and Charly told Craig that the white man who lived with the Sioux might be onto them. He was now the husband of the former chief's daughter, who actually belonged to him. He would not rest until he chased him away or sent him to the ances-

tors. Craig laughed booming, “then we’ll put him next to that nosy detective we took out three years ago!” Charly listened up. “You mean the one half a mile from our cave?” Craig confirmed with a booming laugh, running a hand through his red hair. “That’s right, the same one! He’s guarding our oak, the dolt!” They continued to drink for hours and I learned nothing more of them. Silently I moved away and ran purposefully into the forest. I knew exactly which oak they meant, because I had discovered the skeleton several months ago, but I did not want to disturb the dead’s rest of the supposed Trapper. Now, however, I knew that he was a detective from the provincial capital of Regina, and that the brewery was in a cave half a mile from him. I knew the area very well, I knew where there were some caves next to the riverbed. Half a mile, they had to be.

I discovered the right cave the next morning. I went in and voila, everything was there. Fireplace, kettle and still. Empty barrels and kegs galore. Then the criminals came, even before I got out of the mousetrap. I hid, there was a fierce exchange of gunfire, for two days and nights we kept each other at bay. I had a full cartridge pouch and a good revolver, I had hit Craig in the upper arm, giving me two hours of truce. The devils then deposited combustibles in the entrance and lit them. I was slowly but surely smoked. I lay down on the ground, there was less smoke there. Hours later horse patter and a short exchange of gunfire. Minnehaha!

She had raised heaven and hell, finally assembled a posse and some policemen, and had followed the tire tracks down from Craig’s farm. I staggered out into the open, supported by Minnehaha, and indicated to the policeman under which oak tree they could find the detective’s skeleton. These two were his killers, not just simple moonshiners. An hour later the policemen came back, they had found the skeleton and also his silver detective star. They left everything as it was for the Justice of the Peace to inspect the crime scene with his own eyes.

They had put Craig and Charly on horses and tied them up. The cops weren’t being very gentle with them and I stepped up to Charly. Our eyes met. It was our first and last conversation. I addressed him in Sioux. “Minnehaha is my wife, she found me and she saved me.”

Charly spat on the ground next to me. "I'll come back and get her, she's mine, I've already had her!" The lad's insolence infuriated me. "I'll see you two more times in your life. Once in court and the second time" I searched for the word I'm sure I've never heard in Sioux before and said in English, "the second time I'll see your bare soles as you wriggle on the gallows." I continued in Sioux, "look at her just one last time, Minnehaha, my wife! She'll be warming and kissing my cock for many winters to come, when you've been in the ground for a long time and it's just bugs and worms kissing your cock there!" I caught an appreciative look from Minnehaha and, to my amazement, from one of the scouts. I spat on the ground in front of Charly — knowing very well that this was a sign of supreme contempt — and shouted to take this scumbags away!

I gave testimony in court, although it was not strictly necessary. Charly had confessed to the joint murder in return for leaving his body to the Sioux. Craig, of course, denied everything until the judge confronted him with Charly. Charly, intent on his burial, repeated his confession word for word. Now Craig lost his temper, he shouted at Charly at length, and the judge now had his confession as well. Both were hanged the next day. I drove the cart with Charly's body to the reservation and handed it over to his mother. He was my enemy and also Minnehahas, but no Sioux would deny him a burial. The mother looked me in the eye and asked for John. She could only mean Craig and I said Charly and John had had a fair powhow with the elders, had been found guilty of cowardly murder a detective and hanged, that was the custom of the whites. She nodded, "that John, I saw him and asked Charly to stay away from him, for John was a very bad man. But what son listens to his mother?" She pulled the cloth aside and looked at Charly's face. "He would have stayed a good son without that John." I could almost see her emotion. She glared at me. "Thank you for not killing him when you could. He was going to kill you for taking his wife." I left very thoughtful, as she had seen some things that no one else saw.

I lived the following year at Minnehaha, Minnewanna and White Feather. My job as a meat procurer gave meaning to my stay, and the pelts and furs earned me a lot of dollars in Le Bret. I lived in great peace and harmony with nature. Even the fact that I fucked regularly

with the three women seemed right to me at that time. But I noticed that Minnehaha was very lonely inside. It wasn't that I didn't love her enough, caress her, fuck her, and have nice conversations with her. She was lonely in a way that, as a doctor, I attributed to melancholy or depression. My loving care only slowed her fall, it did not stop it. I listened to her very carefully and gradually got her to look at herself more closely. She was consumed with the desire to become a spiritual sister. That was it.

I saddled two horses, loaded Minnehaha's belongings onto a pack-horse, and let her take her leave of Minnewanna and White Feather. Minnehaha knew exactly where we were riding. We reached the convent in Le Bret three hours later. She was welcomed with open arms, all the sisters still knew and loved her. I said goodbye with a long hug. I told her that if she was happy here, I was equally happy. And if she wanted, she would be welcome in the village anytime, three hours riding away would be her sister, her mother and her husband. It was perhaps a little unseemly the way I hugged and kissed my wife for the last time, but her eyes lit up. I rode back to the reservation with a heavy heart.

She came back three years later. She was the first Indian woman to become a religious sister, Sister Mary she was called. She came home to her village to die at home. I examined her as a doctor and I found nothing except that she was dying like a candlewick. White Feather ran screaming into the forest and came back two days later with scratched face and skin and with her clothes tattered. She sat down on the ground in the teepee and cried silently without movement. I prepared chicken broth for Minnehaha and she drank dutifully, but she knew and felt that it was coming to an end. She asked me to lie beside her and hold her hand, she was going to the Queen of Heaven tonight, to Mother Mary.

I held her hand and firmly resolved not to fall asleep. Not to fall asleep. Not to fall asleep. Not to fall asleep. I had confused fantasies. I walked through the woods, checking the traps as I passed. In one trap was John Craig, with reddish brush hair, his cock caught in the bear trap, crushed. Opposite him, Charly, neck in a bear trap, also crushed. Red Eagle, carrying feathery Minnewanna in his arms, who

was nursing Little Falcon to her girlish breast. He waded through the Qu'Apelle River to the far bank where I have so often bathed with Minnehaha. I turn around, there's Minnehaha! She gets out of the River naked, I see her and she sees me. "I'm on my way, my love. I just wanted to bid you adieu and thank you for everything, for the wonderful years. Goodbye!" A light mist came up, I wanted to shout for her to stay, but she faded into the mist. I jumped towards the place where she was a moment ago, but I fell face first into the river. I awoke bathed in cold sweat. I immediately reached for Minnehaha's hand, but it was ice cold. I reached for her neck, no pulse. I jumped up and woke White Feather and Minnewanna. They turned on the light and we palpated Minnehaha. She was dead.

I had built a small platform on her favorite tree, she should have it nice. No, on her favorite tree, a stone's throw from the village square, not far outside as usual. No one protested against my decision. White Feather had wrapped her in the most beautiful and expensive cloth she owned. The whole village community had gathered and was singing sad songs, the women with high voices, the men with deep bass tones. Minnewanna handed Minnehaha's body to White Feather, White Feather handed it to me up to the platform. I wrapped the cloth tighter, the ravens and vultures should not get her easily. I stood motionless for a very long time, I knew the customs. I raised my arms high, fists clenched. Minnehaha's spirit was in my fists, I turned my fists over and opened my hands flat. Minnehaha's spirit rose into the air at that moment, toward the ancestors. I looked at the village community, at my family, at Minnewanna, and my gaze rested in the wonderful eyes of White Feather. "Minnehaha passed from us, passed from us!" I had to shout aloud. With that, the celebration ended. I was still looking into White Feather's wonderful eyes, now filling with tears and after a while she nodded and was the last to leave the village square. I sat down on the platform, closed my eyes and communed with my wife, whom I had rescued from the blizzard 6 years ago. She didn't answer, but I had a lot to say to her. At nightfall, Minnewanna came over and called me softly. I followed her into the teepee.

I remained with the Sioux for more than 10 years, living with Minnewanna and White Feather. We had pushed two loungers together

and slept there three at a time, side by side. Me in the middle, embraced by both women. Their hands met on my cock and agreed sisterly who I had to serve first. Often it was their both's lips at the same time, patiently and knowingly raising the tired warrior. Minnewana's lips had to make me stiff much more often because White Feather wanted to fuck me. White Feather was then already sitting on my thighs and Minnewanna had to lick and wet her clit with her tongue for a few moments before White Feather mounted me and Minnewanna hesitantly turned away. Minnewanna obviously loved to lick the clit and was reluctant to let go of White Feather. Sometimes she would fly into a rage with jealousy, then she would not release White Feather's clit and lick her relentlessly to orgasm. White Feather was now exhausted and Minnewanna swung triumphantly on my cock. But she should not rejoice too soon. I had lost myself in White Feather's eyes during the licking, which reminded me unpleasantly of Bertha, had watched her facial expressions with increasing horniness. She was amazed, delighted, horny and contorted into a grimace when the orgasm came. She exhaled and willingly slid back a bit to let Minnewanna take the field. The licking had excited me so much each time that I squirted after only seconds of her riding, so Minnewanna didn't have enough time to fuck herself to orgasm on my cock.

White Feather took good care, that she got me more often than Minnewanna and it was fine with me, because she fucked much more passionately. Minnewanna turned away demurely when White Feather and I fucked. When we finished fucking, she turned to me and hugged me as if she were my wife. She took her time before fucking me. It was a quiet, peaceful time with my two remaining wives. I often asked Minnewanna if she didn't want someone to be her husband, I would advertise to the man in her Father's place. But she shook her head, she did not want another husband. White Feather and I looked at each other silently, not wanting to speak our thoughts. I was acting like a real Sioux.

I was accompanied by two young Sioux hunters when I went into the woods to get meat. We barely spoke a word, they watched my way of spotting game and stalking to within a few yards. They watched how I threw my hunting knife or when I fired the revolver.

The boys learned quickly, now I let one go ahead and throw his knife or send off the arrow. I had bought big hunting knives for them as I used one myself. Their eyes lit up, good knives. We brought plenty of meat to the village, no one should go hungry like the Lakota and the Huron, our immediate neighbors. We shared the meat with everyone and I kept most of the hides and furs. I got good dollars for them in Le Bret, and I often brought gifts from the town, but never glass beads or other useless trinkets. The Sioux needed reliable tools, canvas for tents, and cords of all kinds. That was my choice, to put things in the hands of the poor people that they could do something with.

I straightened up at night. Bertha had called me, crying softly and miserably. To be blunt, I don't believe in ghosts, spirits, and certainly not the occult. White Feather stroked my cock softly, "What is it?" But I didn't answer, I don't need dick stroking right now, I just need a sleep. So I immediately fell asleep while White Feather gently stroked my cock. But I woke up almost every night, awakened by Bertha's frantic calls. "What do your ancestors communicate to you?" asked the exceedingly sensitive, delicate woman White Feather was. I went with her to Minnehaha's favorite tree, we sat down and in this quietest place in the world I told about the dreams. White Feather nodded thoughtfully, "you have to listen to that, it doesn't happen for no reason." She leaned her head on my shoulder. "I'm sad that you have to go, my dear, I've gotten used to your cock on my lounge. I shall miss you every night; Minnewanna will not bear it much better. But you must follow the voice of your other wife." I held her close. "How many lives does a man have, how many women can he love?" White Feather did not answer right away. "Stay in my lounge for a few more days, Minnewanna and I want to say goodbye to you, because we don't know if you will ever come back." What did I expect, a philosophical answer to my stupid question? No, this Indian woman told me the only and simplest answer that came from her beautiful heart.

I went hunting with my two companions for the last time. When we arrived at the village late in the evening, richly laden, we sat down by the campfire as we always did. I looked them in the eye one by one, a signal to the Sioux that something important was coming. "You hunted alone today; I did not throw my knife today. The meat

and the pelts are yours alone. You are good hunters now, the best in your village.” They looked me in the eye and nodded approvingly. “When you say that, it makes us proud. We learned everything from you, hunting like a Trapper-Ranger brings much meat to our people.” Both nodded approvingly. The other said, “we know you are going on a long journey and do not know even yet when you will return. Our thoughts will be with you before we throw our knives at the game.” I must have looked pretty stupid, because they both started laughing loudly and patting each other on the shoulders. I laughed along after a while, even though I didn’t know how they did it. If one Sioux learned something, they all learned it. I was a little embarrassed because I had puffed myself up with my news. We wished each other good night, and I went to our teepee. Minnewanna looked very sad, she had obviously been crying all day. I knelt down directly in front of her, took her head in my hands and kissed her on the lips in Trapper fashion. She was immediately happy again. I said loudly, so that White Feather could hear, that today was my last hunt and that from today on I would only lie between their thighs and not care about the dogs barking. (That’s how the Sioux put it.)

Naturally I kept my word, the two also left me no other choice. I just lay on the wide lounge and had food and drink delivered to me. Even Little Falcon was given to relatives for this time, the whole village community seemed to know, our continuous fucking and love-making was apparently no secret. I was really still a white man, as I thought about it. For the Sioux it was quite normal.

White Feather stroked my cock hypnotically when I needed sleep. Minnewanna fucked me under White Feather’s critical gaze, but she always turned demurely toward the tent wall when White Feather and I fucked. They both kept hugging me in the wives’ way when I finished fucking the other. The Sioux were very particular about distinguishing the different kinds of hugs. They kissed me on the lips in the manner of the Trappers, the whites, although that was not a Sioux custom.

On the ninth night I was startled from sleep with a loud cry. White Feather stroked my face soothingly. “She calls you, you must go now!” Without asking my opinion, both women, by the light of the

fire, began to pack my things wisely and neatly into the backpack, the knapsack and a haversack. Minnewanna ran out and saddled a fine horse. "Leave him in the convent, we'll get him later." White Feather sounded like she always did when I rode out. They both hugged me and I sat up. "Thundering Rock already knows," Minnewanna was still saying, snuggling up to White Feather's regal figure. I promised to return when I had completed my task. They watched me until I disappeared into the forest. My two hunters rode at a distance behind me, perhaps to bring the white horse right back home, perhaps to make sure no Lakota or Huron ambushed me. I waved to them as I dismounted in front of the convent, leaving the white horse just standing there. They waved back and grabbed the reins. I trotted to the train station, after three long days I was back in Boston, this time with a plenty of dollars in my knapsack from the furs.

White Feather will have found my note and the bundle of dollars by now. Thundering Rock could read, read English and would translate my farewell words to my wives to the whole community aloud, in Sioux. I wrote how much I loved them both and how much I will miss their warm thighs that had given me so much pleasure. How much I will miss them both, as they made me dive up and down between their lush mounds like a salmon rushing upstream. How much I will miss their warm lips, lips that lifted the weary warrior, again and again. I will perish with pain and desire because I could no longer caress her small and large beautiful breasts with my hands. How I will miss their little red peas, which they finely polished with their lips, tongue and fingers during my absence. I will sing to the end of my road the song of the two of them at the White Man's campfires and attribute my tears to the smoke of the campfire. Farewell! — Thundering Rock would recite the words solemnly at least three times in Sioux, for in the written word the spirit of the writer spoke, and the village community would murmur loud approval and embrace both women. This all was according to the Sioux custom.

I took a hired carriage from the station and had it drive me home. Home! How strange it seemed to me — but I too must have seemed strange to the Bostonians, a white man in Indian leather clothing and wrapped in a bearskin! But I was probably the only one here who was not freezing. The carriage stopped, I took my knapsack and satchel

and got out. Twenty years! Twenty, no less! I rang the bell. Something stirred, but it took longer to be unlocked and opened.

The girl was perhaps 16 or 17 years old and wrapped in a thick coat. “You wish?” she asked, making sure the neighbors were watching, “You wish, sir?” I introduced myself, “Dr. Otto Weiser, my wife Bertha Weiser lives here, doesn’t she? — I have been traveling for many years and am only now coming home.” The girl looked at me very curiously and then said, “I know about you, Doctor, come in!” Only now did I notice that she had been speaking German, her accent unmistakably Bostonian. I entered and she quickly closed the door, “because of the heating, because of the cold, better said.” No, this was not a kitchen maid, certainly not. The girl also seemed smart, because she guessed my thoughts. “I am Maya, Marjorie Weiser, Bertha von Böhm-Weiser is my mother.”

I stopped in my tracks, thunderstruck, and probably looking like a stupid sheep. With an automatic movement, I pulled the warm fur hat off my head. “Bertha’s daughter,” I repeated and she nodded. “Come, come, Mama will be anxiously waiting to see who rang the bell.” She ran up the stairs, not right into the reception room. I left my packages, let my bearsfur slide to the floor and followed her. She walked straight to Bertha’s bedroom and waited for me. “Mom has been talking about nothing but you for the past 4 weeks, let me go ahead and get Mom ready.” I nodded and she went into Bertha’s bedroom. Barely a minute later she called me, I straightened my leather leggings and richly decorated leather jacket and entered.

Bertha, haggard and emaciated, sat upright in bed, Maya standing beside her. The air in the room was sultry and stale, the smell of death over everything. I stepped up to the bedside and kissed Bertha’s cheek and fingertips as I had 20 years ago. A smile twitched across Bertha’s haggard face. “Otto! My heart, I’m glad you’ve come! I have been expecting you for weeks! Come, sit with me!” I grabbed a chair and sat down at her side. Maya sat down in a corner, feeling invisible and listening to every single word.

Naturally, Bertha wanted to know where I was from and what my peculiar getup meant. I explained I had lived with the Indians in

Canada for 20 years and that my suit was a ceremonial-attire. “Not quite what you expect.” We both smiled. Now it bubbled out of her. Her father had been ennobled, so she called herself ‘von Böhm’ after him; he had died and left her a vast amount of money. Maya would inherit it when she was no longer alive. Bertha interrupted her flow of speech. She had given birth to Maya 17 years ago, she was her child. She could not name the father, she had led a dissolute life and had been intimate with hundreds of admirers. She expressed herself delicately, out of consideration for Maya.

“Otto, my love, I must look terrible, I really don’t feel well either. I haven’t looked at myself in the mirror for months, I’m afraid of the disappointment.” She sank back wearily onto her pillow. I assured her she looked decidedly better than Aunt Käthe. Despite her illness, she had to laugh brightly. The stock-deaf Käthe was known for her merciless, thundering farts. At an imperial banquet she let the cannon thunder so that the emperor was so shocked that his liver dumpling fell from his spoon into the broth. Horrified, the ruler looked into the illustrious round, who were staring at the soup plates with red heads, trying to suppress the laughter. The emperor asked in astonishment if they were shooting in the courtyard, if a revolt had broken out like Anno 1848? No one dared to answer until the Chancellor bowed confidentially to His Majesty and answered in the negative. It was only Her Grace, the Countess von Gollowitz, who had fired. The flatulence, Your Majesty, the flatulence! Unfortunately, we did not learn how the emperor reacted to it. But I was glad that poor Bertha had something to laugh about. She resumed the thread, but spoke in French so Maya wouldn’t understand her.

“When you left us I was going through a crazy phase, our little Willi was dead, it took all my sanity away. I went through the phase as if I was a real tribade, but I wasn’t. I couldn’t handle the loss, I pounced on the men like a predator and tore them all. I fucked indiscriminately with everyone who had a dick. I had ministers and mayors, professors and factory owners, coachmen and blacksmiths in my bed. Hundreds, if not thousands. When I got pregnant, I didn’t think for a moment about killing the poor creature. I accepted it, gave birth to it and gave her your name. I loved her very much, my Maya, I raised her to be a decent girl and shielded her from my dissolute life

as best I could. Of course, nothing escaped her as she grew up, but she wouldn't let me spoil her. And half a year ago I got sick, stopped going to the festivals and parties, and stopped having lovers. I felt my life-light gradually going out, and eagerly wished for your return, I couldn't leave Maya orphaned." Bertha coughed wildly, speaking strained her very much.

I asked if our old friend Frieder still existed and Bertha nodded. Maya spoke up, she had the Professor's phone number and if I wanted I could talk to him on the telephone in the hall. I had never seen a telephone before, but went down with the girl and she made the connection. Maya pointed to one funnel, that's where you listen, and to another funnel, that's where you talk without yelling loudly. It touched me how naturally she dealt with a trapper from the darkest Middle Ages. Frieder was pleased that I was still alive and I was pleased that my old teacher was still alive. I quickly got to the point, Bertha was deathly ill and I had to do something. Frieder gave me clear instructions and then ordered me to come to him, he had a fully functioning laboratory at home. I took a blood sample, saliva and urine and had Maya explain the way. "If you don't dawdle, you'll be there in five minutes." I memorized the way and address exactly and hurried off.

Frieder was professor emeritus, but still active in research. He had me the clinical appearance described to him in detail, then he immediately set to work. Some things I knew, many things were new to me. He even had a microscope and let me look, but I recognized nothing. "Exactly, Otto, exactly! I, too, can't find anything that could explain the situation, not even to begin with!" We had worked non-stop in the lab for 5 hours without the slightest success. I asked Frieder where I could get a good nurse, he made several phone calls and was successful. "Tomorrow at 7, the best nurse I know is coming. She is the best, so pay her accordingly!" Of course I had to ask how much and he named the amount, it was not much. I thanked my old friend and excused myself, I would tell him all about my life with the Indians some time later, but now I ran off, home. I was driven by restlessness.

Maya had followed my instructions and had bought a pot of pure beef broth at a nearby hotel and had already made Bertha drink a soup cupful hot. Now Bertha was asleep. Maya showed me a room next door that she had fixed up for me and the closet where my suits from anno 20 years ago hung. She had turned on the electric boiler hours ago, suspecting I would want to take a bath. Take a bath, immediately, Doctor! I had to agree with her, I had last bathed in the river of my village a week ago. She ran the hot water and I asked her to stop calling me by my family name, since she was my stepdaughter. She nodded silently and left me to the bath. Half an hour later I was cleanly bathed and freshly dressed, the leather Indian gown I hung freely, it would mold in the closet.

Catherine de la Meunière arrived early in the morning with another nurse with whom she would share the 24-hour-duty, Maya showed her the room. Ten minutes later Catherine took over and I was grateful to Frieder. This was the best we could do for Bertha. I measured her pulse, blood pressure and general condition every hour. Maya had fed Bertha mainly with tea until now, now I had ordered beef broth, although it brought little improvement. I read her the newspaper and talked to her, but she slept longer and longer, now already close to 20 hours. The nurses did their best, Maya and I kept in the background.

On the second or third day, Catherine came into my room at night, her colleague having taken over. We had a lively chat, she sitting on the edge of the bed and me naked in the sheets. It did not escape her notice that I had an erection and quickly the subject changed. Finally Catherine asked very directly if she should do something. I smiled and said there was still room next to me. She flinched, actually she had been thinking of a handjob. I shook my head, that was not my recipe. Catherine took off her bonnet and shook her reddish brown mane. She looked me in the eye for a long time and undressed without a word. She was a tart beauty, a little older than me, maybe 48 or 50, but she was a female and I would have fucked even the Babajaga now. She let me fuck her unspectacularly, letting me squirt inside as she said, she was past her prime. She was very straightforward and induced her own orgasm with one finger when I started to squirt. She

left after half an hour and now came back every night. I'm not sure which one of us needed it more.

Three weeks later, Bertha was dead. She had insisted on calling in the notary and changing her will. She made me Maya's sole guardian and divided her estate between Maya and me. She died without pain, her life light simply extinguished. I sat beside her bed for an infinitely long time, our time together in our youth flowing leisurely through my thoughts. When I got up at some point, my next thought, I confess to my shame, was that it was now over with the pleasant, non-committal fucking with Catherine. Maya and I arranged the funeral, sent telegrams to Vienna and Prague to her relatives, and then stood at her grave in the midst of about 100 mourners. A priest, the mayor and a person I did not know gave speeches, touchingly honest and the others abysmally mendacious. I didn't care, I had nothing to say to all these people. My thoughts were not with Bertha, but with Minnehaha. I spoke silently to her, telling her to take Bertha by the hand and show her the way. I knew Minnehaha would understand. There was a celebration where they ate like pigs behind the teepees and downed the white wine like water in a matter of minutes. I kept completely in the background and left poor Maya alone with this lying pack. I sat down with Frieder at a secluded table, conjured up the best whiskey and we drank inconspicuously from wine glasses like the others. I told Frieder about the time with the Sioux and how it came about that I lived with three Indian women. It was Frieder who introduced me to the young writer and reporter Emil Droonberg. It was also Frieder who joined in our conversations and elicited all my secrets. I originally wanted to keep the Charly and John Craig thing to myself, there was nothing to brag about. But Emil wrote an exciting crime story about it.

Actually, my story would be over here, but the end is still missing. The real end.

Without Bertha, the house was dead silent and deserted. The mourners had left and I told Maya to leave everything, Frieder had ordered a cleaning crew for tomorrow. Friends think of such things when you yourself are filled only with grief and farewell.

I lay on the chaise longue and read a newspaper, Maya lay in my lap and tormented me from time to time with questions. I had decided to answer everything honestly and not cowardly escape into French. I told her everything Bertha had told me in French. Maya was very thoughtful. "I always knew and still let myself be lied to, Bertha wanted it that way," she said, and I immediately noticed that she didn't say Mama. "Did you know about it?" she asked directly, and I answered in the negative. "According to this, was Mama a whore because she fucked hundreds and hundreds of men?" Maya's eyes filled with tears. I wiped the tears away. "But bullshit, Bertha wasn't a whore, she loved to fuck and be fucked. It was like eating and drinking to her when you were hungry. Bertha was not a whore by God!" Did Maya sense how hollow and mendacious it sounded? She needed the truth, she deserved the truth. "I had run away when Wilhelm died and Bertha had brought her playmates to our bedroom." Maya's eyelids fluttered, then she asked stretched, "Playmates?" and I didn't have to think long. "She brought horny girls into our marital bed where she cuddled, kissed and fucked the girls." A slim description of the last year of marriage. "But," Maya stretched the question, "cuddling and kissing, I know that from my girlfriends. But fucking? Real fucking!?" I thought for a moment, not sure what Maya knew about sexuality. "Yes," I said, "many women fuck each other, they make each other orgasm and fuck clit-to-clit and get orgasm like fucking with a man." I had said too much, I knew it right away. "What is an orgasm, what is a clit? And is it okay for women to fuck each other!!!?" That's God's punishment.

"That's three questions, I'll answer them in a different order, okay?" Maya nodded and turned onto her stomach, propping her chin on her palms. "The clit is located above the sex cleft, small like a pea to large as long as a finger limb. Bertha had one that big. Do you follow me? Do you know your clit?" I asked, and she shook her head at first. Then she lowered her eyes. "I think so, but I'm not sure. I have a spot there that I rarely touch because then I have to pee right away. Is that a clit?" I nodded, it was. "And that leads to your second question. When women touch the clitoris quite a few times in a row, she comes to an orgasm. Many women describe the orgasm as a small explosion or a very pleasant spasm that is over after a few seconds. Women love orgasm and some get it when they are fucked by

their lover.” I paused and thought about a good answer. “Well, a lot of women fuck other women and it was back then when I despised Bertha for it, very much like she was cheating on me with a man. I saw things very narrowly then because it was my upbringing. I learned from the Indians that you can only cheat and betray your love with your heart. And that the physical is not a betrayal.” I could see in Maya’s eyes how strange this seemed to her. “That’s how I feel today, after 20 years with the Indians. They taught me many things, including this.” I realized that one day I would have to tell Maya about the three Indian women, but not now.

“What was it like for you when Bertha brought the girls to the marriage bed?” I thought for a long time. What was the truth? “Actually, it was the way any man would feel. They made love to each other in all kinds of ways, cuddling and kissing like a married couple. They made love with their fingers, they licked the clit to orgasm or fucked clit-to-clit and screamed in pleasure and in orgasm. Seeing that makes any man horny, he is incited to a sexual lust that he just feels like fucking.” I could see Maya’s fantastic thoughts flip over. She looked at me. “Then your only thought was to fuck?” Jesus Christ, what else?

I didn’t need to hide anything, even if it was very private. “You’re asking me something very private, girl! But I’m not hiding anything, I fucked all her playmates, Bertha didn’t want to fuck me then. Most playmates let themselves be fucked lustfully, some did not like it at all, but I did not tolerate any contradiction. If they fucked with my wife, they also had to fuck with her husband! Many cried heartbreakingly because I deflowered them. At that time I was a very self-centered, heartless man. Today I am not.” Maya looked at me now with cat eyes. “But Catherine, you fucked her every night, Otto!” I nodded silently, unsure if she had overheard us or if she had just seen the obvious? I went to my former ordination and came back with the atlas of the human body. I showed Maya the private parts and explained everything to her, including masturbation, fucking, and sexual behavior between husbands and wives. We ate supper very late and went to sleep.

No sooner had I put my book away and turned out the light than the door opened, Maya in a short nightgown, a thick pillow pressed in front of her chest. "Can I sleep with you, Otto, I don't like to be alone!" She slipped under my covers and found that I was naked. She slipped off the nightgown and pressed herself naked against me. I was already dozing off and Maya was still curiously examining my body. When I awoke in the morning, she was no longer there.

Maya came to my bed every night and was gone in the morning, for weeks she curiously palpated my body and of course especially my cock. She asked me shyly to show her how to masturbate and she got an orgasm every time after a day. She also wanted to learn how to masturbate my cock after that, she needed only a day for that too. I learned with her during the day to calculate her fertile days based on her period. She understood how important it was that she could determine for herself, if she wanted to get pregnant.

I had been able to convince her right after Bertha's death that it was important for one to be able to do something. I became a doctor as well as a Trapper, and now I could afford to live mainly on Bertha's fortune and spend my time doing meaningful work in Frieder's lab. Maya chose courses to learn telephone operator, shorthand, typing, and in smaller courses, business letter writing. This gave her several relevant careers to choose from if she wanted to go to work one day. Knowing how huge the pile of money was, I had no objection to her not wanting to throw herself full time into working life. Frieder and I had no objection to Maya spending most of the day with us. She studied medicine on her own, since at that time women were not allowed to study medicine. Frieder and I vied to train our dear Fräulein to be a doctor. One day, perhaps?

But back to Maya and to me and her newly acquired knowledge of masturbation. She lay naked with me every night, making me squirt and pressing her body against me to masturbate herself. Long ago I had told her how I lived with three Indian women in a tent made of animal skins. She always wanted to hear how I experienced sex with the women and how they differed sexually. I liked to talk about it because it had only been a year since I had left Minnewanna and White Feather. Maya always wanted to hear how I experienced the women's

sex and how they differed sexually. I liked talking about it because it had only been a year since I had left Minnewanna and White Feather. I described sex with the three Indian women to Maya in beautiful and detailed terms because I liked remembering it and it eased my loss a bit. Again and again I considered returning to them, but I never made it back.

Months had passed, Maya and I were lying next to each other like brother and sister and the sister loved to masturbate us both. One day, Maya surprised me.

She wanted to fuck, really fuck.

I remained steadfast at first. Even if I had already absorbed the Indian views very deeply, we lived, Maya lived in the American reality. And one liked to think now about the not rarely bigoted and backward sexual morals of the Americans, as one liked, Maya lived in this reality. Maya, of course, knew how important it was for the better circles that a girl remains a virgin until marriage. We discussed this for several days, it becoming increasingly difficult for me not to think like a Sioux, but to defend an American institution against my better judgment. My strange behavior contributed hers to the fact that Maya became clearer and clearer and finally decided. Carelessly, I brought the word incest into the debate and earned sardonic laughter. "Otto, you are not my biological father, not a drop of blood do we have in common. And if anyone asks, send them packing!"

Damn, it was getting more real by the day. Maya sat on my thighs and playfully brought my cock, my glans into her vaginal entrance. It was time. I laid her on her back, I lay between her thighs and spread them wide apart. I kissed her on the mouth, our tongues playing with each other as always. I penetrated and Maya held her breath. Her hymen tore under the pressure and we fucked for the first time and then for the rest of my life (I hope). To anticipate, she rarely got an orgasm, very different from the Indian women, and she had to do it then with her finger, during or after fucking. She was content with my aging cock, maybe she even loved me. I taught her after some time to fuck like a Sioux woman and now she almost always had a great orgasm and she loved it.

The young men who crossed her path could not hold a candle to the smart girl. She stayed with Frieder and me, learned the doctor's business from us, playing the nurse when she treated a patient. It wasn't until the turn of the millennium that she was able to enroll in medical school and received her medical degree from the state of Massachusetts in 1901. She warms my bed to this day and at 37 she had beautiful twins, Eric (Erich) and Marc (Markus). Two years later still the lovely Alice, and they all three respectfully called me grandfather, although they knew well that they had sprung from my loins. All three studied medicine and became doctors in Maya's medical practice.

Maya wrote down this story that Otto dictated her and probably keep it until the end.

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The suffering of Saint Carmen of Toledo

by Jack Faber © 2023

Maria, who would later become St. Carmen, was born around the year Anno Domini 1005 in a suburb of the Moorish-occupied city of Toledo. The city fell alternately to the Spanish Christians and the Moorish Muslims and was now firmly in Moorish hands. Maria grew up there like all Spanish girls, her father was often in demand for months as a warrior in the northern provinces, fighting the Moors in the Christian armies. His youngest brother, 18-year-old Don Jaime, had remained in Toledo to protect the family. Maria's mother conscientiously prepared her for a future as a nun in the convent. She was a devout godfearing woman, very chaste and therefore very passionate but a bit stupid in her many love affairs.

Mother kept saying that Mary had to preserve and protect her virginity at all costs. She was chosen to be a bride of Christ and would remain a virgin for the eternal Lord. The mother once came down to the riverbank and saw the children playing, the children groping each other's private parts, some fucking each other really and still others giving the boys a handjob. Maria was among them, the 12-year-old was grabbing a boy's cock. Her mother took her by the hand and walked home with her. She reminded her daughter that the older children were doing something wrong when they fucked each other like married couples. She must never do that, her mother insisted, she was destined to be the bride of Christ and must not let the boys fuck her. Maria shyly objected that she was aware of this and that she let every boy who wanted to fuck her lie on top of her, but he was only allowed to fuck and cum between her thighs, some of them also from the outside into her little hole. Her mother was horrified, how easily such a greenhorn could lose control and tear her hymen! It would be wiser to do it to the boys by hand and she would show her how to do it straight away. Before Maria could reply that she had al-

ready done it, her mother called Don Jaime over and told Maria that she would show her how to do it by hand.

Don Jaime entered and Maria now had confirmation of a long-held suspicion. The young man paid no attention to her daughter, but kissed her mother directly on the lips and their tongues kissed intimately in the French manner. He pushed her onto the large chest in front of the marital bed and while they were still french-kissing, he undid her belt so that the dress slipped apart, revealing her mother's naked body, her round pregnant belly and full breasts. Maria had rarely seen her mother naked and looked at her curiously. Her mother pressed her bare thighs left and right against Jaime and leaned back. She was so aroused by the French kissing that she also forgot about her daughter. She unbuttoned Jaime's breeches, took his cock in her hand and inserted it into her vagina. Maria stood frozen, watching her brother-in-law fuck her mother for the first time. Don Jaime was the only one in the whole family who had light blonde hair, as did the youngest siblings, the blonde twins. The realization that the twins were descended from Don Jaime hit Maria like a bolt of lightning.

The mother came to her senses at that moment and stopped Jaime, who was ready to cum. She pulled out his cock, which left a large hole in her cunt and which gradually closed again, and told Jaime she wanted to show Maria a handjob. Don Jaime grumbled a little and nodded. The mother beckoned Maria over. She showed her the handjob and Maria nodded after a moment, she had understood how to do it, she whispered almost inaudibly. The mother grabbed her hand and let her grasp the cock. "Well, you go on then, make the High Lord, your uncle, cum really hard!" said the mother and Maria grabbed it properly. She had only ever rubbed small, thin boys' cocks before and now she was rubbing a grown man's cock. But she knew exactly what to do, she rubbed Jaime's cock with vigorous abandon. Thick protruding veins ran through the cock, Maria let the foreskin slide diligently over the glans, back and forth. "He's about to squirt," Maria murmured nobly, "I can feel exactly that he's rearing up hard and about to squirt!" With a shy sideways glance at her mother, she asked, "Can I let him squirt on my slit?", but her mother just shrugged her shoulders indifferently. Maria quickly lifted her skirt

and saw the greedy gleam in Jaime's eyes as she rubbed his thick, dark red glans against her labia, pressing it into her vaginal entrance. She only had to rub him for a few more minutes before Don Jaime squirted in rich, white jets between her labia in her vaginal entrance. The mother was very pleased and said it out loud.

She realized, of course, that her lover was far from finished and sent Maria out to close the door properly behind her. Accustomed to her daughter always carrying out her instructions, she accepted. Maria had first closed the door and then secretly opened it a crack. Maria spied for the first time; she had only now reached the age when she was interested in sex. Her mother now dropped her dress completely, she was a 30-year-old with a medium figure, her small pregnant belly curved delicately under her small, full breasts and her black hair fell down to shoulder length. Her wide-open cunt was still glistening wet from the short fuck before and she spread her labia a few times to prepare herself for the fuck. She pulled Jaime's pants down to his knees and let herself be fucked sitting on the chest. Maria was very excited when the cock penetrated deep into her vagina and then went in and out evenly. Maria watched breathlessly and wondered why her mother was masturbating while being fucked. She had always thought that it was her discovery, her very private secret, to masturbate in secret. The mother triggered her orgasm at the moment Jaime went into the final spurt. Her orgasm subsided very quickly and now she grabbed him by the buttocks and pressed him against herself. Jaime tried to pull his cock out before he squirted, but she pushed it in. "Go ahead and squirt, my love, maybe it'll be twins again!" she gasped jokingly and Maria now had her confirmation. She left the two of them immediately after Don Jaime had finished squirting and pulled his cock out.

The mother was often pregnant, but she never had another living child, most were stillborn or died of their own accord after a few weeks. She only had Maria from her husband and the twins from Don Jaime. Every few months the father came home for a few days, three times a day the old hut shook and rumbled, as he fucked the mother so hard. Meanwhile, Maria sat outside with Don Jaime, who had taught her how to kiss in French manners. They kissed until he couldn't stand it any longer, squirt or fuck. Fucking, Maria decided,

and they listened to their parents fucking. Maria did it to Don Jaime a few times with her hand because he wanted it or let herself be fucked between her thighs and squirted into her vaginal entrance, which she actually preferred. And Don Jaime knew very well that he wasn't allowed to take her virginity.

It was originally Maria who had her eye on her mother's lover. She took advantage of his helplessness when the father came home for a few days and, of course, fucked the mother like hell. Don Jaime was heartbroken, but the big brother and his position were untouchable. Maria offered him a handjob, quite innocently, and then not only when the father was displacing the brother, but always when the mother wasn't looking. Maria gave him a handjob whenever the opportunity arose and made the uncle cum in her vaginal entrance every time. She talked him into it because he was the only one she was in love with at the time. She gradually got him to forget the hand job and fuck her between her thighs and cum inside her vaginal entrance as he squirted. Yes, she took her infatuation even further.

She made him, instead of fucking between her thighs, fuck inside her vaginal entrance from the beginning and cum there too. She went one step further, he was the only one allowed to press his glans against the hole in her hymen and squirt deep inside her vagina. No one else was allowed to do that.

"Make me a child, Uncle," she breathed into his ear when he had squirted inside, "Make me a child!" Don Jaime was amazed at her naivety, the little girl hadn't even had her period yet! But he breathed into her ear, "I would love to make you a child, princess," whispered the womanizer, "you just have to let me in properly!" Maria wavered back and forth for days, undecided. Then she made up her mind. "Come on, Mylord, come in with all your might, I want a child!" She spread her legs wide to allow Don Jaime to enter. The mother and her fixation on the cursed hymen could go to hell!

But now one of the first miracles in Mary's life happened. The angels made her hymen rock-hard and impenetrable. No matter how much he pressed and thrust, the angels held him back with all their might. He pressed as hard as he could, but the hymen was stretched

to breaking point, but it did not tear. They were both at a complete loss and crossed themselves, this was the devil's work! From then on, he fucked her so that the hymen stretched to breaking point and squirted through the sufficiently large hole into her vagina.

They cheated on her mother for years without her suspecting a thing. Don Jaime saved up enough semen so that he could squirt on her mother without embarrassment, and Maria reported on her handjobs on the riverbank at irregular intervals, so she didn't need to lie. But when Maria spied on her mother now, she almost died of jealousy. It took her a lot of strength and honesty to admit to herself that she was the real thief. Nevertheless, she often threw herself onto her bed and cried into the pillows.

Maria had a very ambivalent image of her mother. On the one hand, she was deeply religious, prayed a lot and the whole world praised her chastity, her chaste life without scandals and her frequent pregnancies to bear subjects for the Catholic Kings. On the other hand, the mother let herself be fucked by anyone who could pay 3 pieces of silver. The baker and the butcher, the monk and the porter, she really let herself be fucked by anyone. Her heart belonged solely to her father and Don Jaime, not even to Messer Abraham, the silversmith who came once a week and was one of the few who could fuck her to orgasm.

When Maria was 14, she suddenly realized how poorly she and the twins were dressed; they wore the same dirty rags year in, year out. Maria did not discuss this with her mother, she had a new dress made for herself and new breeches for the twins. She also had white linen blouses made for all. She also had a beautiful dress made for her mother. Unseen, she reached into the pot where her mother hid the silver coins. She looked her mother in the eye and justified her decision. The mother was very happy about the new dress and passed over Maria's grasp of her treasure. Maria now made sure that all four of them were always properly dressed. No one called her a rag princess since then.

Once, when her father had left for the army again, Maria heard her mother reply when Don Jaime had asked her, that the father had

a big cock like a horse and fucked therefore incredibly well! Maria flinched, because she had never seen her father's cock before and her mind was racing with strange ideas. She had watched a few times as her girlfriends sneaked into the stables and masturbated the horse by hand. The cock was really huge, an arm's length long and didn't get completely hard, but it squirted onto the floor in rich, solid jets. The girls shrieked with pleasure! Maria imagined her father in the same way and suddenly understood why her mother screamed with pleasure when he made the house shake. But sexuality thrives on when tightening the screws more and more. The girlfriends were soon tired of masturbating the horse. One who was the leader of the Amazons, who as a battle group sometimes jumped on the boys on the riverbank and raped them with loud screams, this leader named Avala had decided to let herself be fucked by the stallion named Rodrigo. The announcement alone earned her a lot of sympathy points, what a brave and daring bitch she was! She let her dress slide to the floor and knelt naked under the animal's belly. The two girls, who had masturbated the stallion's cock and he had extended his cock to arm's length, now laboriously stuffed the half-soft pipe a few centimeters into the girl's fuckhole from behind. The horse turned its head and stared stupidly at the little humans, what did they want from him? Rodrigo wasn't fucking, not a bit, so what was that all about? The girls masturbated him and let him squirt into Avala's cunt-hole. When they pulled his cock out, his sperm ran out of her cunt-hole like something. Maria felt sick and threw up on the floor. This version of fucking was interesting for a while, Maria had somehow resigned herself to the fact that everyone found it so insanely daring, that the leader let the stallion squirt inside her cunt-hole. But the interest waned a little. Now they chased the stallion, who had squirted good-naturedly into the Amazon's fuckhole, onto a mare. One of them lifted the mare's tail and held it up, they pushed the stallion with his nostrils onto the mare's cleft and his cock immediately reacted. The mare didn't want to fuck and kicked hard backwards, but the stallion wanted it badly. Yes, that was the real thing! He let his cock come out magnificently and jumped onto the mare. The girls stuffed his cock into the mare's cunt and screamed loudly. The stallion did his duty and after a short time the girls screamed: "He's squirting, he's squirting!" Maria watched the spectacle breathlessly,

so this was the father jumping on the mother and making the hut shake!

Avala changed her approach some time later, she had been fucked from behind by Rodrigo and she wanted to try out something new. She asked Maria, who was stronger than Luzia, to hold Rodrigo's cock so he wouldn't impale her like yesterday. Luzia hadn't held Rodrigo's cock properly when the stupid guy realized his task and started fucking wildly. Avala saved herself by moving forward, so that he couldn't ram his cock all the way in from behind, but she was fucked like hell! So Alva now fetched a bench and lay down on it with her back, she wanted now to be fucked from the front. Maria and Luzia knelt left and right, Luzia rubbed and readied his cock. Avala put one leg on Luzia's shoulder and the other on Maria's shoulder. Maria guided the cock into Avala's cunthole, a span deep and then held it tightly. The stallion Rodrigo knew what he had to do straight away and fucked Avala hard. Maria held him tight and when she felt Avala's leg begin to tremble, she rubbed Avala's clitoris with the heel of her hand, holding the cock at the same time. Rodrigo squirted and Avala's trembling subsided. Maria and Avala exchanged a look and Avala nodded, she wanted to continue. Maria inserted his cock again, a little deeper now. She paid attention to Avala's leg and rubbed the clitoris with the heel of her hand. Rodrigo squirted again and Avala stretched out her trembling legs, they shivered really hard and then that was it! While the girls now led the stallion to the mare, Avala remained sitting dazed and sad. Tears dripped down her cheeks, which she absentmindedly wiped away. She was completely exhausted and sad, Maria could see that. Maria sat down with her, laid an arm around her shoulders and after a while asked how it has been? Avala replied in a shy whisper, "You know the porter Enrico, the big negro? I sometimes made him fuck with two pieces of silver. He also has a big cock like the stallion, but he fucks me for a very long time, maybe a quarter of an hour, until I have an orgasm, then I let him squirt inside. He fucks best of all, I can tell you that! And Rodrigo, he fucks far too short, he squirts after just a minute, that's too short for me to get an orgasm. If you hadn't rubbed me with the heel of your hand, I wouldn't have had an orgasm." Avala remained silent and after a while Maria asked if she thought it was normal to fuck the stallion? Avala smiled broadly: "Do you think I'd be the only one!?" Maria

didn't ask any further, although she would have liked to know who else was getting fucked by the stallion? It went on like this for a long time, Maria made sure that Avala wasn't impaled and reached orgasm on the second or third fuck. At night she whispered her adventures with Avala into Pablo's ear, who got really horny at the idea and cummed wonderfully and hard. She didn't tell anyone else about it, because it was perhaps something very naughty. Avala soon learned not to let herself be impaled and Rodrigo learned that she set the pace with her heels in his flanks. Maria rubbed Avala's clit with her finger and triggered the orgasm at just the right moment when Rodrigo squirted. The girls led Rodrigo through the stable along the row of mares, observing which one he showed interest in, and they also made sure that he jumped on a different mare each day.

Maria, however, stayed with Avala on the bench when Rodrigo was gone and knelt beside her bench. Avala also knew the French Art of kissing and they kissed each other like lovers. Avala loved being masturbated by Maria after fucking Rodrigo, her calves and thighs trembling on the race to orgasm. She stretched her legs wide in orgasm and kissed Maria with gratitude. This went on for a good six months, then Avala was caught letting Rodrigo fuck her. Oh Heaven! The woman crossed herself three times and ran screaming to Avala's mother, who just shrugged her shoulders indifferently. But her brother, who fucked Avala night after night, beat the living daylight out of her and even punched her a black eye. That was the end of the fucking with Rodrigo. Or something like that.

Avala didn't miss the chance to be fucked by Rodrigo every few weeks, only now there were two girls standing guard outside the stables. She was never caught again. Avala didn't need a girl to hold Rodrigo's cock back anymore. She drove Rodrigo on with her heels and let the stallion fuck her really, really hard, she could now control herself very well, how deep the cock was allowed to penetrate her cunt. Most of the time she fucked his cock, she was extremely active and drove the stupid looking Rodrigo on until he got hot and really got going. The girlfriends watched breathlessly as Avala fucked the stallion like a fury, until he got going and fucked the girl like crazy. Maria communicated with her eyes whether she should trigger her orgasm with her finger, but it was mostly not necessary. The girl-

friends led Rodrigo to the mares, Avala and Maria left the bench and lay naked in the straw bales. They kissed incessantly in the French way and Maria usually masturbated Avala from orgasm to orgasm, but not very often the other way around. Avala wanted to seduce Maria into licking her clit, but she was truly disgusted by the clitlicking. Mostly she couldn't stop Avala from licking her cunt and clit despite her protests. She was disgusted on the one hand, but on the other she had wonderful, strong orgasms where stars bursted behind her closed eyelids, and buried afterwards her sweating bright-red face on Avala's breasts in deep shame. They only gave up this afternoon lovemaking hours, when Maria came to the convent. Years later, she met Avala again in a whorehouse. They fell into each other's arms, but the sex no longer worked. One was honestly the Bride of Christ and the other sold herself for a few pieces of silver. Carmen took care of Avala's son while Avala let herself be fucked one by one in the back of the chamber and of course she was enchanted by Avala's fucking. Avala's five-year-old son Felipe, who had been fathered by her despicable brother, was a sweet, clever child, who had already memorized hundreds of Latin prayers from Sister Carmen and also a little church Latin, so that he understood the meaning of the prayers. Carmen loved Felipe very much.

These teenage years were increasingly characterized by sexual activity. Every day Maria let herself be fucked between her thighs by the riverbank, she let the better boys squirt into her vaginal entrance, where they were allowed to squirt through the hole that Don Jaime kept drilling. She gave the others a hand job at the end. She masturbated every night and the twins watched her. They got bigger and were allowed to stick their little dicks through the hole in her hymen, but there was no fucking, just squirming and laughing. When they could squirt, they sat on Maria's thighs, one on the left and one on the right, and watched greedily as she masturbated, rubbing their cocks in a race. Maria always had to laugh when one of them managed to squirt on her cunt.

Maria regularly told her mother that she only gave the boys hand-jobs and concealed the fact that she allowed many of them to fuck and squirt between her thighs. She kept her eyes closed and thought she was being fucked by Don Jaime. She only allowed the boys to

touch her labia with their glans and squirt on them while fucking. Very rarely, when she had gotten carried away with fucking her uncle Jaime, one or the other glans slipped into her vaginal entrance to squirt through the hole. But she stubbornly remained a virgin.

At 17, her mother gave her away to the convent.

One of the sisters examined her and confirmed to the Mother Superior that she was *virgo intacta*, a true virgin. The Mother Superior now let everyone go out and conducted the one-on-one interview. The Mother Superior had once been a duchess and had led a very worldly life, with many, even many affairs, and had gone into a convent after the duke's death. Now she wanted to know everything about Maria, she had to tell everything. About playing by the river, the handjobs and the boys who were allowed to squirt between her thighs or through her hole. She didn't mention Don Jaime or her mother at all, but when asked by the Mother Superior she admitted, that she had been lying in the straw with Avala for a year to give her an orgasm with her finger and they kissed like lovers. She looked down bashfully, no, her friend rarely did it to her with her finger, she much preferred to do it to her with her tongue. And no, she continued shamefully, she never licked her girlfriend because it disgusted her. Mother Superior nodded and said, she knew exactly what Maria was talking about. And how often did she do it herself? the old woman asked, giggling. "Every night, Respectable Mother," Maria said meekly, "every night until I'm tired and fall asleep. "Alone?" the old woman asked sternly, and Maria nodded. "Well, the twins sometimes watch me, but you couldn't forbid the little ones to do that." The old woman, whose age Maria couldn't estimate and who must be somewhere between 70 and 100 years old, put her fingertips together. "Masturbating, when you do it yourself, is a sin, it must always be confessed. But I was young myself and I know how intense the desire for sexual relaxation can be. So then, do it secretly and don't talk about it!" The old duchess waited until Maria nodded in agreement. "Our spiritual masters are also men under the cowl, dear Maria, and since you want to become a bride of Christ, I admonish you. Men are men, they will want to fuck you, every single one of them. It's in their blood, so it's forgivable. But resist them, fight them off! What I can allow you to do with a clear conscience is to do it to

them with your hand. It's not a sin, it's not shameful and it's enough for the vast majority of the men. I recommend you do that, it's fine by me. But if someone asks too much of you, send him to the devil, or better still, to me. They fear me more than the devil, hihihi!" The wrinkle-ugly old woman's laughter was so poisonous-creepy that it sent a cold shiver down Maria's spine.

"Maria, Maria! All the sisters here are called Maria, some with their first name, most with their middle name. That's why I'm giving you a new name, the name you'll go by as a sister from now on: Carmen!" Maria objected that she would only become a sister after two years as a novice, but the Mother Superior brushed the objection aside like an annoying fly. "Novice Carmen, that's right, but then Sister Carmen." The audience was over. "If you have any questions that the others cannot or should not answer, then come to me, Carmen!" Carmen bowed deeply and kissed the old woman's wrinkled hand.

The novice Carmen was deeply religious, she learned hundreds of Latin prayers and a bit of church Latin. During the day she worked diligently in the orchard, in the vegetable and herb gardens. After going to bed, she closed her eyes to worship her heavenly bridegroom and look at his naked body. She wanted to become his bride with all her heart and give herself to him with all her love, letting him and his giant cock fuck her with sweet abandon. These were the most beautiful, fervent fantasies she indulged in while masturbating. In the morning, she got up two hours before the others, knelt in the chapel and held her erotic dialog with her heavenly lover.

Two years later, her training was complete, she solemnly took her vows and threw herself into her duties. Like some of the other sisters, during the day she went to the disreputable taverns and the numerous whorehouses to pray with the whores. She often had to sit on a stool and wait until the whore and the man had finished fucking. She let the beads of the rosary slip through her fingers and watched the fucking with interest. She wasn't allowed to do it herself, but no one had forbidden her to watch. She could usually arrange it so, that she could see the fucking from start to finish. She realized, of course, that the devil would have liked to tempt her to masturbate secretly while watching them, but she stood firm and stuck her tongue out at the

mean corrupter. Every whore fucked in her own way, every man in his own way. It was usually a very humiliating way of earning money, but no man dared to betray or beat the girl when she sat there looking stern. These horny images made her fantasize when masturbating at night. She knew she would only give herself to the Lord of Heaven. Night after night she dreamed of how she would give herself to the Lord, more intimately and passionately than any whore she watched fucking. However, she had no idea what the heavenly lord's cock was like, because she had seen hundreds of cocks that were rarely like any other.

Once the man had left the room, she started praying while the girl wiped her pussy with a cloth. Very few of her flock were old, illusionless women who didn't give a shit about praying. Most were young and pretty, outcast wives or young girls without protection or guardians. Most of them masturbated after fucking, because they were normal, natural beings with feelings and sensations who naturally got a little aroused and needed to relax when they fucked. Carmen wasn't at all surprised that some of them masturbated ten or 15 times a day after every fuck. She was good to everyone and like a caring sister, because many needed someone to talk to or to hold the baby when the girl had to earn the money. Sister Carmen was very popular with the whores, it's fair to say.

While still a novice, she was quickly caught up in the Mother Superior's predictions. Without exception, every confessor who came to the convent to hear confessions, every monk and every deacon asked her quietly if she would let him fuck her. She refused with a smile and said kindly that she could only do him by hand, but she was excellent at that. No one tried to force her or became so insolent that she had to threaten him with the Mother Superior. They went into a quiet corner in silence, she took his cock out from under his robe and did it to him. She flipped up her habit and guided his cock into her vaginal entrance to let him squirt in through the hole, they all liked that. If a sister did come by, she would take a quick look at what was happening and moved on. It was nothing special — a novice who had pushed her habit way up, rubbed his cock between her bare thighs and let him squirt into her hole. Carmen wasn't the only one who gave the fathers and fratres handjobs, they all did it.

Once or twice a month, a bishop or another high dignitary came by and stayed a few nights in the convent. The Mother Superior usually assigned Carmen to wait on him, as she knew her secrets. Carmen had learned good manners from her mother and the High Lords, who were mostly members of the nobility and praised her. They usually had a few companions with them, whom the wise Mother Superior assigned to other nuns. Nuns who had nothing against a juicy morning fuck, if the Lords so desired. She only assigned a respectable virgin to the bishop, cardinal or papal envoy. That reflected well on the convent and on herself. And it was clear to her that she could rely on Carmen. Carmen took care of everything during the day together with the bishop's staff, but in the evening she was the last to help him undress and gently wash and oil his body. "Noble sir, may I wash your stiff rooster too?" she asked when he hadn't said anything beforehand. He nodded wearily and she washed his cock conscientiously.

"Take off your robe and lie with me," they all said. She had consulted the Mother Superior the first time, who told her what she could and could not do. Carmen took off her habit and lay naked with the Lord. If they did not yet know each other, she said that she was a bride of Christ and did not want to be fucked. They understood, for they were educated, sensitive gentlemen. A few let themselves be gently embraced and warmed, that was all they wanted. But most of them asked her to do it to them by hand, some even several times in a row. Carmen sat down cross-legged next to the gentleman to masturbate him. She allowed herself to be caressed and touched all over her body, which was fine. Many grabbed her pussy because it sweetened the squirting. Afterwards, she lay warmly against him and they slept until morning.

The news of the beautiful virgin naturally also reached the Moorish ruler, so the descriptions of the 24-year-old aroused the interest of the loin-lame ruler of all believers (of this province, — but no one dared to say this important addition). The old ruler himself was no longer interested in virgins or women at all, he was more drawn to the handsome boys. But his son, who was gradually taking over the day-to-day business, was filled with intense desire. So he ordered the girl to be brought to him. The wiser ones tried in vain to talk him out

of this nonsense. There were contracts, regulations and agreements on how to deal with monasteries, nuns and priests. The young man, however, was stubborn, headstrong and nefarious. He could have any girl in the *taif*, which was the province, but he only wanted her now.

The Mother Superior received the ministers, as they had left the armed escort outside, as prescribed. She shook her head in the negative, that was not possible. The ministers left again. They came twice more; the crown prince had sent them back again with the wildest insults. Carmen sat silently in the background because the Mother Superior wouldn't let her speak, only listen.

One of the ministers, however, was a traitor beyond compare. He took the crown prince aside, he had seen Carmen with his own eyes and described her beauty in the highest terms. The crown prince shouted at the unsuccessful ministers and yanked them by their hair and beards. He had his most beautiful horse saddled and rode the second most beautiful himself. He rode into the monastery courtyard with 50 bodyguards. He didn't care that this was already an outrage. Spurs clanking and fully armed, he trudged to the matron, the Mother Superior. She turned pale.

Carmen had seen all this, quickly put on her most beautiful frock and fixed her hair, then she entered the reception hall. The crown prince jumped up and offered her the highest obeisance. The Mother Superior and he palavered for almost an hour, but the Mother Superior did not give an inch, contracts, agreements, arrangements. The prince lost his composure. He threatened to raze the monastery to the ground, he shouted. In the terrible silence, Carmen stood up, ignoring the ban on speaking. "If she were allowed to serve the young gentleman like a cardinal, a bishop or a papal envoy with humility and honor, she would go with the gentleman. It was not necessary to threaten everyone with destruction and scare them to death!" The prince bowed low again despite the rebuke and Carmen looked at the mother superior. The duchess realized how cleverly Carmen had defused the situation. It was at least a gain of time, so that she could send messengers to the Spanish army. She had the crown prince solemnly declare that he would treat the maiden Carmen as a noble

lady and return her unharmed the following day. She had immediately realized that it would be a good exchange for everyone if Carmen became his bride and not Christ's. She immediately had lots of good ideas about how she could proceed with the courtship and what she could wrest from the Moor. So the Mother Superior agreed and Carmen went out like a queen in the midst of the bodyguards. She had never been on a horse before, but the clever animal took the lead and brought her gently and good-naturedly to the palace of Bahomet.

Prince Bahomet knew how to deal with ladies, he had food and drink served, musicians and dancers did their best. Even his illustrious father came shuffling up tiredly, inspected Carmen from top to bottom with myopic eyes, examined her as if at a horse market and then praised her beauty. Prince Bahomet blushed with joy and thanked Mr. Papa. He sent everyone away, saying it was time to go to bed. He escorted Carmen to her room. The moment that decided his and Carmen's fate really only lasted a moment.

Carmen had been thinking all evening about whether she should accept his courtship. It would be a huge step up, even as a concubine she could keep the impetuous lad in line a little. The fact that she would no longer be able to go to her friends, the young whores, saddened her greatly, but it was not an unreasonable price to pay. However, the betrayal of Jesus Christ himself weighed most heavily. She had sworn an oath and was well on her way to breaking it. She knew that it was possible to remain a Christian among the Moors, that was well known. But she could no longer remain a virgin, she was aware of that too. The prince would penetrate her with his cock and impregnate her, just as Don Jaime penetrated her mother day after day and impregnated her continuously. Was that what she wanted? Or to wait chastely for Christ to penetrate her? The very fact that she was considering all this in her mind spoke against Christ. Being a princess, that was something! She would order Don Jaime over, he would have to unpack his cock and he would have to fuck her all night long, the dear sweet guy!

The moment had arrived. The prince kissed her gracefully on both cheeks and asked her to drop her dress. Carmen had undressed in the presence of so many cardinals and bishops that it was easy for

her. The Mother Superior had expressly permitted it, indeed, she would lie down naked with the prince and do it with her hand. The prince took three steps back and looked at the beautiful naked woman. He stepped forward, he stepped back and admired the girl. A torch began to blaze and she saw the suffering face of Christ in the flames. He looked at her with unspeakable sadness, for the prince had opened his breeches and approached Carmen with a stiff cock, pressing his cock between her thighs, directly on her labia. Christ looked even sadder. She was about to betray her eternal master!

Now the moment had arrived!

Did she do it herself or did Christ guide her hand? She suddenly had the prince's sharp dagger in her hand and cut into his face, across his cheek. He cried out, the two bodyguards wrestled her down and snatched the dagger from her.

The moment was over.

Blood trickled from between the prince's fingers. He shouted for the guard to lock her in her room and ran off to the surgeon. Carmen, still naked, sat on the bed and cried until morning. The two angels in her heart wrestled with each other. One praised her steadfastness in keeping her oath, her love for the Lord Christ. The other, however, had only contempt and curses for her. No glittering career as a princess, no beautiful shagging with Don Jaime and no blond children from him, no help for her enslaved people. The prince would rage and murder the Spaniards because he would have the disfiguring scar on his face for life and it would break open, bleed and hurt every time he approached a girl in love. Carmen wept bitterly, because both angels were right, she had won and lost at the same time. The two guards outside the open door kept looking at her, not to admire her nakedness or beauty, but because they had never seen anyone cry and weep so bitterly and desperately.

At dawn she was brought food and drink, which calmed her down to some extent. She was almost certain that she had Christ to choose. The sun was already approaching noon when she was brought a simple dress and led down to the throne room. Prince Bahomet, with a

plaster on his cheek, and his father presided, thirty courtiers and maidens seated beside them. The crown prince said that an assault on the ruler could only be punished by death. The father raised his hand. What did she have to say to that?

Carmen knew crystal clear that it was now a matter of life and death. “First of all,” she began her defense, “first of all, I didn’t attack the ruler, only his dishonorable son.” She paused to read the faces of her judges. The father nodded approvingly, the prince threatened to burst with rage. “Secondly,” she continued quickly, “Prince Bahomet swore to my Mother Superior that he would treat me like a lady and bring me back unharmed. He treated me like a harlot and threatened to do me violence. He broke his oath!” Carmen didn’t know where this thought had come from, it was a miracle. The prince was fuming with rage when his father asked if he had sworn? The prince tried to put water under his keel. “It wasn’t an oath, just a promise. That is true. I didn’t want to do violence to Carmen, I was in love and just wanted to fuck her. That’s the whole point of being in love, isn’t it!”

The ruler, and that’s what his father was, thought for a long time. He was dazzled by Carmen’s beauty, which the dress treacherously revealed, and impressed that she defended herself with reason. “An assault on Us is indeed punishable by death. You have not hurt Me, but you have hurt my beloved son. You have injured him, his blood has flowed. So I order him to hurt you, your blood shall flow too. I order him to take you, here in front of Our court. Moreover, you will be pegged in the town square for three days and two nights, where anyone can fuck you with impunity. Only then will you be sent home.” The ruler leaned back and stroked the thighs of the virgins sitting to his left and right. An oppressive silence followed, only the slaves bringing in the goat could be heard. The goat was there for the condemned man to be tied over it and whipped. It was like a high stool with four wooden legs and a leather-covered seat. Carmen was placed on it and bound so that her ass was high in the air.

Carmen clenched her teeth. She closed her eyes and looked to the Lord Christ. “I wish you would have done it yourself, Lord Christ, but I defer to your counsel to leave it to this pompous scumbag. I love

you with every breath and will remain your bride forever!” Christ smiled and fell silent.

Now the first miracle occurred, and Carmen was the only one who knew about it. Prince Bahomet had stepped behind her and rammed his cock into Carmen’s vagina. She felt nothing, no painful tearing of the hymen. It was simply no longer there. Bahomet was able to fuck her and he did so to his heart’s content, because Carmen’s angels had injected it into him. The angels had to blow magic lovemaking powder into Bahomet’s and Carmen’s eyes. One of the angels sneezed and a load of the powder went into the eye of a virgin sitting next to the old ruler. Carmen thought long and hard about this miracle of the hymen. Had she not been paying attention on the riverbank? Or had she let a monk or friar penetrate too deeply during the handjob? Had Don Jaime managed to deflower her at some point? Or Pablo? She couldn’t make any sense of it and didn’t have time to think about it any more. Because her body, her vagina and her clit responded wonderfully to Bahomet’s fucking. He fucked her for a good 20 minutes and an angel aroused her so much that she flew from orgasm to orgasm with soft screams and cooing moans. Bahomet, the ruler of all the believers (in this province) and the entire court listened to her lovemaking delightfully. The old ruler looked in amazement at the virgin next to him, who seemed to be having one orgasm after another like Carmen. The girl pressed her body against her master and ruler, her abdomen quivered and trembled to the rhythm of Bahomet’s fucking. The old man pressed the 13-year-old against himself, stroked her soothingly and murmured, “Come into my chamber tonight, I’ll make you a real woman tonight!” The girl smiled sweetly and kissed her ruler’s bearded cheek. But she kept on orgasming until Bahomet stopped fucking.

Then Bahomet could no longer hold back the squirting and squirted jet after jet deep inside. He pulled his cock out, but the angel didn’t let him go. He was stiff again only after seconds and, pushed forward by angelic force, penetrated Carmen’s vagina again and fucked her once more. Carmen looked with closed eyes at the Lord Christ, who was now smiling broadly at her. A warm joy filled her heart, for it was His will and she was grateful for it. Bahomet, athletic and young, blessed with a strong man’s cock, fucked Carmen, who

was moaning and whooping in orgasm, for more than half an hour and then squirted powerfully into her vagina. He staggered back three steps, he had used up all his strength and sank backwards, where the bodyguard caught him.

The second and third miracles happened one after the other. Carmen's leather shackles fell to the ground, as if cut by a sharp blade. Carmen stood up and called out in Arabic: "My noble prince, you have just impregnated me, I can feel it! If you were really of noble character, you would take me as your wife and see your son grow up! I know for sure that it will be a son as big and strong as you are! But I must fear that you are not of such noble character!" Carmen was just as astonished as the court, the ruler of all believers (in this province) and the crown prince Bahomet. They knew all too well that Carmen could only speak Spanish and a little church Latin. But not Arabic. Definitely not.

Bahomet blushed deeply and pulled up his pants, he couldn't say anything, indeed, he remained mute for three days. He could no longer take back his orders, the viciousness of which came crashing down on his soul like rocks. In the dismayed silence, only the slaves could be heard carrying the goat out into the square. Carmen followed them willingly, heading towards the second part of her punishment. Bahomet looked desperately to his father to let it go, but the angel shut his mouth. The father wouldn't think of revoking his sentence. That was impossible! What ruler would revoke his judgment!?

Carmen was tied to the trestle, an arm to the left and right, a leg to the left and right. Her ass stretched high into the air, her cleft open for all to see. As was customary, a whole jug of wine was poured into her, because the intoxicated woman did not faint and suffered the punishment while conscious. The Moors carried out this punishment quite frequently, as for many men it was the only opportunity to fuck a woman. Malicious Spanish rumors said that some Moorish women were caught doing something on purpose in order to be fucked in public by the fellows for a whole day. The punishment usually only lasted a day.

Carmen was quite drunk and stayed that way the whole time as the ruler kept sending a jug of wine after the other. Carmen had never been intoxicated before, but now she felt light as a feather and strangely exhilarated. Not a single Spaniard, not a single inhabitant of Toledo, came forward to fuck Carmen. The ruler shouted angrily that his orders had to be carried out! It was many minutes before a Moor stepped up behind Carmen. He was not particularly strong in the loins, he squirted quickly and hastily and the ruler shouted at his subjects. The Moorish men ducked their heads and obeyed. One followed the other and now Carmen was in heat. Everyone heard her lust, her orgasms and her loud prayers to Christ, her Lord. One by one, they fucked Carmen until midday, through the afternoon and deep into the night, until the ruler went to bed.

Every hour, one compassionate woman or another brought a bowl of strong wine to quench her thirst in the sweltering heat and intoxicate her. Carmen slurred her thanks, because that was how she endured the incessant fucking. She enjoyed the constant orgasms, laughing and crying, shouting her Latin prayers all over the square until she was hoarse. The sun was setting, the people had gone home and finally she could piss, all the wine and the men's semen. She rutted like a horse in a wide stream, laughing and farting loudly. She was alone with the kind moon. A friendly Moor lady, who was not afraid of the ruler, walked past the guards and brought her flatbread, fruit and a jug of wine. She patiently fed Carmen and spoke to her in Arabic. Of course, Carmen didn't understand a single word. The woman told her that her poor husband's cock had been paralyzed and incapacitated for years. But the neighbors had dragged him along and suddenly he could fuck again! He had fucked her, Carmen, a second time and she had gone home with him and they had fucked twice, like newlyweds in love. She now brought her dinner because she was so grateful for her husband's healing. Carmen drank the whole jug of wine and the moon doubled itself. When the woman had left, one of the guards bent down to her and translated what the Arab woman had said.

Some more men came in the darkness, so as not to be seen in daylight. When the last one had gone, the guards poured her another jug of the ruler's wine and she looked up at the moon, which shared the

night sky with a twin. "The moon has a twin too," the drunkard slurred and burst into tears. She remembered her blonde twins. She did the math. At 12, she was allowed to rub Don Jaime on her mother's behalf for the first time and have him squirt on her labia. At 14 she taught Master Jaime to fuck her without him being able to penetrate the hardened hymen. From 16 on she let one twin, his name was Pablo, fuck her properly. The other one, the... what was his name? the other one was a rough lump at heart. Of course he tried to fuck Maria first, but he failed like Don Jaime because of the rock-hard hymen. He turned Maria onto her stomach and fucked her in the asshole. There, no hymen could stop him and he didn't really care which hole he fucked. He was known for his assaults on the riverbank, Maria had seen it herself several times. He waited until a boy mounted a girl. Then he jumped on the fucking boy from behind and fucked him in the asshole. This usually made the boy squirt immediately. Now he pushed the useless boy aside and fucked the terrified girl with a broad triumphant grin. But his twin Pablo was completely different. He lay down very close to Maria and masturbated with her at the same time. When she turned 16, she thought they could try fucking. Don Jaime had already enlarged the hole in her hymen quite a bit and Pablo's cock would fit through it if they were careful. Pablo's cock was thin as a pencil at first, it went all the way in and so Pablo was the first man to fuck Maria. He embraced Maria and fucked very, very carefully and slowly. His cock swelled and Maria breathed, "Make me a baby, my love!" and Pablo nodded eagerly, he wanted to do that! He was very careful and placed his head on Maria's small breasts, he licked the nipples and fucked slowly and cautiously. When he felt it rise, he stopped fucking and closed his eyes in passion. They waited both for him squirting inside very finely. He listened to himself, tensed up mightily and squirted, again and again he tensed and squirted inside. He waited until his cock had swelled down again and carefully pulled it out. Maria enjoyed it like a frenzy when she felt the throbbing cock inside her and every single jet that he shot into her. She let him fuck her every night because she could masturbate at the same time. He had once whispered how wonderful he could feel her orgasm with his cock. Unfortunately, it only lasted a year, then Maria went to the convent. Carmen looked up at the twin moons again and laughed softly, then she sank down on the trestle and slept until morning.

In the morning, the ministers came out of the castle and shouted loudly that the punishment was continuing, the ruler had ordered it! The women and men surrounded Carmen, who was now fucked by one after the other from sunrise to sunset. Carmen staggered from orgasm to orgasm, intoxicated by the thirst-quenching wine. She kept her eyes closed and watched her eternal master, her voice soon lost and she whispered the Latin prayers without ceasing. When the moon had risen and everyone had gone home, a man came in the darkness, whispered with the guards and approached her. She recognized him immediately, Messer Zacharias, an Italian.

“Come on, Messer Zacharias, come on and fuck me like everyone else!” Carmen called out softly. But Zacharias shook his head and unwrapped his bundle. “I don’t have the courage to untie you, Donna. I fear the Arab’s wrath. But I have brought wine, flatbread and ham, I will have to feed you.” And so it happened. An Italian Hebrew who compassionately fed a Spanish woman who had been punished and humiliated by an Arab. Carmen ate heartily, drank the whole jug of wine to the brim and thanked the Italian. He left again and she sank into a deep sleep. Dreaming of Don Jaime, she thought she was being fucked by him, but it was only the two guards who were using the cover of darkness to fuck Carmen. Half drunken dreaming, she whispered, “Don Jaime, you may fuck me again, because I haven’t had the twitching yet!” The two guards, neither of whom was called Jaime, were delighted by her whimsical mumblings and egged her on to fuck her again and again. Finally, finally, the intoxicated dreamer got her orgasms. Only at dawn were the guards so exhausted that they could barely stand guard.

Carmen welcomed the first men with loud prayers, the sun rose and she saw her eternal bridegroom looking benevolently at her orgasms. It warmed her heart and she gave herself willingly, although her circulation was almost failing from exhaustion. She was really exhausted, she prayed for the strength that was gradually draining from her body. “Before sundown,” Bahomet had ordered his Black Guard, “before sundown!” Bahomet had negotiated the punishment with his father before the trial and then given the terrible order to the Black Guard. Now Bahomet lay silently crying, his face buried in the pillows, unable to revoke the order.

The Black Guard chased the people apart, but some still watched behind the huts to see what was going on in the village square, including the Mother Superior's spies. The guardsmen fucked Carmen, one after the other, and she prayed from orgasm to orgasm. She was exhausted to death, but the guardsmen fucked her relentlessly. She fainted several times, picked herself up again and continued to orgasm. She looked between her legs and the guardsman's legs at the setting sun. She really saw him, her eternal bridegroom, who was now surrounded by a choir of angels. Her heart overflowed with love, she had never had such an intense orgasm, she screamed her soul out, the soul that now flew up to her groom. She screamed and screamed in this last, wonderful and very last orgasm until her heart gave out, because now her groom dropped his glistening tunic and she saw him, saw his glory. He welcomed her with open arms.

The head of the Black Guard stomped into Bahomet's chamber. He stood at attention and shouted, "We fucked the Christian dead, as ordered, my Lord!" Bahomet looked up, glaring at his guardsman as if he wanted to kill him. He found his voice again at that moment. He let out a scream, such a bloodcurdling scream that the fearless guardsman took three steps back. The scream echoed throughout the castle and out into the town square, where Carmen had been laid on the ground next to the wooden goat. Carmen, still smiling in death, as if she had seen paradise.

Carmen's body was washed in the convent, dressed in beautiful clothes and buried in the convent graveyard. The Mother Superior listened very carefully to the three spies, for they had interrupted her in the middle of her masturbation and what they reported was worth its weight in gold. She sat naked on her bed, the spies reported and could not tear their gaze away from her nakedness. She was terribly skinny, her wrinkled, ugly breasts sagged sadly and her half open cleft shone wet and was obviously rubbed red. She played with her clitoris as unselfconsciously as if it were the most natural thing in the world. The spies reported what they found out from the bodyguards, sometimes Carmen had stabbed him even before Bahomet's cock touched her, sometimes he had already penetrated her cunt when she cut his face deeply. Perhaps the cut was so deep that Bahomet couldn't speak for three days. All three of them were present at the

court session and witnessed Carmen being fucked for hours by Bahomet. Of course they understood Arabic and testified that Carmen had called out screaming in Arabic. The mother superior shook her head, unheard of, the child definitely didn't speak Arabic! But that was the way it was, all three assured her, and then Carmen was tied to the goat in the town's central square. No honest Spaniard had a go at her, although several hundreds of Toledo residents, men and women, surrounded the girl. But the Moors obeyed their ruler, as did most of the soldiers. The three of them stayed near Carmen day and night to report every word. There was a rumor that Bahomet threw on a beggar's cloak and went out to Carmen to fuck her incognito, and that Carmen prayed in Arabic, when he fucked her, but none of it was true. One of the spies sneaked into the palace to Bahomet's chamber. He had been in his chamber all night, his father had sent him the 13-year-old girl. He had to obey his father's orders, he deflowered the crying child and fucked her intermittently until dawn, then they fell asleep. The spies were very quiet as they reported how the Black Guardsmen fucked poor Carmen to death. They told how her face had shone with happiness, as if she had seen paradise at the moment of death. The spies remained silent, they had reported everything.

The Mother Superior had been playing with her clit and rubbing it vigorously all hour, now the exciting story was over and she bent over and rubbed her reddish and stiff clit so vigorously, that her thin calves trembled. She stopped abruptly and asked with a mischievous grin if they wouldn't like to fuck her? They answered in the affirmative far too quickly and regretted it, because the old duchess had lost all her charms, damn it! They had to bite the bullet and fuck the old woman, one after the other. Due to her age, her vagina had shrunk and was as tight as a little girl's. The men penetrated quickly and she let out a loud wail as it almost tore her cunthole apart. Then she urged the young men on like a coachman, shouting obscenities and screaming to them to fuck her hard! She ordered the waiting man to rub his cock hard so that he could continue without interruption. She urged him to fuck her hard, using the most obscene, filthy language, until she had been fucked a dozen times and finally had a really hard and violent orgasm, her skinny body trembled and shook like crazy. She cursed and gave a handjob to the next guy who was already get-

ting ready to fuck her. Then the three guys stood in front of her bed with their cocks hanging out, their tapered foreskins trembling because they simply couldn't take any more. She mumbled that she hadn't been fucked so well for months and gave each of them two gold coins. The boys knew, that she had a lot of spies and they had sometimes to fuck the old Lady, but she never gave more than one gold coin for a good fuck or one silver coin when he couldn't fuck her.

The Mother Superior faithfully wrote Carmen's tale of the suffering on 16 sheets of expensive China paper and sent it to the bishop. He sent the original to the Cardinal of Salamanca, who personally handed it over to Pope Benedict IX. He also brought with him the reports of miracles that had taken place in Carmen's name. The Pope was particularly impressed by the miracle that had happened to Spanish fishermen and sailors. They were pursued by a fleet of Arab, Turkish and North African pirates and prayed in fear of death. A terrifying storm arose and threw all the pirate ships onto the Libyan coast, but gently carried the Spaniards to their home shores. The Pope was thrilled! He ordered a pompous feast day, July 16. He included Carmen in the canon of martyrs at the solemn morning mass, beatified her at the midday service and the canonization took place at the evening service. Pope Benedict then solemnly proclaimed St. Carmen the patron saint of sailors. However, her story of suffering was passed on orally and many whores and chaste virgins venerated Carmen as if she were also their patron saint.

But Benedict locked the Mother Superior's document away in the papal archives, because the Mother Superior had reported the last three days of Carmen on more than 16 handwritten pages and the Mother Superior's clear, worldly and unfortunately also obscene language could incite fornication.

Bahomet, however, died at the age of 97, one year before his most fiercely and bitterly fought opponent, El Cid.

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A Damn Chaste Jewess

by Jack Faber © 2023

Magdalena, who was called Lena, had met and fallen in love with the pastor Dr. Neumann during her studies. He was an excellent match, he taught at the university, had a very large church parish to look after and was only 20 years older than her. He thought it was time for him to start a family. Lena came from a devout Protestant family, she was quite devout, so she was certainly suited to becoming a pastor's wife. There was another advantage, which she suspected more than she knew at the time. At the time, her family was considered Jewish, which was by no means an advantage in German society after the First World War and was even to prove life-threatening in the distant future. When she married the "truly German" pastor, the negative aspects of being Jewish were erased. She had become a real German.

Sex was completely taboo in her family. The parents never talked about it, the two daughters had to find everything out for themselves. The two sisters never talked about sex either, they both listened to each other masturbate in the night, the suppressed sighs, panting or soft moans. Lena and her older sister both masturbated from an early age on without ever revealing it. Lena learned from her friends to give the boys handjobs and later also blowjobs. The old Latin teacher seduced the 15-year-old Lena, robbed her of her virginity and she was his secret lover for almost a year. That ended when his wife found out. Lena fucked many, many boys and men until she got married, she also had a lesbian affair, only to find out that it wasn't for her. Except for the clit licking, which she loved very much, actively and passively .

Rachel was the music teacher, almost 10 years older than 14-year-old Lena. She was not a staunch lesbian, she was clearly bisexual. A beautiful, lasting relationship developed between them, which Lena maintained for the first 10 years of her marriage. Rachel showed her how to French kiss, which did Lena a lot of good. Rachel laughed af-

ter their first intimate kiss and smiled, “We Jewish girls have to stick together, because they only despise us until we bring them to their knees with our wonderful sex!” Lena never forgot that sentence. Once Rachel said insistently, “Never forget, we Jewish women fuck best, so many men have told me that there must be something to it! That’s why they prefer us to their bony German wives!” She added that it was racist, but perfectly suited today’s society. Rachel was neither a religious person nor did she think much of mankind. She said that men had seized power over the whole world and dictated women’s lives with a certain arrogance. As a woman, you had to make sure yourself, that you got what you wanted. That’s why she was on the hunt for a golden pheasant, a rich man with a good character. They were very fucking rare, but she was convinced she would catch one. Lena listened attentively because she was not only learning about life outside of family and school, but she was also learning a lot about sex, even if she wasn’t fucking at the time. Rachel sometimes brought a man home to fuck her, Lena lay naked in the double bed and pretended to be asleep. The men gawked at the beautiful, naked little sister and fucked the beautiful big sister. Sleeping Lena watched attentively and learned a lot.

From the beginning, Rachel and Lena only masturbated each other, none of them did it herself in front of the other. Rachel taught her how to lick her clit and it became their favorite sexual activity. Rachel was very good at explaining. Lena learned to teasingly lick and taste around the clit with her tongue, getting Rachel hot, only gradually including the clit and licking it so skillfully that it protruded from the flesh, pointed and aroused, because Rachel’s clit was surprisingly small and well hidden. Lena’s clit was much larger and clearly visible between her labia even when it was at rest. Lena learned from what degree of Rachel’s heat she only had to devote herself to the clitoris and how she had to lick it gradually to orgasm. Rachel held Lena’s head during her orgasm and signaled when she had to stop licking. Rachel’s orgasms were strong and violent and she let Lena continue licking her until the orgasm subsided. But she loved the way Lena licked her. Rachel masturbated Lena much more vigorously and firmly than she masturbated herself. And Rachel’s licking was also much more vigorous, but Lena loved her style. The orgasms Rachel licked her to were insanely intense and when she

closed her eyes, exploding stars danced behind her eyelids like fireworks. She loved these orgasms very much, she hugged, embraced and kissed Rachel gratefully.

Rachel was also the one who taught Lena how to give a blowjob. Lena had asked and Rachel described it so well, that Lena managed it on her first practical attempt and quite soon gained the mastery for which she was highly regarded by the boys. Rachel gave her the important pointers. "Never let yourself be fucked by a boy whose cock you haven't licked clean first. Your mouth is not as easily inflamed as your pussy, so be sure to lick it clean! And licking and smacking will make any cock hard. And if you've licked his cock stiff, then he's yours! That's important, you have to be in control, you tell him what to do next. Stupid girls give up control and complain later when things don't go well. You have to divide the cock in two parts. The glans belongs in the mouth and there to the tongue, the shaft is for rubbing only. Trying to fuck his cock with your mouth is very tiring and rarely works. So don't do it. Take the glans in your mouth, just the glans, it belongs to your lips and your tongue. Rub the shaft like a handjob and don't strain yourself, the main work lies with your tongue. Usually you start by kissing and caressing the glans with your lips. Gradually give it over to your tongue, let it circle and tease and caress the tip, where the little hole is, because that's where he's most sensitive. Let your tongue dance like a Turkish belly dancer, but when it comes to squirting, concentrate your tongue on the little hole and the tip. Some stupid girls don't let themselves squirt in the mouth because they are disgusted. But it's much more exciting for him to squirt in your mouth, in your throat. The semen comes from inside his body and is for sure pure. You can swallow it without hesitation, you'll see that it doesn't taste bad. And the guy will be unspeakably grateful, because he naturally sees it as his victory. But you can smile quietly, because you are the real winner. Finally, do him a favor and lick his cock clean. They all like that, the masters of the world." Rachel grinned, "that may sound like a cookbook recipe, but there's nothing wrong with cooking something good!" Lena laughed, because Rachel was so good at explaining. But she stuck to the recipe and climbed inexorably up the ladder. Rachel was always a good listener and when she said something, it had substance.

Lena, who had never fucked before, listened curiously when Rachel talked about fucking a golden pheasant. Rachel knew what she wanted, a rich man and to get out of Germany. In Rachel's opinion, it was quite easy to get a man into bed, but the golden boys had, so far anyway, pretty little or a shitty character. Rachel asked Lena if she wanted to try fucking clit-on-clit? Lena nodded, she wanted to try everything. Rachel spread her legs, pressing down on the flesh around her clit so that it came out a little. She began to rub her clitoris and told Lena that she too had to make her clitoris really hard. Lena obeyed after a short hesitation, Rachel watched her and couldn't stop. She orgasmed with a quiet scream and twitched. "No, I just lost it when I saw you masturbating. Just get hard, not to the point of orgasm!" Lena nodded and pinched and tweaked her clitoris, it was already completely stiff, the size of a finger phalanx. Rachel had aroused her clitoris again and was now giving instructions. She would lie down on Lena, they had to press their clits together and she would fuck Lena like a man. It was complicated, they had to keep rubbing their clits stiff again and again, but eventually it worked. Rachel fucked Lena's clitoris so hard that she wondered what had hit her. She had a wonderful orgasm and watched Rachel kneel up and finish masturbating, which was very arousing to watch! The next time she played the role of the man and it worked much better. She had an unusually large clit, much bigger than Rachel's, and it could get incredibly hard and stiff. She could fuck Rachel to madness with it, and she damned loved it, almost bursting with lust to fuck her older girlfriend to orgasm. She fucked Rachel, who first sighed, then gasped and came to orgasm, moaning and screaming softly. Lena trembled with excitement and shame as she knelt up and masturbated while kneeling. She couldn't look Rachel in the eye and it took her more than fifteen minutes to reach orgasm. She was terribly ashamed because she had never masturbated in front of another person before. They continued to lick or clutfuck each other, which was quite a wonderful invention! Lena quickly got used to getting up on her knees after fucking and masturbating in front of Rachel. She soon did it in her own way, as she did every night. With one hand she held the labia wide apart and pressed down the flesh around the clitoris so that the clit protruded another inch. With the other hand she rubbed the clit gently at first and then increased the speed and the pressure until she could take it no longer and jerked and gasped in

orgasm. The shame was still there, but it no longer carried as much weight. Rachel also masturbated in front of her and that softened Lena's shame. — They kept up the friendship for over 15 years and only stopped when Rachel hooked on her fishing rod a good goldfish and married into England.

Lena dropped out of university when she got married at 18. Right from the start, she was aware of two things she had to consider. Firstly, her pastor was almost pathologically allergic to female masturbation. Men had to cum every day, so that was something completely different! But girls didn't have to cum, they defiled themselves during sinful masturbation, period! Secondly, it was unquestionably imperative for her pastor to marry only a virgin. She frantically consulted with her girlfriends, but in the end she was at a loss with the idiotic suggestion of cutting her finger and dripping the blood on the bed sheets. She was of course allowed to give the pastor handjobs and blowjobs before the wedding night, but he stubbornly saved the fucking until the wedding night. Miraculously, she managed to beat him with his own wishful thinking. On the wedding night she was so tense that he could only penetrate with difficulty and force because of her tense vaginal muscles. He was thrilled to have taken her virginity and praised her chastity to the skies, she didn't say a word about it and didn't contradict him. He wanted to be happy with it, so she let him be happy.

She had a son, Heinz, whom she adored. She was still in love with the pastor when she discovered that he was cheating on her through and through. Professor Neumann had been a thorn in the side of the dean's office for years because he fucked the wives and daughters of his colleagues on a piecework basis when he wasn't fucking a young, inexperienced student girl. He was very skillful, his greed for fresh virgin flesh aroused his criminal energy. Rumor had it that he had once knocked out the babysitter of a colleague, who was out with his wife, with sleeping powder in red wine and deflowered and fucked both daughters, aged 12 and 13, on the same night. When confronted with the rumors, he laughed arrogantly and said it was all wrong, it hadn't been red wine, but white wine. The audience laughed at his repartee and dispersed.

He had not yet been caught. Until a female student accused him of rape. The dean subjected the student to a highly embarrassing interrogation, which painted the following picture. The student had jumped out of bed one night, she had to have a question answered by the professor that could not be postponed, now, immediately! She ran blindly into his bedroom in a silk negligee to discuss the question. He brazenly asked her why her pussy was so red and she naively replied that it was probably from masturbating earlier. She now had to listen to his suada about masturbation, then he threw back the blanket and ordered her to lie with him. She dropped the negligee and lay naked with him. She snuggled up to the professor and stroked his cock, then she couldn't stand the heat any longer and whispered that she had to finish masturbating now because she had interrupted it earlier. He snorted angrily until she had finished masturbating and raped her after her orgasm.

The dean asked sternly what the hell she had been thinking!? She stammered that she had never thought he would take advantage of the situation. But he did, he raped her twice, because the first time she didn't have an orgasm, so she had demanded the second one from him, because the orgasm was part of the act, wasn't it, Mr. Dean? The dean decided not to involve the police because the professor agreed to step down immediately.

As the dean dismissed the witness and accuser respectively, she gave him an eye roll of the silent movie era and said, if he wanted to fuck her tonight, she was in the third double bed of the girls' dormitory, sleeping with the British envoy's fat daughter, Gwendolyn. The dean acted terribly shocked, but at night he crept over and lay with her. Gwendolyn, who had pretended to be asleep, then forced him to fuck the fat cow as well. It wasn't much fun. For two weeks, the girl crept into the dean's room at night, but when Gwendolyn crept along behind her more and more often and he had to fuck the fat cow too, for better or worse, he ended the affair weeks later.

Lena digested the pain of his infidelity for months, but Heinz was only 11 years old and she couldn't think about a divorce. She finally approached her husband about it. He only confessed days later, arrogantly and high-handedly. They argued for a long time with the re-

sult that he acted even more unbridled and insolent. He was the man, he was the boss and he slept out as often as he wanted, period! And she didn't need to come to him with a divorce, that would destroy him! One phone call from him and she herself would be destroyed, she, the Jewess! At that time it was already a foregone conclusion that Jews were the enemies of the people. They would arrest her and deport her to the East. So she had better not rebel or else! Shaken to the core, she kept quiet when he often fucked in other girl's beds for weeks on end. She had enjoyed fucking the pastor during those 11 years very much, and he was very good at fucking her, although she had never had an orgasm with him. Despite the cheating, he found the time to fuck her pretty good almost every night, so she wasn't going to complain. After all, every night when he fell asleep, she could enjoy relaxing her sexual arousal, which had built up during their fucking, by long masturbating. After this argument, he came home much less often to fuck her properly, but she didn't miss his fucking very much, she had the masturbation that she obsessively practiced night after night during the marriage. Of course, she knew what his attitude to female masturbation was and, as before, kept it completely secret from him, it remained her secret. No one ever saw her masturbate except Rachel, not even her best friends. She now lived practically alone with Heinzl, she went to church every day to pray, because she was a true believer. She was also happy that everyone in the village appreciated her for her faith and her chaste, impeccable life, she had no affairs and no scandals. She was selflessly helpful, a firm pillar of the community and universally liked and respected.

She showered daily with Heinzl, who had become accustomed to her nudity from an early age. He was 12 when he stood confused in the shower and squirted for the first time. Lena explained it to him carefully and now he waited daily under the warm jet that Lena let splash up and down on his cock until his cock got hard and she continued with a wry grin until it squirted. After a few dozen days it was no longer working. Lena had to change tactics and stroked his cock with her index finger, pushing the foreskin back and forth.

"Well, is it coming soon?" she asked softly and he nodded. She continued to rub the foreskin with her index finger.

“It’s so exciting what you do with your finger!” he said and after a while he squirted. She stroked his cock every day until he squirted. Gradually, she began to push his foreskin back and forth over the glans more diligently and firmly, so it didn’t take so long. It only took a few weeks before she was masturbating Heinzl properly. From then on, she masturbated him every day after showering, whenever he wanted, until he left home at 18.

He must have been around 14 when he became really interested in sex. Lena gave him a broad outline. He nodded as she explained that rubbing and squirting was actually called masturbating and that the boys usually did it themselves. He shook his head, no, that was definitely not true, because some of his friends were masturbated by their mothers, just like him. Lena found that amazing. But she let Heinzl tell her exactly what he knew about it. She shuddered when he told her that the boys were also allowed to fuck their mother, that was a matter of course. Well, Heinzl wanted to have a good look at her “down there”, so she lay down on her back in the bathtub and spread her legs. Heinzl looked and fondled her for a very long time, then he said he had to feel what it felt like with his cock. Inside. Before Lena could protest or pull out, the 14-year-old had already penetrated her cunt. He didn’t thrust, he only slid in deep. They looked into each other’s eyes and both remained motionless. He smiled as she rubbed part of his cock and the little bag, bringing him quickly into heat.

“That’s fine!” Heinzl exclaimed softly, “much finer than I would have thought!”

They remained motionless and Heinzl whispered, “I think it’s coming!”

Lena wondered what he meant, then she felt him squirt into her cunt, once, twice, five times. She pushed him back angrily and he squirted the rest into the bathtub. She made him kneel on the floor next to her, propped her arms up against the bathtub and folded her hands. She prayed the Lord’s Prayer out loud, then put an arm on his shoulder and said that mother and son shouldn’t fuck each other, it was incest, blood shame!

He objected vehemently. “That wasn’t fucking,” he exclaimed passionately, “and I told you about those who are allowed to fuck their mother!”

Lena looked puzzled. “At first I didn’t believe you!” she exclaimed, “who, for example!”

Heinzi thought for a moment and then named three. — Lena had to swallow, because of course she had heard the rumors about these mothers having incest. She had always dismissed it as a rumor.

“That may be so,” she said quietly, “but it’s still incest.” She did not pause. “You’re my son, we’re not allowed to fuck each other!” That was clear and unambiguous.

But of course, the next day he demanded that she lie down in the bathtub.

“But you’re not allowed to fuck me!” she shouted and lay down obediently anyway. She loved her Heinzi and could never refuse him anything. He spread her labia with his fingers and slowly penetrated her cunt. Lena held her breath, he wasn’t going to! Yes, yes, that’s exactly what he did and she didn’t move in her fear and shame. He committed the mortal sin and fucked her. He was still quite inexperienced and clumsy, but he finished the job and squirted into her cunt. They lay wedged into each other for a few minutes, then got out of the bath.

“If you want to squirt inside a woman or a girl, you have to be sure that she won’t conceive!” Lena explained to him in no uncertain terms that a woman can only conceive three or four days a month, so be careful and ask the girl first! Heinzi nodded and was glad that his mother wasn’t talking about blood disgrace again.

“I’ll ask tomorrow, I promise!” he grinned cheekily.

“You’re crazy, there’s no tomorrow, we’re not allowed to fuck each other,” Lena scolded angrily, “that’s disgraceful!”

“I knew it, the blood disgrace would come up!” laughed Heinzl happily.

This was now repeated daily, Heinzl fucked Lena every time after showering and she couldn't, she didn't want to deny him. Lena had long since moved the upholstered bench from the anteroom into the bathroom, because fucking in the bathtub wasn't very comfortable. The bathroom was the only room without windows and therefore much safer than the bedroom, where a malicious onlooker could spy on her blood disgrace. When she told him he wasn't allowed to squirt in there today and asked if he'd rather have a handjob or a blowjob, he asked what a blowjob was. She showed him.

“You swallowed it?” he asked incredulously.

“Of course I did, there's nothing disgusting about it, the semen comes out of the body and is completely pure. It's not disgusting to me at all!” Lena repeated for the hundredth time that she didn't want to fuck in the blood disgrace and he just nodded indifferently. He wanted it, damn it!

She had long since stopped worrying about the incest, she fucked Heinzl, he fucked her. She loved him more than ever, as her husband only turned up every few months and stayed for a few days. Despite everything, she was still in love with him and fucked him with abandon. But it wasn't him, it was Heinzl, who loved her with all his heart and fucked her every day. She no longer thought about incest, it was wonderful to fuck Heinzl. And Heinzl knew how important secrecy was.

However they had come up with this topic, he brought up the fact that some of his classmates were also fucking their mothers like him. He was able to describe in great detail how the sons were allowed to fuck their mothers. He described it as accurately as if he had been there. He lowered his head when Lena interrogated him insistently and then admitted, that he had been there and had also been allowed to fuck the mothers after the sons. Now he had to tell the whole story. The first, Jutta, was heavily pregnant and he suspected that her son, his friend Josef had fathered the child, as she was neither

married nor involved in affairs. He had questioned her carefully and was quite sure, especially as the 31-year-old was on the verge of tears. "Joschi, why do you always bring your friends with you and then I have to let them fuck me? You know how much I hate being fucked!" Joschi ruthlessly undressed her and held her tight, so that she couldn't fend them up and now it was Heinz's turn to fuck the reluctant girl really hard, so that she screamed her lungs out, until she orgasmed. After that she didn't resist as Joschi fucked her and then both of them a second time. He and Josef fucked Jutta for more than a week, then his interest waned. Jutta was not a big seller. Heinz was also allowed to fuck Ronald's mother Evelyn, who was also pregnant by her second husband. She only let Ron fuck her when she got pregnant. Heinz was very uncomfortable with how greedy Evelyn acted, even though she was quite ugly and unsightly. Together with Ronny, he fucked Evelyn after school for a good month, then it petered out. Freddy, whom Lena was to meet later, took him to his newly married older sister. They had to sneak up on her in secret because she had to lose a reputation and a husband. This turned out to be the best and most enjoyable fucking, the sister loved to experiment and always had great ideas. They had to squirt inside as much they could, she wanted badly to get pregnant and her husband didn't like to fuck her and squirt inside. This went on well into the summer.

It was Heinz's last year at school. He brought a friend with him, Alfi. They had coffee and lemonade in the kitchen and only then did Heinz come out with the fat end. Alfi had never fucked a woman before, only cuddled with the girls, kissed them and put his hand in their panties. Alfi was, technically speaking, still a virgin and really wanted to fuck properly. Lena refused immediately, annoyed at what she was being asked to do. The debate went back and forth, Alfi listened silently and wanted to run away. Heinz stood up and said he was already going to the bathroom with Alfi. Lena remained seated ostentatiously, because she was boiling with anger, what was her son thinking! After a few minutes, Heinz came into the kitchen naked, took her hand and led her into the bathroom.

She stood frozen. Heinz undressed her slowly, smiling kindly. She put her arms over her breasts, they were far too small for a grown woman, round, firm and with pointed nipples like a very young girl's.

That's what embarrassed her the most, she thought her pubic area was a nice one and quite usable, you could immediately see her clit, stiff and demanding. She only had a cute little bush above her pubic fold, not an unsavory jungle. Heinzlaid her gently on her back on the bench.

Lena was terribly ashamed. Of course, Alfi wasn't the first man to see her naked and he wasn't the first man she'd seen naked. She was ashamed and somehow hurt that Heinzl was doing this to her. He now pushed Alfi forward, right on top of Lena. She automatically opened her thighs and put both hands on his back. The silence was sickening. Alfi was paralyzed in panic. Finally, she grabbed her labia and spread them with her fingers.

"You have to get in here, Alfi, in here, don't be afraid!" she said softly and brought his cock into position with her hand. He entered carefully her pussy and closed his eyes.

"Now you have to thrust, in and out, and don't be afraid!" she said hoarsely, because it seemed strange to her that she had to take over the direction. Alfi thrust in and out obediently and squirted after just a few moments. He pulled his cock out with a groan.

"Look here, I'll show you how it's done," said Heinzl and mounted Lena. It was the first time he had fucked her in front of a stranger, he was of course already an excellent fucker by now. He fucked Lena for a very long time, so that she was close to orgasm, but she never had an orgasm while being fucked. She went into heat and fucked him furiously like a fury. She was a single millimeter away from orgasm, but she never got one. He squirted with relish and stood up, then beckoned Alfi over. The two boys fucked her both twice, then they were exhausted. Heinzl urged Alfi to get dressed quickly and took him to the front door. He waited in the kitchen and smoked until Lena had finished masturbating in the bathroom, dressed and joined him.

They talked about the matter for a long time, Lena talked about her feelings. She had felt sold out and betrayed, and a little frightened because Alfi had now witnessed their incest. Heinzl grumbled

that he would put his hand in the line for Alfi, he certainly wouldn't give anything away. The conversation petered out, Lena and he had different opinions on the whole matter and couldn't find a middle ground. He expressed his opinion quite openly that she shouldn't be so bitchy, of course he had known that she wasn't ready to conceive today. She should rather be grateful to him, he had given her a sexual variation and Alfi had a nice, big cock. She couldn't deny the fact that she was getting really hot, and yes, Alfi's cock was great! Lena accused him of being too superficial. She did have feelings, hadn't he seen it? Fear, humiliation, shame and more shame. That was the most important thing, not whether she was hot or that she liked Alfi's cock. That was only physical, mentally it was a catastrophe for her. He was so affected that she had to tone it down. Getting hot, feeling the excitement, she was very grateful to him for that, and also because she had been fucked really well by a new cock. As said before, the conversation petered out.

For three weeks, everything was back to normal. Then Heinz brought another friend with him, Freddy, who claimed that he had been fucking his older sister "for a long time", but that she was now married. Heinz didn't believe a word he said and he didn't need to explain anything explicitly to Lena, she knew what was expected of her. She went into the bathroom and had already undressed when the two heroes entered. At first she gave in rather joylessly, but Freddy had a great cock and fucked very well, so that she soon became hot and gasped with blissful excitement. This time, too, they took turns fucking her twice, then Heinz let Freddy go. They sat down in the kitchen.

"Freddy really has a very good cock," said Lena, "he's pretty good at it!" Heinz asked if she believed that he had been fucking his sister for a long time? Lena didn't have to think, "but of course, sure, I believe it right away!" Heinz remained silent, annoyed at his misjudgment.

"I'm surprised you didn't make a slug out of me," he said. She looked at him for a long time and wondered if she could tell her son like that.

"Why should I call you names, you wanted to give me a variation and make me become hot. You succeeded quite well this time!" She hesitated for a moment.

“So you liked it,” Heinzl stated, “phew, I’m glad!” Lena still hesitated, a decent woman didn’t openly demand to be fucked, but — was she still a decent woman? Heinzl smiled mischievously.

“Shall I bring Freddy back tomorrow?” he asked. Lena breathed a sigh of relief; now she didn’t need to ask.

“Yes, if he’s free, I’d love to!” Now it was out without her having to humiliate herself. Heinzl laughed harshly.

“Of course he’ll come, the lad, until he runs out of pocket money!” He bit his lips, he had blabbed. Lena didn’t bat an eyelid.

“It’s all right if you supplement your pocket money, son. You’ll stand on your own two feet one day and then it’s good if you have a bit of business sense.” She thought for a moment. “But we do share, don’t we?” Heinzl realized that he had brought it on himself and that his mother was enterprising and quick-witted. They turned to other topics.

Freddy came every day, but after two weeks it was over. Lena didn’t ask if it was for pocket money. She shook her head with a smile and didn’t accept any money from Heinzl. Freddy really fucked her very well and she had to go straight to bed afterwards because she was “so tired”. After she had masturbated very long and intensely, she came back into the kitchen to prepare dinner. She usually masturbated in the bathroom right after the boys had left and Heinzl had closed the bathroom door. She was still very aroused and full of heat, so it only took a few seconds for her to orgasm.

Lena went to Dresden for the weekend, Rachel was visiting her family and she was going to spend the night with her. When she returned, she found a very distraught Heinzl. She had everything told to her in detail. The widow Weber, who lived a few streets away, turned up at his house. She had come to let Heinzl fuck her. He had reservations, she was about 70 and not the least bit desirable. But she kept at it and played a dirty trick, as if he had lured the poor chaste widow into the bedroom. He bit the bullet and fucked the old woman. She was rather plump, her melon-sized breasts hung down

to her belly button. She had almost no pubic hair left, her pussy and clit were wrinkled, shriveled and rubbed red, the clit hung out a finger long. You could see that she fucked and masturbated a lot. She stayed overnight and didn't leave until Sunday afternoon. She was all washed up and licked and smacked his glans until his cock was hard again. She let herself be fucked a hundred times, but she only had an orgasm while masturbating after fucking. Heinzl was physically exhausted and mentally very confused, as it was the first time he had seen the female masturbation, and it was with an ugly old woman who fucked and masturbated voraciously. Lena gradually brought him down to earth, not all women are so unrestrained, selfish and shameless. Heinzl asked if she masturbated herself and Lena replied, "Yes, sometimes, but that's a very private matter. I would never do it so shamelessly in front of someone." The subject was closed, although she knew he still had a thousand questions. Thank goodness Heinzl quickly forgot about the shameless widow.

During all this time Heinzl brought a whole lot of boys to fuck her, certainly more than a hundred and that went quite well until the last summer vacation was over and he moved to the capital to study. He kept in touch with Lena and wrote a postcard every week and a longer letter once a month. He was diligent, both in his studies and with the girls. Many girls wanted to be impregnated, Heinzl wrote, and Lena imagined his broad grin, because then the parents were forced to marry them off quickly.

The pastor was once again at home for a weekend. They fucked in the mornings, evenings and at night. Lena still loved her old womanizer and he respected her more than his female flock, after all she had borne him a progenitor, raised the boy well and God-fearingly and the lad is now even studying! They fucked pleasurably, drank plenty of port wine and smoked peacefully sitting in bed. It was really quite different from fucking the many young lads who also fucked great, but not as powerful and great as her husband. She had let him fuck her thoroughly with great sexual pleasure and was now playing secretly with her clitoris under the blanket as she did very often, because he had never noticed when she masturbated carefully hidden and secretly, and very quietly came to orgasm. When she had rested, she let her hand crawl under the sheets to his cock. She only had to

play with his large glans a little, pull back his foreskin a few times forcefully and that interrupted their conversation. He fucked her really good thoroughly, then they continued the conversation that followed below. She knew he had taken 2 Pervitin-pills and could get a strong erection at any time, so she interrupted the conversation a dozen times and let her dear stud bull fuck her really hard a dozen times thoroughly that night.

She knew him quite well, he had a very specific image of her. She was his chaste, faithful wife who never cheated on him. She was very religious, his little prayer-sister. And she liked to be fucked powerfully, she liked that very much. She was a bit of a blonde ditz, but that suited him just fine. She didn't rebel. That's more or less how he saw her.

Perhaps it was the wine that loosened their tongues, because now they were talking about private matters for the first time in a long time.

"You must feel very lonely now," he said softly as they sat in bed smoking after fucking, "I've been thinking about an idea for months." She listened intently, perhaps his idea was a good one. "Now that the war is in full swing, you'll hardly find a man with straight limbs in this town, only the crippled and the old. And I'm out and about now more than ever, but not as you think, that I'm only after the women's skirts, the not-yet-married ones, the married ones whose husbands are fighting for the stupid Führer and the widows, of course." He must have enjoyed the port wine because, as a former cavalry officer, he really didn't have a high opinion of the greatest warlord of all time, but he could usually hold his tongue tight. "That's not even half true, I can tell you! Look how skinny I've gotten with the poor food supply! No, the skirts only distract me from my duties, I wish I wasn't so potent!"

Lena interrupted him, saying she was glad he was still so potent at his age! He nodded smugly and continued. "I'm secretly glad too, but don't tell our Lord! There are so many women, thank God, because the men are all at war, and I humbly take all the ones the Lord sends me! No, don't worry, those under the age of 12 are of course taboo for

me, decency dictates that. But the big middle aged part, they sometimes bring me to the brink of exhaustion. I need a lot of prayers to keep from dropping dead. But then I take a Pervitin, the pill kisses me on the tip of my cock like an angel, and I can go again! The Pervitin is a gift from the gods, he is also jokingly called 'Panzer-schokolade, Tank chocolate'. I then need much less sleep and have one erection after another! And when I come to visit you, I'll take two pills, and you seem to like the result. — Where was I? Oh yes! The old widows are the most difficult, they masturbate day and night, even while fucking! Imagine that, they don't even have respect for the man while fucking, they rub and defile themselves incessantly at devils hands. It's very, very sad how they are carried away by their impulsiveness! If the Bishop knew how close I come daily to the devil, he would pity me!" The pastor sank into gloomy brooding and Lena stroked his gray, bristly hair. His view of the things he did was completely wrong, twisted and crooked like the Leaning Tower of Pisa. She wanted to tease him a little and said how bad it must be to watch the widows masturbate. She herself didn't really know how women masturbate. That was his Keyword topic and he went on for quite a while describing Lena the different ways, techniques and all details, in which the women masturbated. Finally, he uncovered Lena and showed her how to masturbate on her own body. The pastor, as she knew even before their wedding, was incredibly unskilled and clumsy at it, but Lena didn't have to play the orgasm for him. Her clit was already so used to masturbating that her clit was able to orgasm despite his clumsiness. She suppressed it as best she could and confirmed to him that she now understood. "And what was that at the end?" Lena played the ignorant one and he declaimed at length that it was the female orgasm with which the devil lured women and dragged them into the abyss. He was glad that she didn't need to defile herself and didn't throw herself into the devil's arms.

"So, what idea did you have for me?" Lena asked quickly, gradually getting her breathing under control. "You did have an idea, for me, because I don't have anyone to fuck," she reminded him. He had to puzzle for a long time, but then it came back to him.

"So many young men come back from the war, some a bit damaged, so they've lost an arm or a leg, but life goes on, you know? And

what do you think their biggest problem is? — Yes? — They can't find a woman who will take them to bed, obeying her nature. And then I remembered that you don't have anyone to warm your body either. Decent and God-fearing as you are, you don't look for anyone to break off the marriage vows with you. I really give you honestly credit for that!" Lena played the coyly chaste girl for him and muttered, "Perhaps, my dearest husband, you wanted me to masturbate from now on? Is that what you wanted? Shall I?" she asked teasingly. He shook his head indignantly, "No, for heaven's sake, no way! Definitely not!"

"What I had in mind was that I'd send you some poor guy or another so you'd have one to fuck, with my blessing of course!" said the pastor, her husband. Lena wasn't prepared for that.

"But I'd be breaking our vows," she breathed in surprise, "I vowed only to fuck you!" He smiled down at her, now as arrogant as ever, "Exactly! And if I allow you to, if I give you my blessing, then that's fine! That's it!" Lena remained silent and cuddled up to him after drinking a glass of wine. He would send her honest, decent men, good Germans who were in need. And under no circumstances was she to fall into vice! She nodded gratefully, because she hadn't fucked in the months since Heinz had gone to the university. None. "As long as you send me young men, I don't have to masturbate. But if there's no one to fuck, I'll have to masturbate for better or worse, don't you think?" He widened his eyes, realizing his responsibility despite the alcohol. "I'll send you men, lots of them! And I forbid you to masturbate, goddammit!" Lena snuggled up to him, cat-like. "But I'll try masturbating in secret one day, because the orgasm was simply amazing!" purred the kitten and the poor pastor cringed.

The wine stung her brain, no doubt. "And you continue to sacrifice yourself, taking old widows, the middle-aged and the 12-year-olds the Good Lord sends you?" He was not one to understand irony, sarcasm or wit. He hugged her warmly. "Yes, the 12-year-olds are so receptive to God's word and to his sent servant. They look at you with wide eyes and nod eagerly, because of course they wanted to experience the Lord's blessing through his servant's body! They undress with delightful, girlish shyness and lie naked beside the Lord's ser-

vant. They look so lovely when I untangle their braids, which they have to wear according to the perverse taste of the Führer, and their full, long hair plays around their faces! They look like little Madonnas and the stars sparkle in their big eyes when they are allowed to look at my cock, touch it and rub it gently. Holding their breath, they insert my cock into their cunt's entrance with delicate fingers, some even push it in firmly. They look at me with wide, expectant eyes as I take their virginity. Tears of joy run down their cheeks as I fuck them and they draw in a sharp breath when I squirt. I don't want to impregnate them, of course, so I pull out my cock and show them how to rub the semen out of it. Most of them can already do it from their classmates though, almost all of them give the boys handjobs. So they rub my cock eagerly and make me squirt."

He fell silent for a moment. He knew, of course, that in truth he had already impregnated hundreds of girls and women, but he didn't care. Whether they went to the back-street abortionist or gave birth to the brat, he couldn't care less. The decision lay solely with heaven. He despised the new, nationalist-racist Germans who ran after and followed the clownish freak of a leader. If he could spit in the Führer's soup or spoil the brood of the dishonorable people, then that was a good work. He continued to speak to the topic.

"Hardly any of them get hot the first time they fuck me, but the second time they do. And they let me fuck them fine and smiling as often as I can. They love it. Most of them." He paused dreamily. "What really hurts me is, that almost all of them are already addicted to the female vice, some have been seduced to masturbate since they were 5 years old, imagine that! They masturbate unabashedly and completely shamelessly in front of my eyes, the poor things!"

Lena didn't need to interrupt him, "At 12, they don't have pubic hair or breasts yet, do they?" she asked, suppressing her impulse to snap at him that he was actually a disgusting child molester. He replied very kindly, "Hardly anyone has more than just a childish fuzz, a blond, reddish or black fuzz. You can usually see their slits and pussy very well, but you can also see immediately that they are all red-rubbed or sore from masturbating, the poor kids! Very few

have breasts that always remind me of your small, girlishly sweet breasts.” Lena took another glass of port. He continued.

“What always touches me deeply are the little Jewish girls. They come to my religion class even though they have a different faith, but they come because they are in love with me. At 12, they look even younger than our 12-year-olds and taking their virginity and fucking them is one of my greatest pleasures. At first they are usually a bit scared and confused, but as the night goes on, they become more and more trusting and demand to be fucked time and time again. It’s in the blood of Jewish women. I pray to the Good Lord to excuse me for having such carnal pleasure with them and in the same breath ask him to send me more of them. He is a gracious God and sometimes grants me his mercy.”

“I explain to all girls the needs of chaste girls, which are quite different from the boys who the girls masturbate secretly at school. Boys need it every day, they need to squirt every day.” He seemed to be pondering something. “What was it like with Heinz? Did he squirt a lot?” Lena wasn’t prepared for the turn of events, but the wine made her babble and lie.

“Oh, Heinz, he couldn’t squirt until he was 12. We discovered it in the shower, when I made his cock hard with the warm jet, running the jet up and down quickly as usual. He’s loved it since he was 4. I always had to make his cock hard that way and keep going until he throbbed hard, only then was it enough. Now it wasn’t just throbbing, now that’s when he was squirting for the first time.” Lena downed the wine and thought about how she wanted to serve him the web of lies. “For a few weeks, squirting in a warm jet of water was good enough, his squirting became strong and firm over time. But one day it didn’t work any more. I then used my index finger to push his foreskin back and forth until he squirted. At first it was enough and he really liked it. However, I had to rub harder each time, which I didn’t like at all, but I remembered your words that a boy of his age had to squirt every day. So I bit the bullet and masturbated him properly after a few days, as I always should have done.” Lena looked to him, he had a question.

“So you masturbated him every day until he left the house?” Lena had been expecting the question, but now she continued to spin the mystical yarn.

“At first, yes. One day he wanted to be sexually educated and I told him what he needed to know. I let him look at and feel my cunt and answered all his questions, except the one about female masturbation, because I didn’t know that myself. I played with his cock without any inhibitions, because he has such a magnificent cock!” Lena had no reason to compare sizes.

“He wanted to stick his cock in, but he already knew that mother and son weren’t allowed to fuck. For heaven’s sake, why not, I thought smiling, and let him penetrate my pussy. He really liked it and I kept playing with his cock and the bag, which quickly made him hot. Suddenly he whispered that he was cumming and then he squirted. I reminded him again that we weren’t allowed to fuck and then we prayed a Hail Mary together. After that it went like this, I masturbated him and at the end I let him squirt into my cunt. That was very good at the beginning, he was very decent and kept to not fucking me at first.” Lena took a break and drank port. How cleverly she used the word ‘in the beginning’ or ‘at first’ to hint at what was to come, how his thoughts spinned and tumbled when she said ‘in the beginning, at first’.

“Did I understand you correctly, you gave him a handjob and let him squirt inside your pussy at the end?” he asked, scratching his head. “But of course, there’s really nothing wrong, I think, with letting him squirt in my pussy, you really can’t call it fucking, it’s perfectly fine in my opinion!” She was very elated and continued chattering away.

“When he squirted inside, he made little fucking motions. We talked about it and he said it happened unconsciously. However, the little fucking phases started earlier and earlier, I admonished him of course and quietly prayed one or two Hail Marys aloud. My back hurt on the hard bench, so we went to my bed, where it was more comfortable. He usually prayed the Hail Marys with me, some 6 or 7,

mostly 12 or more Hail Marys, until he was finally able to squirt in my chaste cunt.”

The pastor looked up, startled. “12 Hail Marys, isn’t that much too long?” he asked uncertainly. Lena thought about it for a moment. “Of course I told him exactly that, that it took quite a long time, but he just shrugged his shoulders. He said that when I start with the handjob, he feels it coming very soon. He says ‘it’s coming’ every time and I allow him to stick it inside and thrust until he cums. He thinks it’s right that I or we both pray the Hail Marys and keep our hearts pure. We always agreed that we — mother and son — shouldn’t fuck each other, that’s for sure. I always masturbated him with my hand and let him penetrate to cum when he said so. Our hearts stayed pure because we, or just me, prayed the Hail Marys until he had thrust long enough and could cum.” Lena was done, that was all her husband needed to know. He cleared his throat and cursed under his breath, “God damn it, god damn it!” He cleared his throat again.

Lena had fetched another bottle of portwine and poured them both a glass. She drank the glass in one go, lit a cigarette and decided on her tactics. She was drunk, she knew that, but she wanted to give her childfucker another hit. She grinned slyly and carried on.

“The longer he had to thrust after the handjob, the more often I got hot, I was left unsatisfied and full of heat in my pussy after his cum, just like I am with you. You make me really hot and it takes hours for the heat to subside again.” She paused, because he had something on his tongue.

“You were banging like rabbits!” he grumbled disgruntledly and shook his gray head reproachfully. Lena straightened up and played the indignant. “I don’t know how the rabbits are banging, but I can assure you that Heinzi and I have neither rammed nor banged, we’ve certainly never shagged or fucked, for God’s sake!” The indignation seemed to reach her husband’s mind. “I only ever gave him a handjob and when he was ready I let him stick it into my cunt, there’s nothing to it! We never fucked, damn it! God damnit!” The cursing lent weight to her words and she was amused to see that he pulled his head in. Now she could tighten the screw even more.

“When he had to thrust for so long, I got more and more hot, which I was ashamed of at first, honestly! I helped myself get over this heat with pious prayers.” She gave him the opportunity to add his two cents. “That shows me again how honest, righteous and chaste you are, my Lena!” he pontificated and kissed her cheeks. Lena pulled herself together, because the alcohol wanted to make her laugh out loud and mockingly.

“But one day, I had given him a good hand job and he had lovingly stroked and caressed me all over my body, so that the heat in my cunt had increased to a whirlwind, he released me from the listless rubbing and said that now he had to squirt. I was so hot that I was actually looking forward to his penetration. “Come on, my boy, come inside and squirt!” I shouted and then he thrust into me for ages. In my pussy, the whirlwind became a storm, the storm became a hurricane and I had to cling to him as my pussy exploded in the hurricane. I jerked and twitched like crazy, then it was over. He had to thrust for quite a long time before he could squirt inside. I didn’t dare to ask him, but since you told me today, it was an orgasm.” Lena paused smiling to take a drink of wine. He swayed his head back and forth. “You’ve never had an orgasm with me,” he stated kinked, questioningly.

“No, never” Lena confirmed smiling, knowing full well that it bothered him a lot. “I didn’t know it was an orgasm at the time, of course, but I kept orgasming, almost every day. I always prayed with gratitude afterwards and searched my conscience, but it was pure. It was a gift from heaven, from the Lord himself, that the heat turned into a storm and a redeeming hurricane. I was grateful to heaven for having an orgasm every day.” She took a good swig of wine, which fueled her web of lies even more.

“So, how long did that last?” he asked dejectedly, because the fact that she had an orgasm with Heinzl really bothered him. Lena thought about it, say more or less? She answered vaguely. “I don’t remember exactly, maybe a year and a half or two years.” She lit a cigarette and thought about her next words.

“I always had doubts, of course, and wondered if I had lost my decency and chastity if I urged him on, when the storm was raging in my pussy. He has an admirably powerful manhood, our son, he usually always managed to thrust in my pussy on and on and on, to set off the hurricane. But when he couldn’t take any more, he dived down with a lovely grin and licked my pussy to the hurricane with his tongue.” So, now he had something to nibble on and he did, his eyes wide with amazement.

“Did Heinzl lick your clitoris?” he gasped involuntarily. Lena had to laugh inwardly at how predictable his reactions were.

“I even don’t know if I have a clitoris!” she exclaimed with feigned innocence. “He licked me down there, in the pussy somehow.” He didn’t bite, he didn’t want to tell her the secret of the clitoris, because that would lead to masturbation and straight into the arms of the devil. Lena waited in vain, but he pressed his lips together.

“But thank God he didn’t have to lick down there very often, because I was so ashamed the first time. Really terribly ashamed like never before! I was totally ashamed every time he licked my cunt, I can tell you that! But Heinzl was very happy with it and hugged me softly, after the hurricane, the orgasm, had died down. Despite my shame, I was very grateful to him because he took me and my heat seriously.”

Her husband remained silent and stared dully ahead of him. Lena poured more wine and they drank in silence. Lena lit a cigarette and smoked in silence. He cleared his throat, the silence was getting to him.

“Well, at least Heinzl got a deep insight into what real fucking is like,” he said hoarsely, “I was right, you are a thoroughly decent, fine and chaste woman. You didn’t commit incest with him, that’s how I think about it, honestly” he said, still hoarse. “I’m not sure about sending the homecomers to fuck you anymore, maybe it hurts your decent, fine and chaste character.” He lapsed into dull brooding. Lena wondered how he was coping with the fact that his wife and son had been fucking each other for at least two or more years? He must

have realized, that it was unquestionably a real incest, even if he dismissed it in unctuous words. He seemed to have been brooding over exactly that.

He never talked about his pastoral work, so Lena was really surprised when he started talking about it. “I’ve spoken to all the girls and women in my parish, mostly in private. I got a pretty frightening picture of them. I didn’t realize for a long time how deep they were already in the devil’s swamp. I didn’t meet a handful of them who weren’t addicted to the vice. Almost all of them masturbate without conscience, most of them were ready to show me their vicious actions without the slightest hesitation. Without any hesitation. I watched them, it seemed to make them really happy. Many noticed that it aroused my manhood, they winked at me lustfully and let themselves be fucked with pleasure. Even the newlyweds, who had never cheated on their husbands, didn’t resist in the rush of their supreme lust and let themselves be fucked shyly and full of shame as they raced towards orgasm. Afterwards they were very depressed, which I could somehow empathize with. Can you imagine how far this disease has already spread?”

Lena, whose fingers were busy with her clitoris under the sheet, nodded in agreement. “That really is extremely worrying, my love,” she whispered loudly, briefly interrupting their clit play. He nodded and continued, “I must admit that they don’t seem to feel anything negative about it. They immerse themselves in a meditative state, their finger rubs the clitoris almost automatically and they have the most beautiful, exciting sexual fantasies. Their orgasms are usually very different. Those who always had to hide it didn’t even show the slightest motion in their orgasm. Others, on the other hand, trembled with their legs or their pelvis undulated as if they were dancing around. But I could most easily observe it in their breathing. They held their breath and let it out loudly in orgasm, some let out a suppressed cry or a big sigh. You’d think it was beautiful if you didn’t know for sure that it was a gift from the devil.” He sighed deeply and bitterly. Lena was always amazed at how deeply it moved him.

“The second biggest vice I only found out about when I was pastoring, because I’d never heard of it before, I’d never seen it myself.

There are women, imagine that, who lick another woman's clitoris with their tongue until she has an orgasm."

"Oh yes, I've heard that," Lena murmured, but he didn't seem to have heard it and continued talking. "It always happens in secret, their husbands never found out. Some of them told me that they sometimes lay upside down on the bed, head to toe, so to speak. They licked each other's clitoris at the same time, sort of competing to see who could do the other first. Several people told me that. These women were all fixated on oral sex, they preferred to do their men with their mouths and didn't like fucking. I could only fuck most of them by force, imagine that!" Lena looked at him from the side, "You raped them!?" she asked with disgust. But he waved her off. "Raped, what an ugly word! — No, I just grabbed her tightly or held her arms, but raped her? No, no and no again!" Lena remained silent, because she really disagreed.

"I've met at most two dozen mothers who had incest with their sons. They were reluctant to admit it, they knew it was a criminal offense even in the eyes of the secular laws. In the Old Testament it was even punishable by death. Almost all of them had the same excuse: they had felt sorry for their son. The poor boy had to struggle a lot when he masturbated, so why not let him fuck, if she could help the poor boy? One told me that her son had been sleeping in her bed since his father left. She watched as he gradually learned to masturbate. For years she didn't say anything about it, it was quite normal. But when he had to struggle harder and harder, she let him fuck her, it was much easier." He poured himself a glass of port and drank. Lena said, "Thank you, one for me too!" He poured and didn't even notice her sarcasm. He brooded, thought, pondered and smoked nervously on his cigarette, then pulled himself together.

"And you certainly didn't fuck? Heinz and you?" he asked, full of suspicion. Lena hid her surprise, let her finger slip from her clitoris and sat up with an indignant expression on her face. "Of course not, what do you think?! Never! Never! I swear!" Lena exclaimed theatrically. "I knew I was only allowed to fuck you and I never allowed him to! He just wanted to squirt inside, and I was completely fine with that. I always did a handjob to him first, maybe for a minute, then he

said he had to squirt. ‘That is fine with me,’ I said to him and let him penetrate my pussy and thrust until he squirted. I quietly prayed the Hail Marys and often I felt deeply ashamed because I was getting so unchastely aroused and hot down there, when he thrust much longer than 12 Hail Marys.”

The pastor swore quietly goddammitdammit with furrowed brows. Lena continued her web of lies smiling, completely unmoved. “How often I searched my conscience to see if he wasn’t fucking me, but then I was quite sure that he was only thrusting in absolute innocence to squirt inside. That’s not fucking, I think, not real fucking. Innocence proved our hearts being pure and chaste! — And he always remained decent, he is our son after all!” Lena remained completely unmoved as her husband cursed inaudibly goddammitdammit, goddammitdammit! They smoked in silence and Lena mumbled that he didn’t have to send her homecomers or warriors to fuck, she could masturbate now, he had finally shown her. Now the pastor protested vehemently, that that was out of the question, he forbade her to masturbate! He would send plenty of men to her, for sure! Period!

A week later, the doorbell rang. A man in uniform handed her a letter from her husband. She invited him in and they drank coffee while she read the short letter. She looked up. “My dear Werner, I’m ready when you are.” She took him into the bedroom and had no regrets. Werner’s shot shoulder had already healed well, he had a magnificent cock and was good with it. He stayed two nights and left again. She pressed a few bills into his hand for the train ticket, claiming that was how her husband had written it. She stayed seated when he left and let her tears flow freely. She had had an orgasm while fucking for the first time in her life! It was wonderful, almost as wonderful as the orgasms she gave herself every night before falling asleep.

The pastor kept his word, sending at least three warriors a week to her “for use at will” and admonishing her each time not to masturbate, not to defile her chaste chalice. She was grateful to him for the stallions, because that’s what they were throughout, but she had to laugh out loud because there was no way she was going to be forbid-

den to masturbate. She soon learned that it was up to her, whether she had an orgasm or not. She had to make sure that she got something out of fucking herself. It went on like this all year and she enjoyed it, she had about more than a hundred men fucking her. It was no problem if two warriors were there at the same time, she fucked one after the other and all three of them had fun. Yes, even when Heinz came home for a weekend, she surprised him. She dragged him into her bedroom and let him fuck her from start to finish, as often as he could. And now, she had real orgasms while they were fucking, which made him happy and his chest swell with pride. They fucked nonstop that weekend, again and again and again.

One day she received a telegram. "Pereo, venite celeriter. Georg." She only knew one Georg, who wrote to her in Latin: 'I'm dying, come quickly!' Ten minutes later she was at the train station, two stops later she was there. She almost ran and went into the house. There he lay, her old Latin teacher, asleep. She could see quite clearly that it was coming to an end. She went silently into the kitchen and spoke to Rosa, the housekeeper of many years, who immediately recognized her as the professor's former sweetheart. So the simple-minded old woman immediately told her in confidence, that she had slept in his bed every night after the death of his wife over 25 years ago and had enjoyed being fucked by the professor every night. The professor was now already in his eighties, but he still fucked her every night. She herself was already 79, but she still managed to let him fuck her lovingly. She had never had sex before, she never had masturbated, but fucking the Professor was wonderful and she sometimes liked to burst with lust in the storm he did cause in her inexperienced pussy. Often the storm ended while she was still being fucked, her thighs trembled and her heart became calm and light again. But if the storm was still raging in her pussy at the end of the fuck, the professor would rub her pussy a little so that she almost passed away in the hurricane. She loved this storm that swept her away every night and made her thighs tremble. She was so grateful to him for that! But he hadn't wanted to fuck her for the last three weeks and stayed in bed all day. The family doctor had come and left him some morphine syringes, he had maybe 10 or 14 days left. The professor was very composed and had her send the telegram.

“And where are his children?” asked Lena. Rosa crossed herself. “Oh, Good Lord! The son was killed in action in France two years ago and the daughter lives in Switzerland.” Lena had a pencil and paper handed to her and drafted a telegram to his daughter. Rosa shuffled off to the post office to send the telegram.

Lena went quietly into Georg’s room, the man to whom she had given her virginity. Her first husband. Her first lover. He was awake. They talked quietly, he was composed and not afraid of dying. He had only one wish, that she should lie with him one last time. He had never been able to forget her and was very sorry that his wife had chased Lena miserably out of the house. It was his dearest wish to die in her arms. But he would understand if she refused. After all, she was Pastor Neumann’s famously chaste and decent wife. He didn’t think much of the pastor, he said with regret. At the time, the teachers’ conference had a lively discussion about expelling the pupil Neumann from the school, as he was constantly messing around with the youngest female pupils and doing probably more, but there was no evidence and no witness willing to testify.

Lena laughed out loud. She wouldn’t have married Neumann if she had known about his pedophile activities. “I can only agree with you, dear Georg,” she said, becoming more serious, “he’s still a pedophile and enjoys fucking 12-year-olds. A piggy swine, if you ask me.” Lena didn’t have to think. “I’ll gladly lie down with you and stay with you as long as you want. Nobody misses me. And as for the oh-so-chaste pastor’s wife, none of this is true. I just have to talk to Rosa and then I’ll come to you.” Georg thanked her and fell asleep only seconds later.

Lena spoke to Rosa, who of course agreed to sleep in the former children’s room and cook for them both. Of course she could remember Lena, even if the professor’s love affairs were none of her business, but since it was his wish, she went along with it. Now that she knew that Lena was with him at night, she was finally able to sleep through the night with a sleeping pill. For three weeks she hadn’t slept, had only dozed in the armchair next to his bed. That settled everything, Lena undressed and lay down with Georg.

She watched over his sleep and only dozed very superficially. When he was awake, they talked at length about times long past. She was immediately ready when he wanted to fuck. He was far too weak to fuck her, but she stiffened his small cock with her tongue and lips and mounted him. She had never ridden him before, but it was the thing to do now. She didn't count how many times she mounted him and didn't get irritated when Rosa brought drinks and food. Rosa could hardly tear herself away from the sight, but Lena found out why later. The professor was the first and only person Rosa had fucked. He had taken her virginity when she was 55 and had fucked her every night since then. She had never seen anyone else fucking and she only knew one position, the Catholic one, she on her back, he between her legs. Lena smiled kindly, it was all good and she had never been embarrassed when Rosa watched her riding.

It was the third day. She had fed Georg and poured away the tea, he wanted a cognac. They both drank, he wanted another shot and she licked his cock stiffly. She mounted him and rode off, then she lay down on him, when he started squirting. He hugged her tightly and now he squirted bucketfuls, then his arms fell powerless and limply down. She felt his pulse.

Georg was dead.

Together with Rosa, Lena prepared the funeral, it would take place in 10 days and his daughter from Switzerland was also coming. Until the funeral, Lena mourned her first lover, who had taken her virginity. The funeral was quiet and touching; apart from his daughter, Rosa and Lena, all the pupils who were still alive attended. Now she could go home, she had laid him to rest as decently and honorably as wartime would allow.

Her husband continued to send three to six war heroes every week and admonished her not to give in to vice and the Dark Lord. She was soon able to smile again, and her smile dug deep into many a warrior's heart. The new year began and everyone talked behind closed doors about the imminent end. A strange postcard from Heinz.

“Dear Lena, I’ve been called up and will be transferred to the east front in two hours. There are 30 of us, I’m the oldest at 19. I think of you often and hug you with all my heart! When the card arrives, I’ll already be on my way. I’ll be in touch as soon as I can, kiss Heinzl.”

Lena hadn’t heard from Heinzl since then. She had written a short message to her husband, but had received no reply. The whole infrastructure seemed to be collapsing, people were glued to the radio and listening to the pithy sayings of those in power, the final victory, blah blah, but the enemy’s broadcasters saw things very differently. Lena ran to the post office every morning, the letter carrier could no longer be relied on. She no longer received any news, not from Heinzl and not from the pastor. The weekly punctual war heroes were also no longer coming. People met at the merchant’s during the day and exchanged the latest news.

The Führer had barricaded himself in a bunker and once a day he mournfully crowed the news of the impending final victory into the radio microphone. The Führer had made his last will, rumored the merchant. The Führer had committed suicide, rumored the villagers at the merchant’s. They couldn’t believe it, he was still talking in the radio about the final victory!

The thunder of the big guns came closer, every day. One of the former war heroes, Wolf, came. He had been with Lena three times before, she liked him and he was really excellent at fucking, she could often orgasm with him. He asked if she wasn’t worried about his one-armedness, but she laughed happily. “You’ve got one arm, you don’t need two to fuck!” He was sometimes very sad because he had heard that his wife, who was Jewish, and their young children had been deported to the East. He had heard rumors that not a single Jew had arrived in the East, but that they were all killed on the way there. He was desperate because he had no family left apart from them and if they were all dead, he didn’t want to live either. Lena was happy to take him in, the fucking was good for her, it took her mind off the uncertainty, and Wolf fucked really well, even with only one arm. They kept the window closed because the panes rattled with the thunder of the big guns. They fucked day and night, there was nothing else to do. Then came the night of May 4th, a dark, rainy night.

The front door splintered under the soldier's boots. Wolf was about to squirt and hadn't heard anything, he was very focused on fucking. Lena heard the thud of boots, the door flew open and someone fired his rifle. Wolf was squirting, he had collapsed on top of Lena and was still squirting, he was squirting for longer than ever, bucketfuls. Lena startled, dozens of boots stomping into her bedroom. She shook Wolf, but he didn't move. She turned on the bedside lamp. Wolf only had half a head left, he was dead, dead as a doornail! Her brain refused to work. She rolled him to one side. Four pairs of eyes fixed on her pussy. She reached for her robe and covered herself. She knew exactly what had happened, but her brain didn't want to process it, didn't want to understand it. The soldiers dragged the dead Wolf out and threw him into the garden. One of them grabbed her by the wrist and led her into the bathroom. She saw in the mirror that she was covered in blood. She stood under the shower for minutes, washing off Wolf's blood. The soldier spoke a few words of German. Give food, give booze. She led him to the pantry behind the kitchen and pointed, food, wine. He popped the cork with the barrel of his revolver. He put the port wine to his lips and drank, he was very thirsty. "Good!" he exclaimed and also called out to his buddies in Russian. There was plenty to eat and drink.

Gradually, her senses returned. There were 4 Russians, fully armed and very dirty, their vehicle had broken down right in front of her house. They had brought the radio system into the house and one was taking over from the other, they were in contact with a control center, apparently. Lena went into the bedroom and got dressed. Alexei, who knew a few words of German, led her out to the garden where Wolf's body lay on his stomach. When she saw his legs and ass, she stood rooted to the spot and turned away. Alexei said something that sounded like "Mne zhal", "I'm sorry", but she shook her head, "I don't understand." She turned around and Alexei trotted into the house behind her.

The men had eaten and drunk. Lena ran water into a pot and picked up a piece of cloth. She led Alexei to the filthy toilet and pointed at the dirt with the cloth and water. "Clean!" she said in a commanding tone to Alexei, who stammered "Clean" with his head down. I mustn't lose control for as long as I can, Lena thought, and

repeated, "Clean!" Alexei shouted something and one of the men came over, grumbling. Lena pressed cloth and water into his hand, pointed to the dirty toilet with her chin and said, "Clean!" and Alexei translated in a commanding tone. He was obviously the boss, thank God, Lena thought. She sat down demurely on the floor with the men, Alexei next to her. He laboriously explained that they were all from Russia, near Ekaterinburg. Lena had no idea where that was, but she nodded. "Is it nice in Ekaterinburg?" she asked and Alexei nodded immediately, "nice, very nice! It's a big city, very nice. Lots of beautiful houses, lots of beautiful families, lots of beautiful women!" He clicked his tongue, "beautiful women, very beautiful!" Lena indicated that she had understood. The man on the radio silenced everyone. He listened and chattered, listened again and chattered again. Then he turned around and rattled off something in Russian. The men hooted and shouted in confusion. At last Alexei turned to her and said, "War finish tomorrow. Gitler done, Gitler dead!" He brought his index finger to his temple and shouted, "Boom!" He grinned all over his face, "War done, Gitler done, Fiira busted!" Lena nodded, she had understood him. So the Führer, Hitler, had committed suicide after all. Thank God, the war could come to an end. She explained to Alexei with her hands and feet that hardly anyone here in the village liked Hitler. She took a picture from the wall. "That's me, that's my husband. He's a pastor now," she made gestures of praying and blessing, "Yes, Pope, my husband is a Pope!" Alexei's eyes widened. Lena made it clear to him that she and her husband detested Hitler and were glad that the war was over. She showed him a picture of Heinzl and cried. Yes, her son was in the war, in the East, I don't know where. One of the men fetched several bottles of wine, but Alexei turned him down, because they had to divide the wine well, then they went on to celebrate the end of the war.

Alexei, smelling of port, whispered in her ear. "Make I love you, make!" Lena understood immediately, as he placed his hand unmistakably on her thigh. I mustn't lose control for as long as I can, Lena thought again. She nodded, "good, let's do it!" She stood up and led him into the bathroom. She dropped her dress and stood under the shower. "Clean first, then do it!" She wondered why he was standing under the door with his mouth open, as if he had never seen a naked woman before. She showered, soaped her cunt in particular and

dried herself off. "Now Alexei, clean!" and pointed into the shower. He nodded dejectedly and struggled out of his dirty uniform. He stood under the shower, the water was still warm, and she took a cloth and soap and washed his cock, just his cock, carefully. Then she put the cloth and soap in his hand, "Clean!" The soldiers were pretty dirty and had obviously not been able to wash themselves for a while. Anyway, she only wanted to fuck clean guys, she said to Alexei, your men have to take a shower too. He didn't understand. She pointed with her index finger from one man to the other and to the shower, "Clean, clean, clean!" Now he understood and shouted something to his men. They had been watching the showering with amusement and all three were grinning. Lena, like Alexei, was standing naked in the bathroom and now she pointed to her chest. "I'm Lena, Lena. I'm 34 years old." Alexei nodded and repeated with a smile, "Lena, Lena beautiful woman!" He hadn't understood the other words, so she raised ten fingers three times and then four. She lied a little, as many do when they make themselves look a few years younger. He had understood, he nodded. He pointed to himself, "Alexei," and showed 10 fingers and nine. Lena nodded, she had already guessed that. Alexei pointed to his men, "Mikhail" 17 fingers, "Ivan", 17 fingers and the one on the radio, "Andro" 15 fingers. Lena was amazed, they were all so young and yet already so terribly old. She asked Alexei, "Andro, do it too?" She showed 15 fingers. "Andro also make love?" She held up her 15 fingers again and again. Alexei shrugged his shoulders. "Andro soldier, Andro also make." He winked one eye. "Andro make, not much." Oh well, Lena thought, he's still a virgin but already a soldier, so he was allowed too. She pointed to the shower again, "Mikhail, Ivan, Andro, clean!" Alexei nodded in agreement and Lena led him by the hand into the bedroom.

Alexei was certainly no master when it came to fucking. But he did his thing and leaned back. He called Ivan in, they had left the door open after all. Ivan was better equipped than Alexei, he fucked skillfully and quite properly, he brought Lena to orgasm before he squirted. He also leaned back next to Alexei, who now called Mikhail. Ivan stood up, took the headphones from Andro and shooed him into the shower. Mikhail also had a big cock and he also knew how to use it. Lena came again to orgasm, panting and moaning with satisfaction, and he continued fucking for quite a long time until he was

cumming in bucketfuls. He sat down next to Alexei and he called Andro.

Ashyly, Andro entered, hesitated for a moment and positioned himself between Lena's thighs. He quickly started fucking like a rabbit and Lena held him tightly, stopping his fucking. She said softly, "Andro, you have to start slowly. Imagine you're a camel walking through the desert. So, slow like a proud camel!" She indicated with her arm what walking slowly meant. Alexei had understood and passed on her instructions to Andro. Alexei repeated, "Camel," and swayed his head slowly. Andro seemed to have understood, he swayed his hips in camel step and Lena nodded firmly, "Yes, yes!" Andro did his job quite well and still squirted very soon. His cock remained hard even after squirting and he didn't think about pulling his cock out. He looked Lena straight in the eye and raised two fingers. She nodded in agreement and lifted two fingers as well. He proved that Andro was a quick learner. "Slowly, camel," and smiled at her, "Lena, beautiful!" and kissed her briefly on the mouth. And indeed, he walked like a camel, proud and slow. Now he fucked much longer and Lena was getting really hot. He increased his pace and squirted. Exhausted, he sank down next to his companions. Lena stroked him gently and murmured that he had done well his first ride.

They took turns on the radio every hour, chatting with the control center and fucking Lena. She had taught Alexei that 'to do' meant 'to fuck'. She had been able to doze off in between, but the boys woke her up to fuck. The boys fucked always in the same manner and Andro was the only one, who fucked her twice in a row, thank God he had learned to let her orgasm. She sometimes thought to die from the fatigue, but she didn't. Lena was somehow proud that she had kept control. The men hadn't raped her, they ate and drank like normal people, they showered every day and no longer soiled the toilet. Apart from their arrival, she had no fear, no panic at all. She was grateful to fate, because it could have been much worse.

Early in the morning, Mikhail was on the radio, there was suddenly something exciting, everyone was talking in confusion. Alexei raised a finger and indicated to Lena that a car was coming in a day.

Yes, a car. Then he thought for a moment and raised two fingers. “Today, tomorrow tomorrow,” he pointed, “today, then night, then day, then tomorrow car.” So it was, they fucked day and night, on the morning of the third day they put their dirty uniforms back on and waited impatiently. They kept talking into the radio, then a flatbed truck arrived at her house.

Alexei motioned to Lena to put on her coat. She looked at him questioningly; she hadn’t slept properly for days and was now totally slow-witted and beside herself. He took the coat and put it on her shoulders. He took a second coat and put it on her as well. “Russia very cold,” he said and pushed her out to join his buddies on the flatbed truck. She was still in a daze when she saw her house disappear into the distance for the last time. Was it going to Russia? To Poland? Or to a soldier’s brothel?

Pastor Neumann never heard from his wife or his son again.

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Prinzess Lou

by Jack Faber © 2023

Lou sat in front of her laptop in her office on board the *Elisée*, her husband's yacht. The yacht was about 72 meters long and ultra-modern. Lou, who had only married a few months ago, had decided to keep a daily report, or rather a kind of diary. Michel had got her the laptop and equipped it with the latest security measures. "From the NSA," Michel grinned, "and even they have very few people who can crack it." Lou had arranged for a small safe to be installed in her bedroom, a large cabin, which very few people knew about. She changed the combination every week because that's where she kept this private, very private laptop. The small office was a separate part of the bedroom, it had a clear view of the sea, the end of the huge panoramic wall of the bedroom ended with the small office. Lou briefly skimmed over all the chapters she had written so far.

She had been born Maria Louise von Hohenlahnstein in Germany, her father ran the winery and vineyards more poorly than well. Noble yes, rich no. Her father was still rooted in the patriarchy, but endeavored to live a progressive life. Lou, as she was called, was the baby of the family, but she would never inherit or run the winery. The two grown-up brothers studied hard and would one day take over the winery. Their father therefore sent her to the best schools, even though he was short of money. Her mother had died when she was 15. Her father came into her room at night and cried, he had loved her mother very much. Her father held her in his arms and sobbed until he fell asleep from tiredness. The next day he asked if she would spend the night in his big bed, he didn't want to be alone. Lou said okay.

She never owned pyjamas, she always slept naked. She kept her panties on when she got into bed with him at night. They held each other and she let him cry. She had stayed with her mother until the end, had accompanied her when she was dying and was with her when she died. Lou was, of course, terribly sad that the most impor-

tant person in her life was dead, but she was not as terribly sad as her father. Perhaps his grief came from his guilty conscience, because he had only confessed to her on his deathbed that he had shamelessly cheated on her again and again. It was never anything serious, he was simply a hunter with a strong hunting instinct, he wanted to fuck every woman, old or young. Now that was the end of the hunt. Her mother smiled softly and murmured wearily, "I knew, I knew, my love!" Lou remembered how concerned her father had looked, visibly surprised and embarrassed at the same time. "No, never!" her mother managed to get out with difficulty, "never! You were my first man and my only one." Lou had never seen her father so affected.

Lou looked up from her laptop. Flashlights blinked fitfully on the beach off which the yacht was anchored. She continued to read. It obviously did her father good not to have to be alone. They hugged again and again, she murmured soothingly in his ear when he cried. She stroked his naked body and avoided touching his cock. She always waited until he was fast asleep and only then did she masturbate. She had masturbated to sleep every night since kindergarten-days. It must have been 14 days since she had lovingly and tenderly stroked him. Then he took her hand and placed it on his stiff cock. She feverishly wondered whether she should give him a handjob. It was nothing special, it was a matter of course in her age group. She barely rubbed him for a minute before he was overcome by the urge and he lay down between her thighs. She had been fucked several times before and wasn't taken by surprise when he ruthlessly penetrated her vagina. She let herself be fucked and held back, it would be perverse to return his fucking. He didn't have to thrust for very long before he groaned and squirted. She switched on the bedside lamp and lit a cigarette. Her father murmured, "Thank you, Princess, thank you!" She lit a cigarette for him too and they smoked in silence.

"It's incest," Lou began. He nodded dejectedly.

"Yeah, I know. But I just couldn't hold back anymore, princess, I'm really sorry! — Did I take your virginity?" he asked worriedly, but Lou gave a short laugh.

“I’m already 15, Dad, and this is the 21st century! No 15-year-old is a virgin these days!” She smiled at him and instead of looking dismayed, he smiled.

“Good,” he said, breathing a sigh of relief, “I wouldn’t have forgiven myself! Only because my nature got the better of me!”

“So it’s about time you took a wife,” Lou said, “I’m a woman too and I’ve fucked a few, but I’m your daughter.” The silence lasted a long time. Lou had only fucked two, but she left it at the plural. Now they argued back and forth for fifteen minutes, but they finally agreed. He would find himself a steady girlfriend or wife, until then she was okay with continuing the incest fuck. They fucked for a year and a half, then he found a soul mate. An aristocratic young lady from Denmark, but she spoke fluent German. Charlotte was in her late thirties, loud, humorous and damn lascivious. She was not a seductive beauty, but really just seductive. She was very much in love with him because he was a thoroughly honest, straightforward character. She had a really big bank account and liked to give gifts to the estate. Like Charlotte, he didn’t believe in marital fidelity; they both wanted an open marriage. Lou didn’t like her open display of sexuality and lechery, but otherwise had a good relationship with her. Lou was now 17, preparing for her A-levels and left her father to fuck Charlotte. She had no regrets, but she knew what she wanted to study, marine biology.

She studied in Paris and London, and year after year she spent more time at sea than on land. She traveled to many places, she was very hard-working and was therefore very well supported. The topics of environmental protection and climate change were now also reaching the general public, and the fact that marine biology played an important role was generally recognized. At 25, she began writing her doctoral thesis and Michel came into her life. He was a few years younger than her, he was employed by the university as a tutor and alongside his lectures he worked as an assistant with Lou. It took a few weeks before they ended up in bed. Lou was no wallflower and fucked when she wanted and who she wanted. It wasn’t very smart to seduce your coworker, but they had so much in common and so many interests that eventually it really clicked. She was very at-

tracted to him, he wasn't one of those stupid macho men, of which there were as many as there were pigeons in Paris. She was attracted to him like a sister, there was no better way to put it. Lou wasn't a lesbian, she knew that for a fact. But it was Michel's feminine anima that fascinated her so much.

Lou's eyes teared up as they hopped into bed for the first time. The good food and heavy red wine helped a lot, but she had already made up her mind before dinner. Now Michel stood naked in front of the bed, just like her. Her first glance convinced her that he had a nice cock that could get even bigger in her mouth. Her second glance fell on irritation. Michel had breasts. Small like a girl's breasts, and really very sweet girl's breasts. He already knew the look and jumped into bed unconcerned.

They kissed, they caressed each other, they got to know each other's bodies. She asked and Michel answered, he had already had to explain it a hundred times. He was a man. Grown up as a man, socialized as a man. No one, not even a doctor, could properly explain to him that he had breasts. He knew that he was not a hermaphrodite, his genitals were male, as was his semen. He explained it to himself by saying that he had two animas, male and female. That was how he explained to himself that he didn't have the typical macho demeanor and that he felt like a woman in many small ways, thought like a woman, reacted like a woman. Lou had to think for a long time, and now a lot of things became clear. Her feeling of being like a sister.

She dived down and took his cock in her mouth. "No one gets inside me that I haven't licked clean conscientiously," she said and he smiled. "And the fact that he gets bursting hard is a known side effect?" Michel joked, as he squirted into her mouth. She swallowed his semen with a grin and licked him stiff once more. They kissed, cuddled and sighed until they were both hot. She playfully aroused his breasts, Michel fucked really well and could wait until she clawed at him in orgasm and they joined together, thrusting and jerking. He squirted rhythmically as he thrust and rolled off.

They smoked and talked about the whole thing in whispers. The red wine gone, she said with a soft smile that not many men managed to fuck her to orgasm. That was something they both liked very much. Gradually he also got down to business. He found it especially nice when the woman fucked him. No, it had nothing to do with dominance or submission, it was more a female sensation. Lou understood it immediately. They would take it in turns to share the active and passive role, then they would both have what they needed, what they wanted. And so it was that Lou mounted Michel and fucked him. She didn't orgasm the second time, but that was fine. Michel let himself be fucked wonderfully and squirted for the second time. They whispered for a very long time, but very quietly so as not to disturb the other hotel guests.

For two years Lou traveled, accompanied by Michel, to the places where she gathered material for the dissertation. Michel was an excellent assistant and he could discuss biology with her for hours, manage her samples and read and revise her notes. If he saved up enough money, he would write a dissertation on a similar topic, he said. Lou no longer looked at the divers and colleagues, she didn't need one. Michel was good enough for her and she didn't need anyone else to fuck. She handed in her thesis and prepared herself for a long wait, six months in her experience.

She argued a lot with Michel. She wanted to keep him at all costs, whether as an assistant or whatever. They only briefly touched on the subject of marriage and both shied away like fish that get too close. He didn't want to get married, he had never seen a positive marriage, only big and very big disasters. He had had himself tested for her sake at the beginning of their relationship, he was unable to procreate. He wouldn't be able to start a family, and he couldn't see himself as an adoptive father, that wouldn't be him. There was only the advantage that they didn't have to worry about contraception. No, marriage was nothing for him. She would have taken him any day, they were very well suited to each other and it had already lasted two years.

Then her Papa surprised her, Charlotte gushed the news.

A rich man, Oleg Maschinkoff, had his eye on her. She didn't know him, but he had seen her at a reception at the embassy when she was accompanying her father. Oleg now clung to her father like a limpet. He knew instinctively that he was the one most likely to do it. He promised her father a suitcase full of money if he brought them both together. Even if the princess refused. And father always needed money. So he had Lou come home more often than usual. She had half a year to kill anyway, so why not? That's how she met Oleg.

He wasn't a Russian shaggy bear, but a westernized, educated man, less than 10 years older than her, likeable and sexy. She liked him at first sight, but she kept that to herself. He agreed that she should have him checked out and that she wanted to have her doctorate in hand before she made up her mind, which meant at least 5 months. Michel did the vetting, he was the only one she trusted and he was an ace researcher. She spent a lot of time with Oleg, discussing the most important aspects of her life. He was a Russian oligarch, but the tolerable kind. He had started small back in Putin's days trading in corn, expanded his business to soybeans and then to fertilizers. He was simply a clever businessman, he had no need to enrich himself with crooked or even bad things. He openly admitted that playing hide-and-seek with the customs authorities was part of his everyday life, as was the use of bribes and kickbacks and his own intelligence service. He was a criminal in these things, but he didn't see himself as a criminal. Lou smiled, she wasn't expecting an angel, but there were moral boundaries such as murder and manslaughter. He smiled, he wasn't guilty of that, he strictly adhered to those boundaries, without a single exception. He swore to that. He really was filthy rich and when he had seen and observed the princess in the embassy, it had happened to him. He was 36, she was 28 and he wanted to start a family. He wanted a smart, educated woman and if she was also as delightful and pretty as she was, then everything would be fine for him.

She made several things clear to him, both big and small. She didn't want to learn Russian or live in Russia, as they could both speak English well. Live anywhere, but in the "West". She had not forgotten Putin's reign of terror and she was quite sure that Russia needed another 60 or 100 years to become a good country. She

wanted to finish her studies successfully and do research or work in marine biology for a while, she didn't want to have children before 35. Then gladly, having children and raising them well was okay in her opinion. She was amazed at how similar her two ideas of raising children were. That was a good thing.

Oleg had recognized Lou's character and the things that were important to her over the many hours. He was now even more determined to win her. He didn't need a sugar-doll who mainly went shopping and showed off her jewels at parties. A scientist who cared about the environment and the planet appealed to him and fitted in well with his ambition to be recognized as a good and Western-oriented oligarch. No matter how much she cost him, she was worth it. He cast his line.

He had a ship, a yacht, the *Elisée*, 76 meters long. Equipped with everything that was available. There was even a helipad, a platform on which he could land his helicopter. It was one of the first ships to be powered by hydrogen. He wanted to convert everything to hydrogen over time — he had already bought all new hydrogen-powered cars, and 10% of the fleet was already running on hydrogen. He had bought up a hydrogen manufacturer in California and was sure that the business would be profitable in 5 years at the latest. So he had already made the decision to go green two years ago, even before he had fallen in love with Lou. Lou smiled, those were good arrows he had in his quiver.

She was back in Paris. How much she had missed Michel! Her man-wife, his exciting sex, his closeness! When they caught their breath, Michel reported on his investigations. Oleg was what he said he was. He was filthy rich, one of the thousand richest people in the world. The hydrogen thing was also true. He wasn't involved in anything dirty or criminal, he had graduated from university in Cambridge, England. He had been married in England for 8 months and the marriage was legally divorced. Michel wanted to read out all the dirty laundry about the woman, but Lou waved it off angrily, just the essential facts. She was a pretty barmaid, but she couldn't break away from her vices and was currently serving time for repeated drug

offenses. Poor sod! Lou waved it off, enough! She was annoyed that Oleg hadn't mentioned this marriage. Michel understood that.

Lou brought up the subject of marriage. She had to have clarity, because she had to make a decision. Michel said he loved her like never before. But marriage was out of the question for him. He couldn't marry her with a lie just to avoid losing her, that was totally against him. It would just be a selfish lie, it would ruin everything.

Lou had expected a different answer and cried softly. "I don't want to lose you, you're like a little sister to me!" They both laughed, their declaration of love sounded pretty funny. She became serious again. "If I can continue my research, will you stay on as my assistant, since I probably can't offer you a good salary? I'm thinking of tapping my father or the rich stepmother and continuing my research on the octopods on my own account." Michel didn't have to think for long. "I'm in, of course, even if we have to spoon dog food out of a can!" he exclaimed enthusiastically and hugged his lover. They spent a few lovely days together, then Lou went home to her father.

"You got two million from Oleg?" she asked her father with flashing eyes. He squirmed like a worm under the sole of her boots, but admitted it. Stupid Charlotte couldn't keep a secret.

"It was a clean deal," he said, "it was just about getting to know you, even if you end up turning it down." Lou swallowed her anger. Her father was destitute and needed every penny. She put her hand on his arm.

"It's all right, Dad, I'm not angry with you. Oleg is an interesting man, he's worth every penny!" She enquired about the winery and her brothers.

"It's going well again, Bruno and Edward have practically taken it over already and next year they'll officially get it with a notary and so on. I'm handing everything over and going traveling with Charlotte while we're still spry." Lou smiled, Charlotte was not yet 40.

“That’s good news, Dad. Even though I think it’s more Charlotte’s idea, it’s a good decision. I hope I’m making a good decision for me too.” Lou reluctantly dropped the idea of tapping the father and Charlotte. “And — do I get anything from the winery?” she asked cautiously. The father was puzzled.

“I didn’t think you were interested in the vineyard. That’s why I hired an appraiser to have them pay you a third in cash. At least that was the plan.” Lou reassured him that she thought that was fair and that with cash she would be able to continue her research. The father didn’t think twice.

“If you run out of money, come to me. Charlotte and I have some on the high side and I’m sure we can give a little away.” Lou hugged him gratefully. “I can’t ask Charlotte at the moment, she’s in Denmark for a funeral and the inheritance she’s getting from that aunt.” Lou asked if he would have to sleep alone? He nodded dejectedly and said, “Me and Miss Fist”. It took Lou seconds to understand the sad joke. She smiled broadly and calculatingly.

“But Dad, I can sleep with you like I used to!” She slept with him all week, she let herself be fucked like she used to and was very active in the fucking, thinking of the loving way Michel fucked her really hard when she asked him to. The exercise would probably be far too strenuous for her father. Afterwards, she let him watch her masturbate like she used to; he still found it very exciting to sit between her thighs and experience it up close.

Dad had just ridden out, as he did every day at this time, to inspect the vineyard. Charlotte arrived by cab and Lou greeted her. In Charlotte’s room, Charlotte changed and Lou waited at the coffee table. Charlotte’s diplomatic passport was on the table. She stared at the date of birth. Charlotte was only 36 years old, not 45 as was generally assumed. Charlotte came in and sat down opposite, wearing only a bra. She had noticed Lou’s glance at the passport and smiled. “Most women make themselves look younger, but I had to make myself look older or he wouldn’t have taken me, and I was and still am madly in love with him, I would have done anything to snag him! He’s not the master of fucking, but he has the best character of them

all!” She smiled as Lou’s eyes feasted on her pussy. That shaved pussy was really nice, thought Lou, who had seen uglier ones. Charlotte’s fingers slid over it, exposing the clit completely. It was very nice too, Lou thought and looked up, straight into Charlotte’s eyes.

“I’m not a lesbian,” she said, “I tried it often enough in my youth, but I’m not into lesbianism.” Charlotte nodded and asked.

“Poor thing, he hates sleeping alone.” Lou knew full well that was a question.

“Oh, he didn’t have to sleep alone at all, I warmed him every night, your husband!” Lou could answer Charlotte’s stupid questions just as stupidly. Charlotte nodded.

“I supposed so, yes!” said Charlotte, and the look on her face said that he had told her about the incest. Lou was blushing, more out of anger at his indiscretion than shame. Charlotte continued to gush.

“Don’t think anything of it, I spent a few months with my father when my mother was in hospital. There’s nothing to it, nothing disgusting.”

Lou nodded in agreement and mumbled, “Lots of people do that.” Charlotte babbled on.

“My father was horrified when I seduced him. But I was already 14 and desperate to be deflowered, and of course Dad was my everything, my Captain America. I was in charge, he melted like wax in my hands. Of course I had already fucked about 5 boys, but they didn’t take my virginity, they had nice little boy dicks that fitted through the hole in my hymen. I often fucked with them and only got the orgasm when masturbating afterwards.

Now I wanted a real cock and my Captain America had a pretty big one, I’d seen it a lot. As a small child, I often stood next to him in the bathroom with my thumb in my mouth, as he wagged his cock and squirted into the sink. The first few days he didn’t want to know anything about fucking, a handjob, okay. I always ended the hand job with a blowjob and he was quite taken aback that I swallowed his se-

men. It was normal for me, nothing special. But on the third or fourth day, I seduced him despite his helpless protests.”

Charlotte tugged excitedly at her clit as she recounted. “On the one hand, I was terrified of his big mace with the peach-shaped glans, which he said many Bernadottes had, but on the other, I was desperate to be fucked by him. He took my virginity so powerfully that I cried out in pain. I was still very young, not even 14, and had a very small, very tight vagina. After he got over that hurdle, we fucked like fools, after school, before dinner, after dinner and half the night. He blossomed, he felt as young as he used to and he could fuck really well quite often. He had given me a taste for orgasm while fucking. Oh yes, the Dad! We fucked each other again and again as long as he lived and thank God my mother didn’t mind.”

“She was no longer able to fuck after all the operations, he said. Unfortunately, she only lived for a few months, but she was very weak and I washed her ruined pussy every day. She had been operated on x-times, her ovaries, uterus, labia were full of cancer and had been cut out. Even the foreskin that protected her clitoris had been removed and all the skin over the clitoral shaft had been radically removed. The shaft, 5 or 6 centimeters long, was blood-red, raw flesh. Only the head of the clitoris had remained intact, it was the size of a fingernail, bright pink and shaped like the tiny glans of a little boy’s cock. I washed her pussy with lukewarm camomile tea and rubbed an ointment on the horrible scars.

I stared at the large open hole full of scars that had birthed me and at the finger-length, obscenely naked clit that grew hard and stiff at my treatment. Groaning with embarrassment, she asked me to relax her clit. Every day I brought her big clit to orgasm and it was the only pleasure she had left. I thought each time how big her clit was like us Bernadottes.

After the first time, she took my face in both hands and kissed me gratefully on the lips. “Thank you, Charly, you’re such a good, helpful child and you still take such good care of your dying mother. Take care of Daddy too, you’re almost 14 and old enough to fuck, and the poor guy has to cum every day.” That was the only thing she said, but

to me it was as if she had given her blessing. I wanted to tell her that I'd been letting him fuck for months now, but my throat was tight and I stammered, "and if you let me, I'd love to fuck him!" She just smiled and kissed my forehead, "I rather think he will fuck you!" With that, she gave me her blessing.

In her final weeks, she completely lost her mind. She claimed Dad wasn't her cousin, but her brother. I couldn't believe it, it couldn't be! But she told me her story as if it were true. She had taught him to masturbate and squirt, he learned to masturbate her to orgasm very well. That wasn't enough for her, she was 13 and he was 12 when she let him take her virginity. They fucked every night and only had to be careful when she got her period at around 17. Nevertheless, she got pregnant and then she gave birth to me at 21. By then their parents were no longer alive, because they couldn't live with the shame that nobody knew about and poisoned their evening cocoa. They were helped to forge the papers, and as first cousins they needed the bishop's dispensation and the bishop needed a new church roof. They lived in legal marriage for 14 years and now cancer was eating her up.

Of course I asked Dad, but he laughed at me. Where did I get that nonsense from, and then he said poor mother was dying and hallucinating in agony. It didn't change anything when I interjected that she wasn't afraid of dying. I lay with dad every night and he fucked me until the end, I was 23. He didn't have the testicular cancer operated on and treated, he said he would soon be with mom and yes, he was indeed her brother. A few days later he drank a cognac like every evening, he had sorted everything out and said a very emotional goodbye to me. That night he took poison. He was my dearest and best man!" Charlotte looked up and said with regret, "look how horny those memories made me!" She spread her labia with her fingers and pressed down on the flesh around her clitoris.

"You've got quite a big clit too, almost like my little finger," Lou commented on Charlotte's clit, "like a real Bernadotte!"

"It's a shame you're not up for a bit of lesbianism," Charlotte murmured sadly and tugged desperately at her clit, "I've become so in-

sanelly horny and I really need it now!” Charlotte now looked very dejected. Her face brightened as she thought of her beloved and talked about Lou’s father.

“Does he watch you masturbate so greedily too?” Lou didn’t answer and Charlotte immediately babbled on. “Well, I always sneak a peek at his cock when I masturbate. I always let him sit very close so I can see his cock very clearly. He slowly gets hard, his glans turns dark red and swells up. When I’m really going at it, the semen starts to drip out of his glans and when I orgasm really hard, the semen slowly runs out of the glans in a thin trickle.” Charlotte looked at her triumphantly and challengingly.

Lou nodded in agreement and went one better. She lied, “It’s similar with me, only at the end it really squirts out of his glans in solid jets!” Lou wanted to go one better, but her father came in, hugged his naked wife and gave her a kiss. “Where does it really squirt out of his glans? I heard something like that when I came in.” Lou struggled with herself for a moment, then answered.

“Charlotte and I were just talking about how you really cum when you watch both of us masturbate.” Charlotte turned green with anger and diverted to another topic.

“Just think, my darling, my aunt has made me her sole heir! Sole heir! The others were pretty shocked, because she named everyone individually and left him or her some cheap trinket. The TV, the car, the collection of fake Picassos or valuable, well-worn carpets. I then spoke to the notary in private and he said it would probably be another year before everything was sold, but I can expect at least 130. 130 million! I told him straight away that for every additional million he would get 10% cash in hand, that would spur him on, I could see it in his eyes! I want to go on a trip around the world! Now!” She babbled and babbled on and on.

“Congratulations, dear Charlotte, so I can hope you’ll support me and my research financially, because I’ll get my PhD in three or four months and then I’ll be left penniless on the street.” Lou made such a distressed face that Charlotte jumped up, squatted in front of her on

her heels and took her head in her hands. She gave Lou a kiss on the lips and said, “Rely on me and your father, little one, we won’t let you down!” Lou had been staring at her wide-open pussy and at Charlotte’s stiff clit, which she now kept touching with her fingers. Lou laughed briefly and said “Thank you, dear Charlotte!” because she knew exactly what would follow. And she had won.

Charlotte straightened up and called out, “Come, come, my darling! I really need it, 10 days of just masturbating and no cock far and wide, except maybe little Arne, but he’s still a child. He thrusts and squirts quite well, but of course he couldn’t know how to fuck a grown woman properly yet!” Charlotte tore and tugged openly and shamelessly at her clit. “Arne may still be at high school, but he’s got a big cock like a big man. I’ve painstakingly taught him to thrust slowly and at the right angle and to hold back the squirting until I’ve reached orgasm. But as soon as my pussy started to pound him hard in orgasm, the poor guy had to squirt immediately. He was very surprised when he had learned to do it properly with me and told me that he had only ever fucked the fat Finnish cook and she had always urged him to hurry and cum quickly. He was allowed to come and fuck her at any time, whether 3 or 6 times a day. But always quickly, quickly and secretly in the pantry! She also never masturbated when he had fucked her. I wasn’t completely dissatisfied with the little one! — So come on now!” Charlotte exclaimed and pranced out into the bedroom.

Lou smiled at her father. “Not a cock in sight, just little Arne!” grinned Lou with a smile. Now her father had to laugh, because “no one is safe from Charlotte’s lechery, whether it’s a little boy or a grandfather, it doesn’t matter, a girl or the fat cook, it doesn’t matter either!” Laughing, he followed his wife.

Lou typed for 14 days on an article that was to be no longer than 10 pages and in which she wanted to present her dissertation to the scientific public. She had a hell of a time shortening the text, because if she didn’t do it herself, the publisher would. Michel read through the work twice a day, crossing out and scribbling. He had been taking on more lessons for months to fill his coffers. Oleg called at the same time as always.

They talked about this and that, she talked about her article and he talked about new business. Neither had a deeper insight into the other's work, it was just a matter of listening to the other and hearing their voice. Before he hung up, he had two questions.

"Do you have a passport, Princess Maria Louise?" Of course she had one, a valid one of course. "Secondly, can you take this weekend off?" Lou replied without hesitation. He gave her the exact time when she would be picked up in the private area in Le Bourget. All she had to do was tell reception that she was waiting for his jet. "Well, see you Saturday morning!" He hung up before she peppered him with questions.

Michel accompanied her to the airport by bus. He just wanted to make sure she was picked up. Of course, he made a note of the jet's identifier so he could follow it via the Internet. The receptionist went into an adjoining room and brought a pilot with him. He copied her passport, was assured that there was nothing to declare in her travel bag, then she followed the pilot carrying her bag. "Please, follow me, Princess von Hohenlahnstein," he said in English and went ahead. It was her first time flying in a private jet, there were two pilots and a steward. She was the only passenger. She had an orange juice with ice and half an hour later they had arrived. The pilot took her to a luxury Mercedes, there was no customs or passport control. She asked where they were going, but the chauffeur didn't understand her poor Italian, so she asked in English. "Brindisi, ma'm" said the driver, he seemed to be American. Apparently he wasn't very talkative or he had an order, at any rate he raised the separation glass. She sent a message to Michel. "Well landed, Brindisi, Italy" and he replied by return of post, "I saw it, enjoy! M."

In the port of Brindisi, the silent chauffeur handed her over to two white-uniformed sailors. "Please, Princess von Hohenlahnstein, get in," one of them commanded and she boarded the comfortable longboat. It went out, around the harbour, where a beautiful white yacht was anchored, she recognized it immediately. Oleg's yacht.

She stepped off the longboat onto the bathing platform, and Oleg quickly came down a flight of stairs. They greeted each other, they kissed. He made a sweeping gesture with his hand.

"Look, this could be your new home, your new workplace!" Oleg was almost bursting with pride. Lou nodded appreciatively and turned to pick up her travel bag, but it wasn't there. "They put your

bag in your cabin,” Oleg said with a grin, “I hope you were well looked after on the jet and in the car!” Oleg scratched his head, as he always did when he had to put something complicated simply. “Pretend it was all yours already and let yourself be served, I pay my people well and in return they serve me fine, they serve us fine. Okay?” Lou nodded and asked cheekily, “Do you serve me too, even though I’ve never paid you?” Oleg grinned his winning boyish smile. “How can I serve you?” he asked kindly and she said she wanted to sit in the shade and drink a cold orange juice. Oleg laughed, picked up his walkie-talkie and said a few words, then escorted her to a comfortable seating area in the shade of the helipad.

They drank their orange juice and Lou gazed out to sea. Her breath caught in her throat as she realized that he wanted her to live on this beautiful yacht. She thought three steps ahead. She never wanted to tell Oleg about the incest with her father, why should she? It was annoying enough that the blabbermouth Charlotte knew about it. And she didn’t want to tell him anything about Michel either, or only the bare minimum; she had to solve the Michel issue somehow, perhaps as an assistant? Oleg suggested showing her around the ship.

The tour took almost three hours, but she had seen everything. She was particularly impressed by the bridge, as she had a French small skipper’s license and knew her way around most of the equipment. Everything was solid and top quality. The yacht was designed as a pleasure craft, with lots of guest cabins, the garage full of toys such as jet skis, two smaller excursion boats and, of course, the large longboat. Only the jet skis had gasoline engines, everything else ran on hydrogen. Refueling hydrogen was not an easy task and had to be well planned. You could cross the Atlantic on one refueling, which was quite a decent range. Oleg mentioned that he was just about to enter the hydrogen market in a bigger and stronger way, it was a promising market and a good climate thing at the same time. Lou nodded in agreement.

Surely deserving of an appreciative look, she quickly ducked out of the kitchen, “I’m not much of a cook,” she said to Oleg. She was more interested in the crew quarters, she had often lived in them on her

expeditions. She then wanted to see the female crew's quarters and for the first time Oleg was at a loss for words. "The women get the same salary as the men, do the same work and sleep in the same room." Lou was really surprised now and Oleg laughed softly, because she wasn't prepared for that. "What goes on here is none of my business!"

She sat on the aft deck with Oleg again, it was a beautiful view. He asked how she would arrange things if she lived and worked on the yacht for a long time. She thought carefully about what she said, as he made notes on his smartphone. First of all, she would set up the aft-facing large room, which was now a lounge with TVs and a magnificent 270° glass front, as a bedroom so that she could fall asleep with a view of the sea and the stars like a real princess. All in white, with a large double bed, walk-in wardrobe and a shower plus toilet. No, she rarely bathed, but she showered every evening. A small dressing table in the rounded corners, as she probably had to pay more attention to her appearance as a wife. In the other corner, a small reading and writing desk. Oleg took notes and nodded, "All doable." Behind the walk-in wardrobe was the cubicle for her assistant; they lived in an apartment in Paris, which was very conducive to spontaneous work. Oleg wanted to ask something, but she didn't want to answer it, she still had to think about it. Three or four guest cubicles had to make way for a workstation, actually a laboratory. Lou rummaged in her handbag, "I always carry a piece of paper around with me, where I've been writing down for years what I'll need for my lab once I win the lottery and can afford my own lab." She held up the frayed piece of paper triumphantly. "The only thing I haven't entered yet is for the DNA sequencer, because every month an even better, even better model comes out that will make your laundry even whiter, dear housewife!" Oleg laughed, "I know what you mean." He photographed the note several times and muttered, "I'm amazed you play the lottery!" Lou smiled delicately, "that was just a phrase, I've never played!" Oleg nodded, he would have been very surprised too, he muttered. Lou also mentioned that the university secretariat was very knowledgeable about laboratory equipment and that she would definitely contact them before making a purchase. She rejoiced inwardly because Cinderella had found her

prince. Completely surprised, she gave Oleg a kiss on the lips. Her prince.

After dinner, grilled fish with red wine, they sat for a long time. She told him about her expeditions, where they had crashed their helicopter on an uninhabited island. The pilot was a stone-cold dog, while the passengers tumbled around and screamed in agony, he landed upright in knee-deep water, took the cigarette out of his mouth and just asked: "Are you all right back there?" That was a very bad experience and she hasn't liked getting on a helicopter since. Oleg asked if she still knew the name of the pilot, but she shook her head, she had certainly written it down in her report in Paris. "Should I send it to you?" she asked in astonishment and Oleg nodded, "You have to hire good people because you can only work with good people." Lou nodded; it was the same with her assistant. He was still working on his doctorate, but he had already been teaching at the university for two years and was an incredibly capable fellow. And the two of them could do more together than three other scientists. Oleg asked for the hundredth time what their discipline was. Marine biology, Lou grumbled angrily, but he waved it off, that wasn't the question. What exactly?

"Ah, I see. Octopods, i.e. cephalopods, eight-armed octopuses and cuttlefish, they're pretty closely related. There are hardly 10 scientists in the world who understand more about the subject than I do, although several thousand are doing research." Oleg nodded, he liked that, Olympus or nothing. A nice motto.

"Did you notice there's 10 or more pieces of diving equipment in the garage, a small workshop and an air compressor?" Lou nodded affirmatively, that was the first thing that had caught her eye. She was hardly interested in the other toys. Jet skis, water skis, paragliders. That's for rich vacationing kids. The three small inflatable boats were the second thing she saw, she needed them for work. Oleg poured orange soda and thought about it.

"You mentioned your assistant, does he have a name?" Lou answered immediately, any delay was wrong.

“Michel, his name is Michel and he’s two years younger than me.” She had to think for a moment what Michel’s surname was, Michel de la Tour, and gave his date of birth. “You should have him checked out thoroughly, because if someone is working so closely with your wife, I’d want to know all about him.”

Oleg said, “I was actually going to ask you if you were having sex with Michel, but you said something much more important. My wife?”

Lou nodded in agreement and thought carefully about what she was telling him. “You heard me right, I’ve made up my mind, and I didn’t make it easy for myself. But I want to wait until I have the document in my hand. Yes, I would like to become your wife and have children with you later. And if I have to, then until death do us part. Speaking of which, with a marriage contract of course, where the children and I are properly provided for, if a horny Katyushka or an even hornier Natasha runs over your loins and I’m decommissioned.” Lou smiled and grinned.

Oleg was completely flabbergasted. “We’re sitting in the armchair, drinking orange soda as befits our status, and you propose. No champagne, no Mexican mariachis, no genuflection and no diamond ring. It’s going to be an exciting marriage and I can’t wait to see what’s in store for me. But as I’m sure you’ve already noticed, I’ll accept the proposal unless the prenup is lousy.” They both laughed and sealed the engagement with a long kiss.

There were a thousand things to discuss, but Lou suddenly paused. “I didn’t answer your penultimate question. I don’t have sex with Michel, well not real sex, fucking and stuff. We live together like husband and wife, that’s what our neighbors would call it. We sleep in the same bed and we almost had sex the first time, but we’ve never had sex, never fucked.”

“Is he gay?” asked Oleg, because that was the most obvious thing to say.

“No, he’s not, he’s a man. We sleep together naked, but we don’t fuck. Maybe it’s better for our cooperation if we don’t fuck each other, don’t you think?”

Oleg nodded thoughtfully, “Never fuck in your own company, that’s an iron rule.”

“A rusty rule,” Lou hissed, “there are thousands of rule-breakers!” She was annoyed because she didn’t want to tell him the full truth.

“We sleep together naked,” she continued resolutely, “we see or feel when one of us masturbates, we don’t make a secret of it. Sometimes one of us gives the other a handjob, when it suits. We don’t fuck because he’s a hermaphrodite.” Lou breathed a sigh of relief, that was out now.

“A ladyboy, you mean to say?” Oleg stated, but Lou shook her head vigorously.

“Not a ladyboy. Michel is a man and a woman, and he’s not a man nor a woman. And I’m not a lesbian, by the way, I found out when I was young. He’s a man with a cock, real testicles and he can squirt really well, but he’s incapable of procreation like all hermaphrodites, whereas ladyboys can have children. At the same time, he has breasts, real breasts, nice breasts. And he has different feelings, male and female. — It’s complicated.” Lou was glad to have resolved the issue with Michel. Lying when absolutely necessary, but as close to the truth as possible, was the best strategy.

But Oleg shook his head, “No, it’s not complicated. I can’t feel it myself, but I can understand it very well. Mother Nature has a few surprises up her sleeve. But that’s not between us. You’re my wife and he’s not your husband, not your lover. I can live with that.” Oleg grinned, “We actually still have a lot to talk about. Small wedding, big wedding? In Paris or St. Petersburg? Buddhist or Hindu?”

“Oleg, Oleg! What are you talking about? We’re both Catholics, at least on paper, and I’ve already told you several times that I won’t set foot on Russian soil as long as it’s run by a blood-stained dictator.

Paris would be an option, but if I want to make my father happy, it would be in Leipzig at St. Trinitatis, where the Hohenlahnsteins have been married for centuries, including him. But that's just a tradition, we can get married anywhere in Europe. And of course only a small wedding with 7 or 8 on my side."

Oleg smiled his boyish smile. "Leipzig sounds good, also in terms of me marrying a real, genuine princess. I can't say now, my parents and big sister are coming for sure. I told you that my sister taught me how to fuck and that we fucked for years, didn't I? But not a word to my parents, they'd be dead shocked! I don't know yet how many of my relatives and friends will be able to get a visa and take part. Making your father happy is good, it's also good for my CV with the princess thing etcetera."

Lou interrupted him rudely. "Your second wedding, next time don't forget to mention the first one on your CV, you scoundrel!" Oleg ducked his head, but he could see that Lou wasn't angry with him. "A youthful folly, nothing more. I was lonely, I drank in the bar and the barmaid batted her eyes and wiggled her gorgeous ass. I didn't give it much thought back then. After three months, the air was out and I pulled the ripcord." Lou looked at him sternly, "it was eight months, darling, eight!" Oleg opened his eyes wide.

"Well researched, damn it! I left after 3 months and the divorce took 5 months. Still, it was a stupid thing to do and I've long since buried it in the sands of the past. But, credit where credit is due, I haven't forgotten how great fucking her was for a long time." Lou interjected that she hadn't gotten off drugs and was currently in prison. Oleg nodded, there was nothing he could do about it, she was doomed, a lost soul.

They sat next to each other in silence for ten minutes. Lou interrupted the silence.

"I don't know if I won't fuck Michel one day. No, I'm not a slut and I won't sleep with another man after the wedding. But in Paris, when I didn't have a lover, I was often on the fence about fucking Michel. The fact that hermaphrodites can't father children is another rung on

the ladder that leads me to fucking. I am a scientist and objective enough to know that one day I will give in to my urges and fuck Michel whether he wants to or not. I'm telling you this because from now on you are and will remain the number one in my heart. Together with Michel, you are one of the two men to whom I have revealed that I have been masturbating every night before going to sleep since kindergarten. It's something very private, I don't peddle it. Only a few people knew about it, my mother for example, but she is dead. I give you this important place in my heart because I want to belong to you, skin and hair, just as you belong to me."

Oleg scratched his head, a sure sign that he needed to express something complicated simply. "God knows I wasn't one to be a costumier, especially in Russia it's common for parties to include prostitutes. But now that I'm married, no one will look at me the wrong way if I don't fuck the women. And I want to be a role model for my children, I can promise you that!"

Lou looked at him calmly. "Kids, when I'm 35, not before. You know that from the start, and it stays that way."

Oleg nodded, "We agreed that months ago, it stays that way. That's clear." Once again, it was Lou who interrupted the long silence.

"Do you think there's champagne in this brothel?" Oleg looked up in astonishment and barked into his walkie-talkie. Lou said she rarely drank alcohol, but today there had been a marriage proposal and it had been accepted by the dearest man she had ever met. They clinked glasses and kissed, then drank champagne in small sips. Oleg could drink like a horse, but he was by no means a real drinker. Lou still had something on her mind.

"I didn't hear your crew talking, are they all mute?" Of course she knew no one was mute. Oleg stretched his answer. "The captain and his first mate are Italian, for desperation's sake. But I've been looking for them for weeks, they're no good. The two cooks are from France, they're very good and I see no reason to replace them. You liked the food, my dear, didn't you?" Lou nodded in agreement, now came the

difficult part. Oleg scratched his head. "The others only speak Russian, they're hand-picked and very good at their job. The Russian women are sometimes with this one and then with that one, but they take care of the boys' sexual relaxation, the steam has to come out of the boiler. As far as I've heard, nobody minded if she let the others blow off steam after one of them. It keeps the boiler quiet and there's no arguments or intrigues." He lapsed into dull brooding. Lou gave him a long time. Then she continued speaking.

"You know my attitude to Russia, and the idea of living with two dozen dumb fish who don't understand my words and whom I don't understand is simply depressing. I'm aware that it's undoubtedly racist, but I would find that very depressing." Lou gave him time and remained silent. He sat up, he had made a decision. "Especially in bad times, it's hard to get reliable professionals. They're not just musclemen handling ropes. Every one of them is an engineer, a carpenter, a plastics expert or an engine specialist. It will be quite difficult to replace them. But I'll make sure that everyone can speak to you in English and that no one speaks to you in Russian. Unless he swears, and then it's better if you don't understand everything. We Russians can swear, damn well we can!" They exchanged a look and the matter was settled.

"Something I have to ask you, why not now?" She paused a little and Oleg assumed she was trying to phrase the question carefully. "I'm asking you how clean your hands are, how clean your conscience is. How can you be clean, doesn't the Kremlin, doesn't the dictator have you in his bloody clutches?" Oleg's ears pricked up, and she knew it only happened when he walked blindfolded over a precipice. He turned to her, took her face in his hands and said, "Short version: clean." He let go of her face and reached for the champagne. He sipped and gave her the long version.

"First of all, I am first and foremost a merchant, a trader, a producer. I do good business, I buy cheap and sell expensive. It's as simple as that. I don't torture and beat people to take their savings, I don't beat and murder, I don't allow beatings and murders. That's what criminals do and I'm not a criminal. I didn't get rich through murder and manslaughter like some others. I'm a very good busi-

nessman, I studied at Oxford and Cambridge. My studies actually only got me a Master's degree and that alone impresses an incredible number of people. But the essentials are in my blood. I have a good head for business and it rarely deceives me. What's more, I'm very quick on the uptake! Others are still eating their breakfast eggs and I've already bought. I have no enemies who want to kill me. My bodyguards are only there to convince the world of my importance. When you drive up with 5 armored cars and a squad of armed men, everyone throws themselves in the sand and lays out the red carpet. The really dangerous types accept you as an equal, that's the best life insurance. The only thing I can be accused of is not being a mild benefactor. If someone puts his company on the cliff, I won't support him. He has already run it into the sand, I don't help him charitably because he can't get his ship afloat again. If his business seems salvageable to me and I become interested, I buy it and make a lot of money. Some people accuse me of being ruthless and harsh. But that's not my fault, I'm a businessman and not a benefactor. That said, I'll answer your question now." He sipped from his glass and lit a cigarette.

"The Kremlin, the dictator, that's the big gluttonous cat, I'm just a little mouse and make myself invisible as best I can. I pay my share to those in power without a murmur. I don't object when they increase the percentage. I never make the slightest noise about what those in power do, what stupid things politicians do. I am far too small and insignificant to start a revolution. Nobody would benefit from me voicing two criticisms out loud and serving my 25 years in the gulag. Yes, I am no hero. I have taken a very close look at what happened after so-called successful revolutions. After a very short time, the great heroes were the same great cashiers as those they overthrew. No, I see it clearly, a dictatorship can only be ended by a revolution, and the revolutionaries are then the new masters, some even worse than their predecessors. Dictator Lenin died and Stalin putched his way to power. Was dictator Stalin even a whit better than Lenin? No, he was wading knee-deep in blood and everyone was ordered to love him, the good father." Oleg looked at Lou, but she listened intently.

"I'm the little mouse and I'm hiding from the bad cat. I'm no hero, no poster boy, I'm invisible. Many oligarchs swarm around the dicta-

tor, but I know what happens to the moth that swarms around the light. I don't show up because I pay my taxes and give the bloody cat what it wants. I am invisible. I've never met the dictator or one of his lackeys in person, never shaken their paw, I'm not in any photos or on TV. I let people call me a coward because I don't say a word about the dictatorship. But I am a coward who lives in freedom. Inside, I'm more English, French or German than Russian. My homeland has allowed itself to be led into the Rue de la Caque, but the treasure of gold coins never trickled down to the little people. One day I will give back my Russian passport and my citizenship. You will see it by my side." Oleg poured them both a glass of champagne and said, "I get 25 years for this conversation." They clinked glasses, kissed and sipped the champagne.

"I thank you for your candor and lock your words in my heart. I'll remember those 25 years gulag." She turned to him and gave him a long kiss, then leaned back.

Lou gazed out at the pitch-black sea and up at the stars. "You did mention your sister once in passing, but not a single detail. You didn't even mention that you fucked." Lou smiled and waited. Oleg drank slowly. "Always being honest and telling the truth is one of the pillars of the relationship. The reason I didn't mention about my sister was because it didn't fit the image of the white knight on the white horse, and I always wanted to really impress you."

"I was jealous of my big sister when she masturbated at night with abandon and lust. It took me a long time to ask her that I wanted it as well as she did. She responded very sweetly and made me squirt for the first time in my life, it was great! I was later allowed to lie down with her, she masturbated a lot and I squirted. It wasn't long before she showed me how to fuck, because that's how you make babies. Of course, we didn't want a baby and didn't fuck on some days."

"When I got older, she taught me to wait until she'd had her orgasm before squirting and only then could I romp and squirt in her pussy. When I was 18 and went to university, she moved in with her boyfriend and we didn't fuck until a year later, when she had sent the boyfriend packing. We fuck sometimes because we're good at it to-

gether and we kind of love each other a lot. She's married to a strange guy now, but sometimes she comes to me because our fucking is special for both of us. We last fucked 14 days ago, but I'm going to cancel her now because I'm marrying you." Oleg's eyes were wet and he angrily threw the empty glass out into the sea.

Lou put an arm around his shoulder and leaned her head against him. "No, Oleg, that doesn't seem right to me. For one thing, I'm not in favor of open marriage, I think it's a stupid zeitgeist-fashion, man and woman belong together and not to many other faceless larvae. I'm attached to my Michel, you're attached to Tanja. And they are both attached to us. It would serve no one if we tore them from our hearts just to follow an artificially created idea of marital fidelity. I'm telling you explicitly that I approve of you lying with Tanja when you're fucking, love deep in your hearts. Before I lie alone in my double bed, I let Michel lie with me. We haven't fucked yet, but I'm happy when he lies with me like my little sister or when we satisfy each other. That's my honest opinion." Oleg bent down to get himself another glass, then he poured awkwardly. Lou saw the tears in his eyes.

"Tell me, Mr. Maschinkoff, do you have some condoms ready?" She leaned against him and drank her glass of champagne in one go. "I'm going to bed, second cabin on the left from here. Don't keep me waiting too long!" She stood up swaying and left.

Two days later, she came home in a cab, threw her travel bag into the corner and hugged Michel. "We're getting married, Michel, we're getting married!" Michel froze and shook his head. She noticed his confusion. "No, silly girl, it's not us getting married, it's Oleg and me. I've made up my mind!" She quickly peeled out of her clothes and threw herself on the bed. "Come to fuck, little sister, come! I need it now urgently!" They fucked for so long and so often until they were completely out of breath. Then she lit two cigarettes and reported everything. She hadn't had to write anything down, she remembered every word.

Lou discussed his future with him. He could, of course, stay here, teach at the university and work on his doctoral thesis. But he could

give it up and live on the yacht with her as an assistant, do research and work on his doctoral thesis; there was internet on board. It was going too fast for him, he loved teaching, the university and the small, young female students. He cleared his throat, he wanted to sleep on it for a night and decide tomorrow. Lou nodded because she understood, but was a little miffed because he wasn't going over with flying colors. "And of course we'll sleep together when Oleg isn't there," she threw the last trump card on the table, "with appropriate secrecy, of course!" Lou saw immediately that he had made up his mind. "Do I get paid to be your assistant?" he asked after taking a deep drag from his joint. Lou beamed and said that Oleg was researching whether they should set up an association or an institute where they would both be employed; she had convinced Oleg that she needed Michel. The man, the girl and the scientist. She would pay him a good salary and support him with his doctoral thesis. Michel rolled another joint and after a few puffs he said he wanted to go with her, even if he had to do without the cute little beginners. Lou gave him a friendly bump and muttered, "You're a little piglet, my love!"

She had her doctorate, Oleg had organized a lavish wedding at St. Trinity's, accommodating his relatives and throwing the party for her 10 and his 170 guests. "A small, modest wedding," he grinned cheekily when Lou realized that 200 people were coming. Oleg got to know her little family and Michel, and Michel and he hit it off straight away. She got to know his dear, modest parents. The father was a bigwig in the administration until he retired and the dictator (he said president) had worked there for a while too, but the father didn't think much of the president. Lou was able to gossip with Oleg's sister Tanja for almost two hours. She found the 40-year-old very likeable and they whispered a lot about sex. She said hello to Oleg's other relatives and friends, but she couldn't remember everyone later.

From Leipzig, they flew to the Caribbean for a 14-day honeymoon in the Dominican Republic. He had recently bought the summer residence of a former dictator, Trujillo, and had it renovated. A few rooms had been made ready for occupancy, the palace was secluded on a rocky plateau a good 20 meters above the sea. The city of Santo

Domingo was only 20 minutes away by car. He could imagine spending his retirement there, Oleg said, but it was just an idea at first.

Lou liked the palace, even though most of it was still a building site. They were alone, the work interrupted. Two local young girls took care of everything, just like in a hotel, and left in the afternoon. Most evenings they went into town to dine sumptuously in restaurant after restaurant and visit the bars.

Oleg had placed a small wooden box on the bedside table and opened it with a grin. "100 condoms, my darling, we'll work them off!" They laughed heartily and set to work immediately. Early in the morning, when Lou was still asleep, he sat in front of his laptop in his shirt and tie, talking on the phone or taking part in video conferences. Those were the two hours when he took care of his business, after that he was no longer available, he was just there for Lou. They drove down to the beach in an electric golf cart, he had a fridge installed, that was all they needed.

Lou was a scientist, but she wanted to get to know her husband's business a little, perhaps even understand it. He was excited to give her clear and exciting lectures, he even had a whole bunch of charts that he projected onto the wall with the beamer. Gradually Lou grasped the big picture, had details explained to him and saw that he was gradually moving west. He marked all the areas that were firmly anchored in Russia and showed her how many of them he had already shed, mostly with little or no loss. "If there was a single person in the Kremlin who could see further than the tips of his shoes, they'd have recognized my drop long ago," Oleg said seriously and with a vague regret, "but no dictator lets his people think, that's a threat." He stared out into the rain. "I'm still attached to this poor, run-down country with my heart and soul, damn it." Lou said quietly that she could well understand.

Oleg was a good man, even when it came to sex. He didn't mind using a condom at all, they had discussed it that way. He could fuck three times a day, but he brought Lou to orgasm almost every time. Of course, she knew that it was mostly up to her, mostly to do with her activity to reach orgasm. But she was really happy with her hus-

band. They were a very good match sexually, intellectually and emotionally. She never noticed that he was Russian. He was Western through and through, a European.

She packed her belongings in Paris into two large wooden boxes, which were collected and taken to the yacht. She said goodbye to Michel, who had resigned from the university at the end of the semester and wouldn't be joining her for another two months. She flew to the yacht, where Oleg was already waiting for her. He introduced her to the new captain, the first mate and the boatswain, who was the second mate and the foreman, so to speak, and the crew understood him directly.

Oleg introduced Captain Smith, a stocky man in his mid-50s from Scotland. He seemed very likeable, he had over 30 years of professional experience, almost 20 of them as a captain. Captain Smith smiled mildly when Lou said she knew the name. "Neither relatives nor friends," smiled the captain, "and we won't ram an iceberg with this well-equipped yacht!" He added that he heard this joke all the time, but of course he didn't mind. And that Smith was a Brit, but he was a proud Scot. Lou realized that she had found a chink in his character.

Lou rummaged in her memory as to why the First Officer looked so familiar, he and Oleg were grinning cheekily and mischievously. Then she remembered, Leipzig! "I know you from the wedding," he confirmed. Misha was not related to Oleg by blood, but his father had worked for Oleg and Oleg had paid for his and his sisters' education. He had graduated from the naval academy in St. Petersburg and earned his captain's license, having worked for Captain Smith for almost a year. Oleg interjected that Misha was the only Russian on the ship and spoke five languages, including German.

The crew consisted of English, Scots, Welsh and Irish, all of whom had worked under Captain Smith before. There were also three Dutchmen who had been taken on on the recommendation of the boatswain. 6 French women, the two cooks Florence and Mimi she already knew, the others were crew like the men. One of the French-

women and two Englishmen were trained as paramedics, so there was no need for a ship's doctor.

The third officer, the boatswain, was a frowning, sharp-eyed, gray-blond Dutchman. It was hard to imagine anyone daring to contradict the tall, lean man. Dirk also had a captain's license, of course, but he was happy to take over as boatswain. Lou realized that he needed time to thaw out and she also liked him.

She thanked Oleg for his excellent selection in front of the three men so that it was clear that she had wanted the new crew. Captain Smith did the talking. He was the main person responsible for the ship and the people, so he always had the final say. Of course he would try to fulfill all the Princess's wishes if it was possible. He shared the duty on the bridge with the other two officers, who then took over responsibility on his behalf. The entire crew was obliged to serve the princess; she was to communicate her wishes directly to the crew or tell the boatswain or him, of course. Everything that was necessary would be carried out. The master — he pointed his hand at Oleg — the master had ordered that the princess was to be accompanied by two crews when going ashore, on expeditions or dives, and that they were responsible for her safety. Did the princess have any questions?

Lou nodded, she did. She wanted her quarters and the assistant's cleaned daily like a hotel room when she was done with breakfast and morning exercise. In the lab, she only needed to clean the floor, everything else she cleaned herself or her assistant. She wanted this area, i.e. the bedroom and laboratory, to be strictly off-limits to the crew; it was her private area. She looked at the captain, who was taking notes and waited until he was ready. Lou wanted to take part in the route planning, she had good access to information on which sea areas were of particular interest to her. Captain Smith nodded and said, okay, sure. She had been traveling the world's oceans as a passenger for years and knew how to behave accordingly. The captain wrote nothing, nodding in agreement.

She had an idea, roughly at least, and wanted their opinion on it. She wanted to have dinner every evening in a small circle. She and

her husband or the assistant, two officers, and two men and two women, alternating. They wanted to talk and get to know each other in a civilized setting. And of course some good food. It might be unusual, it might even break some rules, but that she didn't know. She looked around and waited.

Captain Smith said it was indeed unusual. He had never heard of it being practiced on a ship, except by 17th century pirates. In his opinion, there was nothing wrong with it, but he would suggest that, firstly, people should come to table in uniform and, secondly, that alcohol should only be served in moderation. Lou interrupted him, saying that she didn't drink much alcohol herself and wanted to leave it to the officers. He nodded. It's clear that weather and sea conditions will be taken into account anyway. He looked at the master, Oleg, and the two officers, who all nodded in agreement. Oleg interjected that a good meal should include soft music, a cognac or vodka and a cigar at the end. Lou smiled finely, she would fit in. The captain looked around again, then noted that they would try it tomorrow evening.

Lou told the boatswain that she also needed a walkie-talkie like the others. Dirk smiled, that's okay. Lou went down to the aft deck with Oleg and she asked if everything was right? He nodded, he had been surprised about the joint dinners, but it was a great idea. "What the captain wanted to say with the uniforms was that you should keep the right distance, you can't play solidarity with subordinates. A crew member can't sit on the captain's lap, at least not in public. He wanted to make that clear." Lou nodded, "You leaned that in business, I guess." Oleg nodded, "That's right. When the crew show up in uniform, they have to behave themselves, without any extra emphasis."

Lou had something else on her mind, but she waited as two nice girls served up dinner. "It makes sense to me that someone should accompany me on the expeditions and dives, I would never dive alone, that would be madness. But company on shore leave? Do you no longer trust me or am I a prisoner?" Oleg's fork stuck in his mouth. "Prisoner!" he exclaimed. "For God's sake! I know a few havens too and I don't want to see you in a situation where you have

to use karate, kung fu or witch spells to bite your way out of a situation.” Lou put down her fork, she was annoyed. She had been on shore leave alone a hundred times and had never been in a “situation”. Oleg could read her mind.

“Very well, let’s forget my fear for you, you turned 25 even without my stupid protective instincts.” “Twenty-nine,” she grumbled, “twenty-nine!” Oleg refused to be distracted. “Remember what I said about my bodyguards. It’s the same thing. The crook or the petty criminal will look at a woman wandering alone quite differently than a woman accompanied by two men in uniform. You will certainly be served as a lady, in the coffee house as well as when shopping. I want you to be treated unequivocally as a lady, and I don’t want to pay a ransom for you. If the kidnapping in the area where you are has a real background, I’ll send you real bodyguards, for sure!”

Lou understood. She was no longer a student or a backpacker, not since Leipzig. She was the wife of a tycoon, and that changed everything. “Everyone on the yacht calls me princess, I suppose that’s the way it should be. You must have ordered it that way!” Oleg looked her in the eye. “You’re a princess, a real one, even if your father isn’t a king. You were born with the title. I wanted a princess, that is right and true. If it bothers you, I’ll give other orders. What should they call you, Dottoressa, Signora or Miss Maschinkoff? Maschinkova, that’s right. Or will a “Hey!” or “Doll or Poppet” suffice?” Oleg sounded very bitter. She had no idea how deep that went into his feelings.

“Leave it alone, my love! I was only a student girl until Leipzig, I was called Lou or Hohenlahnstein, if it was a professor and even that was unpleasant for me. But I voluntarily became your wife and am no longer a student. I loved marrying you and I have to behave like your wife, your lady, your princess, in public. I’m simply not used to it, please just bear with me. And as for taking back an order, I have read the old Chinese sages carefully. As the old general Zhing ...er, the Tsing Shu... something? said. ‘Give the order after one heartbeat, but only take it back after 100!’ Something like that. Stay with the princess, I bow my head as my husband and master wishes.” She smiled, but Oleg realized that she meant it. He nodded approvingly.

The following day's dinner was a success. Captain Smith sat at the head, Lou beside him and Oleg beside her. She had put on a nice dress, Oleg a suit and tie. Everyone else was dressed in immaculate white uniforms. Even the two servant girls and the cook, Mimi, had put on white aprons and put a little crown in their hair. American bar music, piano and light drums, were playing from the loudspeakers. They ate, drank light white wine and chatted. During the meal, she chatted with the captain, Oleg and Mischa, and after the main course, she joined in the conversation with the two male and two female crew members. After dessert, everyone got a vodka and a cigar, Lou stuck to her cigarettes. Three hours had passed in a flash, Captain Smith picked up the table and they dispersed.

Lou went upstairs with Oleg, they had another coffee on the terrace outside her bedroom and smoked. It was their last night, Oleg had to leave in the morning. They talked about dinner, it was a successful experiment. They fucked with a lot of feeling and passion until Oleg was exhausted. She loved this guy, damn it, she was lucky. That's what was going later through her mind as she masturbated herself to sleep.

In the morning, she got up with Oleg and helped him pack, although he could do it on his own, but it warmed her heart. "Come on, kiss me here, on deck I'll just wave to you!" She waved as his helicopter took off from the helipad. She knew that a small helicopter, a small two-seater, was better suited to her expeditions than an inflatable boat. She decided to talk to Oleg about it, even though she was scared shitless after the crash landing.

She went to the bridge and consulted with Captain Smith and Mischa. There was a small bay behind the harbor of Santa Maria di Leuca where she had been before. If they anchored there, she would like to do some diving, there was a small coral bank there that was really exceptional and wonderful. The officers studied the nautical charts. Yes, that was possible, if you left today you could do some tests in the water and anchor there tomorrow morning. If they found anything during the tests, the nearest port was Gallipoli with good shipyards and chandlers. Okay, cast off!

Lou watched the crew maneuvering, the boatswain leading the crew with hand signals. No shouting, no hustle and bustle, which amazed her, as she had experienced other things before. She signed off via walkie-talkie, "I'm in the lab."

The lab, which she had only seen superficially two days ago, was really impressive. The best of the best, in a word. She skimmed the manual for the DNA-sequencer, which was a very expensive and amazing machine. For example, you could examine the relationships between the octopods, something no one had ever done before. The two large screens were great and the internet connection was fast. She wrote an email to Michel and attached 10 photos of the lab. Oleg, dear Oleg! He had, without it being on her list, bought a professional underwater foto camera and an underwater video camera and put a red gift ribbon on them. "Good start!" he had scribbled on one card, "Take me some great photos of my princess, Monsieur de la Tour!" was written on the other. She sent Oleg a coded message and red hearts-emojis, grateful to him for thinking along with her.

Michel wrote a cheeky, tongue-in-cheek reply. "What, no mass spectrometer! We'll need it when we find gold coins!" "Old childish brat," she wrote back and the sign for winking. Two girls came in with a cleaning trolley.

"I'm already done, I'll go in a minute," Lou said and then told the girls exactly which parts they were allowed to clean and which they were not, never allowed to clean, she must do it herself. She went out onto her terrace, sat down in the shade and smoked. The yacht sailed straight ahead, turning left and right and making a full circle. She had no idea what the captain wanted to test, it wasn't important. She sat in front of the screen for another two hours, had Michel help her transfer her e-mail accounts remotely and wrote to several professional friends. She was amused to be reminded that she had no friends apart from Michel.

Rummaging in her handbag, she wrote a personal email to Tanja, avoiding anything that could be dangerous. Only about the wedding in Leipzig, how Mr. Papa and Mrs. Mama were doing, as they were her parents-in-law. She thought carefully and then wrote whether

they had annoyed their teachers at school in secret writing and with coded messages? It was common practice in her school days. She babbled on a little, irrelevant and inane. Your sister-in-law Lou, Maria Louise von Hohenlahnstein-Maschinkoff. The secret service was about to get a good impression of the western fools Tanja would understand, because she had advised her to write carefully. As Oleg's sister, she was probably under surveillance.

She woke up at the crack of dawn, the rattling of the anchor chain had woken her up. She got dressed and went up to the bridge. She kept as quiet as a mouse, the two officers mumbled into the radios. After 15 minutes, Mischa and Dirk switched off the radios and looked at her. "The captain not here?" and the two smiled. Dirk said, "He's still asleep, officially. Unofficially, he's pecking at the window with his nose to see if we two greenhorns can manage it." Dirk was almost 60, and certainly no greenhorn. Lou said, "That's not the right bay!" Mischa explained that her bay was no longer an anchorage bay because of the rare corals, the harbor master had allowed them to use this place. Their bay was 15 minutes away. She went for breakfast.

She went to the coral forest the next two days with 2 or 3 companions and took hundreds of photos. The water was crystal clear and she thrived on diving again. On the third day, a storm swept over the sea and she didn't think about going diving. Captain Smith told her, that they would stay put anchored for another two days, as they were in no hurry. On the third day they wanted to continue to Gallipoli, he had ordered some things and they would only anchor briefly outside the town and fetch the spare parts with the dinghy. She asked if she could come along, she had never been to Gallipoli before. The captain nodded, that would be okay. Two hours ashore? She nodded, then I'll eat original Italian food!

That night, she drifted off to sleep after masturbating. She sat up, rustling, someone was tampering with her door! She called out, "Who's there! Who's there!" No answer, then she heard soft footsteps and whispering, then it moved away. She waited five minutes, then lay down and slept.

She hurriedly ate breakfast, asked the cook Florence for empty pickle jars, there were 3 by 10 liters. Florence was told to fill all 3 with water and take them down to the C-deck, all the way aft. Then she went up to the bridge.

“Good morning, Captain! I need a revolver right away!” The captain pressed a button, a small hatch opened and he unlocked it with a key. He opened the box. “I don’t have a revolver, but I have 12 pistols and 4 assault rifles, etc.” She looked inside. “Ah! A Glock 17, I know it well, I carried one of those on the expeditions.” She took a magazine, tore open a box of cartridges and loaded it. “And who’s the poor man today?” asked Captain Smith, somewhat alarmed, “Three pickle jars, Captain, three innocent pickle jars!” Lou replied angrily, tucking the pistol into her waistband. “And now, Sir, Captain, I request your order that all men line up below on the C-deck, in ten minutes!”

“What men, Princess?” he asked in astonishment. “All who have a penis, all of them, without exception! I’d be delighted if you’d leave an officer on the bridge, I believe it’s a regulation, and I’d be delighted if you’d accompany me as an authority figure and have my back!”

“You don’t want to shoot anyone, Princess?” he asked again, but she reassured him, no, my dear, absolutely not! Only innocent pickle jars! He gave his order and repeated it twice. He called Misha up and handed him the bridge. They waited in silence and then went down to the C-deck. Captain Smith counted off that all the men and some women were there, practically all of them, he whispered near Lou’s ear. She pointed to two men and told them to put the pickle jars on the railing. Then she stood in front of the crew, her hand on the pistol grip. She took her time.

“The captain already told you all on the first day, that my private rooms, i.e. the lab, my coworker’s cabin and my bedroom are off-limits to you all, day and night!” She paused and looked from one to the other. “Tonight, one of you disobeyed the order and tampered with my door. Luckily for him, the idiot got away in time. I would have liked to have shot him!”

Lou turned around, aimed with lightning speed and the three pickle jars burst. She turned around again. “My privacy is sacred to me, I’m not some cheap hooker who receives you at night. I’m armed and I’ll receive any cheeky bastard with bullets! — Did that get through, is that clear enough!” She stood in front of the crew like a flaming fury. There was a murmur and a nod of the head. Yes, we understood. Only now did she realize that she had threatened the people with the gun. One of them stepped forward sheepishly, a beefy Irishman, one of the engine specialists. He lowered his eyes to the ground. “It was me, Princess, totally drunk, trying to get on Luzi.” He twirled his cap nervously in his hands and the girl Luzi turned crimson. Lou ordered him, “Go on, Morgan, and you were just looking for the girl, with me!” “I took the wrong corridor, Princess, but Luzi found me and brought me to the quarters, I was so drunk I almost couldn’t hug her She had to direct me like a schoolchild to hug her” Some grinned maliciously and gleefully. Lou turned to Dirk. “Boatswain, stand down, get to work!” She stood still with Captain Smith until everyone had gone. They went up to the bridge, Lou unloaded the magazine and went to clean the gun. “Leave it, Princess, we’ll do it.” He pointed to the second seat and they sat down.

“His name is Mortimer, Mortimer Braidenwith, an Irishman. And — what do you want me to do with him?” he asked. Lou had her answer ready. “Please don’t punish him, I accept his explanation.” He formulated before he spoke. “Mort is one of my best engineers, he has great experience with hydrogen propulsion and hydrogen engines. I would hate to kick him out. But I also have to make an example for the others. I’m going to cut his wages in half this month. I’ll have a few words with him about drinking and with the others too. Everyone can have a drink after their shift, that’s okay. But everyone has to stay sober in their free time as well, because if we have to take off unexpectedly and quickly, I need every man! The second time he will be fired!” He spoke to Dirk. “Drunk! That’s not on!” He was still thinking. “I don’t know, isn’t there any medication?” Lou said yes, of course, but you have to see a doctor and a recipe. He nodded with satisfaction, “Next time you go ashore, send him to the doctor and the pharmacy!” Dirk understood the order and nodded.

One of the next days, Luzi passed her as she stood at the railing and she had time for a chat. They were speaking French when Lou identified her accent. "I was just embarrassed that Mort revealed it in front of the whole crew. They all know, they all do it, but I was embarrassed anyway." Lou asked how it worked that way. Luzi answered candidly. "I'm in my eighth semester of medical school in Paris, which costs a lot of money. Even if I only stay on the ship for half a year, I can afford several semesters. Of course I'm on the pill, that's what I was advised at the job interview. I don't have an exclusive lover on board. We can do whatever we want in our free time. If someone wants to fuck, that's fine with me! Usually it doesn't stop at one, but even the sixth or the seventh doesn't bring me to orgasm, I can only do that by masturbating in secret. But I don't do that in front of them, but Florence and Mimi do, they're French."

In astonishment, Lou asked if she wasn't French? "No, I'm from Spain, from Murcia. My name isn't Luzi either, but Lukrezia, Lukrezia Borgia." Amused, she noticed that Lou's eyes widened and Luzi smiled. "Yes, I am one of the many hundreds of Borgias, a genuine descendant of Pope Alexander. For generations, my people have had fun giving the children famous first names. My father's name is Cesare, Cesare Borgia. However, he is not a general like his ancestor, but a gentle taxman who always feels sorry for the black sheep who had gotten a fine." Lou smiled, "We all have our little problems with first names. My name is Maria Louise Amalia, there's a long tradition behind it. I call myself Lou, the other two names are not to my taste. And if I have a daughter one day, I will definitely not call her Maria or Amalia, but something more modern, more contemporary."

They talked for a while about the secrets of the nights. Luzia laughed uproariously when Lou said she had thought Florence and Mimi were a lesbian couple. "All I know is that they both come in and out of our accommodation and fuck the men like the rest of us. They have their own double cabin, but that's just the Master's way of keeping them happy. Lesbian? I didn't notice anything."

Michel's two large wooden crates arrived in Reggio di Calabria, and a week later he was picked up from the train station in Rome by rental car and brought on board by longboat in Ostia. Captain Smith

and the two officers greeted the shy Michel in a very friendly manner and gave him a quarter of an hour's briefing. They knew that he was Lou's assistant and co-worker and Oleg had asked them to treat Michel well.

Lou showed him to his cabin, then to the lab and to her bedroom; there was time for the tour of the whole ship later. They hadn't seen each other for two months and fell into each other's arms. As they sat in bed smoking after fucking, he asked if there had been any problems with his boxes at the customs? She laughed, when Oleg has something transported, customs looks the other way. He breathed a sigh of relief, he had sealed the three kilos of marijuana airtight in four plastic bags (for God, Emperor, Fatherland and Safety) so that he had enough with him. Lou gave him a friendly shove, "You drug smuggler, you!". Michel reported that he had received his contract and was now an employee of the 'Oktopoda Research Institute' in Luxembourg. "Oops," Lou exclaimed, "just like me!" They laughed and Lou said that if Oleg had set it up that way, then it was safe, beneficial and good for them both. She had already received a package of stationery and business cards in Reggio, all dignified and elegant.

Oleg came by helicopter almost every weekend, the loudspeaker blared, "Eagle one approaching, ETA 15 minutes". Lou always changed her clothes and waited for Oleg in discreet elegance at the helipad. They had two days to themselves, Michel sat next to them at dinner. He and Oleg liked each other and one day Lou said, "Oleg, this is Michel, Michel, this is Oleg, my husband, and stop calling each other by surnames!" But it was another six months before Oleg wanted Michel's opinion on taking over a specific company. Michel wasn't a businessman, of course, but he was very well informed about the company's problems and had brilliant common sense. And Oleg listened attentively.

Oleg brought one thing into play. He had originally bought the yacht to spoil his clients or interlocutors a little. The Oktopoda Research occupied less than a third of the ship's capacity. Lou just didn't want to be hindered in her work, that was important to her. But when Oleg promised that his guests would have no influence or say in any matter and that the two corridors would be fitted with

proper doors to separate work and private areas, there was really nothing to be said against it, and Captain Smith also agreed. So it happened that in some weeks there was a merry crowd on board. The separation of the two groups went without friction, so that Lou was now able to invite a few scientists as well.

After a year, the relevant academic world knew that Octopoda Research existed and what it did. Lou and Michel published a highly regarded report after a year and a half. They proved that the octopus did not mate indiscriminately. The young males preferred the daughters of aunts, never their own mother or sisters and never strangers from the wild. They drew up family trees based on DNA. This was a breakthrough in research and they wanted to study the octopuses in the same way, as they suspected a similar pattern. Lou and Michel were not yet ready to go to congresses or give lectures, but they usually had one or two scientists who accompanied them on their expeditions and stayed on board for at least a few days.

Oleg could be proud of his wife. Once or twice a year, Lou would squeeze into an evening dress and accompany Oleg to certain occasions. How far removed she was from the glittering world of business-people, how little she could get out of the chatter and giggles of the fine ladies and those who could never become a fine lady! Many an eyebrow was raised indignantly, when she spoke openly and bluntly about fucking. The astonishment was usually followed by gossip, intrigue and fierce fights among the chickens and geese. Even Oleg heard about it and grinned broadly; his wife was a gem, a one-off and a devious beast when she reported on the ladies of high society.

Michel had finished and submitted his dissertation. He would travel to Paris for 10 days to complete his doctorate, and his theses still had to be presented and defended in the natural sciences. The Difesio was still taken very seriously in Paris, it was public and there were dozens to hundreds of scientists in the auditorium. Lou hadn't accompanied him, he didn't want her there when the experts tore him apart. He also wanted to fuck all the chicks he had to leave behind. Lou knew that, but left to his own devices, he could very well

slay any dragons or chickens. He came back 10 days later and showed her the certificate, his chest swelling with pride.

Lou had explained to Oleg in an appropriate situation that she was fucking Michel. He gazed at the rugged coastline of the Basque country and twirled his drink in his hand for minutes in silence. A hermaphrodite incapable of procreation was no threat to his manhood, Michel was a pathetic guy and devoted to his wife. If she didn't have him, she would be much more desirable and in trouble. He knew very well that Michel wouldn't let a naughty boy get close to her. If he looked at it honestly and empathetically, it was just as well that his loved wife didn't have to live a celibate life. He put the glass down and took her face in both hands. "Is it good for you, my princess?" That was all he wanted to know. "Oh yes, it's good for my soul and my body. Only my conscience is going crazy, it doesn't accept that, what I told you years ago." Lou looked him seriously in the eye, she didn't have a guilty conscience. He let go of her. "I'm damn thankful you didn't run off with a chief mate, a sailor or a helmsman. I am also grateful that the sons of my business partners, who are used to conquering every cunt, complain to their fathers about your aloofness and your cold shoulder to their attempts at flirting. That honors you, you honor me and make me proud. I know you well and I know Michel a little too. I feel the bond between you two very intensely and I refuse to call or see it as cheating. You love him in a completely different way than you love me, I can feel that too. I can feel that it makes you happy and that's important to me. Hide it as best you can, because the shitty world around us isn't ready for it yet." He continued to look at the coast and sipped his drink. Lou stood next to him and leaned her head against his shoulder. "I can feel how little Russian you are inside, my dearest Wilko." This form of endearment was reserved for rare situations. They rarely mentioned her fucking Michel, him fucking Tanja. It didn't change their relationship or his behavior towards Michel. Michel was now closer to them both than ever.

They had left the Mediterranean and the west coast of the continent, stayed only briefly on the British coasts and spent six months in the north of Scotland, the Shetland and Faroe Islands. Because of the weather and the cold water, few marine biologists came here. But

they discovered the richness and diversity of the area. Captain Smith's anchor maneuvers took a little longer here, but the yacht lay as if set in concrete in the water. He took great care not to shake the passengers more than necessary. Oleg's vacationers stayed away and Lou had plenty of scientists on board, up to 18. When the weather was bad, they turned the mess hall into an academic auditorium where opinions, ideas and speculations collided. — Oktopoda Research charged the usual prices to wealthy institutes, while others received large discounts or paid nothing at all.

Lou celebrated her 31st birthday with Oleg, Michel and the whole crew off Shetland, and the next day the six of them sat on the bridge and made concrete plans for the Caribbean.

Misha had been watching Lou for over two years now and the flames of desire burned in his heart. One afternoon, when his duty ended, he took her hand and led her to his quarters. He didn't say a word as he slipped her dress off. She realized that she was not ready to conceive today. She let herself be pulled onto his bunk without resistance and let herself be fucked. He was a mediocre fucker, he took a long time before he came. She left without a word. This was repeated for three days.

After the third time, when she got dressed, she said, "You have a choice now. You never let me come again and I'll forget all about it, you have had your pleasure. Or you go ahead and I have to tell Oleg. Then he'll decide your fate." She waited for his answer. At last he lifted his head tearfully and stammered, "Forgive me for not being able to control myself. It was wrong of me and I regret very much having done this to you, but my heart burns and wants you. I will bear my pain silently and continue to serve you faithfully, Princess!" Misha buried his face in his arms and howled like a castle dog. When he looked up after a few minutes, she had already left. He continued to serve and lowered his eyes so that she could no longer see his misery. It took months, before he was his old self again.

The Caribbean. She was still accompanied by two men in immaculate white uniforms. She dived, researched and wrote in 16-hours-days. Time was running out, she had promised Oleg children in 4

years at the latest. She lay in Michel's tender arms and talked to her little sister about the future, the pregnancy and the children. She didn't want to give up the research and considered bringing Oleg's sister Tanja on board. They had kept in touch for two years via an encrypted messenger service that was also used by the Russian underground.

Lou witnessed the disintegration of Tanja's relationship with her husband, the sad ending and the quick divorce. She was of the opinion that nothing could be done about it if her Sasha had fallen for a 15-year-old who enchanted and devoured him. Tanja's last job had been as a typist, and now, when her childless marriage broke up, she was supposed to resume her aborted training as a nurse and midwife. Lou spoke to Oleg, whom Tanja had not told, and persuaded him to support Tanja financially and to take more care of her as a brother. Tanja hadn't said anything because she was afraid of scaring him off. But she absolutely didn't want to give him up as a lover. Lou mediated between them and Tanja was able to leave her love-struck husband. She resumed her training and would get her diploma after a year.

Lou had already prepared Tanja for the fact that there was always a place for a paramedic on the yacht and that she would need her help with the children. She wanted to raise the children bilingually, she had discussed this with Oleg, Russian and English. Tanja could speak both, which was ideal. Perhaps the children would also learn some French from Uncle Michel. All of this had been loosely agreed, no, it had been discussed without obligation. Oleg was informed about everything and was even prouder of his princess.

She had put out feelers and sent Charlotte out into the world with a secret mission. It was to be a birthday present for Oleg. Charlotte was diligent, but Lou was not yet satisfied with the results. Finally, success. She told Oleg a few days before his 40th birthday that he had an appointment at Hanover Town Hall on a certain day. She explained everything to him. An impoverished nobleman was prepared to formally adopt Oleg for good money. Oleg had to renounce his adoptive father's inheritance, but he was ennobled and could call himself Freiherr (Baron) von Sayn-Battenfeld if he wished. Oleg had

tears in his eyes; it was an undeserved medal, but a diamond on his lapel. Lou had not only had classy stationery and business cards made for him, she had dug up everything he needed to know about the Sayn and the Battenfeld noble families. He studied the noble families intensively and traveled to Baron Battenfeld in Hanover. The old gentleman was an extremely likeable scholar in his eighties, known above all for his precise translations of the ancient Greeks. The formal matters were quickly discussed and ticked off, then the baron turned to his current project and Oleg listened with great interest, even though he had neither a humanistic education nor had learned Ancient Greek. Battenfeld said that the neoclassicists of the 18th, 19th and even the 20th century had badly mutilated and abridged Homer's Iliad. Homer had written much more piquant, revealing and obscene than people wanted at the time. But it was precisely these omitted passages that made many things that were otherwise difficult to understand clear and comprehensible. He would probably find it difficult to find a publisher, the old man said, but he wanted to make the unabridged translation available on the Internet, at least for the academic world. Oleg offered to talk to some publishers. In a small ceremony at the town hall, Oleg became a Freiherr.

She was lying on the sandy beach and throwing little balls of sand at Oleg. "Oh, it makes me so sad that my children will grow up without a father!" she exclaimed in mock despair.

Oleg was confused. "What are you talking about, my heart?" he asked in astonishment.

"Okay," she said seriously, "when were you here the last three weekends?"

Oleg squirmed desperately. "I'm very busy, working 18 or 20 hours a day, seven days a week!" he exclaimed in exasperation.

Lou ignored his explanation. "You were there four weeks ago, before that it was five weeks and before that three weeks. I'm not complaining, I know how hard-working you are, no question. But look at it through your child's eyes. You read him a bedtime story 4, 5 and 3 weeks ago. You were 5,000 and 12,000 kilometers away when he

banged his knee playing. The plaster was put on by a chief petty officer or a simple sailor. A stranger.” Lou remained silent, she had to give him time.

“I know what you mean,” Oleg said, “I haven’t named, trained and appointed a successor or deputy yet. But I will sit down to the screen tonight and make a plan.”

Lou nodded in satisfaction. “You need to organize your 700 companies” - “It’s almost a thousand!” he interjected, — “so your thousand companies into groups, by geography or by products. Then set up a strict hierarchy so that at the end a handful of admirals report on how they run your business. Only then can you be a father. I have no use for a mere sperm donor, my dear Freiherr von!” They always laughed when she teased him like that. But she realized that he was as quick as he was at canvassing. In his mind’s eye he saw the groups in outline, they already existed. Of course, he also had managers, group leaders, small emperors. But she was right, he was in and out of everything, day and night. “Okay,” he said, “I’m going for another swim!”

She held him back for a moment. “If you’re with me every weekend for two months, I’ll let you make me a baby. I’m already ready, although I’m not yet 35, I’m sweet 33, but I’m already looking forward to having my first child. So make an effort!” He nodded and made a courtly bow for a Freiherr. “Your musketeer is leaving tonight, Your Majesty, he’ll have to think it all over!” Grinning, he snorted like a horse and plunged into the shallow water.

He got serious. He created a strict administration, appointing lieutenants, captains and a handful of generals. He staggered salaries, bonuses and shareholdings so that the hard-working got richer and the slackers immediately stood out. He would fire them, no doubt. He looked at his organization chart with satisfaction. He had done and managed everything himself so far, it was like a constant chase, it was breathlessly exciting. Now he had a good reason to hand over most of the management work. He instructed his secretariat to book two days in Paris and invite the people on the attached list. He flew from Santo Domingo to Paris, and after two days everything was fi-

nalized. He came to see his princess every weekend for three days and two nights.

One morning, it was a Sunday, they fucked in the morning sun on her terrace and they made her first child.

Lou excitedly wanted to talk to Oleg on the phone, but his device was switched off. She called his office and Ludmilla told her he was in Singapore or Bangkok, was it very urgent? She could page him in an emergency. Lou said it wasn't urgent time-wise, but ask him to call me back in a quiet minute. Ludmilla wrestled with herself, "congratulations already?" Lou laughed softly, the woman really was the best secretary. "Yes," said Lou, "thank you very much! But please don't tell him anything, I want to do it myself."

Two hours later, Oleg called and she told him she was pregnant. He was overwhelmed and then they palavered for another half hour. He was in the hot phase of negotiations, he was offloading the entire Asia-business, selling around 125 small companies. At least he wanted to sell them without making a loss, not give them away. The Asians were good businessmen and he really enjoyed wrestling with them. They discussed the conversions on the yacht and she reminded him that she might need Tanja's help in 8 months at the latest.

Oleg got started immediately. Tanya had been working as an obstetrician in a St. Petersburg hospital for over six months and was under close observation by the Kremlin. They had noticed her encrypted communication with the West and thus became aware of Oleg, who was slowly but steadily shedding his Russian companies and holdings. He had Tanja flown out at night and fog in a private jet. She was given genuine Luxembourg citizenship and a passport. She had left nothing of value behind in St. Petersburg.

Lou had two double cabins next to her bedroom converted into a children's room, with a double cabin for Tanja behind it. She had the cabins fitted with connecting doors, as well as Michel's cabin, so she or Tanja could access the children's room. This meant that Michel could enter her bedroom unseen and Oleg could enter Tanja's cabin also unseen. She sacrificed four guest cabins and had a spacious of-

fice and conference room set up for Oleg. All that remained was the captain's cabin and the two officers' cabins on the A-deck. The A-deck was now entirely private, but there were still guest cabins for 12 to 16 guests on the B-deck. The crew did a good job with the conversions, she noted with satisfaction. She sent photos every other day to keep Oleg up to date and discussed the details of his new office with him. He stayed in Singapore for almost 3 weeks, but he achieved his goals with profit. He flew back via Luxembourg, where he personally discussed the correct closing of the Asian deal with his tax experts.

Oleg was surprised that she had two cribs set up in the children's room. She smiled, "Yes, for Peter and Paul." She had to laugh because it only seeped into him in bits and pieces. They hugged each other blissfully and were already looking forward to the twins. Oleg had the yacht moved closer to Santo Domingo, the former palace was being completed. Installing a large hydrogen emergency generator and the hydrogen tanks that went with it proved to be difficult. He still intended to use it as a retirement home.

They celebrated Tanja's 42nd birthday with a feast for four, Oleg and Lou, Tanja and Michel. Lou toasted with orange juice, she took the pregnancy very seriously. She no longer went on field trips and no longer dived, she had stopped smoking. They spoke openly about the fact that Oleg would now lie with Tanja more often and Michel with Lou. "It's a wonderful solution, we'll grow together as a real family. I'm really looking forward to it!" Lou summed it up.

She was grateful to Oleg that he had reorganized his empire and was now with her at least four days a week. He had carefully planned his office and was able to run the business from there, sometimes he was staying the whole week. The hierarchy was still creaking at every turn, so he had to go there and solve the problems, for better or worse. He had given half the crew leave and they would take turns with the other half. The ship would probably be here off Santo Domingo for a few more months. He often sat together with Captain Smith or the two officers, because the *Elisée* was already an old lady, and Oleg wanted to have a younger ship in three years at the latest. The global economy was going badly and yachts were always being sold therefore, so there was no need for a new build.

Lou was hypersexualized during her pregnancy. Tanja was too hypersexualized, because her lover was only a few steps away. The two women forged their erotic plot, demanding everything from both men during this time. When Oleg fucked Lou after dinner, he slept for just under an hour and Lou relaxed her violently demanding clit masturbating. Oleg went quietly to Tanja and Lou gave Michel the signal. They did as they had done from the beginning, kissing, cuddling and snuggling for an hour before she fucked him. When Oleg returned early from Tanja's, he would stand under the door and watch them. Michel would always lie on his back and Lou would mount her little girl. She rode him with increasing speed until her powerful orgasm almost tore her apart. Michel held her belly and the twins gently and softly with his hands as if they were raw eggs. Lou, who had been caressing his breasts the whole time, tore at his nipples in her orgasm, almost ripping them out. He usually squirted with a groan during her violent orgasm, otherwise she rode him until he cummed or he fucked her from below when she was too exhausted. Oleg watched lovingly and only came in when Michel had left, he didn't want to cause any embarrassment. After the birth, the greedy and needy urges were calmed down and the women no longer put the men through a marathon.

Now Lou was sitting in front of her private laptop, stroking her little tummy again and again and reading through her diary. She would give it to the children at the right time, she had documented everything meticulously. She wanted the children to know how their mother had lived. She had described the childish experiments until she discovered masturbation. She reported in all details how she did handjobs and blowjobs in her youth. After that the intensive and horny lesbian loves, which she explored very deep. She truthfully described the incest with her father and also what Charlotte had told her. She wrote without a fig leaf about her relationship with Michel, with Oleg and also about Mischa. She thought long if she should report her secret fucking, but finally she did. She described that she took her vaginal temperature before getting up and checked it with the monthly calendar. Before breakfast she swam a few lengths naked in the swimming pool and allowed the 2 or 3 sailors, who were at the pool, to swim naked with her. She looked at their cocks and nodded encouragingly to them before swimming to a corner, that

was not visible from the outside. She held on to the edge of the pool and stuck her ass out. She never wanted to know, which sailor was coming to fuck her. The sailor was allowed to penetrate her underwater from behind and fuck her really, really hard. She always prepared herself for an orgasm and got it quickly, sometimes only with the second or third sailor. After the orgasm, she let him finish fucking and squirting, then she went upstairs and had breakfast on her terrace. The morning orgasm during the morning exercise relaxed her and sweetened her day. She kept it strongly a secret from Oleg and Michel, it would only confuse and hurt them. It was something purely physical and she forbade the sailors any improper fraternization. She looked out to sea from her laptop.

Damn it all! How much she was looking forward to seeing the twins!

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The Cheeky Lad

by Jack Faber © 2023

Reni, whose real name was Renate, had showered her son René every evening from an early age on. He loved it when she ran the hot jet of water up and down his cock, especially his glans. She gently stroked with the tip of her index finger up and down the shaft of his cock. Only when he said: “It’s about to throb now!” did she stop her index finger and concentrate the jet of water on the small glans, letting it circle and tease the glans. “It’s throbbing, it’s throbbing!” he shouted enthusiastically and she eagerly continued to squirt the jet of water onto the throbbing glans. She had been giving him this child-like orgasm since early childhood.

But today it was different. There was no announcement of the throbbing, she stroked the foreskin with her index finger and held the jet of water on his glans, and as always she had squatted down, spread her knees and let him look into her pussy, he liked that very much. René groaned and squirted for the first time. She continued to hold the stream of water until his stuttering squirting had stopped. He had a thousand questions and she answered them all. He seemed to be interested in how the boys did it themselves to make it squirt. She grabbed his cock and masturbated him for minutes, stopping before he squirted. René understood immediately. His cock had immediately become stiff as a poker and he wanted her to continue until he squirted. She shook her head, she just wanted to show him how it has to be done. She let go of his cock and he stared mesmerized at her pussy for a long time until his cock squirted by itself! She rubbed him until it had all squirted out. How much his cock had changed! It used to be a beautiful, smooth boy’s penis, but now it had grown considerably and seemed to have become as big, strong and powerful as his father’s.

“Do girls also squirt every day?” Reni explained to him that girls don’t squirt at all and don’t have to rub every day. “And how often do girls do it?” he asked curiously. Reni said that it varied from girl to girl. “And you?” he prodded further. Reni claimed she only did it

rarely, maybe three or four times a year. That was a lie, she probably did it five times a week, but that was her private matter and really none of his business.

The next time he tried to masturbate in the water jet, but he was too stupid even for that. She got a little annoyed when he asked her to do it to him. For the next days and weeks she gave him a handjob under the water jet, she found nothing wrong with it, it was a totally normal thing for her. She knelt in front of him in the bathtub, he had to stand and direct the jet of water. She masturbated his cock, which was no longer boyish and was going to develop into a monster like Simon's, right in front of her face. He squirted on her closed lips, her neck and her beautiful, firm breasts. After a few days, she left her mouth open, but it made no impression on him. It was only when she surrounded the glans with her lips before squirting and he squirted into her mouth that he was thrilled. She didn't want to give him a proper blowjob just yet, that would come later. He was thrilled, "When you caress my cock with your lips, that's the best!" he exclaimed enthusiastically, and she smiled with great satisfaction. She showered when he left and masturbated in the shower when she was very horny, otherwise she went to bed, masturbated and fantasized about fucking René. They talked a lot about sex, she thought it was a good way to educate her son about sex. She got into the bathtub with him, lay on her back and let him admire her jewels. He inspected everything thoroughly, pulling her labia apart with his fingers as she had done before and marveling at the little hole.

"And that's where I came out, right?" She nodded and explained to him that it was a very stretchy cunthole where both Daddy's thick cock could fit in and a baby could come out. Every day René had to look at and explore her pussy with his fingers. She showed him the well-hidden clitoris, which was there for the girls to rub. "Yes," she confirmed his question, "some girls do it every day like the boys, some even more often." Reni showed him even how the girls masturbated for 20 seconds, what he understood, of course!

He kept asking how to fuck and she explained it patiently and in detail. He seemed satisfied, he spread her labia daily and his gaze lin-

gered on her hole. His interest was piqued, and by God, now he was dying to know what it felt like “inside”.

The answer wasn't easy for her. “It's warm and moist, and all men like it.” He was amazed, did she let more than one man fuck her? She laughed out loud. “But what you think, silly boy! I've only ever fucked Daddy and never anyone else! But what I meant was, that a man feels very comfortable in his wife's cunthole, otherwise the human race would have died out long ago!”

René nodded, now he'd got it right. But he begged her every day during his inspections of her pussy, that he wanted to feel it, really feel what it felt like for his cock. Reni shook her head vigorously, she couldn't let that happen! The same thing day after day.

One day he wanted it, he really wanted it! He spread her labia as he did every day, but now he penetrated her cunt. He had pulled back his foreskin very tightly and penetrated her cunthole with his glans. Maybe a centimeter, he didn't dare to go any further. Reni was now tired of always turning it down.

“You have to push your cock in really deep, don't be afraid!” she said quietly. He pushed in very carefully, his precious cock disappearing into a hole he didn't know and was somehow afraid of. But he pushed in until his cock was all the way inside.

Reni held his hips tightly. “Remember, you're not allowed to fuck me like Daddy, I've explained that to you already in detail. Stay calm and tell me, how it feels?”

“Soft, warm and wet, Mama, just like you said. It's incredibly pleasant in there and it's wonderful!” Reni winced, surely he wouldn't just cum? But René closed his eyes with lust and sighed after a while, “I'm already throbbing, Mom, it's throbbing!” He concentrated for a good while and breathed, “It's coming up in my cock, Mom, it's coming, I can feel it precisely!”

Reni held his hips with an iron grip and murmured, “don't squirt inside there, my darling, please don't!” But he squeezed his ass

cheeks together rhythmically and squirted, once, twice, five times. She held him tight until his cock softened again, then she pulled it out. He defended himself, saying he hadn't fucked her like Daddy! And cumming was wonderful, she didn't need to give him a hand job anymore. Reni nodded uncertainly, well, okay then!

He now stuck his cock in her pussyhole every evening, waited motionless, then he came, closed his eyes and squirted. He asked, "why are you wiggling your butt?" and she replied, "because otherwise you wouldn't be able to squirt!" He was puzzled and thoughtful. Finally he said, "I thought it would squirt by itself!" Reni laughed softly. "I wiggle my ass as soon as my pussy realizes you're ready. It's my pussy that pushes against you slightly and triggers your squirting. Pay close attention!" The next day he exclaimed as he was cumming, "Yes, now I can feel exactly how your pussy is thrusting me!" Reni smiled delightedly and said that it was important to her that he cum every day and didn't get any sexual pressure. This went quite well for a few weeks, but then the motionless cumming just didn't work anymore. She masturbated the unhappy boy by hand at the end, but that wasn't the real thing. He thrust in deep to cum, he began to squirt and now thrust in hard with every jet. He was unhappy and sad, he didn't want to betray her, he stammered. She hugged him lovingly and comforted him well. "I know all about men," she said sympathetically, "they have to thrust hard in when they squirt, I think that's quite normal. I'm certainly not angry with you for it, I guess that's the way it has to be." He mustn't have a bad conscience about that, she accepted and allowed it, definitely. He only calmed down after a few days, now he pushed in hard when he came. He didn't know, of course, that this was the beginning of the fucking. She noticed, of course, that he was thrusting in more and more enthusiastically and she guessed what would happen next. He noticed that her fingertips were rotating slightly on her clit. "Would you rather masturbate now?" he asked suspiciously, as he wanted to continue sliding in and out slowly. "No," Reni said dismissively, "I only masturbate when I'm alone, masturbation is a purely private matter!" He was reassured and continued to slide slowly in and out, and after a while her fingertips slid over her clit again. They continued to slide until she winced in orgasm. When the orgasm was over, she whispered hoarsely, "come on, now you can squirt or thrust if it's not time yet." She

turned her head wearily to the side and covered her eyes with her hand, she was really full of guilt and shame. That was the signal for him to thrust really fast and squirt in powerful jets. He watched it every time when her fingertips slid over her clit and asked, "You're now masturbating, I can see it!" She nodded at first, but then said she only masturbated alone, at night. "Every night?" he probed further, she nodded and turned her head to the side tiredly and covered her eyes ashamed. "Several times in a row?" he asked, no longer relenting. She stared at him almost angrily. But she nodded in agreement and said after a while, "That's my private matter, it's none of your business!" He didn't give up. "You have claimed two or three times a year!" She still looked annoyed, but then her face brightened. "I said that months ago, but a lot has changed between us since then! Can you accept it?" René didn't know what she meant by accepting, but he wasn't looking for an argument, it was better to drop the subject. From then on, he slid in and out very slowly and watched as her fingertips slid over her clit and gradually triggered her orgasm. She always looked at him shyly and very very in shame, then she covered her eyes in shame and a guilty feeling, but he didn't dare to soothe her with words of relief. His majestic sliding, slowly deep in and all the way out, made her horny every day. Her clit screamed for an orgasm, she let her fingertips rotate over her clit for fifteen minutes, even though she was acutely aware that René was watching her masturbating most greedily. She let the orgasm erupt and when it was over, she put her head to one side and covered her eyes, plagued by deep shame. Her eyes filled with tears and she breathed, "go on!" or "you may now!" Some days the post-coital dysphoria, the post-coital tristesse, was so strong that the tears flowed for minutes. She was completely passive while René thrust forcefully, and only when he squirted did her pussy and her vaginal muscles milk his cock hard. She hugged him lovingly afterwards and was now completely happy. It went on like this for many weeks, if she didn't want him to squirt inside, she would give him a hand job. "So I don't have a baby," she explained and he understood.

She now went straight to bed every night to masturbate afterwards. She had masturbated every night as a child to fall asleep, but when she finished school at 16 and went to work, she was usually too tired and exhausted to masturbate. She masturbated maybe once a

week, even during her marriage. But now she was aroused every day when René squirted inside, she had to masturbate again every day as often like in her youth.

Renates Tale

She masturbated her clit very gently and let her life pass her by. Like her peers, she had given the boys handjobs as a matter of course and later learned to let them squirt in her mouth. Since she was 12, her father called her into the bedroom when her mother had her period or was unwell. Her mother made a hell of a fuss, but wanted Reni to give him a handjob. It was no problem at all for Reni, it was just her mother who was fussing. Her father especially liked the fact that Reni took the cock as deep as she could into her mouth and let him squirt in. She was delighted to make her adored Dad cum so well, so fine as she could. Reni had already fucked a few boys, but nobody had to deflower her, as she had no hymen from birth. She cuddled with Daddy and whispered in his ear when she could tell him about a fuck with a boy or a hand job today after school. On purpose, of course, because Daddy had a magnificent cock and she really wanted to fuck him, she loved her Dad insanely. After all, she was already 13 and a real woman! Of course he wanted to, only her mother acted the first time horrified. Maybe she didn't know, or didn't remember, that Reni didn't have a hymen at all and was clamoring that he was only allowed to fuck, if at all, in the very front of her cunt. Like an envious seagull, she grabbed his cock and controlled the action, clamoring and fussing. "You're only allowed to fuck the girl right at the front entrance," she fussed, "she's so goddamn young, she might be afraid of fucking and of losing her virginity! Isn't that right, my little one?" Reni shook her head, "But no, Mom, I already know how to fuck and I'm no longer a virgin!" Nevertheless, her mother held on to his cock with her hand for the first few days and didn't let him penetrate. She checked for a few days, that he fucked her daughter only outside, then she assumed that everyone was obedient, honest and of good will. Daddy and Reni had free rein and fucked as often as they could. Mother couldn't stop nagging and clamoring, but she was quite happy for him to fuck Reni and not

cheat her with other bitches. Of course she had noticed the covetous and seductive looks of the rival bitches and knew that many of them envied her, the unsightly swan, the handsome guy. What she didn't know, of course, was that he secretly picked every flower by the wayside. Reni enjoyed fucking the handsome Daddy for about six years. Her mother soon calmed down and came to terms with the fact that he only fucked her once a month and then lay on top of Reni, whom he fucked daily. She overcame her inhibitions and masturbated openly in front of the two when she was hot. Reni fucked her beloved Daddy until the wedding and every day during her pregnancy, when she was always horny like a 15-year-old. She only stopped fucking Dad in secret when he was aging rapidly, his sexual drive was fading and his loins were drying out. Of course, she could only fuck him every day during her pregnancy, but then as often as she could, at least every Sunday morning, she snuck out of the house before sunrise without waking her husband. She scurried two houses away and lay down with her Dad, waking him up as she stroked his morning wood carefully. He mumbled sleepily, "Good morning, my darling!" and lay down on his back. She mounted him and inserted his cock into her pussyhole as she had done a thousand times before. She lay gently on his chest and let her ass slide back and forth. When she realized he was ready, her pussy pounded his cock with her ass until he cummed. Initially she had ridden him, but as he got older she had switched to this technique, it didn't strain him too much. Initially it only took her two minutes to ride him to cum, but with this gentler technique it took at least 15 minutes or longer. "Was it good, Daddy?" she asked each time and he nodded tiredly. "It's so sweet of you to fuck me old man. I haven't looked at a woman since Mom left. Are you coming tomorrow or the day after?" She said "the day after tomorrow!" every time, although sometimes she came the next day. She was convinced that this was not real fucking, it was a service to relieve him of the sexual pressure. She lovingly covered him up and let him sleep on. Then she scurried home, made coffee and brought it to her husband in bed. She was quite sure he never noticed.

She had gone to work at 16, it was pretty exhausting. One evening, as she was walking home late at night after work, she saw a man slip on the icy sidewalk in front of her and he remained lying there. She looked around, but there was no one to be seen. She hurried and bent

over the man. He smelled of beer, but he was breathing. Thank God! She shook him gently and asked if he had hurt himself, if anything was broken? He grumbled, no, he hadn't broken anything. Reni helped him stand up, but his leg was really hurting. She supported him and they sat down on a bench despite the freezing cold. He said he was Simon, he had received his master craftsman's certificate today and had to buy some of his work colleagues a drink. "I never drink, but today I had to drink two beers and I couldn't take it. Boom! I was lying on the sidewalk, offended and stupid, and a pretty lady like you had to rescue me!" Reni smiled as he did, Simon seemed like a neat guy.

"I am Reni, Renate. What kind of master's certificate, Master Simon?" He laughed. "You're the first to call me Master, Renate! I hope you don't think I'm a weirdo or even a drunkyard. I suddenly sobered up when I landed on the floor. To answer that, I'm a stonemason. Gravestones, statues for gardens and anything made of stone. I work for the stonemason Fürner, a good master!"

They talked for another fifteen minutes, then set off. He could limp and then walk, he walked to the left and she to the right after she had typed her phone number into his cell phone. That's how she met her husband and they got married a year and a half later. She lived with her parents until then and gave herself to him after a few months. He had a thick, chunky and great cock and fucked her very considerately and carefully. They both loved each other with all their hearts, he was a hard-working man and only four years older than her. She loved fucking him, she almost always got an orgasm and Simon was proud of it.

On one of their first dates, he brought her a palm-sized sculpture as a gift. It was originally a commission, the client had given him a photo, a South American statuette that was several centuries old. He had reproduced it true to life, the customer was not satisfied and paid anyway. He asked Reni how she liked it? She looked at the statuette very closely.

"A muscular guy with a headdress fucking a boy," Reni said, blushing slightly.

“That’s not a boy, that’s a girl or a woman,” Simon said indignantly.

Reni shook her head firmly. “She has no labia, no clitoris and no breasts!” she said. “I don’t want to criticize your work,” she said shyly, “but he looks more like a boy. I’ve never seen two men fucking, but that’s just my first impression.” Simon pocketed the statuette again and they changed the subject.

A few weeks later, he gave her a new statuette. He had made a brand new one, he had given the man a magnificent cock that poked into the woman’s gorgeous cunt. She had large labia and a truly impressive clit as well as breasts like a sex bomb. Reni beamed, “Wow! That’s a horny woman, damn it! And I guess they’re fucking with a smile on their faces right now, or am I wrong?” She praised how great and excitingly horny he had made the act and they spent the next hour just talking about the statuette and the fucking. He accompanied her home, she led him into her bedroom and showed him where she hid the statuette. Her parents would be shocked if they discovered it. And they would beat their hands over their heads, if they knew that their little daughter had given herself to the artist! Simon’s head jerked up. In that hour, she gave him her virginity, because in her opinion that with Daddy didn’t count really.

Reni loved fucking Simon, being fucked by the strong man. She was already three months pregnant when they got married. Now the pandemic was in full swing, there was less and less for stonemasons to do. Simon laid paving stones in the state capital and only came home for the weekend. He fucked her with all his pent-up lust, as he wasn’t cheating on her any more than she was. As she hid her masturbation from everyone, including Simon, it was an incentive for him to fuck Reni as often as he could and bring her to orgasm. Reni didn’t say a single word about the strange games with René.

She was expecting her best girlfriend Veronika. She had been coming every other Wednesday for over six years, when René went to judo or soccer training straight after school and the two women were undisturbed until the evening. The two were not lesbians, Veronika

sometimes said they were bi, bisexual. But Reni never believed it, in her opinion Veronika really was a real lesbian, even if she sometimes fucked little boys. Reni was convinced that Veronika fucked much more often with little girls and young women. She knew that she wasn't a bit of a lesbian herself. Veronika had seduced her one day and she went along with everything because she and Veronika enjoyed it sexually. Sometimes they had another coffee, then they went into the bedroom and lay naked together on the marital bed. They kissed, cuddled and caressed each other for a long time until they were both very hot. They masturbated each other, licked each other's clit to orgasm or fucked clit-to-clit. That was especially nice, because Veronika had a bigger clit than Reni, loved the role of the man and fucked Reni to madness. When Reni gasped, groaned and moaned with a silent scream in orgasm, Veronika knelt up and masturbated to orgasm on her knees, her eyes triumphantly fixed on Reni. Reni loved watching Veronika masturbate. Veronika pressed the flesh next to the clit with the fingers of one hand down so that the already large clit now protruded two or three centimeters. With the index finger of her other hand, she rubbed the clit from the bottom upwards, just as you would stroke a chin from below. When she then sped up, the index finger concentrated on the head of the clit. And when she orgasmed she pressed the index finger firmly onto the clit, vibrating it.

Reni finally gave herself a jolt and told Veronika everything, from the beginning. Veronika listened curiously and breathlessly, because since the death of her husband and since Hansi, her son, had been studying in the state capital and only came home one weekend a month to fuck Veronika, her targets had been boys of Hansi's age or younger. She had never thought about seducing Reni's son before, but the thought excited her imagination.

"So, how long has this been going on? Does Simon know?" Veronika asked.

"For God's sake, no, Simon has no idea! And the thing with René, it's been going on for about a year, since he was able to squirt." Reni was very meek, but also a little relieved because she could finally talk to someone about it. She remembered that Veronika had once mentioned that she was fucking her own son Hansi. She asked Veronika

very carefully because she didn't know for sure. Veronika confirmed with a laugh that it was true, she had been fucking Hansi for years, but now that he was studying, they fucked only one weekend a month, unfortunately. Fucking every day, that was great then, but that was just the way it was now.

Veronikas Tale

Veronika slept with her older brother in the children's room. She watched him in amazement as he masturbated and squirted every night. He showed her how to give him a handjob and later a blowjob, although she almost choked during the blowjob. He showed her how girls masturbated and she masturbated every night before falling asleep ever since, until today. He was 17 and she was 12 and a half when he took her virginity. She was prepared for it to sting a little the first time and that it was always difficult for him because she had a very tight little girl's pussyhole. But they fucked every night until he moved to the state capital to study.

About that time, when she was about 14, her mother lost all interest in fucking. She lived as a lesbian before Veronika was born, the pregnancy was a promiscuous mixed-gender gang-bang accident and they had to get married. She already had mainly lesbian relationships in her youth and went along to the weekly gangbangs right from the start. The girls surrounded her and grabbed giggling her virgin pussy. Finally there was one again to take her virginity! A muscular, handsome lad with a cock like a horse lay down with a friendly smile on his face. He penetrated her carefully and considerately and took her virginity. He fucked her for a very long time and squirted inside. From now on she was taken in, she grabbed one girl after another and licked a dozen clits to orgasm. She had to really stick her ass out to the back while licking so that the guys could mount her from behind and fuck her. There were quite a few of them who wanted to fuck her until the end of the gangbang. The guy who had taken her virginity had fallen madly in love with her and stayed on her trail. During the gangbang, he was the first and the last to fuck her with his huge cock. She stuck with it though, she had only come for the clit

licking and there were plenty of girls who loved to be licked. At some point it was clear, she had become pregnant. She couldn't have said for the life of her which of the hundreds of men was the father. The boy who clung to her like a shadow offered himself as the father and they got married in the eighth month. Her husband wanted to fuck several times a day, she was very grateful to him for marrying her and saving her from disgrace. She let herself be fucked with a smile, although she loved lesbian love much more. Shortly after Veronika was born, she went gangbanging with her husband again. She licked all the clits with abandon and he fucked one girl after the other. They went to the gangbangs until Veronika was 12 or 13. The mother kept up some of her lesbian relationships, let her husband fuck her without much desire, because he wanted to fuck at least once a day. After fucking, she masturbated until she fell asleep and did so very lustfully and passionately. It was fine with him because he could see how much she enjoyed it. But after 13 or 14 years of listless fucking, she just didn't want to fuck anymore. She drank heavily every evening and masturbated openly and shamelessly, making no secret of it. The father was very upset and only put up with the new order for a few weeks. Then he told Veronika she could sleep in their marital bed. She had to, he made it clear, because her mother no longer wanted to be fucked. Veronika obeyed because she was in love with her father anyway and was only afraid of her mother. She lay down between her parents and was amazed that her mother was playing with her pussy and clit uninhibitedly. She looked at her father, who grinned wickedly and maliciously. He let the blanket slide to the floor and placed Veronika's hand on his stiff cock. "Do you know how to do it?" he asked and she looked fearfully into her mother's eyes. She shrugged her shoulders indifferently and Veronika looked at her father. She nodded, "of course I know how to!" she confirmed. She turned her back to her mother and sat up, then gave her father a great and fine handjob. She loved her Daddy very much and already as a young kid she admired his giant cock. With her thumb in the mouth the kid stood beside him in the bathroom, when he caressed his mighty piece and squirted into the washbasin. And now, she was giving him daily a handjob. That was the new order. When she was finished, she sat with her back in the crook of her father's arm and he let his hand rest on her pussy, while they both curiously watched her drunken mother masturbate powerfully. Veronika could no longer

masturbate at night, she did it before getting up, when her father had already left house and her mother was preparing breakfast. After a few weeks, she asked her father if he would prefer a blowjob too and looked anxiously and concerned at her drunken mother, who casually played with her pussy and shrugged her shoulders indifferently. So Veronika gave him a magnificent blowjob and swallowed his semen. He was in seventh heaven, she was allowed to cuddle up in the crook of his arm, his fingers caressed her pussyhole and they both watched her drunk mother masturbate passionately. Her mother always got senselessly drunk before masturbating, she masturbated so greedily and was so absent-minded that she noticed nothing of her surroundings. Veronika discovered this, she could stick a finger in her pussyhole, even fingerfuck her without her noticing. "She wouldn't even notice now if you fucked her really hard," she said to Dad. But he waved it off, no way, he wouldn't enjoy it. Even when the little girl kept fucking her with the thick handle of a hairbrush in her cunthole until the end of her orgasm, the masturbator didn't notice anything and orgasmed like hell when being handle-fucked. This made Dad very tingly and horny and he watched her handle-fucking until the end of his wife's orgasm very often. For Veronika it had a bit of revenge and having dominance over the drunken dragon for the next weeks. At some point it was too much for Dad and he told her to stop and leave the old woman alone. That was the new order for the next few weeks.

One evening, the mother provoked the father carelessly, he pounced on the mother swearing blasphemously and fucked her really hard despite all her protests. Afterwards the mother screamed and shouted what a brutal pig he was. "He could fuck Veronika," the drunken and humiliated bitch screamed, "she would soon be 15 and could surely fuck already, the little slut!" The father was completely flabbergasted and looked at Veronika. She thought feverishly, then nodded, a bit frightened. He immediately wanted to know with whom? Veronika didn't want to say it out loud, her mother treated her like an enemy and she never wanted to tell her! She whispered in Dad's ear, "With Franz, for two years now!" Her father's mouth remained open, but he gritted his teeth. "Then I want to fuck you right now!" he exclaimed and Veronika cast a triumphant glance at her drunken mother, who was still crying and sobbing a little.

Veronika lay down under her father, spread her legs and hugged him lovingly. “You have to be careful, I only have a small and very tight pussyhole!” He was really damn careful with his giant cock and they immediately fucked away. The mother scolded him blasphemously when he actually fucked Veronika. “Do you have no shame at all about fucking your daughter, fucking your own child? — Oh my God! With your giant prick you’re tearing her tiny cunthole apart, you damned barbarian! — You’ll make her a child if you squirt it all in, you filthy bastard! — At least pull it out, you stupid moron, and don’t squirt it all in!” The two of them didn’t care about her wild screaming and fucked with increasing lust. Veronika soon found out how to orgasm with her beloved Daddy and he was very proud of it. Gradually Veronika managed to take his really big cock deep inside her, and she was almost bursting with pride! A year and a half later, they buried Veronika’s mother. She died of cirrhosis of the liver, she had drunk herself to death, Veronika said. She was only 37 years old. They fucked every day for years until she fell in love with Heiko at 19 and quickly married him. Her father married in Sweden and Veronika never saw him again.

Heiko was a good man, gentle yet energetic, he fucked much better than her father and better than her brother. Heiko earned good money as a helicopter pilot. She almost always had an orgasm and he was okay with her masturbating before falling asleep. That was okay with him. They had a son, Hansi and their love was strong and firm, they wanted another child, but she had become infertile. Her period had stopped one day, her world was falling apart. He was the iron support that saved her from total despair. Heiko was happy with one child and it didn’t bother him much. He took time off as often as he could, he played a lot with Hansi and was an enthusiastic father. He fucked Veronika as often as possible and said with a grin that they would fuck her depression down, damn it! Hansi was 12 when his father crashed in a helicopter. Heiko wanted to rescue a couple of lost mountaineers in a storm, but the control center wanted to stop him, the storms in the mountains above Garmisch could be treacherous! He climbed up with a helper, they were able to rescue all the mountaineers and crashed miserably on the way home. None survived.

She stood in front of the coffin with Hansi, she felt nothing and just wanted to be dead, life no longer had any meaning. Heiko had saved her from her horrible mother, he had actually been able to fuck her depression down and now he would never come through the garden gate again with horny anticipation. Dead. She just wanted to be dead and not miss him. But there was Hansi, she couldn't let him down. The orphans youth home would destroy him. She stretched her back, she didn't want to be dead, she was alive for Hansi and was there for him. That was her job now, she heard dead Heiko saying.

She let Hansi sleep in her marital bed, they were together and no one was lonely in grief and pain. She left the bedside lamp on and propped her chin on her hands to watch him masturbate. She smiled indulgently, because the 12-year-old masturbated every evening twice and squirted high a fountain into the air, so they laughed together. She held his cock firmly, when he masturbated the first round and made his fountain squirt high, he loved that and let her masturbate him the second time more and more often. He squealed happily when she made him squirt high in a fountain. She didn't feel like masturbating herself yet, but after a few weeks she asked him before masturbating him if he wouldn't rather like to fuck? He said he'd never fucked before, "the girls at school were stupid geese who did handjobs and had their pussies grabbed, but not one of the stupid bitches wanted to fuck really. He didn't have anyone else to fuck either, like rich guy Schorsch, who was allowed to fuck the tutor in his tutorials as often as he wanted."

Veronika uncovered herself and spread her legs. "Come on, Hansi, come on, be my lover!" He responded immediately, he learned to fuck well and they lived as happy lovers for seven years. When he was 19, he went to the capital city to study, but he came home for a weekend every month and they fucked for hours. He had a few sluts at university to fuck, but his heart beat for Veronika.

She had fucked many of his school friends and had developed a taste for young boys and young girls. Hansi didn't mind, because she belonged only to him, none of the little boys or the shy girls threatened his position. He grinned wryly when she told him on their weekends which untouched boys she taught to fuck, which shy girls

she seduced and some of whom she deflowered with her finger. They laughed together because Veronika could imitate the coarse language and dirty expressions of the whores and godless sluts so wonderfully.

Veronika listened to what Reni had to say. In her opinion, everything was fine. As long as Reni didn't get herself pregnant, it was certainly okay not to confess anything to Simon. She didn't know Simon personally, but she could judge him pretty well from Reni's descriptions. Sometimes she closed her eyes and let Reni describe what Simon's body and cock looked like, playing with her clit slowly and phantasizing while Reni talked about being fucked by Simon.

"No, it's perfectly normal and fine, if you let René squirt inside," Veronika said, "don't you want to let him fuck properly? Hansi was already old enough at 12 and a half, and it did us both a lot of good, neither of us had any disadvantage or emotional damage." Reni looked at her friend desperately. "No, never! I can't let René fuck me, it makes all my hair stand up. I would never forgive myself if I cheated on Simon! I just don't know whether I should let René keep squirting inside or whether I should end it quickly." Veronika looked at her for a long time. Then she asked Renate to describe it to her exactly and in detail, she wanted to imagine it properly. Veronika closed her eyes and caressed her clit, Reni began her report.

"On dangerous days I give him a handjob, René has understood that. Otherwise I lie down on his bed, because I can't desecrate the marriage bed. He spreads my labia with his fingers and penetrates me slowly and considerately, remaining motionless deep inside. Sometimes he kneels upright between my thighs, we look at each other and after a few minutes he starts to squirt. I work his cock with my pussy muscles to make him squirt all inside. Sometimes he lies down on top of me, kisses, caresses and hugs me while he squirts. I then only have to admonish him that he must not fuck me in his exuberance, and he accepts that. Very rarely he pulls his cock out so far that only the glans is still inside and then he masturbates the shaft and squirts inside. When he rubs it, I sometimes think that his glans is fucking me, but I'm only imagining it." Reni's report came to an

end and she nudged her thoughtfully clit-playing girlfriend with a toe. “Well, what do you think?”

Veronika slowly opened her eyes and sat up. “I think that you’re totally gaga, batshit stupid. It’s only half a step from squirting to fucking. It’s only a brick in your mind that you won’t let him fuck. He’s old enough, you’ve almost let him fuck. Of course the glans is fucking you, when he masturbates the glans inside, don’t lie to yourself, even if it’s just a secret, half-hearted fucking. But it’s most important that you only allow what you want to allow. My opinion is not really important. If you just want to let him cum without fucking, then do it, you can play that for years to come. And if he really wants to fuck, send him to me. He can fuck Auntie Veronika as often as he wants. I’m your best friend and I love boys his age, by God!”

They argued back and forth. Reni was somehow repulsed by Veronika’s preference for taking very young boys to bed. Veronika explained to her how nice it was to put a boy between her thighs and undress the shy boy. Watching how the little cock stiffened from a shriveled worm, but never unfolded to its full size. As she slowly undressed, the stiffness increased with each piece of her clothing. A big leap in development when the bra fell, another leap when the panties fluttered to the floor. The little one’s tension when she gently took his cock in her hand. He drew in his breath when she pulled back the foreskin completely and exposed the glans.

She questioned the little ones with hypnotic urgency and they dropped all inhibitions. Most of the little ones masturbated and squirted as often as they could, five or ten times a day. One was allowed to fuck his demented grandmother as much as he liked, another his big sister because his little cock fitted through the hole in her hymen. One admitted to fucking his youngest sister once, but the stupid little girl ran crying to her Mom and he was humiliatingly punished.

Sometimes she would start with a handjob, she would watch the boy’s face during the handjob and it would excite her like the dope excites the addict. Once she was hot, she taught them to fuck. Most of them were still innocent, that is, virgins. They all learned quickly as fucking was not a witchcraft. She made each of them fuck and squirt several times in a row and only released them when they were completely exhausted and drained. She enjoyed it to the fullest.

The girlfriends parted without anything changing. Veronika did her thing, Reni did hers. René was allowed to squirt inside, she found nothing wrong with it and hugged her son lovingly. It was good for him, he preferred it to getting a handjob and he never had to masturbate himself. Gradually his behavior changed. He moved a little, an inch back and forth. Reni admonished him sternly, he nodded seriously and carried on. It wasn't fucking, he grumbled back. It only helped him to cum, and she wanted that too, she had allowed him to squirt inside, hadn't she? Reni kept her mouth shut as one centimeter became two, three and five. Then she stopped him, not a millimeter further! For a while he moved carefully five centimeters back and forth, only speeding up to cum, but that she understood, that was necessary for squirting.

René pushed his cock in deep and pulled it out slowly, a few times.

"Is that fine for you?" he asked and she replied, "Yes, but you mustn't fuck me, don't thrust quickly!"

This went on for the rest of the time. He pushed his cock in and out very slowly and very deeply, fully in and fully out, and she smiled at him because it was hot for her too, as it often took more than half an hour. To squirt, however, he had to thrust really fast and hard, maybe for half a minute or two. This led to discussions, but with a mendacious twinkle in his eye, he affirmed that he could only squirt like that. She nodded thoughtfully, because she had seen that it didn't work without it. She finally gave in, "but do it to squirt only, that will be okay." He was allowed to fuck really hard for the last minute, the last two minutes, the last five minutes. She wouldn't tolerate it any longer, as hard as a rock. René understood and was happy anyway, because he could fuck Reni wonderfully, slowly for half an hour, then very fast for five minutes or longer every day! Reni let him thrust as a beast, she more and more often had an orgasm. She made sure very strictly that he only thrust in and out very very slowly for a long time, perhaps half an hour, and very deeply to the end of her vagina. No, he wasn't allowed to thrust quickly, no way! She got so wonderfully hot, the lust slowly crept into her pussy and became overpowering. Her pussy was screaming for an orgasm! "Okay, my big one, now you can," she breathed silently, embarrassed

by her own horny arousal. He nodded and began to fuck her, really fuck. He knew what she had told him about fucking and held back the squirting until she had reached orgasm. Sometimes after two, usually only after 10 or 15 minutes. After her orgasm he came very quickly and firmly in the finale and squirted. He was finished and smiled happily, she was always very sad in the post-coital dysphoria and the thought plagued her that they had fucked now. But she quickly pushed this thought aside, because she wanted to let it happen again the next day. Stopping the game was no longer an option.

Then Inspector Coincidence came around the corner with a big broad grin on his face.

One Wednesday afternoon, Reni and Veronika were snuggled up in the big bed, tightly intertwined in a hot sexual act, and the door opened. It was René. The two women looked up in bewilderment.

“Afternoon lessons have been canceled, both teachers with Corona. So is soccer training. I arrived early, saw you and waited until you were finished.” René’s explanation made sense.

Reni asked suspiciously, “What all did you see?”

But before he could answer, Veronika saw her chance. “Please close the door and lie down with us! Lie down with Aunt Veronika!” Reni was astonished and extremely worried. He was supposed to lie with them? Veronika told René to drop his clothes. He lay down naked with Veronika, who put her arm around his shoulders, signaling her ownership. Reni looked at the two of them and thought how tall René already had become. Where had her eyes been, her little darling had grown so tall and his cock was almost as big as Simon’s mighty prick. She sat very far away, her throat constricting.

“Would you like to fuck Aunt Veronika, little René?” Veronika asked with glittering eyes. He nodded, his throat was also tight. “First from the front, then from behind?” Veronika continued without caring whether or what René replied. She spread her arms out and turned him until he was lying between her thighs. “I don’t have to make him hard, your big stick!” she stated laughing and guided his

cock into her cunthole. Reni held her breath, she of course knew that he fucked a bunch of slutty bitches after school, but seeing it now made her jealous. She crawled over to the two of them and grabbed his cock, not really knowing what she wanted to do.

René penetrated slowly and considerately, Reni let go of his cock and snuggled up to Veronika. He began to thrust slowly and gently and slowly increased the pace. Reni saw that he was fucking Veronika in the same way he had been fucking her for a year now, but now he was allowed to fuck Veronika much faster and harder. She had never allowed him to do that, only in the last few minutes, when she wanted to have an orgasm herself when she got hot. Reni watched Veronika's face, she knew her quite well and Veronika was well on her way to orgasm.

"I have to cum, I can't hold it back any longer, Aunt Veronika," René gasped and Veronika mumbled a little disappointed, "just let it go, my little one, it'll be fine!" and René squirted, roaring. He waited a few seconds. "Mommy, can I put it in quickly so that it gets really hard again?" he whispered and Reni nodded immediately and triumphantly. He rolled on top of her and penetrated her cunthole. He had obviously not squirted all into Veronika and when he penetrated now, he continued to squirt after a moment. Reni slapped him as he made fucking motions. He was immediately stiff as a poker, because she had always done that to stop him from fucking.

Veronika cuddled up to Reni. It was quite clear visible that René continued to squirt for quite a while, pressing his ass cheeks. But he stayed stiff as a board, whispering in between that it would get stiff soon, but he stayed stiff as a board inside Reni for another 5 minutes before he was really stiff again. He whispered, "Aunt Veronika, it's working again!"

Veronika got down on all fours. Reni was really amazed that René knew what to do. He pushed in from behind and got going. After minutes, Veronika was screaming with pleasure, he fucked for a very long time and Reni couldn't help noticing that Veronika was on the way to orgasm again. Two minutes later Veronika cried out softly, the

orgasm almost tore her apart and this orgasm would go down in history.

René's cock had been catapulted out and he groaned, "I'm not done yet, I haven't cum yet!"

Veronika, who was now slumped over exhausted, whispered tonelessly, "Park it in Renate's cunthole so it stays hard, we'll get on with it later!"

Reni let him enter again, she was strangely amazed at how big his cock had become after fucking Veronika, filling her cunt completely. He made tiny movements and earned a light slap, but he kept moving in the micrometer range. Veronika had caught her breath, she cuddled up close to Reni and stunned her with a powerful, greedy French kiss. Her finger slid over Reni's clit and she made her friend bursting hot. After two minutes she whispered with a grin, "is he still good, is he still stiff?" René whispered back, "Of course it is!" and Veronika whispered almost inaudibly, "You can fuck her right now!"

Reni wouldn't have wanted to if she had been in her right mind. But Veronika had brought her clit almost to orgasm and now she buried her young girlfriend with powerful French kisses, her goddamn tongue lashing out like the damned serpent's in the Garden of Eden. She felt the thick, wonderful cock deep inside her pussy and she made herself soft and wide, she wanted desperately to be fucked!

Reni only noticed in passing that René was fucking her really hard, she was hypnotized by Veronika's tongue play and her clit rubbing. René fucked and fucked her like a berserk. Veronika let go of her clit and her tongue, when she realized, that Reni was coming to orgasm. Reni suddenly realized that René was fucking her properly, fucking her really hard and powerfully. She felt her orgasm just seconds away and fucked him too with all her might, she had to have this orgasm! The orgasm broke out like a hurricane, it almost tore her apart and her cunthole clutched his cock greedily and milked him hard. She emerged as if from a frenzy and only now felt that René was squirting with all his might, the veins on his neck standing out thickly.

Reni gradually calmed down, René had rolled off her, straight into Veronika's arms, who instantly stuffed his semi-hard-on into her pussyhole. He lay motionless and gasped for air.

Reni was crying. He had fucked her rightously for the first time. It was a dam burst, an incest. She cried because she had cheated on Simon, she had fucked someone else. She cried because the innocent game was now over, fucking was no longer a game and she knew that from now on she would fuck René like Veronika fucked with Hansi. It was inevitable, it was final. She had become one of those women who fucked their sons greedily and lustfully. She stopped crying.

René fucked Veronika from the front, Reni returned the favor to her treacherous dearest friend and rubbed her clit to orgasm, she rubbed it so well and so hard that Veronika was wildly shaken by the orgasm.

“My God, how many more times can you do it?” Reni exclaimed as René mounted her again later. She let herself be fucked, it wasn't as mind-blowing as the first time and she probably wouldn't have had an orgasm if Veronika hadn't rubbed her clit so masterfully. They took a break, drank red wine and lemonade and smoked. She hadn't even realized that René was already smoking.

René fucked them both twice more until the evening. He asked as she left, “Aunt Veronika, you'll be back tomorrow, won't you?” She nodded, “Of course, my little one!” And she came, almost every other afternoon, and they fucked all three of them until dinner. Reni no longer cried often, she had accepted that she had become a damn slut who fucked René every day and Simon at the weekend. It only depressed her sometimes.

René already knew Reni's life story, now Veronika told him her sexual story. René asked three times what it was like to fuck her mother with the handle of the hairbrush? “I didn't know anything about vibrators back then, but I had long since found out that you got a more intense orgasm if you fuck yourself with the handle during your orgasm. I only felt contempt, a desire for revenge and dominance when I fucked her with the handle over many weeks. She really

did have much stronger orgasms, but dominating and humiliating the old snake was more important to me. Dad ended it after months.”

Veronika had something new to tell! She had been loitering outside the school as usual to catch a cute young boy. A girl approached her and after a greeting and a few bars of small talk, she got to the point because she had heard about Veronika’s reputation. She was madly in love with her boyfriend and masturbated every night thinking about him until her wrist was lame. She wanted to fuck him, let him take her virginity, but his cock was only very small and much too weak to pierce her firm and hard hymen, they had tried for a long time. She didn’t want to slash it with a knife, that would be the last resort. Veronika took them both home. They sat naked on the huge marital bed and Veronika laid Lisa, the girl, across her lap. The hymen was indeed as hard and firm as leather. Lisa’s large clit was dark red and chafed, the poor child was indeed very tormented by her sexual urges. Veronika tried to deflower her several times with her thumb, but only when she had pierced the hymen with a sharp fingernail and slit it firmly was she able to pierce it properly with her thumb and deflower Lisa. She masturbated Lisa with her thumb and stretched out her index finger so that it automatically rubbed Lisa’s clit. Veronika looked into Lisa’s face with great excitement, reading her growing arousal and her facial expressions in orgasm. Lisa clung to her upper arm with both hands, because her orgasm was strong, almost brutal.

Veronika beckoned to Teddy to come. He wasn’t mute, but he never spoke. Veronika looked at his cock and exclaimed, “Like Michelangelo’s David!”, but the children didn’t understand and shook their heads regretfully, they didn’t know a David. Veronika cursed silently, “What are you guys learning at high school!?”

She let the 17-year-old boy and the bright 15-year-old girl have a test fuck in her marital bed. She took Teddy’s cock in her hand, the handsome young man really did have the cock of an eight-year-old boy, she saw that immediately. She also saw that he had a foreskin constriction. She wanted to know how he squirted when he masturbated and he replied that it oozed out of the front of his foreskin, the glans never came out. With a brutal, energetic tug, Veronika pulled

his foreskin powerfully over the glans, which had never seen the light of day, letting Teddy scream. “You should see a doctor urgently, he can open it up really well, it doesn’t hurt” she said to Teddy, then she placed him on top of Lisa. His cock slipped easily inside and Veronika watched them having their first time. Teddy fucked really well and Lisa got off to a great start and had an orgasm. He squirted a moment later. Veronika immediately lay down next to Lisa and insisted on her paying. Lisa was very embarrassed because she hadn’t told Teddy. Teddy grinned outrageously, he wanted to pay, of course! He fucked Veronika for much longer than Lisa, who watched jealously. He squirted after a long time and rolled to the side, exhausted. Veronika was still aroused by his little boy’s penis and masturbated to orgasm. The two of them watched breathlessly.

Reni, Veronika and René fucked as a threesome once or twice a week, Reni and René on the other days. If it was a dangerous day, Reni would give him a handjob and let him cum in her mouth or down her throat at the end. He loved her lips- and tongue-play. He was now 18 and she was 37, he wanted to study in the state capital after high school and aircraft construction was his choice. They had no idea how envious the Parcae and Norns were of their quiet, satisfying love life. The goddesses of fate had all the time in the world and then struck hard and mercilessly. As usual, they hid their resentment and misdeed behind a positive, generous gesture. They gave Simon the rest of the day off for an extended weekend. Sweet, isn’t it?

Simon was presented with a horrible sight! Lesbian Veronika was lying naked with his wife, his son between his wife’s thighs and he was thrusting and squirting, thrusting and squirting! You could see that clearly by the contracting of his ass cheeks!

Simon roared like a shot wild boar, he tore René off Reni so that his semen splashed over Reni and gave his son a terrible hard blow over the head. René ran upstairs and threw himself on the bed, howling with pain and bleeding all over the pillow. After a while, he heard noises and crept to the stairs, sat down and looked into the room. He saw Simon first, who was sitting naked on a chair, a bottle of booze and a gun next to him, both completely out of the ordinary.

Simon had ordered Reni and Veronika to make lesbian love, he had never seen it before and they did everything out of pure fear of his rage and the gun he was waving around wildly. He had never seen Reni masturbate before, no other woman at all. Now he watched their lovemaking, grinning maliciously, for hours until the evening. And he drank all the booze until the evening. He watched how they masturbated each other, how they each masturbated themselves hard and breathlessly. How they kissed each other with their tongues and licked each other's clits to orgasm. He liked that to watch, damn it! And then the fucking with the clits, he went completely crazy and fucked Reni and Veronika one after the other. He fucked them both as often as he could. He kept ordering Veronika to fuck Reni, clit-to-clit. That was the greatest thing, the old lesbian fucked his young wife's brains out! She fucked Reni to madness, to an insane orgasm and he immediately mounted Veronika and fucked her with all his might. The booze fueled his madness, fueled his raping and fueled his rage. René sat on the stairs and cried because he could no longer stand his father's screaming brutality and hateful rage.

Veronika had just fucked Reni to an insane orgasm when Simon stood up, swaying, and picked up the gun. He stepped up to the bed and shot Veronika in the chest. She fell silently and like a sack. René had jumped up and Simon turned to Reni. He grabbed her by the neck and pointed the gun at her.

"I've only loved you my whole life. I have never cheated on you and I don't deserve this betrayal. I can't hurt you, I never could! — Farewell, my Reni!" Simon put the pistol to his chin from below and pulled the trigger. He slumped lifelessly to the ground. René had dashed off, but he was too late, he couldn't stop his father.

Reni was petrified. But she didn't lose control for a moment, she had experienced both shots as if in a trance, now she had to do something. But what?

René croaked, "Veronika has moved, she's still alive!" Reni yelled at him, she needed a cell phone, now! She bent down to Simon, but he had no pulse. She touched Veronika and heard a soft moan. She asked René for the emergency number and he said 112. Reni spoke

quickly and clearly. A seriously injured person, gunshot wound to the chest. A second seriously injured person, wound to the head. No, not a gunshot wound, but a hard blow to the head. A dead man, gunshot wound under the chin, suicide. No, he has no pulse, he's not breathing. Yes, send the ambulance quickly, the seriously injured person is bleeding like hell. Yes, of course, the police too. Thank you. I'll stay here, of course. Bye.

Reni dressed quickly, as did René. She wrapped a damp towel around his head, then covered Veronika and Simon with a sheet. She didn't touch the bottle of booze or the gun. They waited and Reni gave René instructions on how and what to tell the police. He nodded, that was okay.

Victim is still alive, the emergency doctor said into the radio, she has to get surgery immediately. Simon is dead, the doctor confirmed. He looked at René's head wound, "You're going straight with us, it needs stitches!" and he gave René an injection. He examined Reni, she was uninjured. But she was in shock and he gave her an injection too. "You'd better go with us, we can take better care of you in the hospital and you can stay with your son. Okay?"

It went just as the goddesses of fate had planned. Simon's funeral was 10 days later and Veronika was taken there in a wheelchair by a carer. René and Reni stood silently and calmly in front of the coffin. "It's all my fault!" René whispered in tears, "I've got him on my conscience!" Reni gripped his arm tightly. "Don't talk nonsense! Simon didn't think he could live with it anymore and went crazy."

It took them a week to come to terms with their grief. They only had a small pension, René said he wouldn't go to university but would go to work. Reni looked at him lovingly, "and what does Mr. High School Graduate want to work as? Oh yes, as a stonemason, there's just been a vacancy." René didn't know whether to laugh or not. "I'm going to work, they pay me better" Reni said firmly, "you're definitely going to university and build rockets!" That sounded final, it was final. He corrected, "Airplanes, not rockets, Mom." He knew instinctively that she was right. He said he would work alongside his studies and earn a bit money too. As a draughtsman, he had already

found that out on the Internet and he had submitted an initial application a week before ... the event. Maybe it would work out. Reni nodded, "It's about time you stood on your own two feet." She gave him a kiss on the forehead. "Now you're my only man," she said quietly, "my only one!"

She had decided that yesterday would be the last day they slept side by side like brother and sister. "That's how we do it!" she exclaimed with relief and didn't answer when René asked.

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