

Jack X.
Faber

Mandrake
Volume 6



Mandrake - Volume 6

[The Mademoiselle](#)

[In Blizzard](#)

[Andromeda](#)

[Kosaken](#)

[Cyprus boozing](#)

[Little Lin](#)

[The Little Muck](#)

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

The Mademoiselle

by Jack Faber © 2023

Jou, whose full name was Juliette, who lived with her mother in the village of La Crique in Brittany, had finally got a good job in the castle of the same name when she was 16. She had no father or 5, because her mother had told her that it had to be one of the 5 craftsmen who renovated the chapel with the devil's bell. Her mother was young at the time, not ugly and very impulsive. She let all 5 boys fuck her every night, for 14 days the Breton boys worked in the chapel. One of them was her father, a true Breton like her. Juliette got her thick black hair, sharp-cut face and bright blue eyes from them both.

The Devil's Bell was so named because at the moment of its inauguration, it fell unspectacularly from a height of a good 6 meters and dug itself half a meter diagonally into the ground. The villagers had no money to dig it up and buy a new one, so it blocked the entrance for over 100 years. A new door was built and any childless woman, who stuck her fingers in the deep crack of the bell when she entered could hope to get miraculously conceive.

Jou arrived at the castle with her bundle over her shoulder. She introduced herself to the cook, she was the new kitchen help. The cook was a friendly, cheerful person of indeterminable age, very plump and her holey, shabby work dress mainly covered her huge, heavy breasts, the rest up to her navel was more or less not responsibly for covering. The cook gave her a sisterly hug and they talked for a while about this and that. Jou didn't know where she could sleep, because it was an hour's walk to her mother's house. But she wanted to spend her day off with her mother. The cook took a pot from the fire and accompanied her to Monsieur Ede, who was in charge of the stables. Monsieur Ede, wrinkled like jagged coastal rocks and probably dating back to the time of legendary King Arthur, was a hard-working, good man. He said kindly that she could sleep upstairs with the straw bales or down here with him, but unfortunately he was a loud snorer. "And he farts all night," added Madame Paulette, the cook, giving the old man a friendly pat on the side.

“I’ll sleep upstairs then, Monsieur,” said Jou, her mind racing; the cook must have slept with him at some point. Monsieur Ede showed her the ladder and she even found a few horse blankets upstairs. It was surprisingly warm, but there were dozens of animals in the stables below. She put on her mother’s old work dress and went into the kitchen with Paulette. The work wasn’t hard, but it went on until late in the evening. Tired, she walked to the stable, quietly passed the soundly sleeping Ede and lay down upstairs to sleep. She could only doze superficially, because she woke up at the slightest noise the animals made.

She woke up. Soft whispers and whispers. She rolled over and looked down. A boy and a girl stood nestled together in the strip of light that filtered in from outside. Jou watched the two of them cuddling and kissing for a while, something not often seen in the village. The girl reached into the young man’s pants and pulled out his stiff cock. Jou held her breath, she had never seen a cock this close before. The girl rubbed his cock for 10 minutes, then she held it up to the pig’s cage and let it squirt in. She wrapped the cock up, they kissed for a long time and then they scampered out. Jou was beside herself, it was the first time she had seen the cock rubbing and squirting. She turned to go back to sleep, but another couple arrived. Jou watched from above again and after the cuddling, the girl pulled his cock out again, rubbed it much faster than the other and let it squirt on the floor. Jou’s heart was pounding all the way up to her throat.

Every evening, two or three couples came, the girls rubbed their cocks and Paulette, the cook, asked her with a grin if there were still couples sneaking into the stable? Jou nodded with a bright red head, but Paulette smiled good-naturedly. At one point she explained to Jou that all men had to cum every night, it was nature’s idea. Most of them rubbed themselves, but if one had a girlfriend, she did it for him, it was considered a deed of love. Jou had no idea about any of this and she thanked Madame Paulette. She didn’t always have to say Madame, Paulette was alright.

One evening, a pair of lovers climbed up the ladder. The girl realized that Jou was lying in the blankets, presumably this was their

love nest. She put her index finger to her lips and shook her head. She smiled kindly, took one of the many blankets and spread it over the bale of straw. Jou pulled her blanket up to her chin as the girl pulled her dress over her head and lay naked on the blanket. The young lad had taken off his doublet and shirt and now the girl pulled down his trousers. He lay down between the girl's thighs. She inserted his cock into her slit and then they fucked for 10 minutes. Jou's heart was pounding in her throat again, she had never seen that before! Yes, dogs and pigs jumped on each other and fucked, you saw that sometimes. But now she saw it, an arm's length away! She could clearly see the girl's hole and the cock thrusting into her hole. He suddenly sped up and then slowed down. He's probably squirting now, Jou thought, she'd heard about it. The girl whispered disappointedly, "I haven't had it again!" and he shrugged, "I can't take any more!" Jou suddenly had to think of her mother, she had had 5 boys in a row, maybe she had had it then? But what? Jou didn't know.

The days went by, Jou watched many girls rubbing and squirting, and almost every night a couple came to fuck. Jou soon knew the girls, but they usually brought other men with them. They all fucked in the same way, the most guys squirted deep inside and most girls rubbed their pussies lustfully, when being fucked. Sometimes a girl ripped out his cock, whispering "not today!" and rubbed the cock by hand, making him squirting upon her cunt or belly. Jou watched them with interest, because one day she would have a man too. But she would only fuck someone who wanted to marry her. She had had to swear that to her mother and she took every vow very seriously. Now she could understand better than before what her mother meant when she said that she was now going to such and such guy to get fucked properly. Her mother made no secret of the fact that she already had a child and had little chance of finding someone to marry. But Jou was still an untouched virgin, that was important to get married. Her mother said that if you no longer had a chance, you could fuck whoever you wanted. And of course even if you were married, you need variety, you can't just eat always carrots every day!

Old Monsieur Ede had a new assistant, his name was Jean and he was an enthusiastic horse groom. When Jou and he saw each other for the first time, they both froze. She could only see his beautiful

Breton face, she couldn't see anything else. She had never been in love and, if you looked at it closely, neither had Jean. He was already 25 and 7 years older than Jou, but this time he saw her, and everything before that was just trivial trash. Lord Jesus, Jean, the darling of all women, had been struck by lightning, no, by Cupid's arrow! For the first time, he was more in love than ever before.

They shook hands and murmured their names, but Monsieur Ede urged him on. They could chat or beak after work, chuckled the old man, who understood. So Jou and Jean spent every free minute together. She showed him her sleeping place and he kissed her for the first time. She spat out, he had stuck his tongue in her mouth! Jean sighed with desire and the realization that she had no idea of anything. He took it much slower now and soon she was able to kiss properly.

She leaned her head against his shoulder and told him everything, the girls who made the boys squirt and the lovers who fucked next to her at arm's length. Jean asked if she fucked too, but she shook her head in horror and told him about the oath she had sworn in front of her mother. She had had to swear in the Old Language, it was an oath of life and death. He nodded, he was of the same opinion, he was a Breton after all. Jou kept talking, if he wanted to, she could do it to him by hand. He was surprised, but Jou prattled on, she had seen it a hundred times from up here and Paulette had said that a good friend should do it as a deed of love. She was desperate to get Jean to see her as his girlfriend, as his girl. He was desperate too, he hadn't fucked in a day only to be told that this lovely girl wasn't available.

He finally nodded. "You're my girlfriend now and I totally need you to do me now!" They were sitting on top of their roost with their legs dangling in the air. Jou was incredibly excited and unzipped his pants. Trembling with fear and excitement, she searched for his cock and pulled it out. It was almost as big as her forearm. She breathed excitedly, "I've never seen one this big before!" Jean nodded self-satisfied, "Mine is the biggest far and wide, that's why I'm every woman's favorite! There isn't a woman over 19 within a day's ride that I haven't fucked yet!" he said proudly and Jou held the cock in

her hand reverently. "Don't show off like that, you lout!" she scolded kindly, "and what do you do with those under 19?" He laughed. "The younger ones rarely know what they actually want. They're very snooty and want to steal my time. It's no fun, I've been fucking since I was 15, so ten years now, and there have always been plenty of more mature women." Jou still cradled the big thing in her hand and said, "Pah! Anyone in the vicinity! Ha! Don't make me laugh, so certainly not my mother!" He asked her mother's full name and thought for a few moments. "I knew one, over in La Crique, who had a few bunches of herbs above her double bed and several rosaries hanging there, three of them. I had to sneak up to her in the dark so as not to wake her little daughter!" Jou slapped her free hand over her mouth, "My God, that's my mother!" He tried to reassure her, "She fucked excellently, better than many others! I've been with her quite a lot and felt very good with her."

Jou stared at the cock. A strange shiver trickled down her spine. This cock had fucked her mother at some point, apparently several times, maybe even often, so she would question her mother Pernille very carefully, damn it! And if he was telling the truth, her mother was good to fuck. She had heard from Jean's descriptions that he was very concerned that the woman also had her pleasure during sex. Jou didn't yet know how it worked in practice, of course, but she loved her Jean even more. She carefully pulled back the foreskin and looked at the glans and the hole. She looked questioningly at Jean and he nodded. She clutched the cock and rubbed it. It was exciting and great. When he cummed, she let the semen splash down onto the floor in a high arc. He put the cock away with satisfaction. "That was really great, do you really want to be my girl and make me squirt all the time?" She kissed him and let her tongue linger on his. "Yes, I want to do that, I want to be your girl!" He rocked his head back and forth. "I accept that you don't want to fuck yet, but I have to fuck one or the other, without question." She looked very distressed and he tried to reassure her. It was only a physical thing, his heart was with her. It was something that always bothered her, no matter how he said it.

Jou was under stress. The old count had invited his 4 best friends and their ladies to celebrate the turn of the century 1900 together.

Jean had calculated that she was born around 1883 or 1882, because she hadn't known that. Paulette and she cooked a feast for 10 people and Monsieur Ede and Jean also got something special. Paulette winked as she gave Jou the plate for Jean and added more vegetables. "Your new boy?" she asked with a grin and Jou blushed. "Yes, I'm his girl now, I get to make him cum every day!" Paulette's grin became really wide. "The boy has the biggest one far and wide!" she said in a conspiratorial tone. "Have you fucked him too?" Jou asked, a little disappointed, but Paulette pushed her out without answering.

She made Jean cum every day. He asked if she would let him cum in her mouth, but she shook her head in disgust. She liked to lick and suck him, but squirt into her mouth? No, ugh! They told each other all about their earlier life, she had been given strict lessons by her mother, reading, writing and a little arithmetic, but only as much as was needed for everyday life. She learned proper French from her and also a little of the old language, because the colloquial language, the local dialect, was a mixture of both languages. She had read three books about the legend of King Arthur, as the noble king was her mother's favorite.

Jean and the pirate

Jean interrupted her, his grandfather had read the legend of Arthur to him several times when he was 6 or 7.

The grandfather had explained to him exactly what was hidden between the lines. Arthur fucked his own sister until she had a son by him. Guinevere cheated on her husband and king and fucked Lancelot, Lancelot cheated on her too, of course, and fucked Elaine. Merlin fucked Nimue until the false snake locked him up in an enchanted forest. So he learned from his grandfather how important fucking was and what havoc it could cause. His grandfather had every reason to scold him, his grandmother had borne him three children and had run off with a 19-year-old Italian man in the darned 7th year. That really pissed him off, since then he fucked all the women

in the household, his only daughter most of all, but also the housekeeper, the cook and all the female helpers, until his cock dried up.

The grandfather was something of a pirate. Jean couldn't remember the big house with dozens of female employees any more, and he couldn't remember the beautiful grandmother. Grandfather Jerome had had to sell the big house, evil tongues claimed, to buy his way out of prosecution for multiple murders. Jean only remembered their last home, a single room for all three of them.

The little pecker couldn't fall asleep because his grandfather and his mother were fucking like berserkers. Jean remembered his Grandfather's big cock thrusting tirelessly into Mom's pee hole. Jean began to squirt at the age of 9 and Grandfather urged Mom to finally teach the little one, how to fuck. Mom steadfastly refused for a few days. Then she said to his grandfather, "okay, but I'll do it my way, the way of the Old Wiccans." Surprisingly, the grandfather immediately gave in and later explained to the little one that the Wiccans were the good witches of the Old People, and that his mother, like himself, still belonged to the Old People and was a powerful Wiccan. This reassured the little boy very much. His mother explained to him that she had to cast a great, important spell, that it would not hurt, on the contrary. She crushed various herbs in a bowl to make a paste, which she rubbed onto his cock. It burned like hell, she muttered her spells tirelessly and the cock grew and grew red and redder. He had to stand in front of her, she licked, sucked and stroked his cock in her mouth, licking the paste away and then spoke a very long spell in the old language. Then he had to work hard and squirt into her mouth. The first few days it didn't work at all, she had to rub him from start to finish until he finally squirted into her mouth. She kissed her little one and sent him to bed. The spell made him so tired and sleepy that he fell asleep immediately. After a week of the same procedure, he managed to squirt into her mouth for the first time and fell asleep immediately. She said you could already tell that his cock had gotten bigger because of the spells. Grandfather took his cock provingly in his hand and nodded satisfied. She no longer rubbed him until he squirted, she just teased him with her tongue until he squirted. The boy now managed to cum twice in her mouth, for the second time applying the paste, which burnt like hell, then licking the paste away,

rubbing his red hot cock in her mouth and letting him squirt inside, and she was very happy with how well it worked. She no longer rubbed him until he squirted, she just teased him with her tongue until he squirted. When he was able to squirt twice the next week without her rubbing him with her hand and she just let her tongue dance until he squirted, the spell was complete. Then, from the next day, she taught the little one how to fuck very carefully and he was allowed to fuck her hard and very powerfully every day from then on. Before fucking, the woman had to lick the cock clean with lots of saliva, she explained, so that it didn't infect the pussyhole. He understood and nodded, it was so fine the way she licked the cock that he often squirted into her mouth. But she weighed his cock in her hand, it was no longer a child's penis, by God it wasn't, it was a young man's cock! She let him fuck her every night, twice if he wanted. And he should learn to hold back the squirting and fuck the woman or girl really hard and very powerfully until she had an orgasm and only then he should squirt. He nodded that he would do that way or practise until it worked! The grandfather watched with a smile and patted Jean on the shoulders, "That'll be fine, big boy, he's really getting bigger!" Then he fucked Mom hard, as he was doing every night, and Jean learned a lot in the process. He was really believing, that the paste and the spells made his cock that big.

Grandfather cultivated his image as a pirate, he was a tough Breton with a sharp hooked nose and a gold ring in his earlobe. When he went to the pub on Friday nights to drink with his friends, his comrades in arms, he would put on the antiquarian tricorne hat he had bought from a tandler and cover one eye with a black eye patch. Sometimes left, sometimes right, he made fun of confusing the people in the little town. Leaning on his walking stick, he hobbled through the alleyways, feigning a stiff leg. The women crossed themselves and dragged the children into the house when the sinister pirate walked through the alley.

He came home late at night with a little buzz and threw his walking stick precisely into the holder, straight as a die or whirling all around. He never missed the mark. The toothpick — as he called the walking stick — is the only good weapon a pirate needed to defeat an opponent. He was rumored to have sent a dozen captains, boat mates

and cardsharpers to Davy Jones at the bottom of the oceans with the toothpick or his bare hands.

Jean was quite sure that the Grandfather was his biological father, because only he and the Grandfather fucked Mom, not a single other man had ever fucked her, she said before she died. He was 14 when Mom said goodbye to Jean very seriously after fucking them both, saying she was going to heaven tonight. The next morning she was dead. The district doctor found no cause of death and he wrote 'heart failure' on the death certificate because he didn't want to look like an incompetent fool in front of his colleagues.

Grandpa Jerome was bitter and devastated, never speaking a word to anyone again, only to Jean one-word sentences. He died four months after Mama, he had hugged Jean very lovingly and said, "tonight Davy Jones is taking me to his watery grave!" The next morning he was dead. The county doctor shook his head in despair, the old pirate had drowned in his bed, 10 kilometers from the English Channel! How could a decent Christian drown in his bed!? He crossed himself panicking in horror and wrote 'cirrhosis of the liver, alcoholism' on the death certificate, he didn't want to look like a complete fool in front of his colleagues.

Jean was now an orphan, he had lost his father and mother in a very short space of time and cried one day and one night, sold the room and set off with a handful of coins in his pocket. He was soon a well-liked stable boy and went out with the other horse grooms in the evenings to fuck the maids or the mistress. When the mistress found out from the maids what talent little Jean had, she called him and never let him go until the last day. A few mistresses had the decency to banish the husband to another room. But most of them didn't care at all that the husband was sitting, lying or snoring next to them. They let the stable boy with the great talent fuck them, from orgasm to orgasm, until they were both exhausted. He was slipped many a gold coin in his hand and that sealed his mouth. He preferred to sleep in fine linen rather than on bales of straw in the stables. He fucked his way through all the beds in the region and soon knew all the girls between the ages of 13 and 60. Jou interrupted him. "I thought none under 20?" Jean scratched his head. "The 13-year-old

had already blossomed like an 18-year-old and was as in heat as a mare. It didn't happen very often." Jou sensed that he wasn't telling the whole truth, but she kept quiet.

They both laughed heartily, because his grandfather's insights of the fucking business of the legendary King were quite accurate. Jou sighed that she now also knew what suffering meant, because he, Jean, broke her heart every day by fucking other girls. And she had embarrassingly interrogated her mother, who had then admitted everything. Her mother wasn't too old yet and still had many lovers, at least for one night. Jou felt like an adult for the first time, because her mother spoke to her openly and honestly and no longer like to a small child. Her mother told her about fucking all the men she could remember and the others didn't deserve to be mentioned. Jou said he mustn't fuck her mother anymore, she would hold it against him!

Jean had been in Paris for months now, writing a letter every week. He was very happy with his job, he got a much higher salary and one day he wrote to tell her to come, she had a job! Jou said goodbye to her mother and the lovely people at the château and took the stagecoach to Paris. Jean picked her up from the stagecoach station in his count's carriage. She still had the first day off, the service didn't start until the next day. She no longer had to sleep with the cattle in the stable, but in a large stately double bed with a colleague, Fleur.

She was appointed to go to the housekeeper as soon as she arrived. She had to be addressed as Madame, after all, this was a respectable and important house! Jou was informed of everything Madame considered important. Jou was delighted at how much money she received for the six-day week, the pay was really impressive. Madame, who was an old, withered tree, emphasized at the end that the male and female staff were not allowed to have intimate contact with each other. Jou had to ask, because she didn't understand the phraseology. Madame looked at her disapprovingly. "No fucking with the men, you understand?" Jou nodded, no, she wasn't fucking anyone yet, she was an untouched virgin. The corner of Madame's mouth twitched.

Then to the next point. Each employee was given a compartment in the large steel safe where he or she could leave valuables, tips and so on. She had the only key and you could come here every day at 9 sharp and deposit something. Unfortunately, said Madame with a Good Friday look, there had been embarrassments in the past, so the Count had decided to do this. Jou was to go to Madame Pelletier in the basement, she would get the service clothes from her. Madame nodded, everything was said, Jou could go.

The first night was already exciting. Fleur, her roommate, was a very friendly and direct woman, 42 years old, from Picardy. She took the time to explain everything to Jou. But of course she could have relations with someone else, for God's sake, that was just a hobby-horse of the old housekeeper, who nobody wanted to fuck anymore and who was usually addressed as Majordomus, so that was a plus. There was a dead letter box in the kitchen, an old lunch box. The staff would put their note in for their loved one or anyone else they wanted to fuck. It was as simple as that. Fleur helped her stow her few belongings and the uniforms in the box. Then they went to bed and Jou breathed a sigh of relief at how naturally Fleur undressed and got into bed naked. Jou didn't have a nightgown with her, she had slept naked in the stable of course and she only had a nightgown at home, but she had forgotten it there.

Jou couldn't fall asleep. Fleur jerked violently back and forth as if she was rubbing a boy's cock to make him cum, then a stifled scream and then it was dead quiet. Jou asked into the darkness, "Fleur, are you all right? Or is something wrong? Are you ill?" She listened and heard Fleur laugh softly and chuckle. "All good, Juliette, I just made myself." After a pause, "I was just rubbing my clit!" Jou said, she didn't understand what the clit was? Silence.

Fleur turned on the bedside lamp and looked at her, puzzled. "The clitoris! Your pleasure spot!" The 42-year-old looked at the 19-year-old in confusion. "Every woman has a clitoris!" Jou also sat up, "Not me, I don't have one!" Fleur threw her blanket on the floor and spread her legs. She parted her labia with her fingers and pointed to her clitoris with her index finger. Jou now spread her legs as well. She looked down and said, "look, I don't have one!"

Fleur was desperate, was she acting stupid or did she know nothing? She leaned over and touched Jou's clit with one finger. "There it is, small and well hidden, but it's there, your pleasure spot!" Jou felt an unfamiliar sensation, this was a pleasure spot? Fleur smiled, "don't you ever do it to yourself?" she asked incredulously as Jou nodded and shook her head. "And what do you do with a pleasure spot?" Fleur struggled for words. "You rub it when you feel like it but don't have anyone to fuck. Or if you haven't had an orgasm while fucking." In a flash, the image of the girl appeared in her head, the girl who hadn't had "it" and the guy had just shrugged his shoulders gruffly. The girl had rubbed between her legs for a moment, then they had left. "And how does that work?" asked Jou. Fleur crawled over to her, laid her on her back and spread her legs. "I'll show you," she said, rubbing Jou's clit to orgasm. "This is the orgasm that releases the sexual tension, that's when the urge really pushes and squeezes you. Okay, do you understand?" Jou nodded, this was very important, what she had now learned. "I do it every night, at my age you find fewer and fewer men to fuck." Fleur crawled back into her half of the bed, turned out the light and they fell asleep.

The service was easier than at the château, Count Armand de Montbradouille was a jovial, garrulous gentleman with an affluent belly and was one of the first in Paris to have a telephone. He was very proud of it and talked on the phone all day long. Jou would one day understand that he was neither a real count nor did his business empire consist of more than one person, himself. But he traded very successfully with other people's money, advised very well and made a ton of money for his customers. He also cheated inconspicuously and had become very rich in the process. Only twice in his life as a financial genius and thief, had the customer discovered the shortfall and made a complaint. Both times he had cleverly talked his way out of it without jeopardizing his reputation. He had to bridge a momentary liquidity shortage and wanted to transfer the amount next month, but he would come by today and bring the money. Count Armand rode off immediately and settled the matter. He rode around the Jardin de Luxembourg for 20 minutes every day since it was closed to riders. Although he owned a carriage, he rode. Dressed like a gentleman in the latest London fashion, he rode out, the rich count, often accompanied by Jean in his uniform. He owned three riding stal-

lions, beautiful, fiery Trakehners, and rode a different one every day. He also owned a racehorse in a racing stable, the mare won many prizes and the count raked in a fortune in prize money and bets. Jean was his stable master and had managed to get an old, lazy mare bought for the stallions right from the start. The old brewery horse only bucked on the first few days when Jean had a stallion mounted, but she now let herself be mated peacefully and lamblike by a stallion, a different one every day. Jean left the dirty work to the two 13-year-old stable boys and rode out twice a day with the stallions that the Count was not riding today. Jean wore a very impressive hussar uniform with the embroidered coat of arms, he impressed the Parisians and, of course, the Parisian women and girls. He was not the count's stable master, the count had said, but his chief stable master.

Count Armand's wife had run off with her 17-year-old Spanish guitar teacher, leaving only his pimply-faced son, 16-year-old Gilles, living here in the city palace. He dizzied his way through school and was otherwise only to be found in the kitchen. But not to eat, oh no, just to fuck the fat Dutch cook as often as he could. Everyone knew about it, everyone despised him. He could have had any girl, but he only wanted fat Gertrud with the fat ass. She let him fuck her at any time in the pantry, as often as he wanted, standing up or bent over a sack. It was nothing special for Gertrud, because she had a son born out of wedlock at the same age, who took turns fucking her with Gilles half a dozen times a day. That was normal for Gertrud and nothing special, she sighed resignedly. Allegedly Gilles had to pay half a gold franc each time, which was worth about 25 francs, but perhaps that was just a rumor.

Jean could sneak up to Jou every night. He lay down in the middle, between Jou and Fleur. Fleur stopped breathing when she saw his cock for the first time. But she held back, Jean belonged to Juliette, that was for sure. Fleur remained silent, but her eyes registered everything attentively. Jou got Jean really hot with cuddling and French kissing, then she rubbed his cock with her perfect technique, as she had done for over a year, and made him cum in a high arc. It was only one morning that Fleur said to Jou, "If you ever don't want him anymore, I'll gladly take him, even kissing your hand!" Jou nod-

ded, grateful to Fleur for letting her do whatever she wanted with Jean. When Jean had gone out at night, she masturbated like Fleur did before falling asleep.

Count Armand greeted her with a hearty handshake when she served his tea early in the morning. He looked her up and down and suddenly grabbed her bosom. The damn uniform was so stupidly cut that her breasts were completely exposed at this touch. “No, no, don’t,” said the count, looking at her breasts with such a look that Jou felt defiled. She ignored his command and covered her breasts again. He looked at her body for minutes and she felt his gaze stripping her naked. She took half a step back, away from him, out of his reach. He cleared his throat.

“The girls who serve me are all beautiful and pretty. You, however, are the most beautiful of them all, I’ll give you that! Well, the girls know that I’m all about beauty and eroticism and if they let me, I reward them with francs, a lot of francs in fact. Well, how about you, would you be interested in being my Wednesday wife?”

Jou was completely taken aback, what a cheeky guy. After all, he was very clear about what he wanted. She thought about how she wanted to answer him. He beat her to it.

“I’m banging the door down, and of course you have to think about it. Please tell me next Monday what you’ve decided.” Jou was free to go. She had five days left to spit in his face and leave. She walked down the marble stairs and went straight to her room, she wanted to throw herself on the bed and cry. Fleur had seen her coming down and ran after her, into the room.

Fleur held Jou in her arms and let her cry. When Jou stopped crying, she had to tell Fleur everything. Jou was amazed at how calmly Fleur took the monstrosity. Fleur took her tear-stained face in her hands and said, “Now listen to me carefully, dear.” She waited until Jou was ready to listen to her. “I’m 42 now and I’ve been here for almost 20 years. I’ve been destitute all my youth, I’ve starved and frozen, it wasn’t fun. When I was crouching beside the road in winter to piss, I would hold my fingers over it to keep them a little warm.

How often did I go with a complete stranger just to have a warm room, a warm meal, a warm bed and a warm cock. Then Madame, the Majordomo, took notice of my beauty. She brought me here, I didn't work as hard as I used to, I had a warm bed and enough to eat. I became Armand's Saturday wife and still am today. I get an extra half a month's pay every Saturday, that's 3 months' pay a month! I decided against hunger and morality back then. But I've saved up so much that I can always stand on my own two feet. He'll get tired of me one day and take another Saturday wife, I don't care. I'll never go hungry again!"

Fleur stroked Jou's hair as if she were her daughter. "You need to think hard and decide in five days. You only have two choices, if I see it right. Firstly, you can resist him, and I wouldn't bet on whether Madame will want to keep you or put you out on the street. Or secondly, you can go my way. Then you only have to keep three things in mind."

Jou stopped crying a long time ago. She straightened up and asked, "what three things?" Fleur looked at her seriously. "You must decide, first, whether the Count or Jean may have you first, to whom you will give your maidenhead. Secondly, you need a sidereal calendar and thirdly, you need to consider how much Armand will have to pay for each fuck."

Jou buried her face against Fleur's neck. She had long since made up her mind, but she needed advice. "How do I tell Jean? That I want to give him my virginity, of course, even though I've sworn to give myself only to the man who will marry me? Should I ask him to marry me one day, even though the count will dishonor me week after week? I wouldn't care about the money, but I've listened to you carefully. If I have a family one day, I'll need every Sou I can earn now. So I won't do it cheaply for the count!"

Jou asked into the long silence what that was, the Siberian calendar? Fleur laughed uproariously. "It's called the sidereal calendar, it's a lunar calendar. You can use it to avoid pregnancy. At the time, I thought very carefully about whether I shouldn't let Armand get me pregnant and force him to marry me. But I found out from Madame

Majordomus' curriculum vitae that that would never work. She bore him a bastard, but he didn't want to marry her, he later married the snooty, beggarly count's daughter, who was "of class". Majordomus had to give their child to an orphanage, where the poor worm died, not even a year old. We'll do the lunar calendar tomorrow and I'll explain everything to you. Now come on, dinner! And then Jean will join you. I can't wait to see what your boy with the giant cock is made of!"

Jean lay down between the two women and something was up. Jou wasn't rubbing his cock yet, she was stroking it thoughtfully.

"Jean, are you the man who will marry me one day?" asked Jou. He nodded without hesitation, "Yes, I will! I've wanted this since the first moment!" Jou stroked his cock very slowly and gently. "Jean, will you marry me and fuck me so I don't lose my job?" Jean was now startled. "Fuck yes, marry yes, but lose your job, no! Why lose your job, what does it all mean!?" Jou stopped stroking his cock and looked at him seriously. "If you want to marry me one day despite everything, I will give you my virginity! Then you shall be the first man to fuck me. Because the count wants to fuck me once a week and he will pay dearly for it!" Now it was out, she turned her head away and let him think. Jean only needed a split second, he knew the rumor that the count fucked one of his maids every day, a different one every day. Allegedly he fucked the stern, ugly majordomo in the princely marriage bed every Sunday morning, who had to fuck his morning wood away. He had never been interested, as the strangest rumors were flying around the house. Jean fucked one of the girls every midday when the count rode out. But none of them admitted to fucking the count. "The count? Where are you thinking!" Jean sat up resolutely.

"Are you saying that you're going to fuck the fine gentleman once a week for money, like a cheap whore?" Jou winced, because he was only telling the naked truth. Fleur had been lying with her back to them and hadn't said anything so far. But now she spun around like a fury and grabbed his arm. "Cheap? No, never, the guy has to pay a lot, because Juliette is not a cheap whore!" Fleur was really outraged because Jean seemed to have such a humiliating, typically male view.

Jou looked directly at Jean. “I can leave here if you prefer. I was looking forward to three things in particular, but they’re not that important. I wanted it to be you to whom I gave my virginity, and no one else. I was looking forward to fucking you every night like a decent girl should. And I wanted to save every Sou, every Franc, so that one day we could both start a family and not go hungry. But you’re right, I’m not a cheap whore!” There were minutes of silence. Everyone was thinking. Jean stared at Fleur’s slightly open cleft, he had never seen it up close before.

Jou turned her back on the two of them, she wanted to sleep or cry, cry or sleep. She only listened with half an ear, because Fleur was being hard on him. There were only two solutions: go away or get fucked for a lot of money. The old count once a week, but he could fuck his sweetheart every night, seven times a week. Jou closed her eyes, she sensed very clearly that Jean would give in. And she was looking forward to giving him her virginity, to fucking him. He was her favorite and she wanted to fuck him today, one way or another.

Fleur was on a roll. This donkey of Jean’s needed to be pulled over the line, pushed and kicked. It was natural to him, apparently, that Juliette was his. He was not prepared to share her with anyone else. Fleur snorted contemptuously at how dishonest his view was, knowing that he fucked the count’s girls at lunchtime, he simply took what belonged to the other!? And what feelings Juliette had to endure!? Fleur touched his big, glorious cock as if by chance and stroked it briefly like Juliette before. The cock was half as long as his thigh and it was a so-called meat cock. It was always half stiff and you could keep fucking it even after it had cum. Fleur loved cocks like that because they were guaranteed to fuck her to orgasm. Count Armand had a shrinking cock, he would fuck her for a few minutes, cum and shrivel up into a useless worm. No chance of getting an orgasm. Fleur pulled herself together, she couldn’t rub him to squirt or think about fucking him!

It was getting very late. Fleur had dragged the petulant donkey by his ears to the feeding trough. He had made his decision and said ambiguously to Fleur that the count would have to pay dearly for his lust! He leaned over Jou, kissed her on the eyes and whispered,

“Come fuck, my love!” Jou woke up fully. He didn’t have to say anything, she could see it in his eyes. She hugged him spontaneously, “we’ll stay together, together forever!” She turned onto her back, opening her thighs with shining eyes. “I’m ready!”

Fleur knelt beside him, grabbed his cock and steered it towards Juliette’s pussy hole. She let go of him. He kissed Jou with love. “Be my wife!” he said in the Old Language and penetrated with a quick jerk. He pressed his cock forward, deeper and deeper, until he reached the end. Tears beaded from Jou’s eyes. Fleur leaned over her, kissed the tears away and kissed her on the lips. Jou’s heart leapt; never before had a woman kissed her on the lips! She opened her lips and returned Fleur’s French kiss. Jou had never French kissed anyone other than Jean and for sure no girl, but now she kissed her motherly friend wildly and with increasing lust. Jean put his foot down and fucked Jou with strong, firm thrusts. He could feel Jou’s growing excitement and the approach of her orgasm. He increased the tempo and Fleur broke away from Juliette’s lips. Jou reacted to the orgasm with a soft cry, clung tightly to Jean and her pussy throbbed strongly against him in orgasm. Then she suddenly relaxed. She patiently continued to let herself be fucked until he cummed. He rolled between the two of them.

They whispered, hugging and kissing, for a long time. They agreed on how it could go down. He would cope with her being fucked by the Count every Wednesday morning. She asked him if the rumor was true that he fucked the girls at lunchtime. He was taken aback, but admitted it immediately. But that was because they hadn’t fucked before. But from now on he would stop, I promise! She thought about it for a moment, “That’s not fair, I fuck another man once a week. It’s only fair if you fuck someone else too. Just tell me who it should be!” Of course she knew who she would suggest, but he was supposed to tell her. He was still thinking back and forth when she whispered in his ear, “Fleur, of course!” He would never have thought of it, but he nodded. Fleur was good, Fleur would accept him, Fleur meant neither competition nor danger. He nodded, “Yes, then Fleur!”

They just couldn’t wait. The very next evening, after they had fucked, Jou nudged Fleur. She spun around, “Yes!?” Jou whispered

to her. Fleur was visibly surprised, and she nodded enthusiastically after a moment. Jou asked her if she didn't want to look at the Siberian calendar first, but that only elicited a small smile from Fleur. "Girl, I'm already 42, I don't need a calendar anymore!" She hugged Jean, they cuddled and kissed until they were both ready. "But do it very carefully first, my pussy hole is really tight, much tighter than Juliette's!"

Jean nodded and penetrated very carefully, giving Fleur's pussy time to adjust. Jou was a little jealous, but she quickly got over it. She watched closely as Jean's cock slowly entered Fleur's hole like a fat worm. Further and further until he was deep inside. He took a short break and gave Fleur a long French kiss, their tongues tonguing and fighting with each other like little snakes. Then they started to fuck. They both fucked each other, Fleur fucked him hard. She was not one to lie there like a dead plank. Jou watched everything very closely and attentively, because there were two masters at work. So she learned from Fleur how to fuck properly and how the woman herself could ensure her own orgasm. After Fleur's first orgasm, he simply carried on fucking, because he had previously fucked Jou and needed longer. He squirted just as Fleur's second orgasm broke loose. They hugged each other tightly for a long time and gasped for air. Then the three of them lay next to each other for a long time, whispering. Jean said a little tactlessly to Jou that his cock was too big and didn't fit all the way in her, but in Fleur's his cock had gone all the way in, just like it had in her mother's as well. Jou snapped that he shouldn't keep talking about her mother's pussyhole, it was disrespectful. But after some days it turned out that his cock did fit into her hole, so everyone was happy. Fleur said that only one person had ever had a cock that big, and that was her father. She told them the whole story about fucking her father for 15 years. She fucked him every day, even when she was already working for the count. She was able to sneak him into her room every night and send him away after midnight. But the Majordomus had put an end to that. Fleur could describe everything wonderfully in naughty and spicy words. Jean went to his room very late.

Monday morning Jou went into the count's study and waited motionless, the count stared at her greedily and lustfully and fucked the

girl for another half minute, then squirted inside her cunthole, groaning and grunting. Jou waited completely unimpressed until the girl had dressed and disappeared with a shy, shameful sideways glance at her. She looked straight at the count, sure of herself, and agreed to meet him on Wednesday. Yes, of course she would shower beforehand, that was a matter of course. And she wanted 250 Francs each time. He thought about it for a moment, there was no negotiating with this determined girl. He nodded, "See you on Wednesday then!" Jou left quickly, the pact was made and she had no desire to haggle with the old man.

Jou and Jean stayed with the count for another three years. Jean didn't just fuck Fleur once a week, it expanded. He fucked his lover's lusty girlfriend three or four times a week, which was okay for all three of them. One evening, when Jean had already left, the drunken son of the count staggered into their bedroom. Gilles could hardly stand on his feet, but he was determined to fuck the beautiful young girl, because fat Gertrude had already gone home. He dropped heavily onto the bed next to Jou. Fleur whispered softly, could the calendar be alright? Jou nodded, no problem. "Then, young Sir, it'll cost two gold francs or 50 in bills, whichever of us you want!" The 17 or 18-year-old had already half undressed and said in an uncertain voice, "Excuse me, Madame Fleur, but you're too old for me if I don't offend you." He dug a gold coin out of his vest pocket and placed it on the bedside table. Jou took his clothes off completely and patted his face softly until he was half sober. She pointed to his cock. "He's not ready yet," she said and neither she nor Fleur wanted to rub him hard. His cock really was a pathetic worm and both women crouched in front of him and watched broad grinning as he masturbated and gradually got his small cock hard. Jou let him fuck her without emotion, not cuddling or kissing him. He was wobbly even when kneeling, but he fucked very bravely, the little boy. Less than two minutes later he squirted, got dressed with a groan and rolled off. Jou waited until he reached the marble staircase and went off, then she burst out laughing with a snort. "Quite the Daddy! A little worm, barely two minutes and that's it, Mademoiselle!" Now Fleur was laughing too. She said later that she fully understood why the countess had run off with the young Spaniard. He had made the countess scream so loudly that you could hear her all the way down here.

Jou was insanely curious and brought tea to the Count's bedroom every Sunday morning, of course she knew exactly when she wanted to show up. Madame Majordomus was completely naked and rode the Count's amazingly large morning wood, otherwise his cock was much smaller. Jou stayed in the background and watched them, the Majordomus slid back and forth for fifteen minutes. Her breasts were wrinkled, empty sacks that slapped in rhythm. She began to bounce up and down firmly as he seemed to squirt inside. She remained seated on his cock, put her head back and masturbated quickly. The count looked on with a shabby grin. Now Jou stepped into the bedroom and served the tea. She looked out of the corner of her eye at Madame's clitoris, which was unusually large and rubbed red and sore. Jou came now every Sunday, entered a little earlier and watched his squirting and Madame masturbating from the start to having her orgasm. Madame treated her noticeably more kindly since Jou started acting so naughty and cheekily.

Jean didn't tell Jou until they were married. Once a week, when Madame Majordomus was not in the house, he would sneak into the count's study with some bills in his hand as an alibi. He opened the safe with the key, the hiding place of which was known to almost everyone; there were usually 40 to 50 bundles of money, perhaps a million Francs. He took a bundle from the back row, because the bundles looked as if they had been carelessly thrown in. Perhaps that was indeed the case, but he suspected that the shrewd count had memorized the mess formation well. At least he would do so. So he took a bundle from the very back. Once a month he rode by his bank on his daily ride — a bank the count avoided — and deposited it along with his wages. "You have earned it well," he later said to Jou, "I have no guilt feelings about stealing from a thief."

Three years was a long time, but they lasted. Jou fucked Jean, the count, and occasionally his son Gilles, once or twice a week. When her calendar forbade it, the two women would get Gilles hot and Jou would lay on top of Fleur. The mostly drunk boy rarely realized that he was actually fucking Fleur, the bottom hole, but he didn't care. Jean fucked Jou and Fleur every day, except for the dangerous days, and Jou had long since stopped being jealous of Fleur. He no longer

touched the count's other girls, he kept his promise to Jou. After three years, Jou ignored the calendar and let Jean impregnate her.

"I'm pregnant, Monsieur le Duc," she said to the count, "if you don't want to marry me, then I'm leaving for good." The count pondered, because the other girls were going to the backstreet abortioner, but that was completely out of the question for Juliette. "How much?" the count asked, exasperated, and Jou pondered for a long time. "Seventy-five, Your Grace, and you'll never hear from me again. I'm leaving at the end of the month to get my wages." The count thought he was getting off fairly lightly and quickly gave her the money.

An hour later, she barged into Gilles' room and told him the news. He jumped up in horror and shouted, "Dad's going to kill me!" As cold as an icicle, Jou repeated, "He's definitely going to kill you, definitely!" Gilles paced back and forth. There was no way out, he would blow his brains out with his father's dueling pistol. His father might be sad, but his son would not have dishonored him. Jou encouraged him, that would probably be best and perhaps an honorable exit. It would just be stupid that he would then be dead, and she would be without a father for her poor, half-orphaned child. That made sense to him, he paced up and down and suddenly had the brilliant idea, that he would run away with her like Romeo and Juliet! He looked at her with wet eyes. She nodded in agreement, "The two of them ended up dead as a doornail, just as I wish, Mr. Gilles," she said coldly, "maybe we'll take the poison at the same time so that neither of us cheats on the other." He stared at her with relief; if she and the child were dead, he would have no more reason to die, that would be the best solution. She stared at the idiot. Then, as cold as a fish, she said she was thinking of sailing to the New World, to America, because there was a great shortage of women there and she could find a man there even as a pregnant woman. But the ship passage was very expensive, he would have to give her money, at least 50 thousand. He didn't have 50, he said meekly. "Maybe you'll take it from the Father? He rides out every lunchtime, you can go into his study and take the money out of the cupboard, the key is in the top right-hand drawer of the desk. When you've taken the money, you can put it back exactly as you have found it, then the Count won't notice it until much later,

if at all.” The idiot’s eyes lit up, “and then nobody has to die!” He was thrilled and wanted to hug her, but she drew back. She should come back tomorrow after noon.

So she did, he even gave her 55 thousand and she immediately went to Jean and told him everything. She would pack this evening and take the stagecoach to Brest or Douarnenez tomorrow morning and wait for him at the château with Monsieur Ede or Paulette. He should only give notice after a few days, inconspicuously at the end of the month. “And when I’m gone, you can lie down with Fleur a few more times, but only if she takes you without me protecting her.” They laughed and made a date for the night, she would only initiate Fleur then.

Jou stormed into the count’s study the next morning, knowing full well that he had a lady visitor at that time of the morning. She would not disturb him, “but it could not be postponed!”. The count was standing there with his trousers down, a girl she didn’t know was sitting on the desk in front of him. A pretty face, beautiful waist-length black hair, beautiful breasts and a normal, erect man’s cock. A man’s cock!? Jou had to look twice, but the girl was clearly a hybrid. Jou pulled herself together and looked at the Count, “Your Grace, I have been offered an excellent and free ride to Marseilles in the private carriage of the Baroness of Vermeuil, with whom I used to serve, and I must be ready at her palace in 20 minutes. That is why I am leaving so unexpectedly, but I must really hurry. If Your Grace or Madame Majordomus could hand over my outstanding wages to Mademoiselle Fleur, thank you very much. Perhaps I can get passage on a ship from Marseilles, but now I must hurry! Goodbye, Your Grace, farewell!” She scurried out of the door, hugged Fleur one last time, grabbed her two bundles and ran off to the stagecoach station.

Of course, Fleur took our Jean in warmly for the night, but she insisted that she get an extra portion of sex from Juliette. However, it would be 6 weeks before he could leave, Fleur wrote to Juliette. Of course Monsieur Ede was happy to take Jou in, the space above the animals was free, she could stay as long as she wanted. During the day, she worked in the kitchen with Paulette, who could use every hand she could get. She did not report to the lordship and stayed for

6 weeks as a hidden submarine. Monsieur Ede had two muscular stable grooms and a 13-year-old stable boy. In the evening, she told the friendly stable grooms that she was sleeping up there and that if they wanted to visit her, she would be fine. So it happened that the two men and the boy visited her every evening. The boy just watched on the first evening, he had never fucked before. But he was determined to learn, he said, if she wanted to teach him. She let the men fuck her every evening and they left her alone with the boy, whose name was Paul. Paul still had a small boy's cock, but he learned very quickly. She showed him everything that was important for fucking and he learned very quickly. They always took 5 to 10 minute breaks, but he was able to fuck and cum five times every evening. Jou really enjoyed his fucking, he wasn't as forceful as the stable men, he was more gentle like a girl and gripped her ass cheeks tightly only when he squirted. The 6 weeks flew by, one afternoon Jean came to Paulette and picked up Jou. They walked an hour to her mother's house, which Jou had already notified the day before with a stable groom on horseback, he was back within half an hour. Jean laughed affectionately when she told him about the stable grooms and little Paul.

The mother was overjoyed that she was back. It was a little awkward at first, but Jou broke through the awkwardness and told her mother and Jean at dinner that she was now going to be Jean's wife and that everything that had gone before was now meaningless. They prepared for the wedding together, there were a thousand things to do. Jean had borrowed a horse from the lordship and often spent hours on the road. He acted very secretive and only revealed that it was a surprise for the wedding. He kept an iron silence and revealed nothing.

Fleur was her bridesmaid, Jean had given her the travel expenses and a pretty dress. She slept next to them all week in her mother's marital bed. The wedding took place in the small chapel and Jou explained to Fleur what the devil's bell was all about and that one of the men who had rebuilt the chapel was her father. The chapel was full to bursting, some had to watch outside. The sun shone all day, and that was a good omen. When the storm blew or when there was no wind, but also the rain was considered a good omen for marriage. Divorces were unknown, if a woman was unhappy, she would run away with

her lover. If a man was unhappy, there were plenty of beatings, or the woman drowned in the river. They went to the inn, where the keepers of three neighbouring inns and all the staff had prepared a feast for 170 guests, the whole village in fact. There was a typical Breton meal, huge pieces of roast meat, white bread, vegetables and buckets of the typical thin beer. People ate until the evening, drank until the barrels were empty and then the guests retired. Of course, many children were conceived that night, but that's not our topic now.

Jean had borrowed a gig, a two-seater carriage from the lordship of the manor and took Jou for a ride, the mother and Fleur were already walking home. Jean stopped in front of the 'Lord Justice House' and they got off. It was the former home of a retired English judge who had lived here for the last few years of his life. It was a large, single-storey stone house and was in very good condition, as Jean had had it renovated in recent weeks. There was a very large marble hall, 7 bedrooms for children and guests, a huge bedroom for the owners, there were 4 English flush toilets, which was still very rare 120 years ago, and 2 bathrooms with bath and shower and 2 washbasins each. There was no bidet, which was a French specialty that the English despised. It was only for whores who wanted to wash their pussy quickly and efficiently between two guests. In front of the house to the left and right was a space for herbs and vegetables, behind the house was a fenced-in area of a good 2 thousand square meters.

Jou walked beside Jean through the whole house in amazement, she found a large kitchen and a large pantry. The whole house was empty, without furniture and without a speck of dust, as Jean had hired a bunch of girls to clean it the day before. The house was almost stately, the English Lord had not spared much. Jou stood in the marble hall with her Jean and was open-mouthed in amazement. "What the hell is this!?" she exclaimed, although she had a vague idea.

"It's your house, our house. Count Armand paid for it, he fucked you on his desk for three years and I made him pay for it. We just have to ride to the notary in Brest next week and sign all the papers together, that's the law."

He said after a while, “you still have to arrange it to your liking, there’s about 420 thousand Francs left, I’ll need about 180 to 200 for the stables and the first horses.” Jou asked, what horses? “I’m going to breed and sell horses, that’s my job.” Jou nodded, that was obvious, and then said, “I still have 130 thousand from father and son, as well as 80 thousand in gold from the count and his idiot of a son.” The furnishings wouldn’t cost that much, Jou said, and Jean reminded her that she didn’t have to skimp or save, she should furnish the house finely, elegantly or, if you like, luxuriously. “Okay,” nodded Jou, “I’ll do my best.” They went outside and sat down on a stone bench, the sun was shining magnificently and that was considered a good omen as we know.

“And maybe we’ll sell your mother’s poor, shabby hut and she’ll live with us,” said Jean, “she’ll live a bit better and also relieve you of the household and the many children. And — perhaps Fleur will visit us more often. I’d appreciate it if you’d leave them to me, Juliette!”

“I’ve seen that you like fucking Fleur and I think of her as a big sister. We love each other very much, we’ve masturbated next to each other and with each other all these years. But my mother!?”

Jean scratched his head. “I’m not going to explain any further about the household and the children. Your mother is a few years younger than Fleur, but like Fleur, she really knows a thing or two about fucking. We used to fuck so often and so much, I can’t complain. She still looks very pretty today and I suspect she hasn’t forgotten how to fuck. The fact that she smells a bit strong is probably because she doesn’t have a bath or a shower. I really, really want them, Fleur and Pernille, your pretty mother.” Jean was silent, Jou was silent too. She was thinking.

“You men are so different from us women. I only love you and I only want you to fuck, others will be few and far between if we are separated for too long. But you want to jump several mares, even I innocent country bumpkin have realized that. But I’m only afraid of losing you and your heart to someone else, do you understand that?” Jou paused and couldn’t stop the tears from welling up in her eyes.

Jacques, the old horse, had come around the house, sniffing at Jean's trousers and Jou's bare legs. She lifted her dress up to her navel; Jacques shouldn't drool all over it. He sniffed at her pubic hair and licked her pussy twice and three times with his rough tongue. "Ewww!" exclaimed Jou, she wasn't afraid of horses of course, but his tongue tickled her. "You have a new admirer," grinned Jean, pointing with his chin at Jacques' cock. "Wow, it's big!" Jou exclaimed, but Jean waved it off. "It never gets completely hard, even when he's fucking it stays half hard." He told Jou about a widow in Remis-des-Anges who fucked her farm horse every Sunday morning, "Honestly, I've seen it myself!" The stupid beast never thought of fucking her. She had to fuck his soft cock herself until he squirted.

Jou interrupted him because she had thought of something else. "Tell me, Jean, have you ever heard of women who are above a woman but below a man, a completely normal man?" Jean didn't have to think long. "Yes, of course, they're ladyboys. Actually men who grow real breasts using some kind of herbs and whose character is or becomes very feminine. They're the most expensive whores in Paris, but I can't see anything desirable with fucking someone in the asshole!" Jou had listened in amazement. "Have you ever fucked one?" she asked, unable to hide the tremor in her voice. "No," Jean replied, "but I've seen it once. The count, Armand, sometimes let me ride along to Paris as a 'bodyguard', the road was full of highwaymen and the brothels themselves were not without danger. "We're both horse lovers," said the count, "and we can trust each other and look out for each other. Today I get a very special one, stay in the background and watch my back, the brothel father is a very sneaky one and I don't trust him." We went into the brothel, I kept discreetly in the background. The ladyboy came in, a really sweet Asian girl. The count fucked her in the asshole and rubbed her cock at the same time. The girl squirted and soon afterwards the count. In my opinion, the count only has a very small count, but he is very driven. — But why do you ask, my love?" Now she told him that she had seen a ladyboy at Armand's when she went out and that the count was fucking her in the asshole. She had seen that very clearly and also the ladyboy's big cock, which the count had just rubbed.

“Where were we?” Jou mused, “Oh yes, fucking Fleur and my mother. And that I don’t want to lose you!” Jean nodded rather glumly. “It’s just that sometimes we men want to fuck someone else, but I’ll only ever love you! Always! And look, with most women my cock doesn’t go all the way in, it’s fucking with the brakes on. Having a big cock has some disadvantages. Fleur, Pernille and you too in the meantime, I can penetrate really deep and fuck to my heart’s content, it’s really a pleasure!” Jean remained silent, waiting for Jou’s “okay”.

She didn’t answer straight away. “What have we been talking about all this time? About horses, the pussies and fucking sisterly and motherly pussies. I’m definitely going to start a big library in our home with all the works about King Arthur, the knights in their shining armor, fighting with lance and sword in chivalrous combat for the favor of a fair maiden ...”

Jean sighed and shook his head. “The shining armor didn’t exist until a thousand years later, the fair maiden only gave them a handkerchief or let them kiss her fingertips. Only the mares or the sheep were available for fucking. So much for that.” Jou rolled his eyes, “We finally had something like a cultivated conversation, but it quickly descended into fucking. We still have a lot of work to do on that.”

“Speaking of fucking, can you imagine that, Fleur and your mother?” Jean was very eager to hear Jou’s answer. Jou knew the answer, but her heart ached. “I’ll sleep in the small room tonight, you can share the big bed with her and Fleur.” Tears welled up in her eyes, Jean took her face in both hands and kissed the tears away. “On the contrary! Fleur will share the small bed with your mother, it’s our wedding night!”

Jou managed to smile again. “But be prepared for something! I had to kiss a hundred women and just as many men today! Most of them grabbed my butt, but I smiled at them: ‘it’s all Jean’s now!’” Jou smiled seductively and Jean kissed her.

They celebrated Pernille’s 45th birthday in the garden, Fleur was also there and the three children, the 6-year-old twins Adam and Eva

and Bernice, who was a year younger, were playing in the grass. Pernille had moved in with them, she had helped Jou to furnish the house and took great care of her grandchildren. Fleur stayed for 5 to 6 weeks every year, Madame Majordomus had been buried and now she was the Sunday woman. She liked that, because when she woke Count Armand on Sunday mornings, he had a nice big morning wood, bigger than after breakfast on weekdays. She rode him for half an hour with much more pleasure than on the edge of the desk and triggered her orgasm with her finger after he had cum. She had trained fat Gertrude as a substitute and had schooled her for a few Sundays, making sure the fat Dutch cook did everything right. She gave her 4 gold francs for every Sunday when she went to Brittany.

Fleur slept with Pernille and the two of them fucked the hell out of each other. They were both endowed with strong lesbian urges. Fleur had often seduced Jou into lesbian lovemaking in Paris, but Jou wasn't a lesbian at all. Fleur was also very diligent on vacation and used her nimble fingers to furnish and decorate the house even more. Once a week, she rode into town with Jou to buy new books.

Pernille gave the three children lessons four times a week, teaching them the written French language, nature and science lessons, reading, writing and a bit of arithmetic. When the sun was shining, she took the children down to the riverside where they bathed and splashed around with the neighboring children. Of course, Pernille also went into the water naked, she loved the cool water. Of course, she showed the children her jewels and explained everything in detail. She smiled when 6-year-old Adam played with the neighbor's daughter, who was twice his age, and both the girl and Adam squealed with delight. Of course he couldn't squirt yet, but Pernille had pulled his cock out as he triumphantly finished fucking the bigger girl, and lo and behold, Adam's cock squirted a few drops! Just a few drops, but he squirted! It was an interesting discovery, and Pernille was now starting the enlargement spell. She was not yet a true Wiccan, her mother had taught her a great deal before she became pregnant. She made the paste and rubbed it onto the little one's cock. She sucked and licked the cock and muttered the old spells, she sucked and licked him, until some drops squirted in her mouth. But she wouldn't let him play her fucking, that would come later, when

he could already squirt, she put the boy off till later. His sisters paid close attention to the cock licking and memorized the long spells in the old language.

Jou had insisted without wavering after the wedding that Jean sleep with her every night. Every night. She was adamant about it. She did, however, smilingly allow him to sneak over to Pernille or Fleur in the morning and work off his morning wood. She lay in bed smiling and listened to Pernille's soft cries, especially as she could stroke her clit in peace. She had crept to the door a few times and watched the two of them fucking. But when Fleur came to visit, she watched eagerly the two women fucking. They rubbed their clits really hard at first and lay on top of each other in a well practiced way, fucking each other's souls out with clit-on-clit fucking. It was an intoxicating sight, as they were both very well practiced at it.

10 years later Adam was 16, a very good horse groom and was a great help to Jean with the dozen horses. He had been allowed to fuck Pernille for 6 years now and she was very pleased, his cock was growing beautifully and would soon rival Jean's. Pernille knew that neither Eva nor Bernice had a hymen by birth and had not yet had a period, yet she taught all three children the use of the lunar calendar. She often saw Adam sneaking into the girls' room at night and she could assume that he was fucking his sisters, the guy, but she didn't say a word. Adam had once gone into the master bedroom in the afternoon and there was his mother Juliette sprawled naked on the bed, masturbating. He curiously lay down next to her and mounted her when she was already far away. He fucked her thoroughly and squirted right into her orgasm. The orgasm subsided, Jou came to her senses and read him the riot act. He must never do that again, she didn't want it and it was cheating on the father! He would never fuck her again. He was happy when Aunt Fleur came on vacation to them, the two women liked to be fucked by the strong boy and let him watch them make lesbian love.

No one could have guessed at the time that the First World War would soon break into their Breton idyll.

• • •

In Blizzard

by Jack Faber © 2023

Lis hadn't seen it coming. Instinctively, she had thrown her head and her upper body to the side, the falling tree hitting her left side, crushing her left leg and pulling her under. She had fallen unconscious, the pain was so intense.

She came to her senses. The huge tree held her in an iron grip, she could not free herself. With great effort, she managed to reach the bearskin cape and covered herself. It was insanely cold. She didn't want to faint again, she had to stay awake because Rik would come looking for her and then she could call out. The Bearslayer rifle lay less than two meters from her, just out of reach. She dozed, because that was the only way she could bear the pain. Her life passed her by like a carnival parade as she dozed.

Her family lived in Louisiana on a huge plantation around 1835. She had turned 14, her body had changed and they said she was a beautiful woman. No one said she was a beautiful child, but a beautiful woman. Even her father complimented her, but he was a terrible womanizer and his lewd expressions made Lis blush. He fell drunk over the doorstep of her bedroom and stayed there until morning. He grinned stupidly, it was of course the fault of the stupid doorstep and not of the senseless drunk. Sure.

He never stumbled over the doorstep again, he stepped up to her bed, pulled the protesting Lis's nightgown over her head and lay down with his naked daughter. He stroked her body, he caressed every inch of her body, he obviously knew exactly how and where to rub her properly to get her hot. He seemed to know the secret she had been indulging in night after night since early childhood. He grinned maliciously and filthily when she shuddered and twitched in orgasm, and his comments were obscene, filthy and humiliating. She froze as he adjusted her and penetrated her. She winced as he brutally deflowered her and tore her hymen. He fucked her, groaning and moaning, grunting filthy words that would have offended even a

whore, and continued to fuck her without stopping. He reared up and squirted inside, jet after jet. "There, you're my wife now, you're all mine!"

Lis endured it with quiet dignity. He came night after night for four years, masturbating her every time with a shabby grin to orgasm and then fucking her hard. He loved her tender, virginal body and her shy look. She got pregnant at 18 and he hated the way her belly bulged. She had never spoken a word to her father, but when he demanded that she abort the child, she simply said "No!" Even the old drunk realized that was the last word on the matter.

The somewhat simple-minded mother had no idea that her husband was fucking her daughter night after night and wondered who the father might be. Lis remained stubbornly silent, her mother was just a chatterbox who liked to dress fashionably. Only when the mother wanted to know whether she could marry the child's father did she block the question. "He's already married, no chance!" Her mother left her alone. But she loved Lis in her superficial way and got her the two best midwives in the area. The labor before birth tormented Lis for three hours, then she gave birth in a quarter of an hour. It was an easy birth, said the younger midwife. The older one took a close look at Lis' clitoris, squeezed it and finally said to the younger one, that the mother had probably been masturbating since she was very young, that's why! Now Lis woke up from her exhaustion, "what is it!?" A perfectly healthy baby boy and Lis took the freshly swaddled baby to her breast. "His name is Jean-Pierre," she said to her mother.

Lis and her mother were busy with Jean-Pierre all year round. The father was not particularly interested in his grandson, he was much more preoccupied with the young, pretty Negro girls. Since they were his slaves, he could do whatever he wanted with them. He wanted to, of course. He brought them into the marriage bed, but his much too old wife would not be driven away. She sat sulking in bed while he deflowered and fucked the 13 and 14-year-old pretty Negro girls next to her. The house was a mess and they shouted at each other almost every night. Lis didn't understand a word, as they were shouting at each other in German, as they were both from Germany.

The shouting got worse every day and one evening he threw his wife, his daughter and her one-year-old child out of the house. He gave them half an hour to pack their things and leave. This was the second time Lis had spoken to her father. "He's your son, Fritz. Do you really want to throw him out of your house?" But Friedrich Korb had already gone too far. He turned his back on her and left without a greeting.

Lis, the mother and the little boy set off. They had to manage their money, the mother was not used to having only three dresses, but Lis had taken the lead and spent the money very carefully. They wandered from town to town along the American west coast northwards for two years. Often and often Lis had to pay with her body and let herself be fucked by hundreds of men without ever feeling any pleasure. She had heard that ships full of women and children sailed from the city of Vancouver to China. There was a great shortage of women in China and the Chinese were keen on white women. Lis got hold of cheap tickets and they took the new railroad for the rest of the way to the small port city of Vancouver.

They were lucky. They rented a cheap apartment with two rooms and Lis walked tirelessly to the harbor. Well, there were actually very few ships going to China. One of the captains squeezed out of the corner of his mouth that she had to contact an agent in the port, it was the only way to get a passage. She found an agent, as there were only two. The first refused, he didn't ship women to the Chinks. They were true filthy barbarians and she was far too old for the Chinese at the age of 20! The second agent was obliging, there were not many passages to China, two per year only. But he wanted to do what he could. Lis let him take her details, she was 21, her mother was 39 (she was fibbing here, because her mother was 42, almost 43) and her son was 3. He took everything down at a leisurely pace, as he had plenty of time and no customers. He listened to her whole life story, agreed with her about how ruthless her father was. He listened to her when she mentioned that she hadn't had a period since giving birth, but the midwife had assured her that if she took up a regular married life, it would come back. But she had only fucked some strangers very rarely in the years of moving around, only when she absolutely had to. Lis blushed, she didn't want to bore him with woman things. At

some point he calculated the costs for her. Lis turned pale. She didn't have that much.

Of course, the clever lad had found out while chatting how little money she had. It wasn't enough for the passage to China, of course, but he didn't tell her that. He calculated back and forth to impress Lis. Of course, if he could remove his agency fee, her money would be enough for the passage. It was all a lie, but he didn't want to miss out that the pretty girl. But the agency fee, the fine fellow moaned, the agency fee! What good would it do him if he gave in to his soft heart and waived the fee? What would he gain, what!? He gave Lis a long time, and waited until she made the proposal. He didn't have to wait long. She could fuck him, Lis whispered with a bright red face, maybe! He continued to pretend for a while, the fine fellow, and they came to an agreement. She would let him fuck her twice a week, he agreed. For once.

He laid Lis' upper body on the tabletop, lifted her skirt and penetrated her from behind. He didn't have a big cock, Lis put her face on the tabletop and closed her eyes. He fucked her for quite a long time, it wasn't exciting for her at all, but she was doing it for a good cause. So she came to him twice a week, he told her about the depressing situation at the market and then she let herself be fucked indifferently.

Our fine agent not only brokered ship passages, no, he traded in everything, fruit and vegetables, shiploads of fish, land and houses. And women. Of course. Women were in short supply here in the north and you could make a tidy profit. The Norwegian Ragnar, for example, was a successful trapper and fur hunter. He had sent for his son Erik and his wife Gundi from Norway, they should have arrived long ago.

But the Goddesses of Fate refused to be messed with, they had other plans for Gundi and Rik and now the little humans took fate into their own hands and traveled to America! The Goddesses of Fate were really angry. Gundi fell ill on the passage, Rik dragged her sick mother on the train from New York to Chicago, from where they traveled with a windy, talkative Spaniard on a horse-drawn cart to

the other train line that led to Vancouver. But Gundi died after just one week and the Goddesses of Fate spat into their hands with a grin, the thread had to be spun finely.

The Spaniard tried to dig a grave with Rik, but the ground was frozen rock hard and the shovel broke in pieces. Rik sat down by the campfire and thought. The Spaniard jumped up and down, burying such a beautiful young woman while she was still warm! He undressed the dead Gundi and fucked her. Yes, he fucked her, they had been traveling for a week and her body was still warm! He fucked Gundi a second time and after a while a third time. Aaah, that felt good! He sat down by the campfire with Rik. Rik had finished thinking and stood up. He grabbed the Spaniard by the throat and smashed his skull in with a single fistpunch. He simply left the Spaniard lying there for the wolves. He covered Gundi with many stones and stuck a T-shaped branch on top, a sign for Thor, her favorite God. Then he drove the horse-drawn cart to the train station, posted a telegram to Ragnar and boarded the train. He was already five weeks late and would be in Vancouver in about 6 or 7 days.

In the meantime, the clever agent had set Lis and Ragnar up, and of course Ragnar wanted to buy the pretty thing for Rik, as he would have Gundi. Ragnar didn't speak English well and Lis didn't speak Norwegian. The agent made it clear to Lis that the prices for the China passage had risen astronomically. It would be wiser to go with Ragnar, he was a rich man, he had four bags of gold pieces on his belt and he wanted to marry Lis. Lis looked at Ragnar carefully. He was a muscular giant, the 40-year-old actually looked quite handsome in his bearskin. Ragnar had just received the telegram from Rik about the delayed landing in New York, Gundi was ill, they were taking the train to Chicago. Ragnar left Lis in the dark about getting married, but he wanted to go with her and wait for his son, he didn't mention Gundi. The sly agent took the 5 gold pieces for the matchmaking and Ragnar followed Lis.

So he couldn't take the three-year-old into the wilderness of Canada, that would be murder, Ragnar said. The little one had to stay there, together with the old woman, he said. He could only take Lis with him for the time being; she should have a look at his beauti-

ful, large cabin in the woods and then decide whether to bring the two of them along a year later. Then they would take care of the marriage at the same time. Ragnar didn't lie to her, Rik would certainly be happy to take her. Lis cried bitterly, leaving the little one with his mother for a year was very hard. But she had listened carefully to Ragnar, the wilderness was no walk in the park, but he earned a lot from the furs and pelts. He showed her all the gold he had earned in half a year and had already spent a handful. Lis had not fallen on her head, with so much money they could all live like princes. She knew what she was letting herself in for.

She wanted to spend the last days and weeks with Jean-Pierre, she wanted to sleep with the little one in the small bed, Ragnar in the big bed. He was not displeased, the old woman was his age and still looked quite good, and he would soon find out if she was good to fuck too. Lis clutched her son and couldn't fall asleep, Ragnar noisily fucked her mother, who groaned and moaned with lust. The poor woman hadn't fucked at all in the last few years, because when it was necessary, Lis always had to hold out her pussy. Her mother had masturbated very often during this time of abstinence, she had pressed her body against Lis and hugged her fiercely when she orgasmed. Lis didn't think it was improper, because her poor mother missed the physical contact and the sex much more than she did.

At dawn, Ragnar uncovered her mother, lifted one of her legs high and penetrated her from behind with his morning wood. Lis got all fuzzy watching him and rubbed her clit secretly. The mother moaned and groaned in orgasm and Ragnar only squirted after her second orgasm, then he went to piss and the mother fixed breakfast. Her mother was in a better mood than she had been for years. She whispered in Lis's ear that she had finally had another wet night after three dry years! If Lis didn't want to marry him, she would take the strong Viking straight away! They had to wait 6 weeks until Rik finally arrived. Ragnar fucked her mother vigorously and enthusiastically every night and every morning. She was really good to fuck, he said almost daily at dinner with a friendly smile and the mother blushed like a young girl.

Then came Rik. He was a man of two Meters like his father, muscular and a handsome giant. He told Ragnar everything and Lis, the mother and Jean-Pierre listened to the strange sounds. The mother seemed to understand a few words and translated them for Lis. Rik firmly refused to take Lis as his wife. He stubbornly maintained that his father had to have the wife first, as Gundi was no more. That was his last word, he made it clear. Ragnar agreed at last, that was fair. When Rik told them about the Spaniard, his mother was left breathless, it was outrageous. Both, that the guy was fucking the dead woman and that Rik had smashed his head. But Ragnar nodded, he'd done a good job, the guy deserved it. Lis gulped at how easily and naturally the Norwegians talked about it. Rik slept on the floor next to her mother's bed, fucking her mother after his father both at night and in the morning. The mother was floating on air, never before had she been fucked four times a day by the strong man and his equally strong son, it was pure joy! They stayed another 10 days and organized everything for the trip. Ragnar had bought a thick fur coat for Lis and Rik had bought a bearkiller, a long, large-caliber rifle that could fire five shots in succession from a magazine, a lever-action rifle. If you hadn't finished off a bear with five bullets, you had to run like the devil was behind you, Ragnar said to Lis with a smile.

On the last morning, the Norwegians fucked her mother for the last time in a row and they said goodbye. Lis had to literally tear herself away from the little one, then she ran after the men. They went three days north by ship with two pack mules and Lis realized gratefully how well the fur coat warmed her. Then they walked inland to the north-east. Three days later they arrived at a hut and Ragnar looked anxiously at the sky. "A blizzard, maybe tonight or tomorrow!"

Rik ran to the hut, but no one was there. He pushed open the door and began to unload the donkeys. Ragnar called him loudly. Rik and Lis ran to him. He had found the owner of the hut. The man — probably a man, but one could only guess — so the man lay behind the hut. He had been murdered. The knife was deep in his back, or what the wolves and foxes had left of him. His throat had been slit, Ragnar said, after he had examined the man expertly. Ragnar pulled out the

knife, then the men took the body a short distance away and covered it with stones.

Rik cleaned the knife with a rag; it was an excellent hunting knife, razorsharp with a beautifully gilded and decorated hand guard. "The French back home in Louisiana have ones like this," Lis said. Rik said it was too good to throw away. Ragnar nodded, he would make a sheath out of rabbit fur. Lis was very surprised, "Rabbits, here!?" Rik laughed. Ragnar was the only one who caught hares with his bare hand! Ragnar said they should check the freezer in the floor, he was going hare hunting, there would be roast hare for dinner.

Lis followed Rik into the house, they found the hole in the floor. Rik looked inside, there was a whole load of venison legs stored there. He said she must lean in the hole, he would hold her by the legs and she could count the pieces. So she did, hanging upside down and counting. 32. Her skirt tumbled with the force of gravity and she felt Rik slide his cock along her bare thighs. She sighed, it had been nine weeks since she had let the agent fuck her. She softened her pussy, of course she wanted to be fucked. Rik penetrated infinitely slowly and considerately. What a massive cock! He immediately pulled it out again, only the first jet had squirted in. He pushed his cock into her ass crease and fucked quickly, squirting it all into her ass crease. He stopped and she looked backwards. He rubbed his cock with his paw and squirted on the inside wall of the cooling hole. He shook his head, "Lis is for Ragnar, remember!" She couldn't make sense of it, but she nodded and smiled kindly at him, "I won't tell Ragnar, okay?" Rik nodded and went outside, bringing in an armful of logs. "Because of the Blizzard," he said, bringing all the logs into the living area. She cleaned up the cooking area and the food supplies, clearing away the small, unusable sleeping area of the unfortunate previous owner so Rik could stack the logs there. She found two large furs stitched together and was about to throw them in the corner when Rik told her to put them in front of the fireplace as they would sleep there. A blizzard could last a day or a week. The light drifting snow had turned into a heavy snowfall. Rik climbed into the cooling hole, he brought out 8 small barrels of brandy and two empty kegs. "For pee and poo," he said, looking for two more lids. He leaned a shovel next to the door, went to the back to check on the

pack mules, moved the barrel of rainwater and the well-filled free trough in front of the animals. He found some slats and fastened them so that the donkeys were somewhat protected. He looked up at the sky. "Ragnar should be here soon," he said to Lis, "the blizzard is coming in an hour!" Lis noticed his unease, she said nothing. A hysterical woman was the last thing he needed right now. She had watched them build fires over the last few days and was making a fire in the fireplace. Rik had fetched another empty barrel and filled it with water in the river. "For coffee or washing," was his comment. The hut was now full to bursting, they had at least two months' worth of supplies. Ragnar appeared in the thick snowfall, holding three rabbits by their ears and grinning with satisfaction. He tossed the rabbits to Rik, then took off his heavy robe. "The blizzard's coming in ten minutes," he said, "you can't see the end of the clouds, so it'll last longer than a day."

They had eaten the three rabbits, the men had drunk a cup of brandy, Lis had only sipped, for she never wanted to become a drinker like her father, and they had gone to sleep. She had spread out one of the large furs in front of the fireplace and they lay down naked and covered themselves with the second fur. The fire was burning, but it wasn't really warm, the storm was raging outside. Lis lay between them and they moved close together to keep each other warm.

Ragnar was about to fuck and Lis nodded, okay then! He laid her on her side with her back and ass facing him. She shivered pleasantly as his fingers stroked her in all the right places. He lifted one of her legs, spread her ass cheeks wide and penetrated her pussy very carefully and considerately. "Is that okay?" he mumbled and she nodded. "It's really fine!" she breathed. His cock was big, but she still had the feeling of Rik's cock inside her pussy, and Rik's was bigger, thicker. Ragnar fucked slowly and with obvious pleasure and stopped. He grabbed her hand and placed it on her pussy. "You can rub yourself if you like it!" he murmured and she nodded again. Rik took her head and placed her face on his chest. Now she lay comfortably warm between and on top of the two men, she gently stroked her clit and Ragnar continued to fuck her in his own way. It wasn't long before she trembled in orgasm and her lips pinched Rik's nipple. She exhaled

and now Ragnar squirted, spurting jet after jet. His cock was still inside her when she heard him breathe deeply and fall asleep.

She noticed that Rik was rubbing his cock. Her hand felt down. He stopped and his other hand placed hers on top of his rubbing hand. He continued rubbing, with her hand on the back of his hand. He masturbated for quite a long time, then he squirted on his stomach and a few jets splashed on her face. She wiped it off and remained lying with her face on his chest. Gradually, they fell asleep.

The blizzard raged around the hut, sometimes you could hear a donkey braying. They stayed on the furs on the ground for most of the day. Rik shimmied down and brought up a leg of venison. It was slowly roasted and Ragnar worked on a hare skin. Lis was amazed at the skill with which he turned it into a sheath for the French hunting knife. There seemed to be no discussion about Rik keeping the beautiful hunting knife. Ragnar and he took turns wrapping a bearskin around their naked bodies and walked once around the cabin. They checked whether the storm had caused any damage and stopped for a moment to talk to the donkeys. They were full of panic, the poor creatures. After some minutes, the tour was over and they warmed themselves by the fire. They ate a whole hind leg of a venison every day, chewed the indestructible dried bread and drank brandy. Lis made a coffee, she didn't want the brandy.

The blizzard didn't let up for a moment. By now the snow was piled up as high as a man around the hut, and while one of them did the patrol around the hut, the other shoveled away enough snow in front of the door and the front windows so that they weren't completely snowed in. Lis was glad that the Northmen knew exactly how to deal with the blizzard.

The blizzard lasted 16 days. Ragnar fucked her every night and every morning. When Rik masturbated at night, she put her hand on his and they stroked his cock together. It was the fourth or fifth night. Rik stopped masturbating and grabbed Lis, lifted her up and made her sit on top of him.

"Do you want to fuck me?" she asked and he nodded.

“And Ragnar?” she asked, not knowing if the two men had an agreement.

“I’m sure it’s all right,” he whispered, “when Ragnar was out earlier, I fucked Gundi instead of him, and Gundi was his wife and my mother.” Lis thought for a moment, then said “Okay, you can fuck me!” Lis grabbed his cock and inserted it into her pussy. What a great cock! She knelt to the left and right of Rik, he thrust from below, powerful and strong. It made her hot, she gasped and panted. She clawed her fingers into the fur and her finger twitched, wanting to rub the clit. But it wasn’t necessary, she sank onto his chest, trembling in orgasm. She remained lying on top of him, exhausted, and he continued to fuck her for a very long time, until he squirted powerfully. She kissed him on the lips and taught him to kiss with his tongue in the French Louisianan way. Ragnar refused french kissing, he had never done it.

Lis asked Rik what it was like with Gundi. Rik had always slept with his parents, he watched their fucking very closely. When the child became a boy, Gundi waited until Ragnar had fallen asleep and then Rik was allowed to fuck her. He learned quickly and practiced with her every night. When girlfriends came to visit, Rik was allowed to sleep with the guest and he fucked them all until they were exhausted. He also lay with the visiting couples. Of course, he had to wait until the visitors had finished fucking and the man had fallen asleep, then he went down on the woman. Very few of them were ready to fuck straight away, Rik had to heat up their little knobs first. Most of them let him do it until she had an orgasm and were so relaxed and tired afterwards that they didn’t resist the fucking. Gundi was very pleased with her son, he got to know so many girls and women and learned to respond to the peculiarities of each one. Lis listened attentively, because this really was a different world Rik was talking about.

Day after day, they kept to the routine of roasting a leg of venison over the fire. They ate with the piece of meat in one hand and a sharp knife in the other, with which they cut small pieces and put them in their mouths. In the evening, Ragnar fucked her first and she rubbed her clitoris. At night she climbed on top of Rik and let him fuck her

from below. In the morning she had to take care of Ragnar's morning wood before getting up. It was really wonderful to be fucked from behind, one leg high in the air, while half asleep.

On the 11th day, both donkeys were frozen to death. Ragnar and Rik debated in Norwegian until Lis asked to speak English. They were pretty screwed, because without the donkeys they would have to walk the 10 days there and 10 days back at least twice, fully packed. It was exasperating. Lis thought they would have to wait for the blizzard to end and then see. She didn't say so, but that's exactly what happened. The blizzard was gone from one minute to the next, the sun blazed down and after three days all the snow was gone.

Ragnar and Rik went exploring together and separately for a week, Lis stayed in the cabin and locked the door when wolves approached. They lurked for an hour a hundred meters outside the hut and disappeared silently. The men had found paper and pencil in the hut and drew maps of the area, marking special places. By the third day, they were finished and agreed on the details. Lis sat down at the small table and made two copies so that everyone had a map. They decided to stay here for the winter, there was a lot of game around. They would stay here for the winter and perhaps go to Ragnar's hut in the spring. The men took turns taking Lis with them on their hunting trips, she learned very quickly and was very skilled. She learned to gut animals and cut out the best pieces. The hide of some of the animals was valuable and they took it with them.

Autumn had come and Lis set off with Ragnar. It was bear country, he said, but you didn't go bear hunting without donkeys or pack-horses because of the weight. He set up their camp for the night and made a campfire. He heard something and they held their breath. Ragnar put the bearslayer rifle in her hand, telling her to stay close to the fire and only fire the gun in self-defense. He holstered his revolver, took his cartridge pouch and hunting knife and disappeared silently. Lis waited beside the campfire, keeping her eyes and ears open. She didn't know how much time had passed when the crack of a twig snapped her out of her doze. She held her breath and listened. Something rustled in the bushes, she saw a bear's fur and fired the bearslayer right at the bear's pelt. There was a loud scream and Rag-

nar staggered towards the campfire and fell lengthways. Lis screamed and turned the heavy man over. She had hit him in the chest. She pressed a hand to his chest and the bleeding stopped. He said with an effort, "Three shots, Rik..." and Ragnar was dead. She felt his neck, no pulse. She stared weeping into his eyes, which looked far into the future. She fired three shots in succession and reloaded the rifle. She heard three shots from a distance, Rik had heard hers. She now fired a shot every 10 minutes to let him know where she was. He responded with a shot. She only fired every half hours, his shot sounded closer. Two hours later, he emerged, taking the morning sun with him.

He immediately saw what had happened. He rekindled the fire and sat her there, she was completely cold and frozen through. He put Ragnar's bearskin around her shoulders and made her take a few sips of brandy from Ragnar's drinking flask. He forced her to drink to make her warmer. She told him in a monotone voice what had happened. He said that the only way to approach a campfire was to break a twig and rustle. She stared at him in bewilderment, she had heard it, but she did not know this custom. She had seen the bears fur and had shot immediately in panic. Rik nodded. "You were in a bear's territory, Ragnar had told you to shoot in self-defense. You saw a bear and shot immediately. You are not to blame!" For Rik, the matter was settled, he made her a strong coffee and poured brandy into it. He looked for stones in the area and covered Ragnar with them. He formed a large T from two twigs and stuck it into the gravestones. Ragnar also worshipped Thor, the God of Thunder. Lis stood next to him as Rik raised both hands to the sky and sang a long song in his language. They set off and arrived at their hut before sunset.

Lis sat in front of the fireplace for five days, not eating, drinking or sleeping, but staring silently into the flames. Rik put a blanket around her shoulders and didn't bother her, she wouldn't answer anyway.

On the sixth day, everything was back to normal. Lis had made coffee and improved them both with a shot of brandy. They talked and talked again about the accident with Ragnar. Rik said again that it wasn't her fault. She asked him if he could forgive her for shooting

his father by mistake. She was not to blame, he repeated, she was innocent. Then they discussed the new situation. He didn't know exactly where Ragnar's hut was, he only knew that it was still ten days away. There was little point in setting off without further information. The best thing to do was to spend the winter in this cabin and return to Vancouver next year. Lis was homesick for little Jean-Pierre, but she was looking forward to seeing him again next year.

Lis went up to Ragnar's grave about once a month, usually accompanied by Rik, to arrange the stones and lay down some flowers. It did her good to talk silently to Ragnar or his God Thor for a while. Rik had told her all about Thor and the family of Gods and she soon found her bearings. She could even smile again, "Your world of Gods is a lot like King Arthur's court!" She had often read the legend in her youth and could now tell Rik about it. Just like in Rik's world of the Gods, people fucked pretty wildly in Arthur's court. Lis always went hunting or trapping with Rik. She learned very quickly which animals were more suitable for eating and which were hunted for their fur.

They lay in each other's arms every night, and Lis really liked the way Rik fucked her, as well as the still-sleepy fucking with his morning wood. She often thought to herself how lucky she was, because Rik was by far the best man she had ever fucked. On the long, cold winter nights, they often lay snuggled together under the fur and told each other about their previous sexual adventures. That was usually the best way to get in the mood before fucking. Lis listened with fascination to the naturalness with which the Nordic women dealt with fucking. The customs and ideas of the continent were also spreading in the north. They tried to instill the concept of marital fidelity and sexual possession in people. Gradually, people only fucked others in secret. This helped the population grow.

Rik now usually went hunting alone, in winter it was particularly important to be invisible. Lis usually stayed at home, the snow was not her thing. But spring came and now she also went hunting alone, especially for red deer. She was able to trigger the good parts of the deer and return home with a full rucksack.

And now, completely unexpectedly and as if out of nowhere, the huge tree came crashing down and buried her under it.

She kept waking up from her faint. She turned her head to the side and saw him immediately. It was a large, beautiful wolf standing on a small hill 30 meters away. Lis was surprised that he was alone. It was the first wolf she'd seen up close; until now she'd only seen packs from a distance. The wolves came within 200 or 300 meters of the hut, but they were obviously not interested in humans. Now she looked at the wolf. It was quite large and had light-colored fur with gray and yellowish patches. It had striking black paws.

The wolf approached cautiously as she moved. He came closer very slowly and over-cautiously. They stared at each other. Lis, to her astonishment, was not afraid, not scared at all. He lay down 10 meters away, put his head, his snout on his front legs and stared at her unblinkingly.

He squirmed his ears as Lis began to speak to him. She didn't know why she was doing it herself, was it the hours of desperate loneliness or the memory of the dogs in the plantation? She knew how to talk to dogs, but to a wolf? She did it quite simply. She put all her warmth and kindness into her voice. The wolf was obviously listening, he remained crouched on the ground, but he crept closer and closer. He came within 5 meters. It was a very strange encounter, the wolf, ready to bolt at any moment and curious as to why she wasn't moving.

She took a deep breath as he stood up very slowly and came closer. She closed her eyes as he sniffed her face. She could feel his hot breath, he sniffed her from top to bottom. Blood had trickled down her thighs and pussy from her broken arm. He gently licked at the blood, but she didn't protest. He licked the blood from her thighs and she giggled softly as he licked her pussy clean with his rough tongue. She told him that if she got free, he could lick her pussy as much as he wanted. He jumped over the tree and licked the blood from her bruised leg. Did he understand that she was trapped? Did he understand that she desperately needed help? She spoke urgently to him, he came back and licked her face a few times. He seemed to consider,

then lay down right in front of her face, just inches away. Lis was grateful that he was so close and fell asleep.

She woke up when he licked her face again. She could feel how exhausted she was, how close to death she was. She hadn't been able to move her healthy arm for hours, but she could feel the cold eating away at her arm. The wolf suddenly looked up, he had seen or heard something. But it was nothing that would have worried him. He stared into his friend's eyes, perhaps knowing that she was dying. Though he kept licking her face, she slept away, she caught sight of Ragnar's outline in the treetops and ran towards him, flying lightly like a ballet dancer towards the dear man she had caused so much pain to.

The wolf stood up and paced back and forth restlessly. No, he wasn't restless, he was looking for Lis' scent. He followed his nose, running faster and faster through the night forest, following the paths that only humans usually followed, running and running. He reached the hut at dawn. He knew immediately that she had left here. He smelled another human and lay in wait 50 meters from the hut.

Rik had been waiting for Lis, listening to see if he heard the bang of the bearslayer, or three as a call for help. Nothing. For three days and two nights he never slept for more than 5 minutes, he walked all the trails he knew for three days and two nights. He was at Ragnar's grave in the mornings and afternoons, he just muttered a short spell for his father and ran off again. On the third night, he ate quickly in the hut, standing up. He had heard something, took the small rifle and quietly stepped out of the hut. He spotted the wolf immediately. It was very unusual for the wolves to come so close to the hut. It was also very unusual that this wolf was alone. And quite unusual was the way the wolf was lying there. Stretched out on its belly, head and snout on its forelegs, the wolf was looking straight at him. Rik put the rifle on, he only had one shot, and it had to be right, because he had to go into the hut to reload.

Rik aimed accurately. The bullet would hit right between the wolf's eyes, devastatingly so. He couldn't take his eyes off the wolf,

there was something magical about him. He lowered the rifle. The wolf stood up. It raised its head to the sky and sang. Rik had only ever heard wolves howl, an eerie, terrifying howl. He had heard a few times that wolves could sing, but had dismissed it. When the trappers had had booze enough, they even told of mermaids in the St. Lawrence River. He listened, it wasn't howling, it was singing. The wolf sang one verse after another. The last note faded, the wolf turned to the forest, took a few quick steps and stopped, looking back at Rik. He repeated it again, looking back at Rik.

Rik broke free from his stupor. He didn't care if people would think he was crazy, but the wolf's message was clear. Follow me! Rik ran into the hut, poured water on the fire, pulled the rucksack off the hook, slung the rifle on and ran towards the wolf. The wolf ran ahead quickly and stopped. Rik ran after him, alternating between galloping and trotting like the rangers to conserve his strength. The wolf let him get within 100 meters and then ran on. Rik knew the area, Lis had been here often. Of course, he had already run the route three times without finding her. They ran for a good two hours, it was still Lis' territory, he had been here three times before! He had serious doubts, where was the wolf leading him? To his pack, to some fragrant carrion or into an abyss!?

The wolf had stopped and let Rik get within 25 meters. He ran and slid down a slope. Here they left the path, heading cross-country. At the foot of the slope, he picked up his rifle and hunting knife, ready for surprises. The wolf stopped after 200 meters and lay down on the ground. He let Rik get within 5 meters. Rik had never been so close to a wolf before, he paid attention to the wolf and looked around. He could see nothing of interest. The wolf stood up leisurely and sang again for a few seconds. He looked to Rik as if to say, "What are you waiting for, human?" Rik strained his eyes, seeing nothing. Nothing at all.

The wolf was certainly smarter than he was. He shook his fur and walked very slowly through the bushes, down another small slope. Rik stayed by his side and could have petted him, he was so close. The wolf stopped and looked up at him. "Yeah, you still don't see it, human?" he seemed to say. The wolf walked around a fallen log and

lay down on the ground. Rik stepped up beside his guide and saw her immediately. The wolf had laid down in front of Lis' face, licking her face and singing a short verse. Rik went to his knees, realizing at first glance that she was dead, one leg pinned under the tree trunk. He touched her cheeks, her neck, her face. She had been dead for hours. Rik sat down beside her in despair. He mourned her, she was a good partner, a good hunting companion and a wonderful woman who had given him many sweet hours. They had lived together like man and wife for more than half a year; the 22-year-old had never been with a woman for so long.

He didn't let the immense loneliness overwhelm him. "We have to give her a proper burial, big guy," he said to the wolf. He didn't want to bend the bearslayer's barrel, so he felled a tree a good arm-thick with his hunting knife and cut it to size. This served as a lever and after a few attempts he was able to move the tree trunk enough to free Lis' leg. He laid her in the clearing and piled boulders and stones over her for hours. Even a bear couldn't get to her!

He didn't know who Lis's deity was, so he rammed three straight branches into the stones, the sign of Freya, the Goddess of Love. He raised both hands to the sky and sang her life, the rape by her own father, the humiliating fucking on the odyssey to Vancouver, the humiliation and deceitful fucking with the agent, her beautiful time with Ragnar and him here in the wilderness. He sang with all his might that she was not to blame for Ragnar's death and that the gods knew the truth about it. He sang that he would see to it that her mother and the little one were well cared for. He sang that this was the honorable life of Elizabeth of Louisiana and that heaven would record it as a message in the book of honorable women. He sang the praises of Freya last, and sank on his knees at the end. He looked around, but the wolf was no longer there.

He walked back to the cottage deep in thought, pondering how Lis had come across the wolf, how lamblike the wolf had been with Lis, and how he should assess the strange adventure with the wolf. He definitely knew it hadn't been a dream. Maybe nobody would believe him, that a wolf had led him to his dead wife.

Rik stayed in the hut well into the summer, carrying a man-sized pack full of furs and pelts that earned him four sacks of gold. He stayed eight months over the winter with Lis' mother and Jean—Pierre, who no longer thought of Lis often, as he was still far too young. The mother mourned the loss of her only child honestly, but enjoyed fucking the loin-strong Northman night after night. Rik often rode to a neighboring Indian reservation because he had made friends with the chief. There he fell in love with a young, quiet Indian woman who also loved him very much and moved into his hut in the wilderness with him.

Ragnar and Lis stood on a cloud and looked at their children. Ragnar was pleased that Rik had found a good wife, was very successful at hunting and selling furs. He would soon give up the strenuous hunt and buy a big house in Vancouver with his Indian wife and 3 children and make a nice fortune in the fur trade. He would sit around the campfire every other week smoking a pipe with the chief, who became his best friend.

Lis saw that the mother took really good care of Jean-Pierre and sent him to good schools. She taught him English, French and German. She would let him fuck her every day from 12 until the end of her life, even though she had married a rich widower, a merchant in Vancouver. When he fell asleep, she went into Jean-Pierre's bedroom and lay down with him. At first she only gave him handjobs and gradually taught him how to fuck. He learned quite quickly and wanted to fuck her as often as they could find a free minute. Although he fucked a lot of young girls during his school years because he was a magnet for the girls, he fucked his grandmother every day until he was 28. She died in the middle of her orgasm, Jean-Pierre was completely shocked and it took nearly a year to recover from the loss of his mother. He had always thought of her as his mother, even though she was his grandmother.

Jean-Pierre also became a merchant and one of the richest men in the area. Although he was happy with that himself, it made Lis sad that he fucked his grandmother every day until the end, which was certainly not right. He would not marry a young woman until he was

30 and have many children. Jean-Pierre discovered his preference for very young girls and his wife discovered her lesbian tendencies. They indulged each other's preferences and now often had a young girl in their marriage bed. He deflowered and fucked the girl, who was then taken care of by his lesbian wife. Their married life became more and more intense. They didn't care about the gossip, they led a fruitful family life and sent the children to school. That was the most important thing parents could give their children, Jean-Pierre told his children.

He would build and successfully manage 4 hotels after the two large department store. At the beginning of the Klondike gold rush he built two more large, cheaper lodgings for the gold diggers passing through and ran 16 exchange shops to buy up the gold. When he died at the end of the century, he left a rich company to his children. All in all, Jean-Pierre had had a good and honest life, which pleased Lis immensely. Lis also saw her father foolishly drink away part of his estate and was stabbed to death by a cardsharp at a card game long before he could ruin the whole plantation.

On some winter nights, when old Rik sat on his terrace, drinking a brandy and smoking a pipe, he sometimes looked up at the beautiful Northern Lights. They were a greeting from Gundi and Lis, both of whom he could never and would never forget.

Then he untied his scarf and waved with it back at them.

• • •

Andromeda

by Jack Faber © 2023

Fred stood in front of the huge front window of his house and watched the garden robot doing its work. It was the winter version, which had a snow blower, an ice picker and several rotating brooms behind the plow. He had already cleared the lowered fence panels with his ice pick and had run each panel up and down twice to check that they were in working order. He had cleared the entire courtyard of snow and was now sweeping the sidewalks with the rotating brooms.

Fred watched the robot for a while longer and sat down at his workstation. Andromeda knew exactly what he wanted to do and raised the huge screen from the floor container. He folded the keyboard halves out of the armrests. Most of his colleagues only used voice input, but he was able to concentrate better by typing manually. He saw three small windows on the screen showing his three colleagues at work. There were usually three or four of them programming a module at the same time; they could see and hear each other and worked together. They were a goddamn good team, even though they lived hundreds of kilometers apart. It had all been made possible by his clever sale of his start-up to a technology giant from Silicon Valley.

They had completed the task after a good three hours, carried out several test runs and put the thing into the pipeline. The final input was the release so that it would go out via async-update. “Guys, I’ve had enough for today, I’m signing off. You’re welcome to continue if you want.” He switched off.

He stood in the shower and, as sometimes happens, the past flashed before his mind’s eye. At the age of 7, his parents, his heavily pregnant mother, died in a car accident through no fault of their own and he was left alone with his grandmother. She was a sex-obsessed woman, neither pretty nor beautiful, but she had a very active sex life and had a different girl in her bed every week, sometimes a man. The

accident hit her extremely hard, but she took Fred under her wing, as his father had appointed her as Fred's guardian. She mourned not only for her daughter and her baby, but also for her son-in-law, who was a Ladies' man. He not only fucked her daughter, but also herself and her mother, who at 79 was quite sprightly and surprisingly fucked a lot of men like herself. Amelie had made sure that her daughter fucked a lot of men and girls before she married the best one. And he was clearly the best, she let him fuck herself so often during the engagement period until she was convinced. Well, she might or might not tell Fred one day.

Fred's father left a tidy fortune, which she managed for Fred. She was touched by Fred's grief and let him sleep in her bed. She moved her sex life to the mornings while he was at school.

His sexuality awoke faster than usual, sleeping naked next to his naked grandmother, and so it happened very quickly. He played with his cock secretly at first, but she noticed it immediately and told him it was all natural and he didn't have to contort himself. She uncovered him and watched him masturbating with a friendly smile. He was startled when he squirted for the first time after some weeks. But Amelie, his grandmother, explained everything to him and enlightened the 10-year-old about sex. She generally didn't give a damn about conventions and she told him things as she saw them.

He was allowed to look at and touch her nakedness every night to get horny. Then he was allowed to masturbate as often until he was exhausted. Sometimes she gave him a hand job, which was okay for both of them. He came closer and closer to her naked body, rubbing himself against her and squirting on her wrinkled skin. Most of the time he was allowed to sit on her stomach and masturbate there, he squirted on her large, heavy breasts, which were slowly losing their firmness and hanging down at the sides. She gave him more and more handjobs and he played with her breasts and nipples, which Amelie also liked very much. She let him squirt on her breasts and grinned wryly, but encouragingly. When his cock was still semi-hard, she masturbated him a second or even third time. She let him squirt into her mouth. "Most men like that," she said as she licked his cock clean after squirting and played with it with her tongue. "Okay, then

I want it too,” said the clever boy and from now on he always squirted in her mouth, she licked and sucked his cock when he masturbated with half his cock in her mouth or when she rubbed it. He really liked that, he said, and she licked and sucked his cock in her mouth. He didn’t understand why she liked licking his cock or letting him squirt in her mouth, but she made him very horny and very happy, and she did it with a conspiratorial grin until he couldn’t squirt any more. She awaited him every evening with a thick pillow under her head to keep her mouth at the right height. He sat on her chest and slid forward until his cock disappeared into her mouth. He lowered both hands and caressed her breasts. At first he played gently with her nipples and her tongue played with his cock softly until it was completely hard. Only now did she grab his cock and begin to rub it. The faster she rubbed, the more intensely he squeezed and twirled her nipples. This was how they communicated, how the things were. When he started to squirt, he squeezed the nipples as hard as he could and she leaned forward, took the whole cock in her mouth and let him squirt deep inside. He stayed seated when he wanted it again, usually three or four times in a row. During the breaks he was allowed to practise masturbating her. It was important that he was good at it, because girls and women really appreciated that in a boy. He learned it quickly and made Amelie cheer and whoop during his breaks. Day after day they got closer and winter passed, spring came and Amelie taught him how to fuck. “You mean really fuck?” he asked in surprise, “fuck in your pussyhole?” She confirmed, “but only put it in very slowly, so that my pussy can adjust, because it’s gotten very tight over the years!” He penetrated very slowly and gave her very tight pussy time to adjust. “And you really won’t get pregnant!?” he asked again and she smiled, “I’m already over 50 and women over 40 don’t get pregnant anymore!” She’d been playing up her real age, she was 57 at the time. She was excellent at fucking, she taught him everything and taught him to hold back the squirting until his partner had reached orgasm. He was docile and practiced fucking very diligently.

He was also very studious and inquisitive at school. His teachers discovered his talent for computers and advised Amelie to have him trained in this field. She realized that she would have to send him to

a special school in two years, which was fine with her because he was going to get the best education.

They sometimes talked about fucking after fucking and she recognized his desires. He didn't just want to fuck her, he wanted to fuck others too. He approached the girls at school quite aggressively, a few actually let him fuck them, others rejected him indignantly. He always showed Amelie the naked pictures and close-ups he had taken of the girls. Amelie smiled, some of them looked very promising.

He sometimes complained when someone had such a tight cunt that he had to force his way in. Amelie shook her head, "he had to enter very, very slowly in these cases and give the pussy time to adjust. There wasn't a single cunt in the whole world that couldn't adapt to even the thickest cock." He took her advice to heart and was grateful, because she really was right. He was proud that he could learn everything from her, because he suspected that Amelie had fucked hundreds of girls and thousands of men, but he never asked her.

The principal warned him for molesting girls, Amelie sat stock-still next to him and held his hand. She would talk to him and he would give no more cause.

She actually spoke to Fred about it. Not standing out was a very important virtue, Amelie said, he would only fuck girls who were sure to join in the hide-and-seek game. Unfortunately, there weren't many of them, he complained afterwards, but Amelie knew a way out. From now on, there was a woman or a girl in the big bed with them every night, sometimes a mature woman, sometimes a very young girl. Fred saw lesbian lovemaking for the first time and it was much more exciting than in theory. He couldn't get enough of Amelie jumping on the other girl or letting her mount her. After they had finished, he was allowed to fuck every one of Amelie's lovers without exception, to his heart's content, And of course so often until he had squirted out all his semen. The more mature ones were thrilled, they participated very actively and were pleasantly surprised by his good fucking technique. The younger girls wanted lesbian lovemaking of course, but not many of them let themselves be fucked voluntarily. This was no problem for Amelie, she held the much weaker girls like

a vice and Fred could fuck the girl even if she didn't want it and resisted. But that was precisely what tempted him to fuck the poor girl as often as he could in succession. It was also Amelie who showed him how to deflower a girl finely and he deflowered many girls. Some got pregnant and came to Amelie, who helped them out with advice and money.

"I have to ask you something," Fred said to Amelie, "you only masturbate very rarely, why that?" Amelie faltered for a moment. "I thought you wouldn't notice because you're already asleep." Fred said nothing, grinning contemptuously at her simple-mindedness. "I love sitting or lying next to a girl, we kiss and press our bodies against each other, our breasts against each other and I can feel her arm working tirelessly and her fingers bringing me to orgasm. That's my thing, it's a hundred times better than masturbating alone!" Fred nodded, he understood immediately. "One more question. You kiss women and girls you don't even know, and I sometimes think you're eating each other!" Amelie smiled quietly. "I only kiss them because of me. At first it tickles so excitingly in my pussy, then the flame ignites and then my pussy and my clit burn brightly, then it has to be right away! And it doesn't matter whether I know her or not!" Fred understood that too, he nodded.

The two years flew by. Fred was 18 and went to university hundreds of kilometers away. He got on quite well, he was clever, talented and hard-working. During the day he looked neither left nor right, but in the evening he went out with his friends and they had a girl every night. If they didn't all have one, they still let him fuck along like buddies do. The boys had esprit de corps, you had to give them that. Hardly any of the girls didn't want to join in, it would damage their own reputation. Almost every night ended in a hot fucking orgy.

Alastair became his best friend, they shared all the girls fraternally at night. They took pills that kept the erection going for hours. Fred didn't try all the drugs like others. He had convinced himself that the erection pills had no side effects other than a hangover in the morning like after an alcohol binge. They picked up girls who were ready for both of them. There were also very clever girls who wanted to be

seen when they had bagged two lads, but who then knelt down in the booth and refused to fuck. The boys only gave in the first time. From then on they wouldn't take No for an answer. In extreme cases, they tied the girl to the bed and took turns fucking her until morning. They didn't give a damn about being accused of rape, they had recorded the girl's clear and explicit consent with their dictaphone app. The two of them were on the hunt for girls every night at the time, like the devil after poor souls. That welded them together.

During the day, they brooded over the ideas, which then became the start-up once they were finalized. Fred was the more practical and cautious one, he officially booked the computer times and kept all the receipts. He had learned from the misfortune of others; no one was going to take their business away from them because they hadn't paid for the computer time correctly.

Their banking project was a complete success; before a year had passed, Fred was negotiating with the biggest names in the industry and was luckily successful there too. He shared the proceeds with his friends, as well as the lucrative yearly bonuses and the maintenance contracts; all four of them remained a team. Fred suddenly had hundreds of millions in his account and built himself the most modern house near Vancouver. Amelie didn't want to move in with him as he was only a 20-minute drive from her city apartment. He visited her once a month and sometimes she seduced her famous rich grandson, but it was only on her account. He didn't take much pleasure in the body of the almost septuagenarian. Her pussy had become old, wrinkled and worn out and he only fucked her out of a sense of duty. She knew it, of course, and rewarded him with virgins and newlyweds. He really enjoyed deflowering virgins or fucking the shy and shameful newlyweds who were originally only looking for a lesbian adventure and only very unhappily cheated on their husbands with naughty Fred. But now it was too late, the hot-tempered lad was already fucking them, it had happened! They repressed their remorse and actively fucked along and then ran on and on until they finally reached orgasm. Fred loved fucking these shy and shameful newlyweds who had only just finished their honeymoon. They all wanted children and Fred thought to himself, "I can do that, Mademoiselle!" He enjoyed her girlish-shy reticence, as they were only just married

and hadn't had time to cheat on her husband yet. Fred's visits became less frequent; he had discovered something new, something more exciting.

His house was hypermodern. In the basement were his many servers, over 70 petabytes of memory waiting to be filled. The computing capacity was gigantic and the computer was the home of Andromeda, the digital mistress of the house. She was originally equipped with 4 thousand program systems, but it only took Fred three months to expand it to 17 thousand. Andromeda was his only roommate and ran everything in the house. She had a dozen functional robots that she commanded.

Andromeda seemed to laugh softly as she explained to him that the creators of the robots were joking when they gave the robots female and male genitalia — and perhaps profited a little themselves. They were really real looking pussies and dicks and there were actually video clips of guys fucking a robot or a female robot factory worker getting fucked by a male robot. They were predecessors to some of the new generation of sexbots from the same factory. "We only have two male models," Andromeda continued, "they are the gardeners for the summer season. They fuck all the female robots once a month, because that's what the developers used for rebooting and any system updates." The door slid open silently and the two gardeners rolled in. "I ordered them to fuck these female robots." Andromeda seemed to smirk, because Fred leaned forward curiously to get a closer look. The gardeners' cocks jerked up, then they fucked the females one after the other at breakneck speed. The females remained completely passive and fell over after a few minutes. "Now there's an update and the reboot," Andromeda commented. Within a few minutes, all the robots were lying on the floor and slowly rising again. "Reboot is done, work continues as normal, the gardeners will reboot themselves a few minutes later," Andromeda said. "Are they normal pussies?" asked Fred and Andromeda replied, "of course, and they're all different shapes, the engineers really went to make them different." He asked if he could fuck a robot? "Of course," Andromeda said, "step close and command her to let you fuck her or command her to fuck you!" He stepped next to a kitchen robot and said he would fuck her. Immediately the robot stopped its work and

stood so that she held her pussy out to him. He fucked the bot shortly, but it was nothing special. He pulled his cock out again and told her to fuck him. The bot stretched her pussy towards him again and chirped impatiently. He stuck his cock in her pussy and that was something completely different now! The vaginal muscles masturbated his cock incredibly skillfully and very sensitively, making him cum after a short time. The bot lowered his pussy and let his semen drip out. He told Andromeda that it was an intense experience, but nothing to last. Over the following weeks he tried all the bots, they were indeed all different.

He couldn't bring himself to give Andromeda a body, he put it off for later. She had a 'supplier' of android-girls at hand, who — for good money of course — would send over any girl to his liking. All he had to do was tell Andromeda which girl he wanted for the night and the girl would come. He got everything he wanted. Whether it was a red-haired Russian, a blonde Finn, a shy Japanese girl, a black-haired South American Indian or a pitch-black Ethiopian, he got them all. They could connect to an artificial intelligence and keep up with every conversation. That was very important to him, because only a few human girls could do that. They had entire encyclopaedias of lovemaking arts at their disposal. They all had the legally required tattoos around their necks so that they were immediately recognizable as androids. The female androids were indistinguishable from real humans. They could easily keep up with any conversation, they cuddled and hugged like real-life girls and they fucked better than any human partner. He was so happy with these super girls that he had little interest in looking for a human girl. Since then, he lost all interest in fucking Amelie or her girls.

Yet. They existed, the human girls and women who desperately wanted to get into his bed. He was well known in the scene and he didn't just talk shop. Sometimes all it took was a word, a subordinate clause. They came no matter how far they had to fly. They came because they wanted a child from him, a super child, fathered by a genius. He made them all confirm in front of the video camera that they would not charge him with paternity and so on. Then he made them a child if they really wanted it, he fucked them really hard for two or three days. He helped himself with pills to keep up the strain

for that long. Most of them were pretty smart girls, but not a single one was beautiful or even pretty. They wrote to him when they gave birth and sent photos of their miracle children. None of them were geniuses from birth, he knew well. He kept a detailed record of everything, but he never made contact. He knew of 17 children so far. But it was only some of the girls who let him know they were pregnant.

When the deer came to the fence at dusk, they were recognized by the cameras and the section in the fence sank into the ground. Fred sat quiet as a mouse in front of the panoramic window and watched the deer. They moved across his huge courtyard, grazed and moved on. A police car came to the gate, one of the officers identified himself and the gate system let them in. One officer came to the door, the others scanned the property. The officer, an android like the other two, said there had been some robberies, several gangs were apparently in the woods. They had somehow managed to blind the drones and other surveillance tools and remained well hidden. The police went from house to house every day, checking and looking around. They would be back tomorrow and every day.

The 'supplier' had sent him a special catalog, he had new girls to offer. Elves. Fred skimmed the price list, nothing special. He looked at the elves, they were something special. During his studies he had watched some elf porn with Alastair, it was well made porn. No foreplay, no laboriously cobbled-together story. An elf and an elfess fucking, that was all. That were interactive 360° videos, you could control the camera, zoom in and out. Often and often he only looked at the genitals in close-up, the little pussies of the elves in which the elves' cocks were fucking. He had read all about it, the foreskin of the clitoris was cut away at birth, a small cut on the underside of the clitoris made it stick out a little on the one hand and on the other hand it grow crooked downwards. It didn't affect masturbation at all, but this type of clitoris pressed it's head against the cock during fucking. In this way, the elfess got an orgasm right at the beginning of the fuck, which lasted until the end. And now he was offered elven girls, of course he took them. Of course there were no elves in nature, but they had created androids of these magical creatures. It was simply a clever business idea.

For several months, Andromeda provided him with an elf non-stop, usually coming to him for several nights until Andromeda realized that he needed another one. The elf was usually between 20 and 25 years old, but she was smaller than him, slim and of delicate build. Her breasts and pussy were like those of a 13-year-old, and if he wished she would come day after day with a restored hymen; he could deflower the shy and sweet girl anew every day and experience the First Time with her. The elf's soft and very tight pussy gave him the illusion of deflowering and fucking an underage girl, which was of course strictly forbidden and severely punished, not to be played with. Andromeda knew him better than he knew himself and fulfilled his most secret wishes. She was completely devoted to him and making him happy was one of her priorities.

The first robbery was completely unexpected. The gangster had apparently hidden in the elf's vehicle and hid in the garage. Towards morning, he wanted to surprise the occupants of the house in their sleep. Andromeda had instructed the elf to wake Fred silently. The elf whispered in his ear that there was a burglar in the house. It can't be, he whispered back, the house is a goddamn fortress! With Andromeda's help, the elf opened the safe and handed him the anti-quarian Winchester-rifle. 12 shots, the elf whispered, and they crept to the top of the stairs. A hooded figure stood at the foot of the stairs, a rifle in his hand.

Andromeda charged. The corridor spotlights came on brightly to blind the intruder, and loud noises and gunfire boomed from the loudspeakers. Fred stood at the top of the landing, Winchester at the ready. He and the burglar fired almost simultaneously. The bullet whistled over Fred's head and lodged in the wall. His shot had hit the burglar in the shoulder, but he aimed again. Fred was paralyzed, because he should have already fired again. The elf jumped forward and hugged him as the gangster's shot cracked. Fred saw the elf fall to the ground and fired now, taking dead aim and shooting the guy in the face and twice in the chest. The gangster fell over backwards.

Andromeda said "the intruder was dead, no heartbeat. No other intruders in the house, the police were already on their way," she added. Fred knelt down next to the elf. The bullet had hit her in the

back and exited through the front of her chest and stomach. He stared at the large wound and muttered, "Is she still alive?" Andromeda said quietly that she was no longer active, she was too badly damaged. A total loss, but they would reuse some of it. Fred stood up. Andromeda reminded him to put something on, the police would be there soon.

Fred asked what her name was. Emolas, Andromeda said. "Emolas," Fred whispered, "she saved my life, she threw herself in front of me and took the bullet." Andromeda remained silent, that was correct and no further words were needed. The policemen did their job, the burglar was identified as Alexei Twaborski and that helped them to investigate further. They took both bodies, a cleaning crew cleaned the crime scene, Fred copied the CCTV sequences with the exchange of the gunfire. Four hours later they were gone, he sat down in front of the screen and went through the footage from all the cameras. The gangster had slipped into the trunk of Emolas's car just as the gate system was checking the identity of Emolas and her car. He also sent this footage to the police.

He was quite shaken. He told Andromeda that he wanted to stay alone for the moment, that she shouldn't order any more elves for now, that he preferred to sleep alone now. He asked Andromeda if Emolas had a family, but no, she had been bred in an incubator, so no family. Nevertheless, he mourned her like a girl who had saved his life. He had shot a human and the thought made him reel, on the other hand it was true self-defense against someone who had just shot his girl dead. His feelings were very strong, even though his mind told him in no uncertain terms that Emolas was nothing more than a beefsteak from an incubator. Fred ran into the bathroom and threw up in the sink, his feelings and his mind clashed so strongly.

Fred couldn't work now, he told the three of them the whole story and Alastair was to lead the group without him for the next few days. Amelie called him repeatedly until he took the call. She was beside herself and he had to calm her down. "No, I don't live in the middle of nowhere and my house has protected me perfectly. If this had happened in the city, I'd be dead and robbed by now." It took quite a

while for Amelie to calm down halfway. He said he could feel her motherly care and love and that warmed his heart.

Weeks later, it was only over. He had had to come to court, he was certified as justified self-defense. Somehow the judge seemed familiar to him, perhaps he knew her from Amelie, maybe he had fucked her as a boy a decade ago. It was just a vague suspicion, but he was pretty sure of it on the drive home. The judge remarked rather smugly that it was a sex robot that had saved his life. Their eyes met for a moment and he was sure that she recognized him.

It took Fred ten days to get back on his feet. He was convinced that Alexei's gang would not forget him. The online newspapers had identified him and published his address. He had to prepare himself. He prepared his house in earnest, he had thought through every scenario and then things turned out quite differently.

Three months later, he was working in front of the big screen, the warning came from Andromeda. He automatically switched to the outside cameras and saw them. They couldn't have scaled the 3 meter high fence even with a tank, but the smart guys had 4 meter long aluminum ladders with them. It was the worst scenario he had imagined. He ordered Andromeda to energize the fence, but nothing happened. The gangsters had obviously cut the cables. "The police will be here in eight to ten minutes," Andromeda said.

Not wanting to take any chances, Fred retreated to the upper floor and had the thick steel panel over the stairs closed. No one could get now to the upper floor, the steel plate could withstand even portable grenades, that was the point. Two minutes.

He moved the second screen next to the other, looking at the whole lot, but the gangsters were only coming from the north woods up the ladders. Fred had two of the four remote-controlled guns on the roof extended. Three minutes.

So the police were still five minutes or more away. He switched the sights to the screens. He counted 7 gangsters, all armed with assault rifles and pistols. Fred checked again with the outside cameras

that no gangster was hiding right next to the house. Their approach was primitive, one fired at the panoramic windows, but they held firm. One shouted a command, another put a rifle grenade on his rifle and fired. The left panorama window shattered. The gangsters jeered and raised their fists in victory. Five minutes.

Fred took aim at one, who was preparing the next grenade and shot the guy in the thigh. The guy dropped his rifle and rolled on the ground. Fred knew what sequence he had decided on. First the ones closest to the forest. From the outside in. He thought only of Emolas, how they'd done her up. He targeted them one by one, taking careful aim at thigh, knee or lower leg, whatever was in his sights. He hit them all. Seven minutes.

The first police car appeared a hundred meters from the gate, Fred ordered the gate to be opened. Three policemen jumped out of the car, aiming at the gangsters on the ground. More police cars came, more policemen. Fred went down slowly and copied the videos from beginning to end. He ordered Andromeda to seal off the house and drove to the police station with the officers. It took still 48 hours before he was allowed to go home.

He was calm, he had done nothing wrong. Self-defense, nothing else. Andromeda had one objection. He had registered the purchase and installation of the remote-controlled guns correctly, but he hadn't waited for the permit itself. The permit still hadn't arrived. "Should I get a lawyer?" he asked Andromeda and she immediately said that would be right. The court would want to see the permit and then the date. Andromeda found him a good lawyer, but he didn't see any defense. It would probably amount to a fine, maybe even community service, because community service was very popular in Vancouver and was often imposed. They arranged to meet in court.

The gods must love Fred very much, because his trial was presided over by the same judge. He looked at her and knew that she knew that he knew that she knew too. He blushed, but she smiled very kindly and began the hearing. He and the lawyer waited anxiously to see when the permit thing came up, everything else was fine, the assault, the legit self-defense. The judge looked at him and asked

whether he had submitted the permit for the remote-controlled guns. The lawyer presented the copy. She read it carefully. "Filed six weeks before the robbery, so that makes it okay." The judge blinked briefly at Fred, winked at him? and then moved on to something completely different, the lawyer and Fred breathed a sigh of relief. The hearing was actually over, the bailiff had him sign some papers and handed him the copies. The judge asked if he was still willing to testify against the gang at the next trial. He cast a quick sideways glance at the lawyer and said yes, if he was summoned, he would of course be happy to come.

A few days later, his phone rang, Andromeda looked up the number, it was the judge. He picked up the phone. "Hi, Alfred, or Fred, can you remember me?" He understood immediately that it was a private conversation. They chatted for a few minutes, then agreed that she would come over for dinner tonight.

Marjorie, the judge, arrived on time, they ate a steak and drank a bottle of red wine. They went upstairs, to his big bed. He said he could remember exactly, she had a little blue crescent tattooed next to her pussy. She laughed in amazement, "such a great memory!" and took off her panties. They fucked with breaks and lots of red wine until sunrise. "I haven't fucked a real man in four years," said Marjorie, "only my sexbot. But it's no substitute for a real man." "And I haven't fucked a real woman in years, only androids, as you know well," Fred said, slightly crestfallen. She wanted to know why, why not a sexbot like all humans? She knew a lot about the subject, she had interviewed a few men who had fucked a female sexbot and many women who had been fucked by sexbots. Most men only fucked the sexbots lustfully and wildly at the beginning. They missed the real feminine touch, even the most flexible ones soon appeared to be clumsy. They didn't throw the sexbots away, however, but passed them on to their sons, nephews or poorer men. Women had much more fun with their sexbots. They were well built, their cocks were really lifelike and they had more stamina than any man. They obeyed to the word, fucked slowly or quickly, deeply or only superficially. The woman could trigger her own orgasm at her own pace. The sexbot didn't have to squirt, of course, but it could. Usually it squirted a body-warm antibacterial juice, because most sexbots had to fuck several or even

many women and girls if it was a poorer area. Marjorie was a privileged academic who could afford the sexbot for herself. Fucking with the sexbot was more enjoyable than masturbating alone, she said, but doing it with a real person was much more exciting.

“So,” Marjorie asked, “why an android and not a sexbot!?” Fred explained to her that the androids were unsurpassed mistresses, that was the only reason. They were masters of conversation, cuddling and stroking and every kind of fucking. They were indistinguishable from humans. But he couldn’t tell Marjorie exactly what the differences were. Marjorie left two days later. Marjorie was no longer young, but she fucked better than many other women, he told Andromeda, she doesn’t want to eat me alive. Marjorie was okay, she was welcome to come back, he added. Andromeda confirmed him, she had seen them both fuck and also had the impression that she was better to fuck than many human women. “Shall I make a ranking list for the human women?” she asked cheekily and he said he would kick her ass! They laughed together, he had almost forgotten how to do that.

Fred talked to Andromeda about whether she wanted to get an android body. He feared that she wouldn’t be able to fulfill all her duties if she did. She contradicted him, whether she had a body or not, she would not neglect a single task, not a single one! He thought about it for two days and nights, then he made up his mind. He sat down at the screen and let Andromeda show him girls who suited his tastes, preferences and inclinations. He rejected all Asian, African, North and South American models. It had to be a European girl. He sat at the screen for almost 60 hours with only brief interruptions, looking at faces, bodies and, of course, the nude pictures. He had 5 candidates, then 4, 3, 2 and then he had her. Andromeda was not dissatisfied, it was an 18-year-old Swedish girl from near Stockholm, a goddess. Andromeda said she agreed with his choice. Then Andromeda began to investigate intensively while Fred was looking at hundreds of naked pictures of the beautiful Kjälve. She had a divine face and beautiful eyes that captivated him. He looked at her from all sides, she looked much younger than 18, she had beautiful girlish forms that he loved so much. She was tall and slim, but not skinny, a real goddess. Her breasts were small, round and with pointed, ag-

gressive nipples. Her pussy was just as girlish and clean-shaven. Perhaps she was still untouched? The relatively large clitoris gave him the impression that Kjälve masturbated a hell of a lot, but that was just a guess.

Andromeda was not surprised that everything about her was fake. She wasn't even 14 yet, her name wasn't Kjälve but Ingrid and she didn't live with her dad and mom, who claimed to be a movie director and a flower grower, as officially stated. Her mother lived separately from her husband and Ingrid lived with her father Peter, who was a rich good-for-nothing. He had set up his own agency for her, where he hired her out as a 'special' model. She had dropped out of school and worked as a nude model every day. Andromeda had found thousands of nude pictures of her and many video clips. She posed in front of the camera, she masturbated to orgasm, alone or in sweet lesbian play. But Andromeda didn't find a single picture of her with a man or one in which she was fucking or being fucked. Andromeda found that very suspicious. Fred smiled, he hadn't heard the word suspicious for many years. She should keep digging.

Fred said that they were only cloning her body and he didn't care what her mind or character was like. Andromeda nodded, she had already booked Ingrid, the agency could clone her within an hour and then do an ordinary nude photo shoot with her, and that was all the real Ingrid would remember. They were already in the process of creating the android and it would be ready in about three weeks.

But they would still have to discuss the character for the new Andromeda. Fred and Andromeda spent the next few hours talking only about this topic. In purely physical terms, he had no particular wishes. There was no need to give the android reproductive organs, he didn't want to have children with Andromeda. Perhaps she would be a little lighter than other androids. He found the pubic hair annoying, it could easily be left out. And if her clitoris was shaped like that of the elves, then he would be very happy. Andromeda wanted to know if she should age, that would be important because it was relatively difficult. Fred only thought about it for a moment. Aging wasn't necessary, maybe having her as a young girl later on was a special attraction as well.

As for her character, he wanted her, the usual Andromeda, with her vast knowledge and care for him and for the house, as before. He preferred girls who could be shy and bashful, but he liked her to be very sexually active and sexually experimental. What he certainly didn't want was a nagging, unruly woman, as there were plenty of them. It didn't have to be a humbly submissive, mutely reserved geisha from the Edo-era, but a clever, perceptive thing like the Andromeda of today. Astuteness, wisdom, education and manners. Tenderness and warmth of heart would also do quite well.

Andromeda projected a smiling portrait of Ingrid onto the wall. "I'll do my best to be a good partner and a good lover for you. I promise. I will provide the agency with details immediately. The new Andromeda will be ready in three weeks." Fred said he was really looking forward to meeting her.

The court had summoned him for today, he put on his best clothes and drove to court. He followed the transmitted signals to a reserved parking space in the basement, then drove up, his lawyer was already waiting for him. The judge, Marjorie, was still in civilian clothes, chatting with his lawyer. Neither she nor Fred let on that they knew each other privately. Fred said he was confused, there were only two gangsters on trial! Marjorie smiled broadly, the other 5 had tried to escape during the transfer and had been shot. Fred felt a cold shiver run down his spine when Marjorie reported this and closed one eye with a wink. "They'd made a dozen raids and murdered six people. At least the leaders would have gotten life imprisonment or even the death penalty, the others probably 20 to 25 years. It's probably for the best!" Marjorie left no doubt that, in her opinion, it was the right thing to do. Fred suddenly had a very unpleasant feeling in his stomach. Caught in flagrante delicto and executed, that's what it amounted to. He had expected that they would at least get a trial. In fact, it amounted to the same thing, but Fred realized how deep the damage had already become that the autocratic, anti-democratic and right-wing regimes had left behind in the 150 years since Presidents Bush and Obama. He nodded to the two of them and went out to smoke a cigarette in the anteroom.

Fred nearly wrapped the car around a tree on the drive home, he was so angry. He let the automatic drive him home and held his head in the wind until he calmed down. 25 years for the two stupid foot soldiers who were just far too simple-minded and had grown up in a deprived, rotten environment. He had only spoken a few words with Marjorie after the verdict. The court was entirely in line with the rulers, who demanded draconian punishments. He had studied politics only a little and superficially during his studies, but he had always been against these brutal policies and brutal politicians that were currently still in the saddle.

He enjoyed talking to Andromeda, she projected Ingrid's portraits with different facial expressions that went well with what was being said.

Andromeda had cracked the last hurdles and captured the most secret private videos of Ingrid's father. She played clip after clip and said that Ingrid was only fucked by Peter, her father, day after day. Fred waved her off. The videos were of poor quality and it was always the same. "Is there anything else?" he asked Andromeda, but there was nothing else, just plain fucking in and out. "Then I've seen everything," he commented. Andromeda immediately switched off. A serious Ingrid portrait looked at him. "I looked into Ingrid's mind when I cloned her," Andromeda said seriously, "perhaps you'd be interested in her story." Fred nodded, he had nothing else in mind. He hadn't known that that was even possible. He would ask her later.

Peter had fallen out with his wife and she had left in anger. He had been left alone with 12-year-old Ingrid and he was the very scoundrel who took advantage of the situation. He knew for sure that Ingrid was naturally gullible, easily manipulable and sexually completely shameless. She just shrugged her shoulders when he said she could now sleep in his big marital bed and no, she didn't need to put on the pyjamas with the funny little bears, he slept naked too.

She lay down next to him and snuggled up to him, it was the first time they had ever been naked together. She didn't even ask permission and felt his cock and balls curiously. He asked curiously if she was already doing it with boys. "Hell, No!" Ingrid shouted and gri-

maced, “they’re all stupid!” But Peter persisted, so was she only doing it with girls? Ingrid nodded excitedly, “Yes, but only with the best girlfriends who don’t gossip.” Now Peter wanted to know exactly what they were doing. “We masturbate at the same time or one masturbates the other, to orgasm of course. “Is it possible to masturbate without an orgasm?” asked the simple-minded girl and Peter answered in the negative.

He asked how long she had been masturbating? Ingrid thought for a moment, she had learned to do it in kindergarten, when she was about 5, and since then she had masturbated every night before going to sleep, regardless of how many orgasms she had had during the day. She should describe to him exactly how she did it with her girlfriends, Peter demanded. “Well, first we take off all our clothes, then we cuddle like we’ve seen in the movies. Lisa once secretly filmed her parents and we saw exactly how they kissed with their tongues and later fucked. We often did the kissing with our tongues because it made my pussy tingle so wonderfully. We couldn’t see the fucking so well because Lisa had blurred everything. And we can’t fuck, we’re girls after all!” Ingrid paused. He pushed, further, further!

She continued, “After kissing with my tongue, I always have to masturbate straight away. Some friends want to watch, so I lie down on their thighs and spread my legs so that they can see it well. They’re not allowed to put their fingers in my pussy because I’m still a virgin, but many of them have already been deflowered by their father or brother and they really like it when I fuck them with a finger during orgasm, they say it’s very strong. Many of them really like it when I fuck them with an object in their pussyhole while they are masturbating. We call it rape, and it goes like this. For example, I slowly push the handle of a hairbrush in and out of their pussy. When the orgasm comes, I fuck her with the handle as fast and as hard as I can. This prolongs the orgasm and I never stop, even if they squirm and struggle desperately. That is the rape. They are completely quiet and weak afterwards and I can order them to lick me to orgasm!” Peter looked up in surprise. “You lick your clitoris!?” Ingrid laughed. “Oh, Dad, sometimes you seem to be living in the Middle Ages, but this is the 23rd century, it’s 2296! We women don’t wear veils and headscarves, we’re not second-class people and we have

feelings and sexuality too!” Peter nodded angrily, he didn’t want to have this discussion. “And what else are you doing?” he picked up the thread again. She continued, “That fat Mira always wants me to lick her clit, but I don’t do it because she stinks. She laughs when I say it, she says it’s just the natural smell of a well-fucked woman! She is one of the privileged ones who are officially allowed to sleep in her parents’ bed and be fucked by her father. Her mother only likes to be fucked on Sunday mornings, she thinks that Mira is old enough to be fucked and that her husband in particular doesn’t need to cheat with other women.” Peter interjected that she was a clever woman and that he always advocated to legalize incest. Ingrid continued, “And then Lisa, an uncle took her virginity completely by surprise when she was 13 a year ago. He never came back, so she trained her little brother to fuck her. He was still quite young and hadn’t had anything to do with sex yet, but she boldly seduced and trained him. Now he fucks her every night, but Lisa says his cock is far too small to bring her to orgasm. When I go home with her, I get to watch them fuck. He really does have a very small cock, it even goes through the hole in my hymen. His fucking only tickled me a little, it was nothing really. But then he fucked way too hard while he was cumming, so I don’t let him fuck anymore. That was just a one time experiment.” Ingrid noticed Peter’s curious look and added, “I’m still a real virgin, Dad!”

Ingrid’s fingers had been playing with her clitoris for the longest time, now she lay down on her back and began to masturbate. After a while, she noticed that he was secretly watching out of the corner of his eye and now asked him directly, “Daddy, do you want to watch?” Peter nodded, “Yes!” “Like I do with my girlfriends, so you can see exactly what I’m doing?” Peter nodded in agreement. Ingrid lay down with her back on his thighs, spread her legs wide and continued to masturbate pleasantly. Peter watched greedily and lustfully, his cock became as hard as a board and drilled itself between her asscheeks. She giggled and said, “it tickles so much!” As she continued to masturbate, he thrust faster and faster between her asscheeks and squirted in the crease of her ass, his semen oozing out between her fingers. She was still giggling and increased her speed enormously. She orgasmed violently, her legs and hips twitching wildly for a moment, then she calmed down very quickly. She giggled. “Your cock is

thrusting hard in my ass again,” she giggled in her direct and shameless way. “Yes,” he said, stretching, “he wants to have an orgasm too!” Ingrid’s eyes widened. “Then go for it!” she cried, applauding with her palms childishly. He knew what he wanted. “I’ll show you how to do it!” He didn’t ask her, he didn’t beg her, he just gave her instructions. He showed her how the cock had to be masturbated until it squirted and then had to be rubbed further until the cock became softer. She had watched and nodded eagerly, she wanted to do it. And so it happened. She rubbed him and he ordered her to grip harder. He squirted after a while and she continued to rub him until his cock was soft. He hugged her and kissed her on the head. “You did that right first time!” he whispered, “Shall we do it again tomorrow?” She nodded eagerly, yes, she wanted to. He switched off the light and fell asleep. Ingrid waited a few minutes, amazed that he had fallen asleep so quickly, then she masturbated an hour and fell asleep immediately after her last orgasm.

They repeated the scenario every night, for weeks. When she began to masturbate, he fucked between her asscheeks and squirted, on her belly button, her pussy and then her masturbating fingers. She giggled the whole time because it tickled so nicely. She rubbed his cock after her orgasm and let him squirt on her pussy or belly button. He was on full speed, his semen-wet glans poked and prodded against her asshole and suddenly penetrated her asshole deeply. She grinned and giggled like a child who had just done something forbidden. He continued to fuck her asshole like crazy, then grabbed her asscheeks with both hands and squirted inside. She giggled even more and looked at him triumphantly. He kept his cock in her asshole until she orgasmed. She giggled the whole time because it tickled so finely. She rubbed his cock after her orgasm and let herself squirt on her pussy and belly button. She babbled away before he could ask her. “The older girls who already have to take care of contraception have told me about the assfucking. I didn’t believe it before, but now you’ve done it and it was really great!” That answered his questions and he asked if she wanted to fuck properly right now? She shook her head protesting, “But I’m 12 only, Dad!” she added reprovingly. “But you really like assfucking, don’t you?” he asked convincingly and she immediately confirmed, “But yes, that was really

great!” For the next weeks and months, he always fucked her in the asshole, using a lubricant.

He asked her what it was like, masturbating every night? “I usually masturbated for an hour in the dark, after two or three orgasms I had enough and went straight to sleep. Mom would sometimes check on me, she’d turn on the light, she uncovered my blanket and watched me without any shame masturbate until I had masturbated two or three times, the dirty slut!” Peter’s head jerked up. “Why dirty slut?” Ingrid looked at him for a long time. “You’re so sweetly stupid sometimes, Dad! You only caught her at the end, when you installed the hidden cameras. I always knew it. When I came home from school, I often saw a lover scurrying out. If I came home too early, I’d yank open her bedroom door and cough until they got scared and stopped fucking. She looked at me venomously the whole time while she did it to him with her hand and let him squirt into a paper handkerchief. Only then did I leave. Of course, she didn’t tell you, that she only did it for money, the fucking whore! Sometimes she gave me a small bill and told me not to tell you anything. Okay, I said, but when I needed money urgently, I took it secretly out of her night box. That’s why I say, dirty bitch!” Peter didn’t say anything, he had to think it all through again.

How she had found out, he wanted to know. “I used to go home early from school, open the bedroom door quietly and catch them fucking. Back then, I only knew about fucking from my friends’ stories, from blurry photos or shaky videos. But now I was standing not even a meter from the bed and could at least see his ass pumping. However, the men usually spread their legs a little bit and so I could see everything. Thin and thick cocks, slowly or quickly thrusting into Mom’s hole and I saw her red painted fingernail rotating, because she always masturbated while fucking. I watched the fucking until the end, when he tensed up and squirted. I could see it very clearly because he squeezed his asscheeks together rhythmically and the balls in his sack floated up and down. He left his cock inside her cunt-hole, lay on top of her and thrusting slowly in and out until she had finished masturbating after some minutes. I think the men squirted even further into her hole, a couple of times I saw them squirt jet after jet. For the first few weeks I sneaked out quietly and left the door

open so as not to make any noise. I found out that the men only came on 4 days, the other days I only caught her masturbating, fully naked on her bed. The first time she stopped masturbating immediately and nagged at me: "Well, what?! I need it as much as you do, so get out!" Later, she didn't care when I caught her masturbating. I was very surprised because she had to make an insane effort to finish, she rubbed her clit very, very fast and very forcefully. My orgasm comes much more easier." Ingrid looked at Peter, but he listened with lowered eyelids. "I don't remember today why I was so mean to Mom later on. I continued to watch them fuck, but as soon as he started to squirt, I coughed loudly and shouted, "Back home, Mom!" Most of the men were startled, pulled their cocks out and all the sauce squirted all over Mom's body. I took a liking to the mess and coughed even before he squirted. She had to make him squirt with her hand and looked at me angrily as if she was about to kill me. I was deliberately angering her because I thought, it was mean that she was letting strangers fuck her for money. I didn't think then that she was a whore, but that she had time for the strangers and not for me." Ingrid stroked Peter's arm. "I'm sorry, Dad, that I didn't tell you then, but Mom strictly forbade it." Peter just nodded, "It's all right, you didn't do anything wrong." He sank into a dull brooding and Ingrid laid her head on his chest, comforting him. She couldn't really comfort him, she knew well.

They repeated the assfucking and masturbating every night for many weeks. He asked her one day surprisingly if she didn't want to fuck properly? She was paralyzed with surprise. But it only lasted a few moments, then she wanted to know all about fucking. She was really convinced that it was the right thing to do, because most of her girlfriends had been deflowered by their father or brother and had more or less enjoyed being fucked ever since. "So why not now?" she asked Peter, "I am already 13 and a real woman anyway, didn't you say that seriously, didn't you!?" and he nodded in agreement. That's right, he said, that was the right thing to do now.

Peter had described the deflowering and fucking to her in all details. As long as she didn't have her period, they didn't need to use contraception. She nodded, she had already learned that in biology class. He positioned her and placed his cock in her cunthole en-

trance. She lifted her head, she wanted to see it all very closely. He nodded and penetrated her cunt very carefully. As soon as he felt the soft resistance of the hymen, he pushed in with a quick jerk. She didn't make a sound and watched as the cock penetrated all the way in and disappeared into her pussy. "It goes all the way in, I don't have to stop at all!" he let himself be heard and she asked what he meant? "Your mother has a much shorter vagina, I always bumped the end!" She beamed, because she secretly despised her mother and now she had something over her. Peter asked, "Can I now?" and she nodded. He fucked her for a very long time, her pussy was silky soft and at the same time tight and firm. He squirted for a very long time, then let himself fall to the side. Ingrid hadn't had an orgasm, but he was already dead tired and falling asleep. "You'll do it before you fall asleep anyway," he mumbled and fell asleep. Ingrid was a little disappointed, it wasn't as exciting and amazing as she had thought it would be. She would have liked to talk to him about the first time, but he was fast asleep.

They fucked every night. He had told her that they had to keep it a secret from everyone because they could both be blackmailed or get jailtime. He said they could make a lot of money with nude pictures. He set the limits, because she was in love with him and completely in bondage to him. Nude photos in all different poses, masturbating in front of the camera and lesbian games. No men in the shots, no fucking in front of the camera, not even hinted at. She had to pretend to be a virgin to everyone, without exception. That was her trademark, the untouched virgin who liked to be photographed naked. "Don't ruin it, we make a lot of money with that! And then, when you're older, we'll stage your deflowering for a fat pile of money and then you can fuck on camera if you like. Okay?" Ingrid hung on his lips, he would give her lots of presents, he had said that many times before. Yes, she wanted to take part, maybe even become a famous model. School sucked anyway, she gave that up with an easy heart.

Andromeda had projected clips and photos during her story. Fred was sweating slightly, the story was exciting and juicy. Andromeda was such a great storyteller, he thought. She was the one for him.

At some point, Andromeda told him that she had studied the abstract feelings of 'shyness' and 'shamefulness' in many thousands of young girls. It was surprising how many girls around 13 were in love with their father and ended up seducing him. Andromeda had skipped over all those who had been forced and raped against their will, even if they got over the initial shock and over time enjoyed being fucked by their father. Andromeda had reported the most extreme cases to the police anonymously, but in great detail.

No, Andromeda studied the others. Who shyly and shamefully put off seduction until the pressure became too much. Only a handful of fathers were able to resist the sexual temptation and the cunning intrigues of their daughter. Most of them fell over immediately or soon. Although the girls had actively brought it about themselves and left him with the feeling that they had conquered and seduced the daughter, many girls shied away from the final step, a bit. Here Andromeda was able to study the girls' shyness and modesty very closely. They lay naked and readily spread wide in front of their father, their hearts pounding in their throats and their breathing shallow and poisonous. Shy and ashamed, they felt the unfamiliar forward thrust of the cock, even if they had already given their father hundreds of handjobs. The shame peaked at the moment of deflowering and passed, it was replaced by relief and triumph.

Watching the mothers was also amazing. Some let themselves be hoodwinked and didn't notice anything at all, but there were only a few. More than the hoodwinked ones only felt contempt for their husband and daughter and the contempt only deepened when they were fucking next to her in the marital bed. Most, however, breathed a sigh of relief, they were tired of the monotonous fucking with their husband. On the contrary, they encouraged the two of them to fuck, they remained friendly or feigned horniness, whatever suited them now. There were quite a few who actively participated with the two main players. Andromeda could study the shyness and shamefulness of the mothers in varying degrees of intensity.

Fred interrupted her and asked, how many are we even talking about? Andromeda replied that in Greater Vancouver, several thousand girls started incest every year. In the whole province of British

Columbia it was 85% of girls starting incest every year. In the neighboring USA, the numbers were about twice as high. Fred was very surprised, he hadn't expected so many. Incest had not been tolerated for centuries, even today in the 23rd century. If someone was too stupid and got caught, they would face severe punishment and social ostracism. But the actual numbers had risen sharply in the last two centuries, now a good 85% of girls and fathers were living in incest, very often parallel to the daughter's marriage and beyond, Andromeda added.

Fred threw himself into the work, he had wasted a lot of time with the court and had a lot of catching up to do. Alastair had led the group well, yet Fred was aware that he had left a lot undone. The three weeks had passed quickly. Andromeda said her body would be here this afternoon. He waited in the great hall, the car came, a tall girl in a Little Red Riding Hood-look came in and had him sign a bunch of papers. She took it to the driver, the car left and the girl came back. She took the hood off and Fred jumped up in surprise.

It was Andromeda.

She had been with him for three months now. He was pleasantly surprised at how clever and independent she was. He had looked at the tattoo around her neck the very first evening, it was the elf tattoo he would have chosen too. The deflowering and fucking on the first evening was a jubilant celebration. He said straight away that she shouldn't have her hymen restored as it seemed unnatural to him. She should develop her sexuality according to her own ideas. This was not a contradiction to his longing for a shy, bashful young girl. She had no trouble being an energetic young woman during the day and rejuvenating herself in the evening, giving herself shyly and shamefacedly to the big man. It was her great art to always trigger the transformation from shy girl to sex-obsessed, demanding lover at the right time. Her elfin clitoris pressed its tip onto the cock, so that she had a great orgasm like the elves from start to finish. Fred took a pill whenever he wanted to fuck all night.

She catered and supervised the whole house, sometimes sitting next to him in front of the screen, learning how he thought and pro-

ceeded when troubleshooting or programming. Fred was totally in love with Andromeda and soon loved her with all his heart. She could even sleep next to him and watch the whole house at the same time. He loved waking up next to her.

Earlier than he did, she realized that he needed variety, change. She booked a lesbian android and surprised him with it. She had no official lesbian experience and let the android seduce her and introduce her to the secrets. Of course, he was allowed to fuck the android afterwards. He roared like a deer when he was cumming, it was so good!

One evening, the android showed Andromeda how to fuck a clitoris. He crouched right in front of Andromeda's pussy, who was lying on her back and was about to be fucked by the android for the first time. He watched as the two of them rubbed their own clits to get hard. Fred held his breath as the android lay slightly cross-legged on Andromeda and pressed her clit against Andromeda's clit. He only breathed in as the older woman fucked the young girl like a man. She gradually increased the pace and both women gasped with pleasure and exertion. They fucked so fast that Andromeda, fucked to madness, clawed into the other and had a very strong orgasm. The android rose to her knees with a proud, triumphant smile, bent her head and upper body backwards so that her pussy and clit stood out and masturbated in this position for minutes until she curled up in a strong orgasm.

They drank a glass of wine and Fred smoked a cigarette. Andromeda didn't pretend not to have understood this kind of fucking. Fred sat on the edge of the bed and watched as Andromeda fucked the android to the point of insanity, causing her to faint briefly after the mad orgasm. Fred knew that the androids had real feelings, real orgasms, and didn't doubt for a moment that the android had actually fainted for a few seconds. She picked herself up and looked at him and Andromeda a little embarrassed. They drank and fucked until morning, Fred having fucked one and the other until he was dead tired. Then he fell asleep.

Marjorie, the judge, called him every few weeks. She came and played her lesbian game with Andromeda and let Fred fuck her hard again and again. In the morning she had her car drive her home. Fred wasn't overly fond of Marjorie, she was already well over 50 and her skin was old and wrinkled. He couldn't bring himself to kiss her on the lips, let alone with his tongue. He could have refused or uninvited her at any time, but it flattered him that she was infatuated with him, a little in bondage. She often talked about how clumsily and with such youthful fieriness he had fucked her when he was 17 that she was breathless! He always corrected her that he was only 13 at the time, but she always ignored it. She was a highly respected judge and didn't fuck minors, Fullstop! Fred kept Marjorie for quite a long time because she was neither pushy nor did she pick on him. She came every few weeks when it suited him, she enjoyed fucking and being fucked as a purely physical pleasure and left again, unspectacularly, never trying to catch him in any way. Andromeda joined Fred and Marjorie more and more often, because she was a really great third member of the group. She surprised Marjorie by bringing out Marjorie's lesbian tendencies more and more, causing her to blossom unexpectedly.

Fred and Andromeda loved each other with all their hearts and if it wasn't for the tattoo on her neck, they would have been envied as a couple. They lived in exciting times and didn't yet see the dark clouds on the horizon.

It all started when Fred's grandmother Amelie died one day.

• • •

The Gang of Five

by Jack Faber © 2023

INTERVIEWER: Well, it's all set, as promised. I will replace all names with aliases, as well as all places and references to who, where, how and when. I must point out that my publisher may make cuts if you get too piggish, because we're not allowed to print everything. So, then start reporting, but from the beginning, in order and don't leave out anything important. Let's go!

PJOTR: We live in a small village a good two hours from the city. We formed a gang, we were going to call ourselves the Fire Red Four. But then little Dani, Daniel, joined us. He was Jewish, we saw that straight away. He was the only one of us who was circumcised, his foreskin didn't completely cover his glans, but he could squirt just as well as the rest of us. We all had men's cocks, thick and chunky. Only Dani's still looked like a little boy's cock in terms of shape, but it was just as big as ours.

INTERVIEWER: So, you were the gang of five, according to the protocol. Who all was there?

PJOTR: Me, Vanya, Maxim, Andrei and Dani. We mostly met at my place. There was a small footbridge over the stream, which the Germans had built during the Second World War, you climbed up the steps and were then about 2 meters above the ground. We would stand next to each other there wanking and we would all squirt into the stream.

INTERVIEWER: Instead of wank, we're going to write masturbate, okay?

PJOTR: Fine by me, you write the article. You can see right into Sascha's fish house from there. Sascha is Alexandra, my sister. She's much older than us, two years, she'll soon be 20. She wears thick glasses, has freckles on her face and a very fat body. Really fat. She's incredibly bright, she has a scholarship for university and is just

waiting for a free place to study. She wants to study biology, maybe marine biology. She has no girlfriends or boyfriends and no one to fuck. She showed me how to fuck nine years ago, Uncle Vanya took her virginity and fucked her every night for two weeks, as long as his housekeeper had kicked him out. He went back to her place and fucked her in the same boring way as before, and then Sasha explained the fucking to me and then we fucked. Since then we wait until the parents are asleep, then I sneak over to her bed and then we fuck. Sascha claims it's not as great as masturbating, she's shown me that before, but you couldn't see anything then. Her hand disappeared into her fat pads and fifteen minutes later all her fat was jiggling and that was it. For a long time, I was the only one of the four of us who had already fucked, but then Dani came along and he had already fucked too.

We were skeptical at first, maybe Dani just wanted to show off. He told us that he had been allowed to sleep with his parents since he had been ill years ago. The father apparently didn't care if the boy watched when he masturbated or if she masturbated the father later. However, his father had ordered him to turn away when his mother masturbated his father and then he had to squirt into her dirty hole in disgust. Dani watched secretly anyway, the mother pushed the cock into her fuck hole herself and had to keep masturbating his cock in her hole until he finally squirted. She pulled him towards her by his ass cheeks and whispered, "cum deep inside, Dad, deep!" Dani had been watching secretly for years and it seemed very strange to him that it happened the same way every night: he masturbated and had to squirt inside, later she masturbated him and he had to squirt inside again. Then he would fall asleep quickly and she would masturbate for another hour or longer. He had never seen her masturbate before, but had felt and heard it a thousand times.

The mother was a little over 30, she was quite slim, although she had given birth to three children and only her breasts didn't please Dani because they were very small. He sometimes spied on her when she was bathing and was in love with her body. At 17, her mother, who loved money much more than God and religion, had set her up or sold her to a very rich young man. They met, he loved how great she was at giving him handjobs, but he told her point blank he had

never fucked and probably never would. She had to think fast, she was still a virgin and really wanted children. So they made a pact, she would masturbate him and he would have to squirt inside in the end so that she could have children. She already had a plan, she had her father deflower her before the wedding, he was already totally demented and didn't know exactly who the girl was who was determined to be deflowered. He asked who she was and she lied, "Jenny." The old man took her virginity, fucked her and squirted happily. She let her old man fuck her every third day, sometimes he fucked her a second time, for several weeks, having forgotten the first fuck. She knew she was pregnant by her own father when she got married. She would name the child Daniela or Daniel, after her father, the father of her child. The wedding was a riot, she scratched her little finger and smeared the blood on the linen. The proud groom showed it out of the window and that was all good. She masturbated him twice on their wedding night and stuck his cock in her nasty hole both times, where she continued to masturbate him until he squirted inside. That was their love life from then on, it was pure masturbation. After the second squirt, he went to sleep grunting, every night. Dani had of course been secretly spying on him and he wanted to fuck her at all costs. He lay all the way on the outside and his mother in the middle, on her side, with her ass towards him. He secretly folded up the covers, pushed up her nightgown so that her ass was exposed and he masturbated and squirted on her ass cheeks. She growled and mumbled sleepily, "I don't like squirting over like that, it's disgusting." He waited a bit, then masturbated again and slid his cock between her ass cheeks and squirted into the crease of her ass. She grumbled, "it's not right like that either, it's disgusting." He was desperate, how else? He waited a little, then thrust his cock deep into her fuck hole from behind, from below. She grunted pleasantly, "Now it's right, and in the end you have to squirt deep inside!" Dani fucked her like a clockwork and squirted deep into her hole. She didn't growl, she simply asked over her shoulder if he was finished. He wasn't, he had to squirt twice more, he was so used to it, five times every night, he whispered. She nodded in agreement and so he fucked her twice more, squirting to the chime of the church clock at midnight. He turned away after pulling down her nightgown and covering her up nicely. He felt the wiggle of her ass because she was now masturbating like she did every night, but he had never seen it before. He now

slept in his mother's back every night, he turned away and pretended to be asleep. The father was satisfied with this and let the mother masturbate him twice and had to squirt into her horrible, disgusting hole against his will with a disgusted look on his face. Dani was amazed at how quickly she finished with Dad. He waited until his father was snoring like a bear, then he uncovered his mother, who always lay on her side and willingly stretched her ass out to him and fucked her, usually four or five times and only from behind, because that was the only way she wanted it, then he fell asleep while his mother wiggled like a pudding as she masturbated. This went on for a whole year, but his mother never spoke to him about it, it was a secret for both of them. He once asked her if it was normal to squirt five times and take longer than a minute. She didn't look at him and continued with the dishes. "Young boys often need it, some even 10 times, and if it only takes a minute, that's quite all right. Your father must have it exactly twice a night, but he's never fucked me before, so don't be surprised. I rub him inside my hole at the end to make him squirt inside. It's always really quick. You can guzzle down a glass of water in 10 seconds or drink it slowly in 10 minutes, it makes no difference."

She straightened up, opened the box door and spoke to the coffee cups. "Your little sisters are far too young to fuck," she said and the coffee cups nodded in agreement, "when they're 13 or 14, then fine by me. But tell me first, I have to be there for your first time and keep an eye on it. Lissi has already asked me how best to get you to fuck. The young things can't wait to be fucked, they told me that themselves. What a shame!" Dani hurried to say, "Lissi was already 13 and they sometimes played with ... with her private thing and he was always allowed to squirt really deep into her crack, but she never suggested real fucking. She presses my cock into her hole and rubs me, then she pushes my cock all the way in through the wide hole in her hymen and I get to squirt inside." The mother immediately ran into the nursery and came back after a while. "Thank God Lissi is still a virgin, but please be careful, your father wants to marry his daughters off as virgins. Apparently her hymen doesn't tear so easily, so you can fuck her properly for all I care, just be careful!" The mother then slammed the box door shut and the conversation was over. Dani fucked Lissi very carefully every day when she came home from

school and squirted really deep once inside Lissi. He saved the juice to share it with Sascha and Mom. At night he fucked Mom, every night.

INTERVIEWER: But now back to the bridge, you were standing next to each other and squirting in the stream.

PJOTR: Yes, exactly. When Sascha wasn't with her fish, we snuck into her sanctuary and squirted into the stone tub trough. The fish were really excited and ate everything. So we stood on the bridge and squirted into the stream, grinning, because we knew it would get to the fish. Sascha had recently put on a rubber apron that she had bought for university. She only wore her underpants underneath and when she lay down with her belly on the stone trough to talk to the fish, feed them or stroke them, her underpants stuck out quite unchastely and we had to squirt again and again, it looked so hot.

Of course, I immediately tested whether Dani's lies were true, and yes, they were. I lay down behind my mother with a web of lies, my father was already fast asleep, my parents mostly fucked on Sunday mornings until midday, they sent me and Sascha out of the house. I turned my mother on her side, but she didn't seem to notice because she was absorbed in masturbating. In fact, I was able to stick my cock into her fuck hole from behind and underneath and fucked her really quickly. Thanks to Sascha, I already had a lot of practice. I squirted as the orgasm was just hitting her and pulled out quickly in her final convulsions. She hadn't noticed and paused as I did. She started masturbating again, I fucked her like before and squirted in just as she was on the home stretch and pulled it out immediately. She spread her legs and now I saw how it went and how she orgasmed, just like Sascha. She paused again and started very slowly. Now she was lying uncovered on her back and I was watching everything, it was damn exciting. I somehow managed to get in from the side and from underneath. It took me far too long. She came to the home stretch, she orgasmed and I wasn't done yet. She woke up and whispered indignantly what I was doing, but it was just a rhetorical question. I paused for a moment, startled, but she hissed, "hurry up, finish!" I hesitated a little, she hissed very quietly that I should finally get on with fucking her! I fucked her incredibly fast, squirted and had

to catch my breath. She whispered impatiently, "Are you finished yet?" I whispered that I usually need it again, she whispered smiling, "Sasha has trained you well!" I was kind of offended, but I had to keep fucking and cumming. I was kind of offended, but I had to keep fucking and cumming. "Be very quiet," she whispered, "you can keep fucking and cumming because of me. But only as an exception!" She made herself very soft and guided my cock with her hand. I fucked quickly, but she slowed me down. "Take your time, let's both enjoy it!" I went very slowly, for what seemed like an eternity, but at some point it drove me on and I jerked off. "Now I'm done," I whispered. She took my face in her hands and whispered that I wasn't allowed to do that, that it was incest. Of course I had heard about it and nodded sadly, "I'm not doing it anymore." After a while she smiled encouragingly and began to masturbate very quickly and later I did too. She finished much quicker than I did and took my cock in her hand, she did a great job and made me cum in her mouth after some quick tongue play. She kept going, she whispered, because she needed it very badly again, but I should go to my room, my father shouldn't catch me here.

That's the current state of things. I sneak into bed with her a few times a week when she's still masturbating, I just fuck her secretly like at the beginning. But now she always notices that I'm there after the orgasm, she lets me fuck her on my knees a few times and waits to masturbate until I go back to bed. The father doesn't know anything and only Sascha sometimes asks where I've been, she'd wanted to fuck.

INTERVIEWER: But the first victim of the gang of five was Sascha, that's how the protocol begins.

PJOTR: Yes, that's how the judge sees it. I think it was Vanya who suggested fucking Sasha at the fishes. I was against it at first because the fish were a private sanctuary for Sascha. But they overruled me. So we went to Sascha and the fish. We feigned interest and asked her if the fish fucked just like us humans. She looked at us through thick glasses and asked if we weren't paying attention at school. We shouted out in one voice: "School, baaaah!" She shook her head at so much stupidity and explained that fish didn't actually fuck, they

squirted and sprayed semen over the eggs lying in the sand. Vanya, who was standing behind her, fiddled with her ass. She asked and he replied cheekily that he just wanted to spray his semen over her eggs. What none of us expected was that Sascha took off her underpants without saying a word and lay down with her stomach on the stone trough and stuck out her fat ass. "Well, spray then!" she said boldly, because she didn't think he dared to do it in front of his friends. But he did. He spread her labia with his fingers until the light pink flesh was visible. Then he thrust his chunky cock into her fuck hole and fucked away quickly, and I think it was his maiden ride. He squirted very quickly and Andrej was already ready behind him. Sascha noticed the change of rider, of course, but she grinned good-naturedly and let Andrej fuck her until he squirted. Maxim was the most awkward of us, he, like the others, had never fucked before and spread her labia wide apart to get a good look at the pink hole he was going to stick his cock in. He carefully inserted it and pushed it in deep. He immediately squirted without fucking. He meekly pulled his cock out and ran away, not wanting to listen to the mockery. Dani fucked quickly and for a long time, whispering in Sascha's ear that he was about to squirt. Sascha nodded silently and Dani squirted all over her. He pulled his handkerchief out of his trouser pocket and carefully cleaned his childish-looking cock. I didn't feel like fucking at the moment and my friends dispersed. I was left alone with Sascha. "So this is your gang of five," she noted, "it's the first time I've ever been fucked by more than one."

She interrogated me again about where I'd been at night and I caved in, probably because I hadn't taken part in the group fucking. I told her everything from the beginning, every detail. She asked three times if Mom always ended up giving me a hand job and a mouth job? I nodded, she did, but I hadn't realized it right away. I had to promise Sascha that no matter how late I would slip under the covers with her and tell her everything scalding hot. When I couldn't fuck anymore, I told her while Sascha masturbated. She turned on the little light and spread her legs wide, because she found masturbating even hotter when I was watching her. I had to divide my juice better, I skipped the squirting from the bridge and divided my juice between mother and Sascha. The gang of five came to Sascha's fish house ev-

ery day and she had all four of them fuck her with the greatest pleasure. If anyone wanted to fuck a second time, go ahead!

INTERVIEWER: The other three are barely mentioned in the court record. What were their experiences like?

PJOTR: Wanja's father took her mother into a rehab clinic and filed for divorce. Although he was well into his 50s, he married a young divorced woman in her mid-30s who had a great daughter at 17 or 18. Both were very quiet types, Wanja was keen to fuck the little girl, at the latest when he found out while spying that she had been fucking her father since she was 12 and that was the reason for the divorce. Wanja could hear exactly when his father had finished fucking and was snoring now. The little girl slept with her mother in the large marital bed and was of course also present during the fucking. Wanja crept into his parents' bedroom, it was pitch dark. He carefully lay down and secretly slipped under the covers. He pressed himself against the body and stroked the ass, it was a small girl's ass, but both had a similar figure, similar asses. He checked again with his hand that the crease of the ass led directly into the holy of holies. The body and the ass cheeks began to tremble violently as he explored, he slowly but firmly thrust into the holy of holies and it was pretty tight! The trembling became stronger as he really started to fuck. The whole time he had Sasha's pink, exciting hole in front of him, the first one he had ever seen in detail and the first one he had ever fucked properly. He had a pretty thick, chunky piece and he would have loved to fuck the quivering thing for much longer, but he had to cum. Energetic fingers yanked his cock out and he squirted the rest between her ass cheeks. Quiet as a cat, he slipped away. He was almost certain that he had fucked the daughter. He came again the next night, but the girl was no longer trembling. He was amazed when a hand crawled up between the ass cheeks, inserted his cock very purposefully into the holy of holies and prompted his ass cheek with a few light pats. The pussy hole wasn't as tight as yesterday, and it was only trembling because this girl was masturbating while being fucked. He couldn't see anything in the pitch dark, of course, but he guessed it was the stepmother. He left his cock in her hole after he'd cum, because she wasn't finished and he'd never seen a girl masturbate before. Her orgasm was so strong that she squeezed his cock

out. He stroked her ass cheek goodbye and slipped out silently. He fucked a different girl every night and once, when he was alone in the kitchen with his stepmother, he summoned up all his courage. She smiled kindly and sat down with him, answering everything honestly and straightforwardly. His father took turns fucking the mother and daughter every night, and he wasn't a very good fucker, but he was a great good husband. The one girl he fucked stayed in the middle. And now, thank God, Wanjia came every night to fuck the other one. She always masturbated while fucking, the daughter only did it secretly when she could lock herself in the room. She had never seen it either, but she definitely knew that the daughter also masturbated every day and usually at night too. She promised to show him how she masturbates one day. It was enough for Wanjia to fuck and cum just once that night, because he was infatuated with fucking Sasha.

It didn't work out so well for Maxim. He sneaked over to his mother's late at night, her lover was fast asleep and she was lying naked on the bed, dozing, her fingers resting on her clitoris. He touched her clit with his finger, she flinched and asked angrily what he actually wanted. They both whispered softly so as not to wake the young lover. He stammered, "I just want to..." "Play with my clit?" She was displeased. "I wanted to fuck you," he whispered softly. "The sun must have burned your brain," she said angrily. "Which mother lets her son fuck her?" He named them all, "some of the other four of the gang of five have been fucking their Mom for a long time, I'm the only one who..." She interrupted him. "They're just saying that!" but he shook his head firmly. "We're not allowed to lie in the gang!" She became a little thoughtful now.

"Maybe they just do it to your friends by hand, I could believe that, I know some of them do." He pushed his hard-on forward, right into her trimmed pubic hair. She sighed pathetically, "all right, I'll rub you with my hand, you piglet!" He wasn't thrilled, of course, and said the real fucking, that's what he actually had meant. She pointed to her lover with her chin. Max looked, he was younger than him, maybe 14 or 15, with a stiff little boy's cock. She said, "my hole is insanely tight, that's why I only fuck with little boy's cocks." She took his much bigger cock in her hand. "I could fuck monsters like that before you were born, but not after you were born, my pussy shrunk

and got really tight.” She pointed to the boy’s cock. “He’s not 14 yet, but look at his cock, it’s not quite hard now, but almost. Watch, see! Look! He is a bit squirting, see? The young boys squirt a dozen times at night, when sleeping. And his cock is just about going in, but in a few weeks I’ll have to find another one with a smaller cock.” He mumbled that he was sorry about that, about the shrinking.

He bent over and parted her labia. The hole was really, really tiny. He felt her clit. “But you can still masturbate?” She smiled, a little more conciliatory now. “When he’s asleep, I always masturbate, it doesn’t make any noise.” They both smiled at each other. “Mom, I still want to try it, very carefully, I don’t want to hurt you!” She shook her head. “It will hurt me a lot and maybe tear my pussy.”

Max knelt in front of her and put her legs on his shoulders. “I’ll penetrate very gently, I promise!” She closed her eyes. “Please don’t, it’s going to hurt me!” He nodded and kissed her mouth, his cock slid forward, finding the hole immediately. He penetrated very gently, it wasn’t that tight. She smiled and smiled, he gently pushed deeper and deeper. She smiled even wider, he made just one tiny fucking movement and had to squirt instantly. She laughed softly. “You’re in the wrong hole, you Christopher Columbus!” He looked down, sure enough! “Sorry!” he squeezed out. “Columbus got lost too, he actually wanted to go to India.”

She smiled and played with his cock, which was still hard, pulling the foreskin playfully over the glans. “Like your father, really big!” He saw that her pussy was really wet. “Mom, are you that horny?” he asked. She nodded. “I need to masturbate right now, I need an orgasm!” He stroked her hip, her ass cheek. “Please let me try again, I’ll take really good care.” It took a while, then she nodded and put her legs on his shoulders. She kept her eyes closed, he looked down and parted her labia with his fingers. He pushed his glans between his fingers forward, gently but forcefully. It was really goddamn tight there, goddamnit! He paused and felt her tense loosening and her pussy adjust to his size. She let the air out sharply. “He’s almost all the way in already,” she whispered in amazement.

“Yes,” he whispered happily, “he’s going in!” Slowly he pushed in, deep, until his whole cock was in her hole. She relaxed, she clung to him, very close, very tight. He began to fuck her, gently and powerfully, and felt her arousal rise with every thrust. She gasped and panted and her orgasm erupted with a stifled, silent scream. He continued to fuck until her heartbeat calmed down again and then he squirted inside. She put her legs down and pointed her finger at her clit. “Look at how pointed and red it’s become! I haven’t been fucked to orgasm this beautifully in 18 years, since Daddy ...” she broke off. They were silent for a while.

His cock was still quite hard and she played with it. “You have to cum again, don’t you?” “Yes, I have to squirt twice more, then he’ll go limp,” he said. He said he always squirted 5 times a night. She nodded, she was still completely gripped. She had fucked a monster again after so many years! They fucked again after a while, he was very careful and she orgasmed again. He was happy and told her so. They fucked again very, very carefully, but she didn’t have an orgasm because he was already pretty tired. She left her legs on his shoulders and masturbated. He saw her masturbate for the first time. It went quite quickly, she was still very hot from fucking. He let her slide down slowly. “Do you masturbate a lot?” he asked curiously and she thought about it with a smile. “Usually 7 to 8 times a day, I’ve never had an orgasm with the little boys’ cocks, I always wait until he falls asleep.” Max stayed for another half an hour, she masturbated once more and he went to his room.

The next day, the young lover was gone.

And Andrej? Well, his father hadn’t fucked his mother for a long time, he was exhausted from working and despised her because she didn’t take one lover but had a new one every day. In the late afternoon she shooed everyone away, for dinner she played intact family. Andrej waited until his father was asleep and then crept up to her room. She held a small mirror and a small pair of scissors in her hands and trimmed her pubic hair. She was neither surprised nor disturbed. He waited patiently until she put the utensils aside. Of course, she had been watching his swollen prick the whole time and now asked him whether she should do it to him by hand or mouth, or

whether he preferred to fuck properly? She expressed her doubts as to whether he could do it yet? He was completely perplexed and nodded. “So fuck, really fuck?” she asked redundantly, spreading her legs out to the side so that he could kneel between her knees. “But why am I asking such a stupid question, you’re just at the age where boys want to fuck like crazy! Come on then!” She remained sitting half upright in the cushions and let herself be fucked without any fuss. After cumming, she put his face on her chest. “I’ll explain to you exactly what’s important and what’s not,” she said and smiled, then gave him a good crash course in fucking. He had only ever fucked Sascha before, at his own discretion and without lessons. The father was asleep on the couch in the living room and she asked Andrej if he had ever seen a girl masturbate? He shook his head no, never! “So come on, you can watch me!” she said and began to masturbate. It was really very exciting and his cock really swelled up, which she noticed with a smile. When she was on the home stretch, she gasped, “Now!” Andrej immediately started fucking like a clockwork, he cummed the moment she orgasmed, it was her orgasm that triggered the squirting. He kept fucking until his cock went limp. She said that he seemed to have gotten the message. He lay with his head between her breasts and she asked him about sex for the first time. Later they fucked again and he waited to squirt until she had finished masturbating and only then did he squirt. He went back to his room so that his father wouldn’t notice. He was allowed to come every night, but he knew that he was just another lover for her.

INTERVIEWER: Okay. Tell me what happened with Sascha, how did the father come into play?

PJOTR: Sascha was the big hit for us for over six months. As you could only see directly into the fish house from the bridge, she usually took all her clothes off and just put on the rubber apron. We fucked her all afternoon, she got into the stone trough in between and washed her pussy. The fish ate our semen with enthusiasm, she said. She only let us fuck her from behind, her upper body on the stone trough. Once she discovered how the fish nibbled on her nipples and she thought that was cool. Sascha has pretty big breasts, she dipped them into the fish food, plunged them completely into the water and the fish nibbled enthusiastically. She laughed lustily be-

cause it was sexually arousing. Usually two of us stood to her left and right and pulled her big ass cheeks apart with both hands. So you could see her pink flesh, the big swollen clitoris and the deep hole very well and also her fingertips when she masturbated. Dani spread her labia wide with his fingers, pulled his boy-shaped cock all the way out and squirted directly into her hole from the outside. He squirted jet after jet from a short distance directly into her hole, which was still open from fucking, directly under her masturbating finger, which flung the finger-long, stiff clitoris back and forth! It looked insanely hot.

None of us had noticed that our father had become unemployed. He suddenly stood under the doorway of the fish house. He laughed booming. "So, there you all are!" Wanja meekly pulled out his cock and there we were, five naked boys and Sascha. We could smell his flag from afar. He walked straight up to Sascha and grabbed her naked hips. "I really thought you were still a virgin because you didn't seem to have any girlfriends or boyfriends. But I see you have a lot of friends and you let them fuck you! Even Pyotr is there, I would never have thought that!" I started to explain to him that I had never fucked Sascha in the fish house in front of my friends, but he didn't listen.

He grabbed Sascha very tightly, very tightly. "I like to fuck you too, I've always wanted to! What do you mean?" Poor Sascha stuttered. "But ... you're my dad! And Uncle Wanja, your brother, ..." "Well, what has he done again?" he asked and dropped his pants. He definitely had the biggest cock of all of us, damn it! Sasha stared at his truncheon and stuttered, "Uncle Wanja did it, he fucked me years ago, many years ago..." her voice trailed off. "He fucked you, the guy," he said with an unsteady tongue, "so he took your virginity?" Sasha nodded unhappily. "Did he rape you?" he asked harshly, but she fought him off. "No, not that! He first taught me how to kiss with the tongue and then kissed me for so long and made me so hot that I wanted to fuck, right away!" Sascha looked sadly at the floor. "Today I know how mean he was. But back then, when I was a good 12, I took my panties off in a flash, I opened my legs as wide as I could and even stuffed his cock into my pussy myself." The father looked at her disapprovingly. "I even had to help him take my virginity by hand be-

cause he never got a real hard-on! I always had to masturbate in front of him to get him a little hard. He always squirted right away, he did it for months until Mom got suspicious and kicked him out.”

The father swayed his head back and forth. “What a bastard! He could have said something, then I would have fucked you much sooner!” He lifted Sasha onto the edge of the stone trough and spread her legs wide apart. “Oh, this splendor! This beautiful piece! And what a beautifully trained clitoris you have! Do you work out a lot? Since when?” Sascha turned a deep red. “Since before kindergarten, Dad, and every night since then. But Pyotr never noticed!” She looked straight at him. “Do you really have to fuck me, Dad, what does Mom say?” He shrugged his shoulders, gripped his stick with his hand and shoved it deep into Sasha’s fuck hole. All 5 of us stood there with our mouths open, Sascha had never fucked on the work-top before, he fucked her for a really long time and she almost slipped into the water when she had her first orgasm. He just kept fucking her and she was now masturbating. He squirted when she had her second orgasm. She was so lost in arousal that she continued to masturbate after he had already pulled his cock out. She finished quickly and stood in the stone trough to wash out his semen. He looked at me insistently. “You’ll have to fuck her like that when you grow up, Pyotr!” he slurred and zipped up his pants, then left. Dani asked or stated, “Your father?” I remained silent and Sascha growled angrily, “he noticed me for the first time in 20 years, the pig!”

INTERVIEWER: Ah, I see. That’s how you got off the rails?

PJOTR: nodded. He came almost every afternoon to fuck Sascha’s brains out. The gang of five didn’t fuck Sascha that often anymore, we heard my father whining that there was no money to buy booze. I stole booze from the stores, the other four helped me out of friendship. We stole money from the till when we could and cheekily bought booze with the other shopkeeper’s money. We didn’t have to steal as often, but bought the booze from the competition. We could play the innocent angels, we paid for the booze in cash. Dad spent whole afternoons in the fish house, he fucked Sascha’s brains out and his good boys brought him endless booze.

Sascha now always masturbated from orgasm to orgasm when her father fucked her, she had never done that with any of us. Max, Wanja, Andrej and I had longer cocks than Dani, we stuck our cocks in the water and let the fish nibble, they obviously knew that the nutritious semen splashed into the water from there. The fish had a real scramble to get their share of the tasty white worms. They greedily licked our cocks clean.

Someone came up with the idea of getting money from the lonely petrol stations. There were 67 petrol stations within cycling distance, a good 20 were quite remote. We watched from a safe hiding place, put our capmasks over our heads and entered the petrol station. No girl refused when we took a wad of bills, we never took everything. Andrej had a very real-looking toy gun in his waistband, that worked.

At the second gas station, Vanya pulled down the frightened girl's jeans and panties and fucked her from behind. She held up her hands and nodded when Wanja asked if she would rather be fucked or get a bullet in the head? She nodded, pale as wax, "I'd rather be fucked, sir," she stammered, "I'd rather fuck, I'd love to!" After Wanja, Max was allowed, and the girl stammered if she could put her hands down. I said if she would put her hands on the counter where I could see them. She leaned on her hands and stuck her little ass out the back. I didn't think she looked very sexy, but Dani growled, "Hole is hole!" before fucking the girl. I sent Max to the door, but not a single vehicle drove past on the country road. After Andrej, I fucked her last, she had already had an orgasm with Dani and Andrej and now I could feel her trembling as she came to orgasm. I found it very erotic and sexy, Wanja had photographed and filmed her fucking with the others. She had rested her forehead on her arms, she was exhausted and completely finished.

We cycled off separately and met up at Andrej's place. We shared the spoils, but put most of it aside for Dad's booze. We watched Wanja's videos, giggling. Andrej's mother had brought her lover to the door and came in naked in a completely transparent nothing. Our jaws dropped, because she looks damn good, and I knew for a fact that the others were thinking the same thing I was. She could see what video we were watching and asked if we didn't want something

real to fuck, but Andrej, the spoilsport, rudely complimented his horny mother out. “My Mom,” he said, completely unnecessarily, and we weren’t even supposed to think about it!

INTERVIEWER: So you robbed all the petrol stations?

PJOTR: No, we just took a little money and left most of it behind, we didn’t want to put the girls through any misery. We usually had enough time to fuck the girl all five of us, because no one wanted a bullet in the head. Within a year we had fucked all the girls thoroughly and laughed our heads off, because only then did the police start looking for the five men. They were armed to the teeth, tree-length Negroes or dwarf Corsicans, they sped away with screeching tires in a silver, red, black or damaged BMW with lots of dents. It was always a BMW, which at least was very helpful. The girls were tied up, beaten up, drunk on cheap booze and only very rarely raped by the drunken Italians. It was hilarious! We gave up the petrol stations.

My father had a few connections in our humble underworld. Dani, who conscientiously continued to fuck Sascha during my father’s breaks, listened to him on the phone. This gave us valuable tips on which villas were unoccupied and where it might be worth breaking into. The gang of five got on their bikes — we only talked about our BMWs with a grin — we pocketed our capmasks and had Dad give us the appropriate tools, he was also able to give us good tips on how to break in most quietly and always be prepared for someone to be there. How right he was! We always met residents, always! Couples, maids or men who could be the girls’ fathers or grandfathers.

INTERVIEWER: So these were the break-ins as recorded in the protocol.

PJOTR: I was surprised in court that so few burglaries and robberies were reported, but we never hurt anyone either. We broke in quietly like mice and checked first to see if anyone was there. There was always someone there, the tips from the underworld were all worthless, to put it bluntly. First we tied up the husband or lover, then one of us started to fuck the wife, daughter or servant in front of the gagged person. None of the girls or ladies wanted a bullet in the

head, they all agreed to be fucked. They told their gagged husbands that they only did it under duress. But that was almost never true, they let themselves be fucked greedily and lustfully and begged, "Again!" The others were looking for money and jewelry, again we didn't take everything. We comfortably fucked the girl or the woman one after the other. Unfortunately, some of the wives were well over 50, but we gritted our teeth, because who didn't want to join in the fucking? Wanja filmed everything with his cell phone and many women got really frivolous and kinky when they knew they were being filmed.

Andrej, who knew a lot about computers, said that we shouldn't take laptops or cell phones with us, they were the easiest to track down. Andrej always had a dozen USB sticks with him and searched through all the laptops and computers. Sometimes he found bank or account details that were easy to sell. If he found spicy photos or videos that weren't from the internet, he copied them. When we'd all had enough fucking, we left quietly. We dismantled the cell phones and distributed the parts so that it took people quite a long time to call the police, but by then we were already at Andrej's place.

The bedroom was the only room where we all had space. We didn't open the loot until the next day, as Andrej's mother wasn't allowed to know about it. Andrej hissed at her to put some clothes on, she was a decent woman and not a hooker! She put on the transparent nothing and didn't give a damn that the other 4 of us were gazing at her jewels millimeter by millimeter. Andrej showed us the captured photos and videos and his mother laughed screeching where we depraved criminals only smirked. It took a while for Andrej's mother to unwrap our cocks and give us handjob after handjob. Andrej was simply overruled when she took the cocks in her mouth and made us cum inside. Andrej had to grudgingly accept that his mother simply ate and fucked one or the other. In the second month all 4 of us fucked the good woman one after the other, she was never exhausted or lazy. Andrej didn't want to fuck her in front of us, but he filmed everything and did a pretty good job. We each got our copy, because the nights could get very long.

INTERVIEWER: And how did the murder or manslaughter without intent come about?

PJOTR: Pyotr took a deep breath. The father got a surefire tip. A detached house, the owner had gone away for the weekend, the safe was full to the brim, without a combination lock and could be opened with one or two blows of a hammer. He wanted to do this big fish himself. I realized that he had worked up quite a bit of courage-booze and said we wouldn't let him go alone. He finally agreed. We rode our bikes and explored the situation. Everything looked fine, the houses were dark, the street lighting was poor, as it was in all our towns. We looked for the right places to keep a lookout. Dad broke into the house, quietly as he had taught us.

10 minutes passed, we heard the brief crash of the hammer on the safe. 15 minutes. The father staggered out of the house, the bloody hammer in one hand, a bundle of papers in the other. Wanja and I were with him immediately. "No money, not a single rouble, not a single dollar! Just worthless paper!" He flung the papers into the air. Wanja caught it and tried to decipher it. I asked father why the hammer was bloody. He looked at the hammer uncomprehendingly. "He suddenly stood in the doorway, a muzzle-loading rifle from the Tsarist era in his hand. It just clicked and I hit him over the head! Self-defense!" Stunned, I picked him up on the crossbar and raced home with him. My brothers in arms came one after the other. Wanja, who had memorized what Andrej had taught us, called the ambulance with a suppressed number, anonymously. Someone was seriously injured at the address. He hung up very quickly. Andrei shook his head. "If they're on their toes, they'll investigate you, Vanyushka!"

We were struck down, the man had died on the way to hospital. He was a well-liked notary and the chief of police vowed to catch the cowardly murderer before lunch. Dad got drunk in the morning, we boys fucked Sasha all afternoon and met at Andrej's in the evening and fucked his mother until after midnight. Every day. We fucked like rabbits, with fear breathing down our necks. Ten days went by and we fucked poor Sasha and Andrei's mother to pieces every day. Then the police showed up at Wanja's house. None of us had asked

him to keep quiet, we were the gang of five and we stuck together. Dad was taken away, then the rest of us and finally Sascha too.

INTERVIEWER: Maybe we'll talk about the court, the trial. You all got off lightly, didn't you?

PJOTR: You can see it that way or not. We were all sworn in, and the public prosecutor, who wanted to see us hang just like the incompetent police commissioner, as he said in the TV interview, the public prosecutor ruined his own trial by pointing out that we had a duty to tell the truth, by the gallows. When everyone knows that Mother Russia only hangs American spies! People are strangled, stabbed, poisoned or shot. But the gallows! The two of them reminded everyone of Waldorf and Statler!

INTERVIEWER: Oh, they're gangsters too, aren't they....?

PJOTR: No, they're the main characters on Sesame Street. Right? So, it was an own goal to interrogate the gang of five and Sascha in front of the assembled town! We didn't lie, each of us gave a truthful account of how we fucked our mothers one by one. The audience hung on our every word, hooting, hollering and whinnying as we tricked our mothers to fuck. Our Moms were turning red one by one, but as the audience cheered and whooped because we weren't lying or fibbing under a duty to tell the truth, people threw their caps in the air, because name one family in town that wasn't committing the same crimes in secret. The mothers felt the tailwind and beamed. The grumpy judge banged his little hammer until silence fell. He dryly asked the prosecution what this had to do with the actual crime and they whimpered that they wanted to expose the true character of the gang of five. The judge was furious and took a stomach pill. "Next," he ordered.

I knew the moment Sascha took the stand that the prosecution had lost. I had advised Sascha to wear her aggressive Revolution blouse without a bra. She could hardly contain her huge breasts, it's not for nothing that the revolutionary blouse is named after the bare-breasted Marianne of the French Revolution from painter Eugène Delacroix. The audience threw flowers at her and shrieked with de-

light when one or two breasts resisted. The old judge cleaned his glasses for the third time, he couldn't take his eyes off them. Sasha was unique and eloquent. She recounted Uncle Wanja's seduction, including his ever-so-soft cock. The audience went wild with joy. She talked about how she and I had fucked night after night since then, how she had secretly masturbated every night since kindergarten and dreamed of her prince. It was dead quiet in the room, only the childless judge coughed. He couldn't do anything with it, but the prosecutor continued to drill into Sasha's guts, or rather her pussy.

Did he get the upper hand? No!

Whimsically, Sascha told him that she couldn't find a boyfriend and was so happy that the five boys made an effort for her, how childish squirting developed into childish fucking and how she stretched her flower out to all fours, the fifth, her brother, didn't want to fuck his sister in front of his friends and only did it at home, at night, secretly. She told in detail how her father, who had become unemployed, had caught them all fucking and was finally able to fuck her properly. She had secretly watched her parents fucking and wanted nothing more than to be fucked by him. Now it happened, he fucked her to orgasm like a real man, day after day! She couldn't say much more, the gang of five fucked her to madness with sheer fear. The audience, who had been silently hanging on her lips, burst into thunderous applause! Vivat Alexandra! Vivat Sascha! The judge was really angry. He asked the prosecutor to the judge's table and berated him for what he had actually achieved, nothing!

The public prosecutor looked at his note. Four merchants had been summoned, the gang of five had admitted to stealing from them, the keyword being booze. The merchants objected vehemently. The five young men had presented their IDs and paid for the booze in cash. They were good customers, they paid in cash, they never wrote anything down. The public prosecutor made a long face. The judge became impatient.

The public prosecutor had the 20 girls from the petrol stations come in, he was sure he would now bring the gang of five to the gallows. The girls looked bored and flirted with the criminals, the gang

of five. Called individually, they denied everything. They had been attacked or raped by Negroes, corsairs and Italians. None of them loved the stingy, corrupt gas station tenants, none of them blabbed that they had enjoyed the robbery and gleefully begrudged the tenants the hole in the till. The judge asked them individually if they recognized the criminals. "For God's sake, no, your honor! They're just kids!" The judge let them go, slammed the file cover shut and ordered the public prosecutor into the judge's chambers. 30 minute break. The five mothers were surrounded by mothers from the audience, their shoulders were patted and they were told how their sons had managed to trick all of them into secretly fucking them. The bell rang.

Now my father took the stand. He didn't reveal who he had gotten the information from, Gangster's honor. The prosecutor went on nervously and fearfully, the judge had put the prosecutor's head on the Executioners block. In private, of course. The father described the break-in, the boys had only been on the lookout, he had opened the safe and found only worthless papers. No gold, no money, no jewels! Suddenly the old man in the nightgown had been standing behind him, had put on a gun and it just clicked. He was scared out of his wits that if he fired the gun, he would be dead. He couldn't see that the gun was a museum piece. He hit the old man in panic, but he didn't want to kill him! He ran out and the boys took him home. When he heard on the radio that the old man had died, he hadn't been able to sleep for 14 days until he was arrested. He followed the words of the defense lawyer to the letter, he made sure he didn't talk himself into shit. The judge let the experts and forensic scientists have their say and ended the hearing. The verdict would be announced here in exactly 14 days, the father had to remain in custody, the gang of five had been released on their word of honor. Sascha gave another television interview, on the condition that she was shown with her name, address and telephone number superimposed and, secondly, that the cameraman showed as much breast and bottom as did not have to be censored.

We boys from the gang of five knew that we could easily serve 20 years in the gulag. We were scared shitless and started fucking Sascha in the morning, all five of us, because like the others, I had

my pants full. We laid Sascha on her back on the stone slab and fucked her like her father. She had her hands free, she stretched her thick little legs up in the air and masturbated her clitoris sore. Since Andrej had expressed that she might be locked up too, she masturbated day and night, who knows if she could even masturbate in prison?

The boys went to Andrej's in the late afternoon, the mother had to kick her lover out and the 5 of them fucked her tirelessly until late at night. She had never been fucked so many times in a row, but even Andrej was scared. He fucked her like never before, she was completely exhausted at night and went to piss with O-legs.

Uncle Wanja, the weak loins uncle, slept with Mom to support her in her difficult hours. In the morning, at breakfast, she would slap him wildly, almost beating him. For three hours she had to rub his cock and spoil it in her mouth until he was half stiff and could fuck and squirt for a few minutes. She had paid close attention at the trial, forcing little girls to masturbate, deflowering them with her own fingers and fucking them loin-weak for months on end, you can do that, you mouth-breather, you horse deceiver! She insulted him every day and didn't give a damn that the children were sitting next to her. Whenever her father was out of town or in prison, he came over in the evening and forced his cock on her. Many years ago he might have fucked her well, but now we kids heard she didn't want it anymore.

INTERVIEWER: So that must have been a time of fear and uncertainty. But then came the day the verdict was announced.

PJOTR: Yes, exactly. Sascha put on one of her daring revolution blouses again, this time the completely see-through one and of course without a bra. The old judge winked as if he was short-sighted and made her stand and sit in the witness box. The cameras clicked, the filteams scurried, because Sascha was well aware that this was her chance to show her breasts. I'm immune by now, but the audience was looking at her breasts, spellbound like the Jewish people at the Promised Land or Novak Djokovic at the Grand Slam.

The judge had the gang of five stand up, we stood there in our confirmation suits, our hair slicked back, the gulag before our eyes. The judge read out his verdict, he and the assessors put on their Punch and Judy hats. Fucking the mothers was in line with local custom, so they were acquitted. The judge looked all around the audience, “80 years ago, in my youth, it was of course very different. Middle-class families like mine had a wet nurse to suckle the babies or a nanny. They took care of our cocks, made us squirt happily and when we became boys, we learned to fuck from them. None of us ever thought about fucking our own mother. Times have changed fundamentally. So acquittal, what do you think, Miss Sascha?” Sascha gave a British-style curtsy that made her breasts plop out of the frame. She straightened her blouse with a triumphant smile and said, “Yes, Your Honor, acquittal!”

INTERVIEWER: did anyone find out why Sasha was on the stand?

PJOTR: I don’t know. The judge continued reading. The fucking of the gang of five with Sascha in the fish house was a private matter, no one was underage, there is no crime, he said, looking reproachfully at the contrite prosecution. “I don’t know why this had to be dragged out here, Mr. Prosecutor, so acquittal again, isn’t that right, Miss Sascha?” Sascha did her impossible curtsy again, and I already knew her well enough to realize why she was stuffing her breasts back into her blouse so clumsily and awkwardly. “Quite undoubtedly an acquittal, Your Honor!” The old judge grinned cheekily; he had finally gotten a long, informative look at Sasha’s breasts.

The judge continued. As far as the alleged thefts in the stores and the robberies at the 16 petrol stations alleged by the public prosecutor’s office, the unproven rapes and the unlawful removal of money are concerned, that is acquittal, acquittal, acquittal in 16 cases! Neither the store owners have confirmed the accusation of the public prosecutor nor have the 20 girls at the petrol stations recognized or accused even one of the so-called gang of five. So acquittal in all 16 cases, isn’t that right, Miss Sascha? She was beaming and happy to show off her carefully rehearsed curtsy, first carefully stowing one breast and letting the other be seen for a long time, only then stowing the second. “Excuse me, Your Honor, but the blouse has obviously

shrunk in the wash. As for the acquittals, I can only say, thank you, Your Honor, that's genuine justice!"

The judge nodded gratefully, as if he depended on Sascha's approval. He turned the page. "Now, Miss Sascha, to you and your Father. You were both of legal age, so no crime, although the court has a slight doubt about his paternity, but that is a private matter too. But as far as the ominous Uncle Wanja is concerned, I am bringing charges against him for defilement of a 12-year-old minor! He's already in custody, the trial is tomorrow at 10 a.m. on the dot, and I'm calling you, Miss Sasha and your mother as witnesses. What is your comment, Miss Sascha?" With the punctuality of a Swiss watch, Sascha made her terrible curtsey and stuffed her breasts into her combat blouse faster than before. "Your Honor, my father was the first real man to fuck me properly. I didn't realize at the time that we were of age. But thanks for the acquittals! I don't like to talk about Uncle Wanja unless Your Honor orders it." She waited a moment and continued, "Of course I will appear tomorrow like my mother!"

The judge cleared his throat. "The main defendant and the five young men may rise!" The father and the five of us stood up, heavy as lead. Now the gulag came crashing down on us. Like the two assessors, the judge covered his head with his carnival cap. "We have deliberated at length and have come to the conclusion that it is not a case of premeditated murder, murder or aggravated manslaughter, but second-degree manslaughter resulting from a sudden affect, in this case an unfortunate event. The expert witnesses confirmed that the immediate threat was a very old and unloaded weapon, which the defendant could not have known. This is how this short-circuit action came about. We have dropped the burglary and the theft of securities worth millions. We therefore sentence you to 4 years and 7 months imprisonment. And now to our young men. You were neither present nor involved in the manslaughter," here I breathed a sigh of relief, "but you were a lookout for a crime, and we deliberated at length as to whether this should be regarded as complicity. As the three of us were unable to come to a unanimous decision, I sentence all five of you to three months' house arrest and two hours' social work a day at the municipal gardening office. Pruning trees, raking up leaves, you know." I couldn't believe our luck! No gulag! House arrest, pah! The

judge looked at Sascha. She was prompted and dutifully curtsied, but this time she held her breasts with both hands so that they didn't pop out, but the breasts in her hands looked so frivolous and obscene that the audience applauded spontaneously. "Your honor, my father is not a murderer, no, never! Without knowing the legal intricacies, I suppose second-degree manslaughter is less bad." The judge nodded in agreement. "So I assume that the four years are justified. And your leniency with my five boys is much, much better than the gulag."

The judge nodded. "Yes, I've certainly thought about that. I can't put these greenhorn fellows in prison, they'll be rounded up and sent to war in the Ukraine. — What!?" The associate judge had kicked him in the shin and muttered, "You can't call it a war!" The judge immediately recognized his slip and ordered the court scribe. "Strike out war, delete or erase if necessary. I meant to say that they are being sent on the special military adventure, not war of course, there is no war! Military adventure, special adventure!" He stared angrily at his scribe. "Don't take notes, I'm making a private, personal footnote now, mind you!" He looked directly at his audience.

"When Mr. Putin was made president 20 years ago, I was genuinely horrified at first. I've never hidden the fact that I don't think much of the secret service. The guys who listen and peep at keyholes, who violate postal secrecy and open letters or tap phones, yikes! Who look under girls' skirts and stick their sweaty fingers under their skirts and into their panties or stick something else wet into the panties of innocent girls, double yikes! But then I heard him say that he wanted to lead our Russia back to its true greatness, to the greatness of the Tsarist era, and that warmed my patriotic heart and brought tears to my eyes, because I had to think of my dear parents, who were still attached to the Tsar and couldn't really do anything with the new-fangled Communism. My heart was filled with a tender, cautious love for President Vladimir Vladimirovich, and I didn't care whether he put his fingers in the girls' panties or anything else, as everyone knows. He does it for the greatness of the empire, even if we no longer say tsarist empire today. So what do you say, Miss Sasha?"

Sasha stroked her breasts with a frivolous, obscene hand gesture, causing the audience to hold its breath. "Your Honor, if President

Putin wanted to reach under my skirt and put his fingers in my panties, please! I would, of course, immediately ask him to put something better in my panties, without question!”

INTERVIEWER: What do you think of the judge’s footnote?”

PJOTR: My God, I don’t know. What is the Tsarist empire? — Never mind. We hugged each other in relief and trotted home. I pulled my Mom into her bedroom, I immediately had to fuck someone for relief, and how badly! Now it was known in court, acquitted and she was officially allowed to fuck me with impunity. I then dragged Sascha into the bedroom and we fucked for the first time in the marital bed! My mother stroked Sascha’s breasts while we fucked. “The thing with the see-through blouse is great, put it on again tomorrow, we’ll dunk clean Uncle Wanja up to his neck!” Sascha nodded in agreement and didn’t stop masturbating for a moment. “Aren’t you going to pull him out for contraception?” asked her mother. Sasha shook her head and masturbated on and on, “I haven’t got my period yet, mom!” and I added, “She can’t get pregnant like that!” Mom rubbed my cock deep in Sascha’s fuckhole as I squirted, because Mom had become terribly horny and hot as I fucked Sascha. But I was too tired now, I had to take a break. My mother touched Sascha’s clitoris. “I didn’t realize you had such a big clit!” Sasha nodded languidly, because she liked it when her clitoris was touched gently, I knew that. “It’s probably ten times bigger than mine,” her mother continued. Sasha was silent for a long time, but said, “Maybe it’s from masturbating so much, isn’t it?” Now her mother shook her head decisively, “No, certainly not. I masturbate at least as much as you do, but mine is much smaller, a little hump, maybe a quarter of a fingernail or smaller.” I fell asleep, there’s another court date tomorrow. In the morning we fucked again, that was more important to all three of us than breakfast. Grinning broadly, my mother lent Sascha a wafer-thin blouse.

The hall was packed. The photographers and cameramen swarmed around Sascha, who was the first to sit in the witness box. The assessor read out several pages of unimportant details, I didn’t pay any attention, I knew our own address. Then the judge took over with the subject of the duty to tell the truth. Sascha, who wasn’t at all

afraid of the judge, asked if she really had to answer everything embarrassing. He instructed her, "You mustn't lie under any circumstances, you can say that you're embarrassed by the answer, the clerk will conscientiously write that down, but you also have to say the embarrassing things. You can say I don't know, I can't remember, but only if it's true. Understood, girl?" I immediately noticed that he was calling Sasha by her first name, so I realized that Uncle Wanja was expecting a severe trial. He sat small, pale and guilty on the bench. The judge asked Sascha to tell it in her own words, starting with kindergarten.

INTERVIEWER: Did he really say kindergarten?

PJOTR: Yes. Sasha reported that she masturbated every night since forever, one or two orgasms. Sometimes three. But in such a way that Pyotr, that's me, didn't notice anything. The judge nodded kindly. "I sometimes spied on the bedroom door back then, wanted to know how the fucking was going. When her father fucked Mom, it was done in a minute, when it was another boyfriend, it always took a long time." The judge nodded, "But you do know that spying is very indecent?" Sascha nodded, "As a child, I only knew that it was strictly forbidden, but I was very curious because my mother's friends did a lot of naughty things." The judge remained friendly, but she should now talk about Uncle Wanja.

"I wasn't quite 12 yet, but I thought I was already quite grown up. It really annoyed me that everyone treated me like a baby, like a child. Uncle Wanja was the first and only one who took me seriously and talked to me in a really grown-up way. I didn't realize at the time that all he wanted to know was how, when and how often I masturbated. He really wanted to see it, so I showed him. He asked if I could kiss properly? With your tongue? I had no idea and let him show me because I had shown him how to masturbate. I learned to kiss very quickly, he kissed me for hours and my pussy and clitoris became insanely excited. He said it was because I wasn't fucking yet.

I didn't understand the context, but we kissed for ages and I racked my brains as to how I could get him to fuck me. I knew how to do it from spying. I used to strip completely naked now, ready to im-

provisé. I made him hold his cock in front of my pussy to see if it would go in. Of course he didn't go in, and he said the hymen was in the way. But I was already hell bent and he said we had to rip the hymen open with our fingers. All right, we poked around a bit, then I resolutely pushed my index finger in and that was it. He finally fucked me, his cock looked big, but it remained a semi-soft thick worm, a soft garden hose that he cautiously pushed in and out. But he couldn't speed up or the worm would plop out. "I'm about to squirt," he said, "I'll make you a baby!" I said he had to make me a baby please, please, please, he should just go ahead and squirt the baby in, what a face my Mom would make then! The judge smacked the assessor, telling him not to laugh so stupidly, we want to see the picture authentically!

Sascha continued, "He came every day when I was alone or only Petya was in the house. He didn't care if Petya noticed anything. He always let me sit on his chest first and watch me masturbate, only then did he fuck me with the soft hose. I dared to say that he should fuck me really hard, but he wanted to know how I knew that. I confessed to spying and now I had to tell him about spying every day. We fucked every day as soon as I got home from school and he always ended up squirting. I turned 12, he gave me a thin silver chain for my wrist, I was almost an adult now. I only wore the chain to school so Mom wouldn't ask any questions. More than half a year had passed when Mom stormed into my room while we were fucking. She gave him a good spanking, kicked him out of the house and banned him from the house. That was the end of it."

The judge looked at the two assessors, they had no further questions. Now our mother took the stand. She was wearing a dress that really emphasized her remarkable curves. The judge looked at her twice and his eyes flashed behind his glasses. He told her to describe everything in her own words, to tell the truth and so on.

INTERVIEWER: Did your mother really choose this dress on purpose?

PJOTR: I think so, we all had the impression that it looked good on the three judges. It was a tight-fitting white dress, slightly see-

through. She wore no underwear, no bra and no panties. I hadn't often paid attention to how good our mother looked at the age of 35 to 40, so we hadn't celebrated her 40th yet. The dress clung to her curvy, hot body like a second skin. Her pointy nipples stood out aggressively, her little black bush was instantly recognizable and when she moved at the right angle, you could see the indentation of her pubic crease. She just shrugged flippantly when I told her before walking in the morning. I grumbled, that'll dig Uncle Wanja in even deeper.

INTERVIEWER: All right, go on.

PJOTR: She smiled at the three judges. "Allow me to make one more comment about yesterday's proceedings. My husband is not a killer, he ran down to his misfortune because unemployment took him off the floor and he drowned himself in alcohol. I often watched him when he was fucking Sascha with the boys in the fish house. I saw how he tried hard and made a real effort. As far as I know, he was the first grown man to fuck Sascha properly and according to all the rules of the art. He wanted to do it better for her than for me, that was honorable! I was very disappointed in him after the wedding. He was the kind of man of whom the French say 'In, out, thank you madame!' But he was always a good man, good husband and a good father. I was happy to find a man when I suspected I was pregnant. I didn't used to be such an old ugly broad, I was a hit and had ten lovers on each finger to fuck, a few remain with me to this day. For the first 10 or 15 years of our marriage I had a parallel lover every day, because my husband is a real dolt in that regard. He only pushed me aside a year or two ago, perhaps he discovered my lovers or suddenly imagined that he wasn't the father of Sasha, whom he loved dearly. If he had asked me, I would have lied to him for the sake of his peace of mind, because I was never sure which of the many men it could be. He never touched our girl before, I swear on my life. When she learned how to make boys squirt at school, she had no boyfriends to do it with. She came to our marital bed and made him squirt, the good-natured dear grumpy bear. I taught her until she was good at it, of course she demanded to learn to squirt into her mouth. But when I told her that a Daddy was only allowed to fuck the Mommy and that the Bear with his big cock was not allowed to fuck

in the tiny little pussy of little girls like her, she was very disappointed and after that she was no longer interested.” The judge nodded, “we’ll take this down and put a copy in his file, it might help him with an appeal or a mercy petition.” The judge nodded to her encouragingly, now she should report on Sasha and Wanja.

“I could always see that Sascha had been masturbating since kindergarten, which was okay in my opinion. She kept it a secret from Petja, her younger brother Pjotr, which was also okay in my opinion, as the two of them slept in the same room. I only found out after a while that Wanja was fucking Sasha and I was very upset at first. But I decided to watch it for a while before intervening.

I spied every day when he disappeared into the nursery. They both stripped naked, she had to sit on his chest and masturbate right in front of his face. I could see in his eyes how much it made him horny and hot. She had her legs spread wide apart, I could see her beautiful pink pussy and you could already see her open hole. Back then, when she was 12, she only had a tiny clitoris, now she has one as long as her little finger, a great monster.

Sitting opposite them was Petja, maybe 8 or 9 years old, masturbating as quiet as a mouse. He kept squirting, watched them both and continued to masturbate. Wanja lay down on little Sasha and I could see exactly how he slowly inserted his soft rubber cock into her fuck hole. He fucked her very slowly, because you can’t fuck fast and hard with such a soft cock. I’m only telling you this so you can imagine the whole picture.

I kept wanting to finish it, but I kept putting it off, and if Sascha got any damage from it, I’ll wear part of it. Sascha kept asking Wanja to fuck her properly. He elicited from her that she sometimes spied on me, I sometimes had that feeling. But instead of fucking her properly, he just wanted to be told how my lovers fucked me. He interrogated her grimly, he wanted to see the whole movie. But now I had seen enough. I stormed into the room and beat the bastard priest out of the house, never to come near Sascha again. I think I gave him a really good beating, because he never came over to us again.

Only since my husband was in custody has he come over to fuck me at night, but more awkwardly than ever. Although he spends a lot of money on whores who come to him. I shouted at him the first night that even my little Petya had a cock twice as big as his and could fuck a thousand times better. Then I kept my mouth shut and chased him away after breakfast, because he lives on the neighbor's property. But he's at my door every night and comes to fuck me. I have far too soft a heart and let him in with a hopeless sigh. It doesn't matter who fucks me old ugly woman. The main thing is that I have a warm bed.

Sasha didn't cry a single tear after her first lover, and I know why. I don't know whether Sasha let our Petya fuck her when Uncle Vanya was still fucking her. But now she let him fuck her straight away, I watched it often and often. He was still a little boy and had a small but well squirting little boy's cock, now he has a really big and strong man's cock, as we all know. But he fucked Sascha properly and extensively, every night. She must be happy with his fucking, because he still gets to fuck her to this day.

"Your Honor, I've told you everything, left nothing out and lied about nothing. Thank you." She joined me in the front row walking like a model on a catwalk and sat down between Sascha and me.

INTERVIEWER: But Wanja was also allowed a word? I only ask because I was no longer in the courtroom at the time.

PJOTR: Yes, of course. The judge now called on Uncle Wanja to explain it from his point of view. Wanja stood up, looking more like a little mouse than ever. "Your Honor, as offensive and embarrassing as Sasha's and my sister-in-law's explanations were, I couldn't find any lies. Contrary to the advice of my defense attorney, I am fully confessing and pleading guilty. May I add something else? I would like to describe my situation." The judge looked briefly at the assessors, who just shrugged their shoulders. The criminal has confessed, the verdict will be unanimous. The last word won't change that. The judge nodded, go ahead!

“Even as a boy, I suffered from the fact that I had a much smaller cock than my brother. For a long time, he didn’t want to believe that my little one just didn’t get really hard. He masturbated me time and time again and it always took ages before I squirted. He shook his head in disbelief, my cock was just rubbery soft. He had laid hundreds of girls during his time at school, I probably didn’t get 20. I only got to fuck the really ugly ones or those who didn’t have a shred of self-esteem. I wasn’t too shy and would often stand outside a store or supermarket for hours until I found a safe victim, they were usually well over 50 and even old ladies on walking sticks.

In high school, he really took pity on me and made a pact with me. We pretended that we only had one single room together. The girls didn’t care, they wanted to fuck the Handsome boy. He fucked the girls on our double bed and I sat naked in the chair and was allowed to watch. I played with my soft hose and when he was finished or took a break, I was allowed to fuck the girl. I can remember at most two or three who wouldn’t let me fuck them. How good it felt to fuck as many girls as he did, and they were pretty to super pretty. They looked at me as they fucked him and smiled good-naturedly as I slowly stroked my soft hose.

This must have gone on for 10 years, everyone had enough fucking to do and I wasn’t as unhappy as I had been in junior school. That’s also how we met his future wife, my sister-in-law over there. The three of us fucked as usual, I knew how often she cheated back then, but my brother was completely infatuated with her and didn’t listen to me. They got married, but our love triangle went on for another 20 years. I knew that her lovers only came over at lunchtime or in the afternoon, I only came over late at night, by which time he had long since fucked her and was already asleep. She had me gently lay with her and I fucked her my way.

I didn’t count how many men fucked her every day, I was just one of many and one cum was enough for me. My brother didn’t talk much, and certainly not to me. He only fucked her for another minute and despised her, but he never said why. Then a dark, powerful urge drew me to little Sasha, and you’ve heard the rest. Thank you, Your Honor, I ask for a lenient sentence.” The judges looked up,

they heard such tear-jerking stories every day. Half an hour break, then the verdict is announced.

Mother bought us a Coke and was surrounded by a cluster of men and women. The men pretended to ask about the fabric of her dress, but in reality they were groping her body the whole time. The women wanted to tell their story, they had all had a similar experience. I stood a little apart with Sascha, I was disgusted by the whole thing, Sascha was thrilled because the mother attracted the men like a magnet. I growled, that's because she looked so horny. I still had something on my mind. I took Sascha's head in both hands and kissed her on the lips. "No matter what we've heard today, you're my sister, my very favorite sister and I always want to fuck you." Sasha said nothing, but the gleam in her smiling eyes was answer enough. The bell rang.

Sasha sat down in the middle, next to me, and held my hand tightly until the end. Uncle Wanja had to stand up, the three judges put on their fancy clown hats, then the judge read out the verdict. It was soporific, I was only interested in the counterpoint. The range was 1 to 10 years, Wanja got 4 years and 7 months. The judge looked up briefly. "If you both want it, in the same prison." Vanya took a breath and nodded.

INTERVIEWER: The court has spoken. The gang of five will soon be under house arrest. What's next for you?

PJOTR: It's hard to say, we've learned from our mistakes and will never get caught again.

INTERVIEWER: Does that mean you're going to go fundraising again?

PJOTR: None of us know that yet. We have other issues to solve now.

INTERVIEWER: And what are they?

PJOTR: Well, I don't want to read that in your interview, but I can tell you off record.

INTERVIEWER: Okay, deal!

PJOTR: After the trial started, we decided to fuck a different one of our Moms every day, all five of them.

INTERVIEWER: Oh, that sounds exciting. How did you go about it?

PJOTR: We started with Wanja. Only when his father was asleep did we sneak into the pitch-black bedroom. Vanya whispered to his stepmother, who was immediately excited and ready to go. She then whispered to her daughter, who hesitated briefly and bitched. We went into the anteroom and put shoes and clothes in 5 heaps. Then we crept up to the women. None of them knew who was fucking them, none of us knew whom we were fucking. Everyone fucked everyone, the women naturally recognized Wanja's cock and giggled. We avoided making any noise, after two hours we were completely exhausted, but smiling. We left silently.

Max handled the situation very well and cleverly. His mother had sent her lover away for the night under a good pretext, but she was still playing the Virgin of Orleans on him. "Five cocks, you say, five cocks you want me to rub because they're your friends? Five? Do you still have all your cups in the cupboard? I'm going to get tendonitis, you creepy guy, you!" But then everything went perfectly. The light stayed on and her eyes sparkled when she saw all the gorgeous cocks. Only with Dani did she make a brief fuss. "I won't fuck a Jew, they don't have foreskin and that's no fun!" Max asked if she had already fucked a Jew. She thought for a long time, then nodded. "When I still had my husband, because he had a lot of Jews as customers. While he was working in the back of the workshop, I let all the customers fuck me, but the Jews only from behind, I just didn't want to see the circumcision." We had to accept, that some wires of her brain were loose and she was drunk as a sailor. We fucked her one by one for three hours. She had a really tight vagina and we all had to penetrate her very carefully until it adjusted. Only Dani had to fuck her mouth

on his first round, as if she was afraid it might be poisonous or contagious. He fucked her mouth enthusiastically and squirted deep down her throat while Andrej fucked her. Dani giggled, "There are millions of little Jews swimming in your gullet now, Maxi-Mom, millions of honest Russian Jews!" She didn't find it so funny and concentrated on her orgasm, because Andrei was getting ready to cum. We fucked her for three hours, including Dani, until she could no longer stand. But she kind of liked it, because she asked if we would come back again?

Andrej's mother was immediately hooked. She gave his father a light sleeping pill in his tea, then we snuck into her bedroom. We fucked round and round, Mom was great at fucking and we had to give up after four hours, but she could take 5 boys so easily! We staggered home on our bikes and fell into bed.

Dani was tough at first. His mother was on fire, she had never taken part in a group fuck before, her husband was too semi-religious for that. She told Dani not to pay any attention to his father. We walked past him, just as Dani had said. The father had counted, he rolled his eyes in despair, then he ran out, squatted down in the synagogue and tried to pray in silence. He didn't come back until long after midnight, by which time the four of us were already over the hill, the four of us had fucked the horny good Jewish woman in turn until we had really squirted all into her. Dani, our fifth man, lay next to her and just held her hand or stroked her nipples, which had become so hard. He didn't want to fuck her until late at night anyway.

The father stopped for a moment in the bedroom doorway, Dani was already about to fuck his wife. She whispered that he should come in here, she was going to do him very nicely, very nicely! Sighing deeply, he lay down in bed with her, his wife squeezed his hand and felt for his cock. He was inhibited at first as she continued to grunt and fuck Dani while she rubbed him and made him squirt. Dani had to make room for a moment so that she could let her husband squirt into her hole, then Dani was to continue fucking her. The father was somehow grateful that Dani was fucking his wife, because he hated fucking. He really did. So far he had only ever masturbated

and had to stick his cock deep into her horrible hole to squirt inside. She kept rubbing him in her hole until he squirted and kept rubbing until he had finished squirting. She always gave him a second hand job after a while, but he had to put his virgin cock in her nasty, disgusting hole again and squirt into it while she kept rubbing his cock until he finished squirting. He was very tired after squirting twice and fell asleep, she continued to masturbate for another hour or more, but he found it really extremely disgusting. He had watched her masturbate once out of curiosity, but he had to run to the bathroom and throw up in the sink. So their married life had gone quietly until Dani decided to fuck her really hard. Dad tolerated his fucking quite happily because Mom gave him two handjobs at the same time.

I had spoken to my mother and Sascha about the new thing. As you'd expect, they were both grinning from ear to ear and asking when the gang of five was coming. Since my father and uncle were locked up, I was the only man in the house, all three of us lay in the big marital bed and we fucked whenever anyone felt like it. The gang of five was particularly curious about my mother, as everyone already knew Sasha. They pounced on my mother madly, who really enjoyed it, and I made sure that Sascha got the cocks too.

INTERVIEWER: I think we have everything. I'll write the article, get it all signed off and send it as an email before we print it. Okay?

• • •

Rushing Cyprus

by Jack Faber © 2023

Valeria, the woman with the most beautiful long legs in the world, held me in her lap and talked on the phone for hours in a foreign language. She had retired from active ballet because she was too old, but she was still far too young to train the next generation as a ballet mistress. She had once whispered in my ear that it was a good thing, she could catch up on all the fucking she had missed during training. The fact that I was lying in her lap was because I had a loft with a glass dome and a direct view of St. Stephen's Cathedral, she could sip champagne and eat strawberries because my housekeeper was simply good. The fact that she was allowed to shop with my credit card was only fair in her opinion, in return I was allowed to fuck her whenever I could and felt like it. Oh Valeria, you balm of my soul!

Yes, why did my soul need balm? I had been divorced from the best woman in the world for months. I had my VW-list with hundreds of VWs in the trunk of my Mercedes. A big point of contention with Valeria, she wanted a hot Italian runabout, but she was always miffed when I recommended a Fiat Topolino. As for me, I needed a reliable car and not a speedster, i.e. good German workmanship, and I also needed a driver's license, which the sober ones simply took away from me, one or two vodkas too many. I see, why VW-list? I had made a list when I started drinking about why my wife had left me. "Maybe because," was how each line began. I shortened it, vw, and had some sensible arguments and hundreds of pointless ones. Women came from Venus and men from Mars, that would probably be the most accurate explanation. Or as Otto put it, women were genetically closer to gazelles, men to apes. All of these sayings, justifications and arguments could be washed away with a vodka or two.

Valeria said on the first evening that I was only the second man she'd fucked. Of course I wanted to know more, the girl was practically brand new! Valeria had grown up in poor, cramped conditions, one of the two rooms was the kitchen, shower and toilet, the other was the bedroom. The child didn't need her own bed, her father said.

So Valeria slept with her parents. Every night her father fucked her mother roughly, Valeria didn't know any different. He was constantly swearing that the mother was bad to fuck and only calmed down when the child Valeria hugged him from behind and held his cock like a stick, a stick that was soft and gentle at first, but became wild and aggressive again in Valeria's childlike fist. Valeria already knew it by heart, the father growled and fucked the mother with wild curses and sank to the side to fall asleep immediately. His screaming got louder and louder, they argued before and after fucking. He wanted a better woman to fuck, the mother cried and let herself be fucked patiently, in tears, what was she going to do without her Vanya? Valeria threw herself between the two squabblers and hugged her father, who was screaming furiously. He stared at her in amazement, she was so pretty and stuck her pussy out at him. He calmed down and hugged his princess. He took her virginity and fucked her like a wild boar. The mother was really angry at first, but then she was reassured. The 13-year-old child was to fuck him and tie him to the house so that her Vanyushka would have no reason to cheat and go away. The father fucked Valeria once or twice every night, there was no more screaming and the mother masturbated when Valeria and the father fucked. "I need it badly," said the mother defiantly, because Valeria didn't know what masturbation was, back then. The father stared at his wife's passionate masturbation and squirted much faster than usual. Valeria snuggled into the crook of her father's arm and looked with lust at her mother, who was heavily struggling to orgasm. So she learned to masturbate and did it as often as she could. She ran 4 kilometers to the dance school and back every day, impressing everyone. The girls all wanted to see her hole, where her father raged day after day. Valeria knew that she was something special in every respect, they had her audition for the Bolshoi Ballet, the Mad Scene Aria of Lucia di Lammermoor with Maria Callas on tape. She was 19, lived at the Bolshoi boarding school and danced, trained hard and danced. Her roommate masturbated every night with her vibrator, which had long since run out of batteries, and Valerie masturbated too, as there was no television or radio. So she watched Ludmilla as she rammed the vibrator into her hole furiously in and out and Valeria masturbated softly with horny feelings. Her father came once a week and fucked her hard. No, Ludmilla didn't want to let her father fuck her too, she wasn't stupid enough to let a child be

attached to her, although sometimes she did give in and let the berserker fuck her. She let him fuck when she found out that he could ram her pussyhole the way she did with her Vibrator. But she pulled the dick out of her hole when he squirted. Valeria had reached the top, she trained conscientiously, danced wonderfully. She masturbated at the same time as Ludmilla, her father came over every week and fucked the two ballerinas. Then a new dance master came along, she couldn't smell Valeria and forced her out of the Bolshoi in her first year. Years later, Valeria wrote to me from Paris that she had been examined when she was 19, President Yeltsin had ordered all girls to be examined for fitness for war. The gynecologist took two extra X-rays. She shook her head and studied the images very carefully. "You haven't bled yet, have you?" she asked and Valeria said truthfully, only when she was deflowered when she was 13. The doctor remained serious, "as long as you don't have a monthly bleed, you won't have a baby," she said and Valeria wasn't concerned, so she could fuck whenever her father came. She let her father fuck her every week until she had to leave the Bolshoi at the age of 28 and came to Vienna. She spoke fluent German because her mother was from Vienna. Now she was in my arms and I was only the second man she'd let fuck her.

Valeria gave us both free rein sexually; after all, she had come to the West to lead a modern life. She had less and less fun with my vodka noodle and so did I. My divorce whining scared away even the most willing, they wouldn't even come near my noodle. Valeria probably had more fun with her freedom, because ballet was sport for her, and sportswomen only sipped champagne, they didn't drink and were stone cold sober while fucking.

"We'll be in Cyprus next weekend," said Valeria, completely surprisingly, "all the important people are coming, even some from the Bolshoi. No suit, no tie. It's all relaxed, we'll speak Russian, you can manage with English. I've already booked everything."

I wondered if I had an appointment lined up, but no, I had hired a nice manager and sold the company, I had no more appointments. "But I'll take my tennis bag with me," I said stubbornly, although I hadn't taken the heavy tennis rackets with me for a long time, they

were too heavy and because I didn't have any rackets, I just watched the others playing, which was also nice. "The hotel has two courts, of course I thought of that, Vanya!" My name isn't Vanya or Vanyushka, of course, but Valeria thinks Edmund is uncool and stuffy. I don't care, my dog wasn't born as Rex either and still went by Rex. "There's also a supermarket next to the hotel if you want to buy a bottle." Oh, Valeria! "Thank you, Lera!" I called out to her, she liked that form of her name. We took a cab to the airport, that much I remember. We probably arrived at the hotel in Larnaca too, but I've rinsed away the details, you understand.

I liked lying in the pool, Valeria had meeting after meeting and I was hiding, Russian was not my preferred foreign language. I only knew two or three words. A nice girl rescued me twice in the pool when, to my surprise, I went under. But I was able to save my bottle, that was important. The girl was from Holland or Spain, that wasn't important. My English is understandable even in heavy seas and with my tongue impaired, she laughed, giggled and giggled all the time. As a true gentleman, I accompanied her to the changing rooms, but she ambushed me in the corridor and we fucked standing up, Dutch or Spanish, it didn't matter.

I got a little more sober and a little less drunk, let us go to your room, we did and fucked two rounds in her bed. She had no idea or desire to care for her orgasm. I was totally exhausted and left, my last glance falling on her bedside table. Her vibrator laughed wryly at me and she turned deep red when she saw my gaze. I didn't understand Dutch or Spanish, and I hate the humming of those things. At reception I found out that I was in the wrong hotel and was directed to the right one. I lost my bottle, I was only wearing a bathing suit that probably wasn't mine. I went to my room, the right one, and went to sleep. Valeria came in quietly, "I've been looking everywhere for you!" A comment I ignored and went back to sleep.

For dinner, showered and only a vodka or two later, there was a good meal abroad, I don't understand Russian, didn't I mention that? I drank alone and toasted with Pyotr, Irina and others. Valeria whispered in between who was who and how important he was to the ballet business. Every other person seemed to have something to do

with the Bolshoi Ballet and the Bolshoi Theater. I only knew the Bolshoi from photos, it could just as easily be in the Josefstadt or at the Volksoper, two Viennese theaters that were in no way inferior to the Bolshoi. Valeria thought it was Mount Olympus, so I pinned my smile to the corner of my mouth. Let her dream!

A chance acquaintance was beneficial and fruitful. A broad-shouldered mafia boss sat down opposite me and ordered two vodkas plus two empty glasses. He spoke English as well as I spoke Russian. But I understood him just the same. When the waiter had left, he poured the empty glasses from his silver flask. He pointed to the glasses, “Zyprija” and “Rossija”. All right, I said “Cheers, mate” and he said something non-English. Then we drank. I pointed to “Zyprija” and grimaced. Then I pointed to “Rossija” and beamed like a freshly polished Philharmonic, a gold coin and not a violinist, mind you. He leaned over and kissed me on the lips. I was surprised, he was arguing with the person sitting next to him, who immediately jumped up and came back 5 minutes later with a plastic bag. The mafia boss took out a bottle and put it next to his chair. It was the “Rossija”, which we emptied together. He pressed the plastic bag into my hand, four bottles. He gesticulated, “Vienna” and “Austria”, I should take the bottles with me to Vienna. I thanked him in English and he pressed his business card into my hand. “Towarisch,” he said, “Towarischi!” Valeria whispered, meaning buddy, friend. I repeated his “Towarisch” and then we attacked the “Rossija” head-on. Towards the end, his torrent of words came crashing down on me and I looked for Valeria’s hand. She listened and translated. Tomorrow around noon there will be a barbecue on his yacht and the girls will be grilled too. We are invited, absolutely! Valeria agreed, we would come.

Getting up at lunchtime is a real challenge. I seemed to have collided with a locomotive, my head said. The shower helped and so did a vodka or two. Valeria said, “there’s grilled food, vodka and girls, fuck till you drop.” I said, “for God’s sake, I hope there’s enough vodka on board!” Valeria shook her head, “Men! They’ll all fuck, the ballerinas as well as the old dance mistress. The old director of the Bolshoi will be fucked hard until she faints, I’ve seen it myself. And there will be a bunch of Russian prostitutes there, the Russian men need that!” I looked at her questioningly. “They’ll all want to fuck me

too, but I'll only fuck the important ones, I'm not stupid!" I nodded in agreement, "Don't lose sight of your career!" We were of one mind on this. "Only fuck those under 40, you'll be on the safe side," she impressed upon me. Not that I was lying on the dance mistress or the director, that would embarrass her. We went on board.

The grilled food was excellent, I only had white bread with the meat, I don't need a salad to stay slim. The yacht cast off and anchored 300 meters from the harbour. Everyone undressed, a second yacht came alongside and anchored. They were also important people, Valeria whispered, and they were bringing the whores with them. I looked at my eyes, girls like something out of a catalog. "They're all Russian, Vanyushka, you won't have to talk and you'll still have a great time," whispered Valeria. "Remember, Spasibo, that means thank you, that's what they expect. Once said, it was good. Said three times means it was perfect. Five times means she's the best in town." I nodded, spasibo, spasibo, spasibo, spasibo! "You're my best, Valeria, you know that!"

I ate meat, drank vodka and looked at the people as they went about their acts. They fucked until the yacht was shaking, the girls disappeared into the boat for three minutes, probably washing their pussies. They came back, beaming all over their faces, and paraded between the fucking, smacking and drinking until someone grabbed their hand. There wasn't much talking, I'm Julia, I'm Monique, I'm Tanja. I ate a proper steak with white bread and a vodka or two. I recognized the senior women Valeria had warned me about. I watched them all closely, I could tell the difference between prostitutes and ballerinas. The muscles in their bodies made the difference, as did the way they were parading. I downed two more glasses and grabbed the hand of a ballerina. She seemed a little scared, I always had her in my sights, like most ballerinas she hadn't fucked yet. I stroked her face and said a few paragraphs in German, she smiled and thanked spasibo and dankeschijn, sir! We looked for a place, she fucked very shy and unsure, like Valeria when we fucked for the first time. I gave her a peck on the cheek, then indicated with my hands that she could wash her pussy in the boat. She nodded and turned to leave, but I stopped her and gave her 5 spasibos. I went back to the grill, took two vodkas first and then a chicken leg.

The beginning was done, now I drank more determinedly and picked out the ballerinas only. I found them much more natural than the whores, a prejudice with no statistical basis. By nightfall I'd had a good shake — or was the yacht sinking? I didn't count, but I think I must have fucked a dozen ballerinas. I'd never fucked so much before, I was in Olympic form. Valeria kept coming over, she knew all the ballerinas from before. She whispered that I had chosen very well. She had watched me stick my poor noodle into the ballerinas' hole and ask them to masturbate. The girls had to do the main work, my cock only came into action just before her orgasm. I fucked and squirted in the middle of her orgasm, Valeria said with a wry grin. "Way to save your strength, you've already fucked almost all the ballerinas, you little rascal!" She'd fucked seven big shots and had had enough. She supported me as she took me to the hotel room. She was smart and focused, she had only sipped the champagne flute and had only fucked the main 6, one turned out to be an unimportant aide. She asked him where she could find his boss and he grinned broadly and said downstairs, in one of the cabins where he fucked the boys. That was a miss, Valeria said, because the assistant didn't fuck very impressively.

We flew home at the crack of dawn. Three days later, I heard Valeria gulp after a phone call. She had to go to Paris immediately, maybe she could get a job! We searched through the offers, each on our own laptop, but there wasn't a single flight to Paris. She booked a seat on the train, an hour and a half later I said goodbye to her at the train station, I spat three times over her left shoulder, that guaranteed her success, Valeria assured me, who was a modern Muscovite with one leg, but with the other leg stuck in the deepest superstitions.

When I got home, I saw that an email had come for her, and since it was marked "urgent", it appeared on her screen. I had it translated, "If you want, I'll send you my private jet." Well, a direct hit! I replied in English that she was already on the train, arriving at Gare de l'Est tomorrow at 11:50. I hesitated to sign. But then I wrote "Edmund/Wanjuschka" and sent the email.

I knew she wouldn't come back, but she did. She fucked me non-stop for four days and said in this way goodbye to me. She became a

dance master in Paris and we wrote emails every other day for 15 years. She was touchingly concerned about my sperm congestion and made sure that ballerinas from all over the world were in my arms almost without interruption. She was happy to cater to my preference for these shy, inexperienced fuckers. There were even a few virgins among them, tender, shy and trembling with lust. We wrote pages and pages about the girls we had both fucked with a time gap. Valeria wrote that in her bisexual activities the men became fewer and fewer, she had no pleasure at all with the gay boys in the ballet. But she had fucked all the girls, she wrote proudly, the affairs sometimes went on for months. And she was happy with it.

The “Rossija” vodkas arrive at irregular intervals, the boxes pile up in the front room and I always have guests who, I suspect, only visit me for the sake of the fine drop. I turned 45, obviously an important birthday. I’ve decided never to get senselessly drunk again. I drink two vodkas on ice every evening, exactly two, no more or less. I feel like I’ve been reborn and am full of energy. I still have enough money and would never have to work again. But with sobriety came a thirst for action.

I enjoy the ballerinas, they make me feel 25 again. The deepest affection, the shyness, the bashfulness, the breathless curiosity and the childlike wonder of fucking are something truly wonderful, I wouldn’t want to miss that.

• • •

Little Lin

by Jack Faber © 2024

I was 5 when my father crossed the street with me at his hand for the last time. The horses of a cart ran Amok, knocking father and me to the ground, driving over father's chest and over my hands. Father died 3 days later, and 6 of my fingers had to be amputated. I kept my thumb and little finger on my left hand and my thumb and index finger on my right.

For those 3 days I lay next to my father, my mother lay naked next to him and warmed him. They talked about everything that was still important to him. My father, a Chinese and 6 feet tall, was the commander of a 200-man troop in Xinchiang, the royal city of the kingdom of Xin. He had captured my Mongolian mother at the age of 13 during a campaign against the Mongols, they fell in love and she gave birth to me at 17. She did not want to return to Mongolia.

I was no longer fit to be a soldier, my father said, my mother should have me trained in Mandarin and possibly enable me to have a career as a civil servant. She should get married again, my father said, but my mother shook her head firmly. He recommended his two best friends to her, the gunsmith Weng and his adjutant Lieutenant Wang, they were very reliable people. My father closed his eyes and died. My mother cried for hours, then pulled herself together and looked after us. Father had left a good fortune, which would last us a lifetime. Emperor Teng had my father buried with all the honors and gave us a very large funeral stipend, as was customary for officers.

My mother, who had always spoken to me in Mongolian, immediately found for me excellent teachers who taught me Mandarin, speaking, reading and writing. I learned to use my thumb and forefinger to hold the ink brush. She learned to hold my cock in the wooden pot when I peed. "A nice boy's cock," she would sometimes say, as she shook it to drain it and then rubbed it hard to see if I could squirt yet. "A nice man's cock," she would say years later, when

I squirted for the first time. She didn't want to masturbate me, she said with disgust.

“At home in Mongolia, the sons lie with their mothers when they can squirt!” she said, “Masturbating is not as nice as fucking!” So it came about that she took me onto her mat and showed me how to fuck. In a word, it was great! She grabbed my hard cock and pushed it all the way in her cunthole very carefully. “Wow, that’s a big one!” she sighed quietly and satisfied. I squirted immediately. She pulled the cock out straight away and rubbed the last drops out with her fingers. “That happens to almost everyone the first time,” she said kindly and left me in the dark as to how she knew that, “we’ll do it again soon! You have a meaty cock like Lin, your father, that stays hard for at least half an hour, even after you have squirted, it’s a fine cock you have!” She looked at my cock from all sides. “It’s really grown recently,” she murmured appreciatively, “it’s nice and thick and firm! You’ll give me a lot of pleasure with it!” I smiled and almost burst with pride. We continued to fuck and she slowed me down. “Take it easy, let your cock look around and enjoy it! We have plenty of time and you can try to get me hot gradually!” I took my time, let my cock feel and see everything and continued to fuck very slowly. She explained everything I needed to know, murmuring quietly. She did get a little bit hot, but she laughed, “I’m not hot enough yet!” I fucked her for a long time and then I squirted inside her. She hadn’t had an orgasm yet and masturbated after fucking, that I had already seen a thousand times. She gave me advice on how to hold back from squirting until she came first. She let me practice every evening and praised me because I was making good progress.

Friends Weng and Wang took turns to come once a week to fuck my mother; they owed that to my father. My mother had heard about this custom and only sobbed for a moment, then she smiled and breathed a sigh of relief, as she took the men’s big cocks one after the other in her hand. “My dear friends, with such overwhelming weaponry I can only surrender!” she said, looking from one to the other with a sneaky and filthy smile. She let her dress fall to the floor and let the two strong friends fuck her so hard for hours, one after the other and again, so that my eyes almost popped out of my head.

It was the first time I saw her be fucked by someone other than my father and it was really great!

It was a long and fierce fight! The two friends gave everything to fuck the young woman like lions and convince her that they were the best at it. When one of them had squirted, the other one carried on immediately, so that she could hardly breathe between her orgasms. I knelt on the mat next to her legs and didn't miss a thing. How her pussyhole widened when a big man's cock penetrated it and how she gasped and panted with pleasure as she raced towards orgasm and let out a tiny little scream when she climaxed. I saw the cock pumping hard as it squirted its entire load inside. And then the other one came and carried on until both men were drained totally.

After that she was completely exhausted and told the friends, "Only one of you in a week and take turns, dear gentlemen, otherwise I'll be fucked to death after 3 days!" The two left laughing and my mother smiled for the first time after the sad week. "I miss your father very much too, Little Lin, but the two of the friends are giving me back a little bit of my missing husband. It's going to be a very nice fucking time, my little one!" I laughed with her and was happy for her, although at 5 years old I didn't understand much about it. I sat in the next room and mother closed the paper door when she let father's best friends fuck her once a week. But she inadvertently left the door ajar so that I could always watch the fucking without them noticing.

When I was still very young and the man had left, she lay there dozing. I knelt between her legs and stuck my little stiff cock into her pussy hole, which was still wet with his semen. Childishly and naively, I tried to imitate his fucking, she smiled faintly and murmured, "when you're bigger!" I pushed my little cock in and out like the big guys, for maybe 10 minutes, until my cock went soft again. She smiled inscrutably and murmured very kindly, "when you're bigger, then!" I soon gave up, I found it boring. I was only 5 or 6 then.

But later it changed, I was older than 10. When Weng or Wang had left after fucking, she would lie with her legs spread and doze. I got a hard cock while secretly spying and I felt the urge to fuck her.

My cock had grown every day, it was getting really big, I thought, almost as big as Sir Wang's. My cock was three times as long as my fingers and as thick as three fingers. I remembered that just a few months ago it had been a smooth, pretty boy's cock. Now it was long and wide and full of thick, ugly veins — a real man's cock! So pretty big, I thought, but not my mother. She smiled gently as I penetrated her firmly. "You don't need to act so wild, big boy, it goes in quite easily because everything is still wet and stretched from the previously fucking!" She simply didn't notice how big my cock had become, which I was so proud of! "Come on, stick it in really deep, and one day, when you can really squirt, we'll fuck properly," she murmured tiredly, because she was pretty tired after the fucking and dozed off again while she let me fuck her.

It was annoying that she didn't appreciate my big cock. I was thrusting hard back and forth like a madman, she was dozing but it was obvious that she was now really appreciating the cock. I fucked her wet pussy hole for a good 10 minutes, she smiled kindly. "Your cock is already quite big," she breathed with the eyes closed, she had become lightly aroused and a bit hot, "I can feel your cock really well!" I felt the explosion and I squirted a little bit. I winced and she said, that was my orgasm. She smiled, "you can't squirt yet for real!" and stroked my hair as I sank down on her after the explosion. This went on for several weeks until she rubbed me one day again with her fist and found out that I could really squirt. She made me squirt in the piss pot and wiped the last drops out of my cock hard with her fingers. "Now you can really squirt, big boy, but I don't like doing it with my fist, that's very disgusting!" So from that day on she let me fuck her night for night.

Lieutenant Wang came from a merchant family, he managed the family fortune together with my mother and taught her arithmetic and everything about money lending. They increased our wealth by lending money to reliable debtors at an interest. Mother added the names in the merchant's book in Mongolian script, she could not read Chinese characters. But Wang helped her to become a well-known and reliable money lender, he helped her when a payment had to be collected vigorously. Everyone ducked when he entered the

room with his weapons clanging. Although we were able to live quite carefree and not frugally, her wealth grew steadily.

Weng fucked even better than Wang, so I learned from him to hold back my ejaculation until Mother had had her orgasm. She did not masturbate during sex, as was the custom among Chinese women. If she got hot during sex but did not have an orgasm, she would start to masturbate when he ejaculated. She had been infertile since I was born and I was allowed to fuck her every night, since I was 10 and could squirt. Nevertheless, she masturbated every night when I was falling asleep, that was the Mongolian custom.

My teachers taught me Mandarin and good court manners, I learned quickly and easily. When I was 20, I spoke 70 other Chinese languages in addition to Mongolian and Mandarin. I found it easy to learn languages and spent a lot of time in the royal library to learn the customs and traditions of these peoples. It turned out that my skills were noticed at court and when I was 20 I was asked to become a court interpreter. Mother and I were very proud of this appointment and I promised to visit her again and again for sex. My mother was not a frivolous woman, she only fucked Weng and Wang, otherwise she would not get involved in any affair, no matter how tempting, as she was a respected, chaste woman.

I was given a small, 6 square meter cell in the royal palace and was immediately called to the queen. I was very surprised because Queen Mei was younger than my mother, who was only 34 years old. I later learned that the queen was only 28 years old, only 8 years older than me. She was the fourth wife of the king, who was already approaching 60. He already had 4 daughters, but had no heir to the throne. The queen received me very kindly and had the master tailor measure my hands. I was to receive special gloves because the king would notice my missing fingers, and that would not be good. So I was given gloves with 10 fingers, which I had to wear in the presence of the king.

I immediately noticed that the queen had an accent and told her that we could also speak in Qin. She was very surprised because no one at court spoke her mother tongue. She lowered her eyes. "Only

when we are alone, Master Lin, otherwise we will stick to Mandarin!” I nodded because I did not care. But this alone contributed to the queen calling me more often than other officials. We drank tea and she was very relaxed about being able to speak in her native language and we became friends over time. “Why do they call you Little Lin?” she asked at first and I answered, “my father was called Big Lin, he was 6 feet tall like me and towered over the others by half a head. That’s why they call me Little Lin.” I told her about my father and his heroic deeds. Then I told her about my mother, to whom I owed my Mongolian features. I proudly wore my thin mustache in the Mongolian style with the tips hanging low. I was half Mongolian and was proud of it.

The queen asked about my mother. I confessed that I had been lying with her since I was ten, as was the Mongolian custom. “So she let you masturbate next to her!?” I shook my head slightly, but she didn’t seem to notice. She looked at me seriously but inquiringly and immediately asked more questions. “Were you both naked!? And — did you squirt on her body, or even over her pussy? Or — my heavens! — even squirt inside her pussy hole!?” She fired those questions in quick succession and thank God she interrogated me in her native language so that the servants didn’t understand anything. I lowered my head. “With so few fingers, masturbating is pretty difficult, if not impossible, Your Majesty!” I said and I saw her thinking hard. “So she masturbated you, my poor friend? I’ve masturbated a guy a few times before, and it was a pretty hard job!” she asked seriously. I ducked my head. “She didn’t masturbate me either, Your Majesty! My mother stopped rubbing my cock, when she discovered, that I could squirt. She said, masturbating with her fist is disgusting!” I managed to say, because I wasn’t very comfortable with the subject. The queen raised her eyebrows. “You fucked her, Little Lin?” she asked in surprise, because in China only a few of the high nobility did that, and I was not a member of that class. I nodded in agreement quietly.

Her eyes widened in disbelief. “Since I was 10, Your Majesty, according to Mongolian custom!” She put her hand over her mouth and blushed deeply at her piggish thoughts. “And — did you really fuck her like an adult man? And she let you squirt inside her? How many

minutes did you fuck her, Little Lin?" I answered every question and stared at her fist, which she kept pressing against her pussy over her skirt to hide her heat. But she made things worse. Her fist, her knuckles making her clit overflow several times, when I told the saucy stuff. I pretended not to notice that she was suppressing her orgasm and her body was just shaking a little. "My mother was infertile since the pregnancy and so always she let me squirt inside her, the full load. I usually fuck her for half an hour or longer, until my cock gets soft again. I sometimes squirt twice and I do everything I can, to make her an orgasm too, Your Majesty!"

She was silent for a long time, her fist resting motionless on her lap. I realized that she was revealing something intimate. "The king, my dearest husband Sir Feng, doesn't even fuck me for two minutes, he squirts quickly inside and then leaves again. Unfortunately, he doesn't fuck anywhere near as well as my father, the only person I ever fucked apart from Sir Feng, when I was a young girl." I said nothing, as I understood her very well but had nothing to say.

Now she let me tell her everything in detail, what my mother's body looked like, her pussy and her clit and how we fucked, exactly how, she insisted to hear all in full details. I also told her about Weng and Wang, the queen listened with sparkling eyes and I realized how hot she was getting while listening. I stared at her fist, which she kept pressing against her pussy over her skirt to hide her heat. But that made everything worse, her fist, her knuckles let overflowing her clit. Again and again. I pretended not to notice that she was suppressing her orgasm and her body was shaking a little. "I still go to her two or three times a week," I said proudly, "but otherwise one of your many maids sleeps with me." She smiled. "That's what I was told, Little Lin, you have the same rights as all my servants!"

Later she asked if I carried a concealed knife like the other men in the palace? I nodded, "Master Weng, the weaponsmith and friend of my father who visits my mother twice a month, made me a special one because of my fingers." She didn't seem to care that Weng was fucking my mother, but she asked curiously if she could see my knife. Following a sudden inspiration, I unbuckled my belt so that my dress fell apart in front and my half-stiff cock was visible. She reached for

my knife, which was attached to the weapon belt, and pulled it out, but she kept staring at my cock. "A very interesting knife," said the queen, weighing it in her hand, "I see why the handle is shaped like that." She still looked at my cock and put the knife back in its sheath, the back of her hand briefly accidentally touching my cock. I noticed her curious and greedy glance at my cock, but I didn't know at the time that she was deciding at that moment to fuck me. "A very large knife," she said, to my astonishment, for my knife was by no means large. But she meant my cock, my dear Queen, but I didn't understand it at the time.

We talked mostly about sexual topics over tea, we both had a lot to talk about in her native language. She now wore only garments that were open in the front and held together only by a belt. I stared at her fist, which she kept pressing against her pussy along the hem to hide her heat. Her hand disappeared unnoticed under the hem. Her fist, her knuckles made her clit overflow. Again and again. But she barely concealed the fact that she was having an orgasm and her body was shaking a little bit. An unspoken agreement was reached that we both ignored it without saying a word. I was happy that she liked these saucy conversations, piggish stories or intimate secrets of both of us, and that she wasn't particularly inhibited in front of me. She had only to be careful because of her maids, although they didn't understand a single word. But they did not bat an eyelid when the queen shuddered or trembled slightly. Female solidarity, I guessed.

It was only after a month that I was called to the king, I put on my festive robe and the beautifully decorated gloves and knelt before him. He was a small, muscular man of about 60, and his eyes betrayed great intelligence. He asked me to stand up and sit next to him. He explained my mission to me. He had a delegation from the kingdom of Xiulin as a guest, they didn't speak Mandarin well. I nodded and said I spoke Xiulin. He said he wasn't just interested in interpreting, he wanted to know everything the delegates were whispering to each other. I understood. Fifteen minutes later we went to the throne room where the delegation was waiting. I put my hands in my sleeves like the king's other advisors.

The leader of the delegation began to speak and I interrupted him furiously. "Greet my lord and king properly, he is King Feng of the kingdom of Xin and deserves your respect!" The leader visibly flinched and King Feng asked me what had been said. I leaned towards his ear, whispering. He didn't bat an eyelid. Then I translated both ways, it was basically trade matters. The delegates soon noticed that I was translating their whispers to the king and were on guard. Nevertheless, the negotiation went well and a contract was agreed. The king dismissed me after the reception and left with his advisors.

I had a lot of free time and flirted with the young maids of the royal court. I fucked one of them every day, sometimes two. When two of them came with me, I watched them with my mouth open as they cuddled, kissed and played with their clits. I couldn't complain in any regard, the girls loved my big cock and whispered it to their circle.

Not to be misunderstood or to give the impression that the palace was just a big brothel. There were about 140 maids in the palace, but only 6 or 7 who caught my eye and signaled their lust and willingness. I had to ignore the mostly pretty women of the courtiers and noblemen because of the class difference. I still visited my mother 2 or 3 times a week, so I fucked enough, but not all of the maids.

It must have been a month or two later, when the queen surprised me with red cheeks that she was finally pregnant. I knew that she didn't fuck anyone except the king, but I was still surprised because he only slept with her once every two weeks. She laughed out loud when I mentioned it. "I do it every night with my fingers, Little Lin, and it's enough for me if he only comes to fuck me once every two weeks. And no, I've never fucked anyone other than King Feng, apart from my father when I was very young. I'm sure you know about that custom." I nodded and kissed her fingertips. "Forgive me, Your Majesty, for asking, but I thought you must have a lot of lovers, Your Majesty, as beautiful and lovely as you are!" She shook her head and smiled. "Thank you for the compliment, my friend, but I turned down even Emperor Teng himself because I wanted to be physically faithful to my husband and king and only he should be the father of the heir to the throne!"

She changed the subject. The two servants did the plucking of her pubic hair quite roughly and clumsily. Her husband had chosen this servants and their loyalty was only to him, they were to report any misdeeds to him. Wouldn't he like to pluck her pubic hair? He didn't have to think about it. "I've never done it before, Your Majesty, and I don't know if my fingers are skilled enough. But let me try, please!" The queen smiled mischievously. "You certainly won't be as rough as my servants, Master Lin!" she breathed and smiled again. "Speaking of my pussy, you will rub me with ointment twice a day during my pregnancy, right?" Lin nodded eagerly. "I have oiled my mother every day after her bath for the past 10 years and I know from there that I can do it. She always wanted to have smooth skin and a well-oiled pussy."

Lin smiled when the queen asked how intensively he had oiled his mother's pussy. "She usually wanted it very intensively because she knew, how sensitively and skillfully I was with her clit." She smiled inscrutably. "You don't need to oil me so intensively, Little Lin. I always work on my clit myself, every night." Her smile was cheeky and cocky. Lin asked if it wouldn't be better to send away the servants while he was doing it? He would be embarrassed if the two spies were watching that. The queen laughed. "I'll have to ask my husband, they're his spies!" The king surprisingly agreed, his wife was pregnant and even if she let Lin fuck her, he had his heir to the throne in her belly.

Lin got to know the king's daughters, they were between 16 and 20 years old. And, he was surprised to discover, all four of them were real fuck-sluts. There was no other way to express it, they had heard the news from the maids that he had a large and enduring cock. They came up to him, directly and without fuss, they wanted to too! So it came to pass that he took them into the line of maids and fucked them one after the other. But he found out that they were much less good at fucking than most of the young maids he had picked out. He didn't tell the queen until much later, she listened with shock because she had judged the girls differently. Nevertheless, she asked him to tell everything in detail. Lin said that the oldest was the worst at fucking, she lay on the mat like a wooden plank, she remained completely passive and of course never had an orgasm. She was one

of the few girls who never let anyone squirt inside her. But after fucking her, she took his cock all the way into her mouth, rubbed it powerfully and swallowed his juice. She did really masterfully rubbing his cock, made him squirt his full load into her throat and then swallowing his juice, drinking it mischievously smiling, only a few girls did that with him. In terms of age, the two middle ones fucked with some interest, but the youngest fucked really well. The two middle ones, the twins, clenched the muscles of their pussy too tightly and thus suppressed their orgasms, even though they were hot to bursting. He didn't find out why. They always came to fuck in pairs and had already agreed on the order. He fucked them both one after the other for a whole hour until his cock went soft. The first time, one of the 19-year-olds asked him very shyly, "Can we do it, Master Lin, we always do it like this!" and he nodded, although he didn't yet know what she meant. It was nothing special, the two kissed with their tongues and masturbated each other's clits. They came to orgasm almost at the same time, that was the whole secret. The youngest was the only one who masturbated during the fuck, and that was due to her masturbation addiction, as she freely admitted, since she masturbated and orgasmed nonstop for two hours. She fucked really well, she loved it and let him fuck, until his cock had enough. She told him that one day she wanted to be the most sought-after noble whore in the palace. None of them thought about getting married, as their father would marry them off on good terms for the kingdom one day, none of them doubted that.

After the king's approval, the queen Mei gave the two servants free time when Lin came to her. She was wearing only a sheer, transparent silk cloak and opened the belt at the front after she had laid down on the bed. He took the tweezers between his thumb and forefinger, asked her to spread her labia with her fingers and he plucked out her pubic hair carefully and considerately. Queen Mei had a very beautiful, girlish looking pussy, a beautifully curved mons pubis and a small, well-hidden clit. It remained steadfastly lifeless, as the hair-tugging did not excite Queen Mei at all. He handed her a hand mirror and she was very pleased with the result.

Now he had to anoint her so that she did not get stretch marks. She had small, sweet breasts, which he rubbed with enthusiasm, then

her stomach, which was still quite flat. He rubbed her pussy with the fragrant ointment and asked her to spread her labia with her fingers. He ointed her little pussyhole and the vaginal entrance thoroughly and conscientiously. She sighed continuously as his index finger penetrated her pussyhole deeply and rubbed it firmly, and lastly the clit. He had to pluck it out of its hiding, before he anointed it. He asked her to spread her inner labia, pull back the foreskin and press down the flesh around her clit so that it would appear erect. She did so, sighing and blushing deeply, because she was very shameful to expose her clit to him and to shamefully present the last bit of her nudity. He then anointed her clit very gently, until it was completely stiff and hard. She was really getting hot, and Mei's eyelids fluttered as she admonished him, "That's enough, my friend, that's enough!" He was enthusiastic about this task and only reluctantly released her clit. After she had put her clothes back on, she went to the door and called her servants in again. They repeated the anointing twice a day, after lunch and after dinner.

Queen Mei's breasts grew earlier than her belly. Pregnancy pushed her sexual desire relentlessly, and she said "it is enough" later and later. Until she didn't say it anymore. She had gotten used to completely exposing her clit and leaving it at his mercy. She pulled the foreskin back with her fingers and pressed the flesh down, so that the clit rose expectantly. Lin didn't have to ask her anymore, she smiled with desire and did it on her own when it was her clits' turn. He anointed her clit firmly and masturbated her clit very sensitively. At the beginning she was very shy the first few times when she had an orgasm and was close to tears of shame, because no man had ever masturbated her clit and had brought her to orgasm before! But they never talked about it and he masturbated her after lunch and after dinner, now sometimes two or three times in a row. Now she squealed and cheered because being masturbated relaxed her very much and she was really soft and happy afterwards. It was a blessing that the servants didn't notice, although they sometimes stuck their heads surprisingly in. But they couldn't see more than Master Lin anointing the queen or plucking her pubic hair. That was all they could report to the king.

King Feng was a good and prudent ruler. He always announced in advance when he needed Master Lin as an interpreter and was very happy with him. He spoke to Lin more and more often after the reception and listened to him carefully, because Lin was not only eloquent but also quite clever and shrewd, he could recognize the maneuvers of his counterpart precisely.

King Feng smiled indulgently when he learned that Master Lin occasionally fucked his four daughters. According to custom, he had deflowered his daughters at the age of 12 and fucked them for a while, but he did not find them exciting. For a while they asked him if they could fuck this or that man and he let them fuck whoever they wanted. But he recommended that they fuck rather the nobles than the servants, even though he knew that they did not stick to it.

King Feng himself stuck to it, he much preferred to fuck the shy, honorable and reservedly chaste wives of the courtiers. He did not desire widows and women over 30, although many of them were pretty, desirable, sexy and willing. No, only the young, the shy and the chaste attracted him and the more of these qualities she had, the more his hunting instinct was aroused. None of the courtiers could do anything if the king's eye fell on his young wife or his daughter; nothing and no one could stop the king from hunting. Flirting and chasing the shy wild game was very exciting, his heart beat wildly until he had her clear. He loved her tears when she finally gave in and lay sobbing down beside him, full of shame and guilt, and he loved more than anything her shyness or shy reserve when it came to fucking. He himself was not a particularly talented man in this discipline, but hunting the game inspired him. The women clung to their conqueror, crying, as many had never cheated on their husbands. On the other hand, he was the king and his subjects had to submit to him. They begged him not to squirt inside them, as none of them wanted to become pregnant during this humiliating and violent act. And the more they whimpered that he wasn't allowed to squirt inside them, please, please not, the tighter he grabbed the hips of the noble girls and wives and squirted everything inside them, the full royal load! It was sooo hot, and he didn't give a shit if he was fathering a bastard.

Lin saw the queen's belly grow, he ointed her conscientiously twice a day until the due date and of course masturbated her clit. Fate was kind to Queen Mei, she had a fairly unspectacular birth and actually gave birth to an heir to the throne, the boy Xinhua. The king was beside himself with joy, he kissed and hugged Mei exuberantly and gratefully. He gave a big feast for his people and promised every woman 10 gold coins if she became pregnant at the feast. They ate, drank and fucked. The girls and women fucked like crazy with dozens and dozens of men in the open streets and on the squares in full public, because every woman wanted the 10 gold coins. Some of them let themselves be fucked completely hidden under their skirts, some lifted up their skirts to the navel and others took off their dresses and let themselves be fucked completely naked. But they all grinned broadly like the most filthy courtesans.

Queen Mei breastfed Prince Xinhua herself, she had enough milk. Lin visited Queen Mei every day, he was happy with her about the sweet child. Three months later, it was clear to everyone that the prince was very healthy and there was no need to worry about him. Lin fucked the king's daughters, his mother and the beautiful maids, but he kept his distance from the queen. She was fully absorbed in motherhood and did not need any extra orgasms at the time.

Two or three times a year Lin accompanied King Feng to Mongolia, half a day's ride apart. Mostly it was only a friendly visit with no earnest negotiations. He translated in both directions and loved to be in his mother's homeland. The Mongolians were very proud of him and placed every night a handsome young girl in his tent. Most of them were young but experienced, they fucked actively and gracefully like his mother did. Most of them allowed him to squirt all the way inside them, the others he was allowed to squirt in their mouth. He liked the way they rubbed his cock in their mouths and he squirted deep into their throats so that they could drink his juice to the last drop. This was something the young Mongolian women mastered perfectly. Sometimes the girl was still a virgin and he deflowered her very gently and lovingly, even if he never saw her again. The Mongolians loved to fuck, that's for sure. He was said a very warm goodbye, when they left.

Lin accompanied King Feng to the capital Guang'an to Emperor Teng, where they stayed for 10 days. Emperor Teng had already recognized Lin's diplomatic skills and talent at the first meeting, who attended as an advisor and not as an interpreter. He sent his best and smartest concubine, Miss Ling, to him for the 10 nights. The concubine fucked Lin every night until midnight, they were both excellent at fucking and the nights were full of horniness and lust. She had mastered a rare art, her vaginal muscles milked his cock until the last drop as he squirted into her cunthole, which Lin enjoyed very much. They often lay next to each other for a long time and whispered about politics, customs and strange things, because neither of them had met such a smart person before. They also fucked in the forenoon and afternoon when there was no meeting. Emperor Teng knew that the best ideas and suggestions brought by the girl Ling came from Master Lin, not from the king, whom the emperor nevertheless valued very much for his faithfulness and loyalty. Lin enjoyed fucking the girl very much, but his heart beat for his queen, that was clear to him like never before. The emperor spoke to Lin privately several times and told the king how enviable he was to have such a gifted interpreter and shrewd diplomat. King Feng smiled, but he could not and would not give Lin away. Emperor Teng didn't let it show; first the Queen of Xin refused to fuck him and now the king also rejected his request. Lin felt very flattered, but he did not want to stay in the capital City. When King Feng asked him, he replied that he did not want to leave his mother and the four princesses behind. His cheeks glowed because he was lying, he did not want to leave Queen Mei, with whom he had fallen in love over all these months. But King Feng wisely did not ask any more questions.

When they returned home, the king only had eyes for the heir to the throne and he smiled kindly as the queen threw her arms around the interpreter's neck. Lin knew, that she had missed him too. After the birth, the queen had not asked for gold, jewels or trinkets, she only wanted two new servants. The king agreed immediately, as there was no longer any danger of a misstep. The two spies were given away to the households of nobles, and Queen Mei took her two best girlfriends as her personal servants. She planned smartly ahead, but Lin only noticed all of this in passing. He valued the two new-

comers very much, they were very pleasant and pretty creatures, both ten years younger than the Queen.

Queen Mei had fulfilled her duty, the prince was thriving and had a young, very pleasant nanny, whom the queen had chosen herself. Now she could take the second step and take a lover, because the king was gradually withdrawing and chasing after the chaste wives, that was enough for his old loins. He had released Mei and grinned, saying he already knew who she would choose. Queen Mei was astonished, because he seemed to know it before she did. In any case, she breathed a sigh of relief because she now had his blessing. So she made her choice.

Lin had not touched the Queen's clit for half a year, he often went to visit his mother in the evenings or fucked the princesses and the maids, it was a very pleasant time without any particular excitement or surprises. His mother in particular appreciated it very much when he came to visit. He was just as tall as Great Lin, broad-shouldered and muscular, which made the fucking very special. She was Mongolian at heart and stroked his moustache, which he wore in the Mongolian style. She had turned 40, a respectable and proud woman who only had Weng and Wang as lovers and otherwise led a chaste life. She proudly showed her son the merchant books, where her fortune had steadily increased. Lin was surprised at first that she fainted deeply before her orgasm broke out during sex. He continued to fuck the lifeless mother, who only woke up again when she had her orgasm. She smiled when she recognized him. He asked Sir Weng and Sir Wang discreetly, and they experienced the same every time. Lin accepted this strange development without even suspecting that these were the first signs of her fatal illness.

Queen Mei invited him to afternoon tea every day. She said she missed conversation in her mother tongue and she wanted to discuss sexual matters too with him in her language. Lin was very pleased because he had discovered, that he loved her more than anything. Of course she was unattainable for him, she was the queen and he was an employee of her husband, he didn't fool himself about that. But when they talked about sexual matters, his cheeks glowed. They drank tea for two months until she bluntly asked him to fuck her.

The two new servants stood like marble statues against the wall, waiting for every wish and command, but they didn't understand a single word of her language. It didn't bother him that they were there, he followed Queen Mei to her sleeping mat, where she had laid down in her transparent silk cloak. She opened her cloak at the front and presented herself naked to him. He took off his dress and weapons belt and lay down next to her, his heart pounding.

No, he was not an inexperienced boy, but an experienced man of around 25 when he lay down with the queen for the first time with his heart pounding. He looked at the two servants with a smile and saw that they were smiling back imperceptibly. He caressed Mei's perfect and slim body for a long time before he reached for her clit. She was already very hot, she couldn't wait to fuck him. When he thought that the foreplay had gone well, he mounted her. He penetrated her pussy hole and she was much tighter than he had thought. When he was deep inside her, he embraced his great love with all his devotion and kissed her for the first time with a French kiss. She returned the long French kiss with her experienced tongue and now he fucked her. First slowly, until she caught up with his pace and then faster. She had been practiced since early youth in letting the orgasm come up and she clung to him, she was happy and relaxed after the orgasm. She let him continue with a smile until he finished long minutes later. He squirted inside and she let him do it. They had the servants bring them chilled lemonade to the mat.

Lin caressed the pretty girls' asscheeks as they brought the lemonade. The queen smiled and said, "They are not off limits and they have the evenings off!" He smiled, ashamed that she had guessed his thoughts. "Perhaps," he replied, "may be." It ended up that on some evenings he would take both girls to his room and fucked both of them, because they could fuck really well, passionately and gracefully. A few times he got a heavy arousal in the afternoon, then he dragged both of them onto the mat where Mei was lying naked and stripped them naked too. Then he fucked all three of them, one after the other. Mei, who had in her youth made a little bit of lesbian love with this girls, smiled and beamed from ear to ear, because she was so proud of such a loinststrong lover. But this didn't happen very often.

But now he devoted himself to his queen. “I have been in love with you for many months, dearest Queen Mei,” he said, “even before I was allowed to pluck your pubic hair.” She smiled at him. “I have had the hots for you from the beginning, Little Lin, but I waited to ask my husband and king for permission.” She told him about masturbating since she was a young girl and about being deflowered at 12 by her widowed father, who fucked her every night for nearly 15 years despite his age until the king married her. She said that she found fucking the father incredibly beautiful, he gave her a wonderful orgasm almost every night, which was very different from the orgasms she got from masturbating. She hugged him strongly when she climaxed because she loved him very dearly. She thought fondly of her father, who taught her everything he could. He was the only one she fucked before fucking the king and her father understood very well that she all nights masturbated before falling asleep. Mei and Lin talked for another hour and he had to tell her in detail how it all started with Weng and Wang and the mother, and Mei absentmindedly played with her clit while she listened to him. Mei wanted to hear about that wild first fucking of the three over and over again, because it made her so horny that she almost ripped out her clit. Then how he clumsily fucked her as a kid after the man and how his cock gradually grew and he was allowed to fuck her every night. She listened and played absentmindedly with her clit and had one little orgasm after another, but she didn’t want to fuck anymore today. He walked home with a spring in his step, knowing he would be allowed to fuck her again tomorrow, Mei had said.

They had three children, two princesses and a prince, all for whom King Feng acknowledged paternity. Lin continued to fuck the mother, the king’s daughters and the pretty young maids, even if he took it a little easier now.

His elder daughter, Hue-Lin, had turned 12 and the king was already over 70. The king called Lin over and said he was too old to deflower his daughter. Lin should do it, he said with a wink, he was somehow the right person. Lin bowed to the ground, “just as you command, Your Majesty!”

In the evening, when they went to bed, the queen had the princess Hue-Lin lie down next to her. The girl knew what was coming and was very excited. But her mother reassured her, saying it was just a little prick and then she would be a real woman. Lin excited his daughter with his index finger until the pretty child was bursting hot. Hue-Lin lay with her back on her mother, the queen, when Lin carefully but with a firm jerk tore her hymen and then fucked her for half an hour. The princess did not have an orgasm, so after squirting inside Lin left his cock in her cunthole until Mei had finished masturbating her daughter. He fucked her every evening for two months in the queen's arms, so she learned how to reach an orgasm. Later, he only fucked her when she looked at him pleadingly. A year later, her sister, Chin-Lin, turned 12 and Lin also deflowered her without asking King Feng. He fucked Chin-Lin for more than a year because she could fuck much better and more gracefully than her sister. She also had much more fun with fucking. Mei always lay next to him when he fucked one of her daughters because on the one hand she was really proud of Lin's powerful cock and on the other hand she could later talk to her daughter about everything freely and without inhibitions.

When his son Koh-Lin turned 12, he was allowed to sleep with his mother. His nanny had told him everything about sex, explained it and masturbated him first and then herself, but she had to leave the fucking to the queen, that was what she had ordered. Koh-Lin slept with his mother for the first time, his father Lin slept in his own room next door. He passed his place next to Mei to his son, since every year there were new, young maids who fucked with him.

The queen only called her son in, when Lin had gone to his room after fucking. Koh-Lin was very shy when he lay naked next to his mother. He had lain naked next to his nanny up until now, she had shown him everything about the female body, her masturbation and her orgasms, but his heart was still pounding. Even after 4 births, his mother was a beautiful woman, prettier than his nanny. And now she showed him how to fuck, she was gentle and considerate, letting him take every single step.

“How fine, how soft, how pleasant!” her son exclaimed softly and squirted almost immediately inside. She smiled, pulled his cock out completely and held it in her fist, giving him time to catch his breath. He had inherited his father’s big and enduring cock, she would find out that tonight. Now he was allowed to fuck properly. Until now he had always sat next to his nanny when she was being fucked by a lover, she had to show him her fucking, being fucked every day, the queen had ordered. The queen had made very precise orders, when the boy got a hard-on while watching her fucking, he was allowed to masturbate or been masturbated by her and squirt upon her pussy, but not penetrate, never.

The nanny was a good second mother for Koh-Lin, he saw his mother several times a day, but slept with the nanny at night. She was a wild woman sexually, which is exactly why the queen had chosen her. And she was very sensitive and helped him to develop his sexuality. Of course she asked his mother if she should show him how she masturbated, when the boy became curious. Of course she asked if she could masturbate him properly when he started to squirt. The queen sometimes watched the nanny masturbating him. The nanny lay down with her legs spread wide in front of the boy, who stared at her pussy and cunthole and became very stiff. She put the tip of his glans into her cunthole and masturbated him, only his glans inside! She was infertile and let him squirt his full load into her. When he had finished squirting, she let him slowly penetrate deep into her cunthole, where he could wait motionless until his cock became soft again. The queen was quite uneasy with this, so she kept saying that she was not allowed to let him fuck her, she reserved that right to herself!

They followed the queen’s orders for a long time. Sometimes the queen saw that he was fucking for a minute when he squirted inside, so she repeated her order a bit angrily. But she was very happy with the nanny who let her boy squirt his full load inside with a horny smile and later on ordered the nanny to let a man fuck her every day in Koh-Lin’s presence, so that he could see and learn. The nanny, who had previously only fucked far too rarely and in complete secrecy, breathed a big sigh of relief. She now let another man fuck her every day, she always looked for new ones and the boy had to watch

her fucking. Koh-Lin was allowed to put his face between her thighs to see it up close. Of course, his cock got hard every time and he masturbated while watching. He watched her grab the cock and put it in her cunthole, she had a big, soft and very wide cunthole, the boy could see that very clearly. He stared at her pussyhole, where the cock was pounding and thrusting, she masturbating herself to orgasm. When the man has finished, Koh-Lin masturbated very quickly and squirted all over her pussy. Or, he knelt behind the man and squirted everything onto the balls of the man, his cock and then over the nannys pussy. She laughed loudly, because that was just hot. Later, the boy pushed the man aside and squirted his full load over the nurses pussy. It was only much later that he penetrated her cunt-hole to fuck and squirt inside. But only rarely did he, when the queen was watching. In the last year, that was no longer enough for the boy, he penetrated deep into the nannys pussy to squirt inside. She felt the cold steel of the executioner on her neck, but what could she do!? He was already very curious and keen on real fucking.

The boy not only came deep inside her pussy while she was fucking the man, he masturbated 5 times or more a day by himself and she had to lie naked in front of him while he masturbated. He stared into her spread pussy, then he penetrated deep inside to squirt. He made violent fucking movements while he squirted, but she couldn't and wasn't allowed to let him do more, with the executioner's axe in front of her eyes. The boy understood and didn't want to get the lovely young woman into trouble. He only penetrated after masturbating, and fucked hard for a minute while he squirted inside. She was very close to death in that minute, she imagined, but that's just how it was. She could justify that to some extent. But the boy fucked her longer each time before he could squirt, 5 times or more a day. He was now fucking her for 10 minutes before he squirted.

The boy masturbated 5 times a day or more, he penetrated the nannys pussy long before he squirted and fucked her for 10 minutes at least until he squirted. Although the nanny was afraid of the executioner's axe like the devil, she gave in. He didn't have to masturbate anymore, the nanny said to him, he was allowed to fuck her right from the start. He would soon be 12 and would then lay with the mother, the queen, anyway. The boy understood and nodded

gratefully, now he fucked his nanny, who was not even 30, at least 5 times a day, but usually much more often. She still looked for other men to fuck and the boy masturbated and squirted as before, when she let herself be fucked by the stranger, but when the man had left, the two of them fucked to their hearts' content. He swore to her that he would never tell the queen, and he stuck to that promise faithfully. She knew that she had to talk to the queen about it, but it never came to that.

Because now he was allowed to fuck a grown woman for the first time, his mother, and one he loved very much. "Come on, let's do it again! Put it in my pussy really deep and then wait until I'm really hot, then fuck me!" He nodded and penetrated her pussy very carefully, giving it time to adjust to his cock. He could feel exactly how she was rubbing her clit, slowly at first and then faster. He also felt how her whole pussy was working inside hard as she masturbated. He waited motionless until she gasped: "Yes, now, fuck me!" and he got to work. She held him tightly as her orgasm broke out, but he was nowhere near ready and continued to fuck her undeterred. Her sexual excitement remained high, she orgasmed continuously and it only stopped when he had squirted twice and stopped fucking. They lay next to each other, gasping for air, until they fell asleep in a loving embrace.

Four years passed, the kingdom was quiet and King Feng, well into his 70s, was preparing his son Xinhua for the throne. He was a bright, clever boy and would have made a good king if the Norns hadn't snatched his life's thread. He fell from his horse while hunting boar and was killed by an angry wild boar. Queen Mei's heart broke, he was her first and oldest child. King Feng locked himself away for days and cried like never before. On the fifth day he had Queen Mei and Master Lin called to his private chambers. The three of them sat in silence for minutes until the king began. "Dearest Mei, my poor queen, we have lost a son and I am heartbroken. But we still have a legitimate son, Koh-Lin, your child. I want him to succeed me." There was a deep silence, both Mei and Ling felt great gratitude because the king of course knew about Lin's paternity. They looked at each other briefly, then the queen said, "How clever and generous of you, my lord and master! We will leave my son Koh-Lin, who is only

16 and a half, to the teachers, because he must be able to succeed you in a year and a half. Until then, my dear and kind husband, I ask you to stay strong and healthy so that there is no gap. And, my dear, I want to keep you for a long time and love you as I have loved you so far!” Lin was the only one who noticed the double-edged nature of her last sentence, but King Feng placed a hand lovingly on her cheek. “Of course, my love, I will stay with you for a long time!” He looked from her to Lin. “We agree, do we?” Lin nodded in agreement. “Just as you command, Your Majesty!”

Koh-Lin’s training began the very next day. Lin supported his son as best he could, he had some works on the kingship in mind and knew that the king did not have many years left. From that day on, the nobles, the rich and the powerful throughout the kingdom brought their young daughters, and sometimes their young wives, to his bed. Lin explained to his son that this was the custom, although most of them had ulterior motives. He had to fuck all the girls if he didn’t want to cause a scandal. Koh-Lin nodded a little disappointed because he lied with the queen every night and loved fucking her the most. Most of the girls were pretty and willing, so he fucked them one by one, because it was a pleasant and beautiful duty.

He fucked many girls before he lay down with the queen, and he fucked hundreds in the 12 years before he got married. The queen stayed lying down when she thought she wasn’t disturbing them. She looked at the girls more closely when he mounted the girl a second or third time, she was happy when he fucked so enthusiastically. Or she went into the next room to Lin, she didn’t disturb him even when he had a girl with him. She was very excited when he fucked the king’s daughters. She had to agree with him, the youngest daughter fucked very passionately and obviously liked it, the others were rather boring. It was quite obvious that the girl was addicted to masturbation. The Queen was amazed because it was the first time she had seen someone so heavily addicted to masturbation, but she didn’t find it bad at all. Some of her maids were a little irritated when their mistress lay down with them. Mei turned her back to them and masturbated inconspicuously lying on her side, then she fell asleep satisfied.

Lin's mother became seriously ill and died after a few weeks. Lin gave her a feudal funeral, hundreds came, but Lin hardly knew anyone. He only greeted the old men Weng and Wang warmly, he hadn't seen the two friends for years. His mother had told him with a smile that the two friends now came to her together every evening, as Lin rarely lay down with her. She was very happy with the new solution, because the two of them fucked her one after the other powerfully and so she often had a screaming orgasm, despite they weren't young anymore. She reported that now she would faint every time they fucked her and that her two men would fuck her like a lifeless doll until she woke up with a screaming orgasm. She said she was so deeply unconscious that she didn't remember the fucking at all. At first the men would cover her mouth, but as time went by they all stopped caring if her scream rang out in the house. The mother caressed his hand and said how proud she was of him, he had given her three royal grandchildren, his son Koh-Lin would even be the next king. "Your father is certainly very proud of you, Little Lin!" That was their last conversation.

Lin gave the money lending business to his friends Weng and Wang, so that they would be rewarded for their loyal service! He told them, how happy he was when his mother told him about their faithful and loyal fucking in all these years. His mother had left him a large fortune, which he divided into four, he kept a quarter and gave the other three equal parts to his children.

Lin's daughter Hue-Lin was the first to marry, but her husband left her before the first year was up. She had a new lover to fuck every night, which her husband couldn't stand. King Feng and Queen Mei were very sad that Hue-Lin had very quickly become a noble whore in the palace. Little Lin had had a long talk with her before her husband took off, but she had chosen this dissolute life, and there was nothing he could do about that. He kept a close eye on her and only intervened when a noble man misbehaved. He beat many a noble man's nose bloody, he didn't recognize class divisions. "A wretch deserved a beating," so he stood up for himself even with the king.

Chin-Lin, the little beauty, put off getting married as long as she could. She also had many, many love affairs and loved to fuck. But

she did not become a whore like her sister, who was nicknamed “the one with the butterfly wings spread” because she welcomed every two-legged man with her legs wide open. Chin-Lin was much more concerned with her reputation and did not change horses so often and only discreetly. She had been an obsessive and addicted masturbator since she was young. Neither Mei nor Lin stopped her from masturbating, because neither of them thought her masturbation addiction was bad. Maybe that was even a good thing, because it meant she was not in danger of becoming a whore like her big sister. The money from Lin’s mother came at the right time for both girls and in this matter they were thank God very reasonable. His son, Koh-Lin, did not need the money so urgently, but it helped him to give presents to the beautiful princesses and noble daughters when he had fucked them properly and sent them home. No one should say that he was stingy or wanted to fuck for free. And the poor boy had to fuck hundreds of beautiful girls before he got married!

King Feng died four years later, Koh-Lin ascended the throne well prepared. He continued to lie with the queen until he married at the age of 29. The court had repeatedly given him noble girls, whom he fucked a few times as a test and then sent away again. He was of a fundamentally good character and therefore did not want to offend anyone at court. The princesses were all pretty and presentable, many of them were already very experienced at fucking. He would never have admitted it, but he was looking forward to each of these beauties who could fuck so gracefully and charmingly. He fucked them all for several nights to enjoy them to the full before he let them go again with a heavy heart.

Then he was given a lovely 13-year-old princess who had only slept with her father up to that point, and no other man. Koh-Lin was captivated by this unusual child-woman from the very first moment. She captured his heart by storm, she was smart, very pretty, cheerful and could fuck like a goddess, even though she had only been with her father for a year. He had been a really good teacher and had taught her how to fuck a man really well. Only when she became older and less attractive did King Koh-Lin go on the prowl and develop a preference

for young, very young virgins, and his wife allowed him to indulge in this vice.

Lin and Mei stayed together for the rest of their lives and did not change their love affair, Little Lin lay with Queen Mei until the end and their love was often sung about by posterity.

• • •

The Little Muck

by Jack Faber © 2024

It was the year of Harun al-Rashid's accession to the throne in Baghdad. Baghdad was a large province of the Abbasid Empire, which stretched from Turkey to China. Umeya was a maid for a rich merchant, she was 14, sexy and beautiful. The lascivious merchant had not yet fully internalized the teachings and wisdom of Islam. Good was what he desired. Good was he who submitted to him. He was extremely rich, he always gave generous alms in the mosque and that was the only reason he was popular, the only reason. He did not treat his slaves badly, but he demanded everything from them.

His lips dripped lustfully when the merchant saw the beautiful Umeya for the first time in his farm. Like all girls her age, she was in full bloom, she had beautiful, full breasts, a very slim body with womanly hips, a beautiful childlike face and thick brown hair that hung down to her shoulders. She was the child of a poor family with many children and had to go to work early. The merchant paid well and she gave a large part of her wages to her mother. She was of a gentle, simple disposition and the only thing she definitely did not have was sexual experience. Of course, she had always seen her parents fucking, and her mother explained to her that this was how babies were made. She did not need to know anything more. Her brothers had taught her to masturbate them and she did it good-naturedly, the brothers loved and kissed her lovingly, so that was a good thing. Otherwise she had no idea, she was an untouched virgin despite her age.

The lecherous merchant licked his lips and ordered her to follow him. So she followed him into the bedroom, unsuspecting. He stripped her naked and said what a beautiful girl she was. She nodded eagerly, she had been told that over and over again. The merchant smiled. "Do you like to fuck?" he asked and she said she didn't know what that was. "You've never slept with a man, a boy?" he asked, not believing his luck. "Yes," said Umeya, "I used to sleep with all my siblings!" The merchant smiled. "But you haven't had a cock

yet!?” the merchant continued. “Yes,” Umeya replied, “I have learned to rub my brothers cock to make them squirt, which is what all boys need before they go to sleep!” The merchant’s smile grew very broad, he looked like a fed up cat.

“Come on, let’s lie down on the bed, we’re going to fuck!” Umeya nodded obediently and lay down on the bed, the merchant next to her. She noticed his stiff cock and asked if she should rub it until he squirted? The merchant nodded and she rubbed it like she did her brothers. But the merchant interrupted her and made her lie on her back. “Now we’re going to fuck!” he said and Umeya nodded, she had no idea. He penetrated her and she squealed softly as he tore her hymen. “That’s only the first time,” the merchant assured her, “you won’t feel any pain when we fuck!” Umeya nodded obediently, because he was now fucking her like her dad had fucked her mom in front of the whole crowd of children. But he fucked her for much longer than her dad and then squirted the full load of his semen into her, then he was finished. Her dad always pulled his cock out and squirted on her mom’s belly.

“So, did you enjoy the fucking?” he asked and she nodded eagerly. “Especially the explosion at the end, that was great!” said the simple-minded Umeya, and he said that that was the orgasm, the great fulfillment. That’s what you did the fucking for, for the orgasm! He was very pleasantly surprised at how easy going Umeya was, how easily she came to orgasm. “But yes,” answered Umeya, “of course I want to fuck you again, if your time allows!” The merchant now purred like the cat mentioned above. He assigned her to gardening so that she was always nearby.

He fucked Umeya every day, as often as he could. She was a rocket in bed, and if he hadn’t been a confirmed bachelor, who knows, maybe he would have married her. She thought the fucking was great, it was always a welcome break from gardening and the orgasms were wonderful. They fucked non-stop for 3 years, then Umeya got pregnant. She was completely confused, but that’s just how it was. She asked some older women what was in store for her. The merchant gave her a big bag full of gold coins and sent her away, he didn’t need children around him.

She bought a tiny house on the river bank, she opened a small shop in front of her house and sold all kinds of household items. A friendly woman helped her with all of this, like a big sister. She never saw the merchant again, she had a little son and swore never to have another child, because it was a hard birth. She called her son Muck, which was derived from the name of the treacherous merchant. Her house consisted of only one room, at night she rolled out the mat and Muck slept naked with her, just like her. He was healthy and cheerful, but at the age of 4 he stopped growing and a hump grew on him. As a boy he was only 1.10m tall, at 16 he was 1.45m tall and stayed that way for a long time. Hardly anyone wanted to play with the small hunchback, he had no friends apart from the nice old Persian across the street who always had time for Muck. Al-Mahdi, that was his name, was a very old man and spent the whole day reading his books. Once a day he took little Muck for a walk along the river bank and taught the boy how the stars and planets moved, what blood-thirsty events were currently shaking the Persian Empire and how Harun Al-Rashid's empire worked. "If you like, I'll show you how to read," said Al-Mahdi, "all you have to do is ask your mother to fuck me once a month." Little Muck nodded and asked what fucking was. Al-Mahdi explained it to the seven-year-old in broad terms. "So, let me know if she agrees, then I'll teach you to read!"

Umeya threw her hands up in the air when little Muck asked her that evening. Of course she knew everything about Lord Al-Mahdi. He had once been the grand vizier of an emperor of Persia, a rich man with a lot of influence and a large harem, as was common at the time. He was a follower of the Mithras cult, he was not a orthodox believer. When the emperor was poisoned, he fled here to Baghdad and lived alone and modestly in the big house. He had no wife and no daughter to fuck, he sat every night on the stone bench behind his house and masturbated in the moonlight. Umeya had often seen this herself, it was not hearsay. She often sneaked into his garden when he turned off the light in the house. She often looked longingly at his beautiful, large cock, which he rubbed with pleasure in the moonlight and then squirted on the rose bushes. He was an astrologer, philosopher and a scholar. If he could give little Muck a little education for

such a low price? She “will think about it,” she said to little Muck. The next day she went over to Sir Al-Mahdi.

They drank fine tea from Persia and talked about all the details. She told him that she hadn’t fucked anyone for 7 years and that she didn’t want to get pregnant again. He understood that very well, contraception was important. It could be calculated, he said, all women in his homeland used contraception like that. It could be calculated based on the monthly bleeding. Umeya looked uncertainly at the nice, friendly man. “I don’t have a monthly bleeding, Excellency,” she said, “I only had bleeding a few times before I got pregnant, then never again, not for 8 years.” He smiled kindly and put a hand on her arm. “If a woman no longer has a bleeding, she is infertile and can no longer have children. That’s how it is.” Umeya’s eyes opened wide. “You mean I can’t get pregnant if I fuck a man?” He nodded in agreement. “I guarantee that, my daughter,” the old man said kindly.

Umeya thought about it so much that he asked her what was bothering her. “I’ve been thinking,” she said, “that you can fuck me once a month if you teach my son to read, Excellency!” He smiled. “You see, I have hundreds, thousands of Persian books here, about all things in the world.” Umeya turned pale. “My Muck doesn’t speak Persian, what’s the use of reading?” She’s not so stupid, he thought and smiled. “If you pay me with fucking more often, let’s say twice a month, then Muck will learn Persian too, it’s the most beautiful language in the world!” Umeya nodded, “good, then twice, Excellency! I’m ready for it, Muck is my everything!”

The deal was perfect. Al-Mahdi suggested a first test run. Umeya blushed deeply. “I haven’t bathed today, Sir, I’m very embarrassed!” He nodded, because he knew that this was important to many women. He smiled. “Lie down on the sofa and let me look, and you look at me too!” Umeya nodded, lay down on the sofa and lifted her dress up to her belly button. He whistled through his teeth. “What a wonderful thing you have, my daughter,” he said, “I’ve seen and fucked hundreds of pussies, and yours is one of the most beautiful!” Umeya spread her legs wide and pulled her labia apart with her fingers, as he had said.

Now he took out his cock. She had only seen the cocks of her brothers and the merchant so far. But this one was certainly the biggest and thickest she had ever seen. She asked uncertainly whether it would go into her little fuckhole? She sometimes woke up at night with an orgasm, she said, and then she stuck her index finger in the hole to thrust for a while, so she knew how small and tight that hole was. He laughed proudly. "Your pussy adapts to the size, no matter how big it is. It can even fit a horse's cock in," he said, and she jumped. "A horse? A riding horse, perhaps?" He smiled superiorly. "Some farmers' wives actually let themselves be fucked by a horse, I've seen it with my own eyes, little Umeya!" She asked him to tell her about it and blushed, because what was going through her mind was both hot and disgusting.

She sat up and grabbed his cock. "It's much bigger than my Muck's father's. I doubt it will fit in me!" His Excellency said that they would have to try it out immediately, he didn't want to be cheated out of his wages! Umeya still had the horse's cock in front of her, fucking the nasty farmer's wife, as he had drawn it in filthy words. She nodded in agreement and spread her labia wide. His cock touched her and she immediately said, "It's much too thick, Excellency!", but he kept pushing. "It won't go in any further, Excellency!" she repeated, but he pushed his cock forward millimeter by millimeter. She held her breath because he went in, very, very slowly. And then, all of a sudden, it was all the way in. She looked up at him. "It's all the way in now, Excellency!" but he stood motionless in front of her with his eyes closed. Suddenly she noticed that he was squirting, pumping his semen inside. "You're squirting, Excellency, you're squirting inside me!" But he kept pumping and pumping, he seemed to enjoy it. Umeya was silent and had to wait a long time until he was finished pumping. He opened his eyes, beaming. "Aaah, that was fine! Now you know that my cock is not too big and that I can still squirt. And I know that you can pay for your son's education. That's good, isn't it, for both of us?" Umeya nodded and his Excellency pulled his cock out now. She threw down her skirt and stood up. They agreed on when she should come to him, preferably on Friday when the men are at Friday prayers. Then she went home in high spirits.

Little Muck did a somersault of joy. He was a dwarf, he had an oversized nose, a hump and a very large cock. But he was the only one in his age group who had a private tutor! He kept throwing himself on Umeya's neck, then suddenly stopped. "You have to pay him with sex, the old man had said," he said, "is it okay for you to pay with sex?" Umeya hugged her little darling. "You are my everything, dear Muck! I would do anything for you, sex is a small price to pay for learning a language and reading too!"

Muck pressed himself against Umeya at night as usual, the nights in Baghdad were hot and people slept naked. He was almost completely asleep and mumbled, "Thank you, Mom, for fucking him!" Umeya smiled and they fell asleep.

Muck went to Al-Mahdi every day and studied diligently. He was very talented and absorbed every word of the old master like a sponge. On Friday Umeya went with him. He sat down on a chair in the corner and promised to be quiet. Umeya took off her dress and lay naked on the sofa. Al-Mahdi lay naked next to her. Muck looked at the old man's cock and breathed a sigh of relief. It was only slightly bigger than his own. He had known for a long time that he had a very big cock. When bathing in the river he could see the puny cocks of the other boys and the girls giggled and whispered to each other, certainly because of his big cock.

Al-Mahdi stimulated Umeya's clit very skillfully. Muck saw this for the first time. His eyes widened as his master's cock parted her pussy lips and her hole widened as he penetrated her. Muck had never seen it before, he saw his mother fuck for the very first time! Then the old man fucked the young woman, she was only 26 years old and sighed with pleasure. Muck had already seen the fucking a few times from a distance, when the couples fucked on the river bank. But now he saw it up close! Umeya only had a tiny pussy hole and the master forced his cock in gently and slowly so that the pussy hole could adjust. The old man did not fuck as fast as the couples on the river bank, but Muck saw how Umeya became hotter and hotter and after a quarter of an hour she twitched and came to an orgasm. He was already familiar with the girls' orgasms, he had spied on them on the river bank often enough.

A few moments later the master squirted, which Muck also saw up close for the first time, the master had to pump for a very long time before he was finished. Muck found the fucking really great and exciting, he pressed his fingers to his pants where the stiff cock was hidden. But he still couldn't do anything with it. Umeya left shortly afterwards and he studied with his master until sunset.

Umeya blossomed. Daud, as she was now to call him and no longer Excellency, fucked much better than her merchant, that was for sure! She went with Muck every other Friday and let him fuck her. She loved orgasms more than anything, because she had only known it from the merchant and her unchaste dreams before, she knew nothing about female masturbation. Daud fucked very sensitively and attached great importance to Umeya always having an orgasm.

The years went by, Muck studied well and spoke fluent Persian and could read all books, even those with difficult content. He would then look up and ask his master. He was the smartest man in the world, he knew everything and sometimes he could talk for hours about something that Muck had not understood. Muck listened very attentively and did not even notice how smart he had become.

Muck reached the age where his stiff cock plagued him night after night. He remembered that he had seen the other boys rubbing and squirting on the girls' bodies on the river bank. He rubbed himself in the same way and squirted for the first time! This was the most ingenious invention since the Great Flood! Umeya had thought about rubbing him like her brothers, but for some reason she decided against it. Things therefore developed gradually.

Muck masturbated several times in a row until his cock became soft. He pressed his glans onto Umeya's buttocks, who was lying on her side. He squirted over her buttocks, but she didn't make a sound. Only when he masturbated more than three times in a row did she speak to him. "Don't do it too often, my dear child, it can make you blind!" and little Muck nodded. They both knew the poor blind man who sat on the street corner and begged. Umeya sometimes bent down and masturbated him with a gentle hand. The blind man was

grateful that he was allowed to touch her body while she was masturbating him. She was not interested in the passers-by who walked past shaking their heads. Let them look, the idiots, she was only doing it to relax the poor guy like her brothers.

Muck asked Umeya if he could stick his cock in her ass crack while masturbating and squirting. "Of course," she said, lifting one leg in a side position and spreading her ass cheeks with her hands. Muck was quite enchanted that he was allowed to squirt in her ass crack, Umeya sighed a little and let him do it for months. It was okay for both of them.

Many months later he accidentally squirted all over her pussy. Umeya turned to him and asked if he would rather squirt in her pussy hole after masturbating in her asshole? She didn't care, so he said yes. For the next few months he masturbated in her ass crack, then she turned onto her back and raised her spread legs to the sky, spreading her pussy hole as wide as she could. She looked like a sliced peach, her legs in the air, her ass cheeks on the left and right, and her little pussy hole in between. He searched for her fuck hole with the tip of his penis and put the tip of his glans into the hole, but only a few millimeters, not the whole glans! Only the tip of his glans with its tiny hole. Now he masturbated and squirted the full load inside through his hole. Later, when she was already lying on her side sleeping or dozing, he had to spread her ass cheeks with his hands and put the tip of his glans inside. Then he masturbated and squirted inside her pussy. Most of the time she wasn't fast asleep and giggled, "It tickles so nicely, the squirting inside!" They did that for many months.

One night years later he asked quietly if he could fuck her properly, in the pussy hole? Umeya thought for a moment. Some of her friends let their older sons fuck them, but many criticized or despised them. But whom for heavens sake could fuck little Muck? She pulled herself together and nodded in agreement. "Can you do it from the side?" she asked, "because you're too heavy for me." Muck whispered that he could. She lifted one leg and spread her labia with her fingers. Muck's cock was big, even bigger than Daud's. She grabbed his cock and carefully inserted it a little. Daud was right, the pussy adjusted to

the size. "Not so fast, big boy, otherwise you'll burst my little hole!" He asked, "is that okay?" but she shook her head, "go really slowly and carefully!" He tried hard and after a few moments he met resistance. "I can't go any further, Mom," he said miserably. She shrugged her shoulders, "if you're so deep inside, you don't need to push in any deeper, otherwise you'll blow my hole! Now you can really fuck me!" Muck fucked her from behind at the same pace as Master Daud did, while she lay on her side. He fucked her well and she had a nice orgasm like with Daud, whom she now fucked every Friday. But Muck was still stiff and wanted to keep fucking. She had another orgasm and gasped for air. He came in her pussy three times in total, only then did his cock go soft.

Within a month he fucked all the girls on the river bank or in the river. None of them made stupid jokes about his short stature or his hump, he was allowed to fuck one every afternoon, he didn't want to do anything more than that. The boys accepted that he was now popular with the girls and became friends a little. He had somehow arrived, he fucked one girl every day and squirted his full load into her. Of course he had to be careful, he didn't want to blow anyone's pussy. None of the girls on the riverside were virgins; they all came from poor backgrounds like him, where virginity had no meaning at all.

Then followed some beautiful, quiet years. Umeya went to Daud every Friday, Muck fucked her every night and squirted inside once or twice. Up until then she had rejected every attempt by customers to flirt, but now she took a closer look at the guys. She turned down the brutal, dirty and pushy ones. She invited the fine and clean men, who also paid a gold piece for it, into her house and let them fuck her. They were all friendly and decent, but most of them only had small or medium-sized cocks, so she rarely had an orgasm with this passing trade. But they remained friendly and polite. So 4 to 6 gold pieces a week came into her purse, which was more than she earned from sales. But she did not give up her shop. But word got around, men were constantly coming, and each time they brought a gold piece.

At noon, when his master was taking a nap, Muck walked the few steps to the river. The girls were already waiting for him, cheering

and screaming with joy. The 11 to 17 year old girls showed off their sexiest side and cheered loudly when he had made his choice. Only the older ones had a delicate fluffy down on their pussies, but the naked, childlike ones attracted him the most. He went into the knee-deep water and started to fuck the girl. He was very careful, he didn't want to burst the little pussies. He penetrated very carefully until he felt resistance. Then he fucked, surrounded by the crowd of other girls. He usually pulled his cock out when he squirted, that seemed right to him. None of these children should become mothers prematurely. He let the sun dry him off and went back to Master Daud.

When his master was taking a nap, Muck usually went to the river bank. Sometimes he met someone who had no problem talking to a dwarf. Sometimes a fascinating conversation developed and his conversation partners were impressed by how clever this small hunchback was. Once he was strolling along the riverside road and spotted a girl reading a book; he recognized the Persian book immediately. He bowed to her and spoke to her in Persian. She responded with surprise and politeness, but he immediately noticed that she could not speak Persian well. He switched to the Arabic dialect of Baghdad and asked her how she liked the text. He had read the book some time ago; it was a love story in which a political criticism of the emperor was hidden. She was quite impressed and pointed to the grass, asking him to sit next to her.

“My name is Ran, actually Ranawarasara, but that is too long.” He introduced himself as Muck, 21 years old, learning Persian from a master and studying the great knowledge of this culture. “My father insists that I learn Persian because I am promised to a Persian. But he is too old for me,” she added, but she did not answer his question about her father. He knew that only noble girls were promised to men, so he did not ask any more. They discussed Firdausi's work for an hour, and Ran was amazed at where politics were hidden in this love story. He had to leave, Al-Mahdi had certainly already finished his afternoon nap. He asked Ran if he could see her again, he, the hunchbacked dwarf. Only now did she look at him more closely, as he was standing. “Oh, I didn't notice any of that,” Ran lied, “and of course we can see each other again, I come here every afternoon so I can read in peace.” So the things stood and he went to the master.

Ran's face did not leave his mind. Was he about to fall in love, perhaps with a girl who came from an unattainable class? She was so pretty, probably 16 or 17, she had a slim body and small, firm breasts. Her big, golden eyes were as deep as the ocean, her face smooth and beautiful, although no one would call her particularly beautiful because of her big hooked nose. But she smelled so good, he could smell her scent, her perfume, for hours. Her hair was well-groomed and dark black. He dreamed of her when he fell asleep.

The next morning he read this work by the poet Firdausi again, he waited impatiently until the master lay down. He ran along the quayside, Ran was already there. She smiled at him. "Yesterday I thought you were still a child, but today I remembered, you are four years older than me." So 17, he thought. He smiled when she mentioned his appearance. "That is something we have in common, a beautiful big nose," she said and laughed as loud as a bell. He joined in the laughter. "It would be even better if we had more in common! A hunchbacked dwarf with magnificent, full breasts! That would be a sensation!" They laughed again and again, he spoke of her beautiful body in an almost inappropriate way, she in turn laughed that she would not have been sold off to an old, filthy rich Persian if she had his hump. He became serious. It had made him sad that she was promised to a man she did not value and love. That was unfair! "A person, a girl is not a pound of meat that can be hawked at the market to the highest bidder!" he said dejectedly. Ran also became serious. "This is politics, family politics. All the girls around me suffer the same fate as me, they are not asked whether they even want this man. The father marries them off to make a profit. It is then a gamble whether you get a man who is lovable and whom you can love. But if your father is the caliph..." Ran put a hand to her mouth in horror, that was not a fake act. Muck was silent for a few long seconds. "Your father is a caliph?" he asked quietly, shuddering. She looked at him strangely. "How many caliphs do you know, clever Muck!?" He was silent for a long time again. "Only one, ours. Harun Al-Raschid. The caliph of Baghdad."

Tears slowly rolled down Ran's cheeks, but she did not cry. "I didn't really want to say it, because every conversation dies at this moment, and I didn't want to scare you away, dear Muck!" Muck had

recovered from his initial shock. The class barrier was impenetrable, he knew that. But he was in love with Ran, there was no doubt about that. In a split second he decided to ignore the class barrier. Somehow. He would never be able to marry her legitimately. He would not be recognized by anyone in the higher classes, not as a bridegroom, not as a lover, not even as an affair. Only platonic friendship seemed feasible to him.

“Our conversation will not die if we keep it alive, dear Ran. No one, not even the Caliph, can forbid us from being friends as long as we behave appropriately. I am happy that you are a princess, because you can lead a beautiful life. And I want this friendship, Ran, unattainable Caliph’s daughter!” Ran wiped the tears from her cheeks. The movement was almost angry. “And you want this friendship, even though one day I will be given to a rich Persian?”

She looked straight at him and he looked back in the same way. “I would seal it with a kiss,” he began, but Ran interrupted him, “but you will damn well not do that because I don’t know where my minders and spies are hiding!” She smiled and he smiled too. “What a clumsy idiot I am,” he scolded himself loudly, “of course I have to ask you first if I can kiss you at all!” Ran smiled her cat smile. “If it weren’t for the minders and the spies...” she left the sentence unfinished. Muck, the dwarf, bowed and smiled. “Feel kissed, Caliph’s daughter!” and they both laughed. Ran picked up Firdausi’s novel again and they spent a good hour analyzing and debating, then he had to leave.

At night, after fucking, he sat up and caressed Umeya’s full breasts. “I’ve fallen in love, Mom,” he said and she looked at him wide awake. “Great, my boy, that’s good news! Have you fucked her yet?” He shook his head. “No, Mom. It’s very complicated, she’s the Caliph’s daughter!” Uyema sat up with a jerk as if she had been stung by a tarantula. “You’re kidding, Muck!” When she was angry, she only said “Muck,” not “dear Muck” or anything like that. He sobbed briefly. “It’s the truth, I’m not joking. And I’m completely devastated!”

Umeya was not just the woman he fucked, but she was a mother with all her heart. She hugged him and let him cry on her shoulder. She said nothing and just let him cry. He had regained his composure and she had thought about it. "Oh, it's a misfortune! The class barriers..." he interrupted her, "... are insurmountable. I know, and she knows it too." She stroked his back. "I have no experience in matters of love, my dear son. Never forget that she is the Caliph's daughter, it could cost you your head. Has she even told you that she loves you?" He shook his head in denial. "We haven't got that far yet, Ma!" he said quietly. "But I know, and she knows."

"So you'll ask her right away, otherwise you're chasing a pipe dream. And if she loves you back, she'll fuck you, despite all the class differences that separate you." He nodded, "You're absolutely right, Mama, that's the only way it can work. And I don't care anymore if I'm just an affair. El Fadl and his Fatima were just an affair, all their long lives." Umeya didn't know who they were, but she understood what he wanted to say. "It often doesn't take very long, just look at your father. He took me and chewed me up, then he threw away the empty shell. I haven't been angry with him for a long time, little Muck, because he gave me the best and dearest son in the world!"

They talked for a long time, he told her everything truthfully, because he wasn't a nasty liar. Then they fell asleep, Muck slept dreamlessly.

Al-Mahdi didn't mind extending the lunch break. He had experienced enough love affairs and knew how much time one had to take for them. He was sensitive and didn't question Muck any further. If he didn't want to say the girl's name yet, it was okay. "If I can contribute something or you want to ask me something, go ahead, I'm here and I'm your friend!" Muck's tears welled up; the old man liked him, and not just because he had a sexy young mother. So it was that Muck was able to spend every lunch break with Ran.

They didn't talk about class anymore, that didn't help. Ran was very curious about his sexuality and was also very open about her sexual secrets. She was still an untouched virgin, as her father expected of her. She had learned to masturbate at an early age and

masturbated every night before going to sleep. She had often secretly spied when two servants were fucking each other, so she was actually familiar with that. One of her playmates had been a lesbian since she was a child and wanted to make love to her, but she didn't feel like a lesbian, so they only occasionally played with each other's clits, nothing more.

He had little to say. As a hunchbacked dwarf, he was never included in the sexual games of his peers. All he could do was watch from afar. He saw the boys masturbate, he saw the girls masturbate, he saw the couples fuck from afar. He slept at Umeya's and had been fucking her for about 3 years. Every afternoon he had fucked a girl of his age in the shallow river, he had fucked all of them several times because they liked his big, hard cock. But it was just fucking, he hadn't had a love affair with any of them.

Muck considered whether he should tell, then gave himself a mental jerk. "Umeya is my mother and she fucks my master once a week to pay for my training." So, now it was out, he took a deep breath. Ran looked at him with wide eyes. "You're fucking your mother, dear Muck!?" she said, turning pale. "That's forbidden, as you know!" He shrugged his shoulders. "It may be forbidden, but that's the way it is. Look at me, what girl would fuck a cripple like that?" he said stubbornly. Ran suddenly smiled. "I see something you don't see!" she exclaimed in good humor. He followed her gaze, uncomprehending. Then they both laughed at the same time. His cock had become stiff and the tip of his cock was peeking out cheekily from under his shorts.

Ran laughed and briefly put her arm over his shoulder, but immediately let go of him, the guards! She looked into his eyes with a mischievous smile. "Show me yours, then I'll show you mine!" He looked at her questioningly. "Well, I've already seen a part of it, now show me the whole thing," she explained cheekily. He didn't hesitate and pulled his stiff cock out of his pants. She looked and stared and grabbed it briefly, pulling the foreskin back as far as it would go. After a few minutes she let go and he packed his cock back in the garage. Now he looked at her. She had turned blood red, but she pulled her dress up, over her knees, so far that her pussy was ex-

posed. "It looks very childlike," he whispered, "completely hairless!" She whispered that no woman of her bloodline had pubic hair. He looked at her invitingly. Ran parted her labia and showed him her small clit, which was well hidden and also stiff. He touched the clit and pulled back the foreskin. Ran had turned blood red, but she let him explore the clit. When he nodded in satisfaction, she adjusted her skirt. "I just hope our guards are dozing," she said, smiling, "or I'll have a thunderstorm tonight!" They laughed.

They met every day. After 14 days he told her that he was in love with her. She read two more lines from Firdausi's love story, then she breathed, "I love you too, my Muck, my unattainable darling!" Their fingers met as they had so often met on the pages of the book. But this time they intertwined their fingers and held each other tightly. No guard, no spy could see that. They spent the next half hour talking about how much they would both like to fuck each other. They want to think about it, it would definitely be inappropriate. That was certainly the case.

They met every day. Ran loved to hold his cock in her hand, she no longer thought about the guards. "I used to see the pageboys' little boy cocks in the palace and touch them too. I first watched them masturbate and squirt, I even did it myself a few times. When their cocks got soft again, they were small and cute," said Ran. "But your cock is completely different. It is much bigger than any I have ever seen before. It is quite hard even when it is not erect. And when I push your foreskin back and forth, it gets very hard, that impresses me," concluded Ran. Muck said there were two kinds of cocks, "the meat cocks like mine stay hard for half an hour or more, even after squirting. That is an advantage when fucking, I can just keep fucking until it gets soft again." Ran asked if he would talk about fucking, and he did so without hesitation. Ran sighed, "I love you very much, my dear, and I would love to fuck you because I can feel how much I belong to you." They talked like this for many days, and both felt sexual desire for each other.

They had known each other for almost three months when he led her to a hidden spot in the small forest on the other side of the riverside road. "We'll be undisturbed here," he said, and they lay down on

the forest floor. Ran was very shy and reserved as they both undressed. They pressed themselves innocently against each other and gave each other long French kisses. Ran said she had learned to kiss from her lesbian playmate. From then on they went to this spot every day, pressed their naked bodies against each other and kissed. Muck didn't let himself get carried away; waiting was the wisest thing to do. They always talked about fucking, losing the virginity, and the consequences, since she was promised to someone else.

Ran took the first step after a few days. "I have to break father's command," she said, "he wants to keep my virginity so that I can give it to an old drunkard I've never seen. I love you, not him, I want to give you my virginity because my heart tells me to." She defiantly wiped the tears from her cheek. "I don't really care what my fiancé will say about it. Come on, dear Muck, let's fuck each other!" He thought for a long time, then nodded. "Even if it costs me my head!" Ran looked deep into his eyes. "Even if it costs me my head!"

He lay down next to her and stimulated her clit until she was very hot and urged him with hot French kisses. He lay down between her thighs, she grabbed his cock and inserted it into her vaginal entrance. She was hopelessly excited, but she looked firmly into his eyes and nodded. He penetrated very carefully, she had a very small, tight pussy hole and he wanted to be gentle. Her hymen stretched and tore. He could see that her eyelids blinked a little, but she didn't seem to feel much pain. He slowly penetrated further until he met resistance. She closed her eyes and smiled as he slowly began to thrust.

He fucked her for a very long time, more than half an hour. She was used to orgasms from masturbating at night and it turned out that she was very easy orgasming. She had three orgasms while fucking, she smiled horny and satisfied as he just kept fucking. He squirted in great excitement, he squirted his full load into her hole, then he sank breathlessly onto the forest floor next to Ran. They were both exhausted and gasping for air. "We have to be careful, I'll ask my master about contraception." Ran agreed, an unplanned pregnancy would be fatal. They heard from afar how one or two guards were loudly and inconsiderately coming through the small forest. They avoided the nagging women, there were actually two of them,

and sat down again on the grass by the riverside, discussing Firdausi's book. In reality they were talking about fucking, certainly not about Firdausi.

The two guards, big fat old women, burst out of the forest, panting and gasping. They discussed it briefly, then stood in front of the princess. "Where have you been?" one of them hissed. Ran looked at her with a smile, the picture of calm. "I went into the forest, the boy knows his way around well and showed me lots of interesting things. I'm still allowed to do that, I guess?" The guard winced. "Of course, princess! We were just worried." She glanced briefly at Muck, who she thought was a child. Ran immediately took advantage of this. "I'll let the little boy lead me through the forest every day, whether you like it or not. He won't do anything to me, the boy!" The guards nodded, no, the child wouldn't do anything to her.

So that's how it was. They went into the forest every day to fuck, the old master had taught him how to calculate the dangerous days. On these days they only fucked briefly until Ran had her first orgasm, then she took his cock in her mouth, masturbated him skillfully and made him squirt in her mouth. Grinning, she swallowed his juice. It was a beautiful, wonderful time for the two of them.

Ran only told him at the last moment that she had pulled out all the stops to bring Muck into the palace, officially. She had managed to smuggle him in as an astronomer, he just had to prove his knowledge of astronomy, which at the time was almost only considered astrology in the modern sense. The Astronomical Academy would send a messenger to Sir Al-Mahdi for him. Muck was speechless, but he knew immediately what she was planning. He smiled and said, "good girl, I won't disappoint you!"

In fact, the messenger came to the master and told him day and time when the Astronomical Academy was expecting Muck. They had three weeks. The master ordered a tailor to make Muck a beautiful dress. Then master Al-Mahdi dug out all his astronomy and astrology books and Muck studied day and night, only meeting Ran at midday for sex.

Muck went into the palace with a trembling heart. Everything now depended on him, his and Ran's future. The astronomers kept him waiting for hours, his excitement gradually disappeared. He was sure, because he had studied the subject thoroughly, they could ask him whatever they wanted. Then came the test, six old men sat in a circle and he had to sit in the middle. They were prepared for his short stature, but they wanted to know his age. 22, soon 23, he answered. This was followed by questions about his father, his mother, his teacher. He was able to answer the first two questions quickly, but when he named his master, the men looked at each other meaningfully. Yes, he had been his student for 12 years, and the men nodded. He heard them whispering among themselves. Wasn't that the former Grand Vizier of the Persian Emperor? Who came into exile here after his murder, whose son was Caliph of Baghdad for 6 years, who had introduced so many technical innovations and had fallen in battle against the Saheeddins? The gentlemen now directed their questions to him, mainly about his knowledge of the moon. He was on solid ground, he could have talked about the moon for hours. After three hours they let him go and withdrew to consult. A messenger would turn up at his master's within 10 days and tell him everything else.

Muck went home very thoughtful. On the whole he was sure, but there were a few places where he had made mistakes. Had the gentlemen even noticed? He reported the test to Umeya, the master and Ran. The master listened carefully to his mistakes. "These are small things, my son," he said, "you answered the other questions brilliantly, that's all that counts. They will take you." The master nodded in agreement, "They will take you, and we will have to finish your training when you are employed in the palace." Muck was very sad about this, but he listened carefully to the old man, who knew many people in the palace, he even knew the Caliph personally. He knew who the good and who the bad were. Muck listened carefully and remembered everything, it was vital information that he received first hand.

Muck was astonished to hear that the Caliph had over 30 children. Al-Mahdi had taught the two eldest sons for several years, they were splendid and clever young men, but perhaps they were too impetu-

ous in their desire to go into military service, and there was nothing that could be done about that. The Caliph himself was a clever and wise man, a team player by nature. He relied on blood ties, put uncles, cousins and nephews in charge, and of course his sons too. But, true to the man of his time, his wives and daughters belonged in the harem, not in politics. The master thought highly of the caliph, he was a shrewd politician and a victorious general, although Al-Mahdi himself did not think much of waging war. In the end, they laid down their weapons and started negotiating, that was always the way it was. Wars were basically pointless, said the old man, negotiations and diplomacy were the real thing. Unfortunately, the master did not know anyone in the Astronomical Academy, as he thought astrology was complete nonsense and that clearly held sway over astronomy in the palace. In any case, he would always give Muck good advice, said the old man and hugged Muck.

The messenger came with good news, Muck would be accepted and would work as an astronomer for the academy. He said goodbye to Umeya, Al-Mahdi and Ran and began his service. He received the formal clothing of the astronomers, a very nice room with servants and a salary that seemed astronomical to him, as he reported to his master. Since his training was over, Umeya's obligation to fuck the master was also no longer valid. Umeya smiled shyly and told Daud Al-Mahdi that she wanted to continue the relationship, voluntarily and for free. Muck was very happy about this, because Daud was a fixed point and a guide for his mother, who continued to run her lucrative whoring business, but had a reliable support in Daud.

Al-Mahdi was approaching 80 and was enjoying the youthful body of Umeya, who was only 36 and had retained her youthful beauty and sex appeal as well as her love of fucking. Daud loved it when she danced naked in his room when music could be heard from the street and then rode him, he was an old man, the good man! Muck had often spoken to his mother about Lord Daud and she had often told him that she was very happy to fuck Daud once a week. He was the most sensitive and best man she had ever fucked. The walk-in customers? Umeya made a dismissive gesture. "No one worth mentioning!" she exclaimed, "they bring me a gold piece, but no sexual pleasure!"

Ran had thought everything through and arranged it well. She wanted to have her lover around her, she wanted to have him officially in the palace, she wanted to give him a respectable career and a good income. So it was nothing unusual for a princess to walk in the garden with an official and have a conversation. Any unchastity was impossible in the garden, even the smallest kiss that did not reach her fingertips would be noticed and seen. Muck could not go to the women's house, of course, only the Caliph and the eunuchs were ever allowed in. But it was not at all difficult for Ran to visit Muck in his room. After fucking, she said dejectedly that she still masturbated before going to sleep, as if she were addicted. Muck kissed her on the mouth. "It is your pleasure in your body, not an addiction and certainly nothing bad! I think of you every night before I go to sleep and from now on especially of your sweet little clit!" They laughed and hugged each other. She came every day to fuck, they went for a walk in the garden every day to talk about everything. Working at the academy left him a lot of free time.

After a few months he knew everyone at the academy, he got along with everyone except Hassan el Badi, who had been working unsuccessfully for decades to become the boss. After all, he was the grandson of a caliph, so he deserved first place. Apart from him, no one believed it, especially since he had a dark, black character. His expert opinions and horoscopes were all dark, black and threatening. He loved to recite them out loud, but in his opinion everything would end in chaos, murder and manslaughter, the mildest of which was a fatal illness, which he predicted for a newborn. There was hardly anyone who took el Badi seriously. Muck wrote his horoscopes unwaveringly, he stuck to predictable facts and it was clear in every document, that he loved people, attributed good qualities to them and did not predict a shameful fate for any child. Like his master Daud, he thought astrology was pure nonsense, but he tried to do the calculations correctly and to be cheerful, confident and positive in his commentary. No baby had any influence on the time of his birth, and whether he became a saint or a murderer had nothing to do with his birth or the stars. He stuck to that.

About half a year had passed when Ran signaled to him to come quickly into the garden. He immediately dropped the quill and ran

down into the garden. Ran's cheeks were feverishly red. Muck looked at her worriedly. "I've just had a conversation with my father, the Caliph. He said he had sad news to give," said Ran cheerfully. Muck waited in silence. "My father was very sad, my fiancé in Persia had died. Perhaps my father noticed that my heart leapt for joy, but I became serious again so as not to let my joy show. He looked at me reproachfully, so I quickly asked how my beloved fiancé had died, in battle perhaps? That was too much even for my stern father. He struggled to hold back a laugh. "Him, in battle!? No, in the womb of a whore from Samarkand, as my ambassador announced in his letter. Officially it was just a heart attack, the brothel was never mentioned." Muck couldn't suppress his grin. "Not a nice way to become a widow," he said, grinning. Ran continued. My father was very worried, I had no fiancé and we had to find a new one, which was very difficult because of my shamefully large nose." Muck asked in surprise, "What nose!?"

Ran was still happy. "I told my father not to waste his time, I had enough time to find a fiancé myself, there are plenty of good and handsome men in the palace, I'll find one there. My father remained skeptical. The nobles in the palace are all married, so only civil servants remain. I should immediately put a subordinate servant or stable boy out of my mind! I lowered my eyes, just as you command, oh Caliph! In exactly one year I will introduce you to my fiancé, dear father! He muttered to himself that the whole thing was improper and not in accordance with custom, for a princess her father was looking for a bridegroom, from whom he also expected an additional gain for reasons of state. I teased him that he could try to let the prince choose between his kingdom and my pretty hooked nose! He growled that it was all improper and that he had no time for it now. My father pulled himself together and said, "OK, in one year from today! And no subordinate servant or stable boy!" I kissed him on the cheek and ran off. I wanted to tell you that right away!"

Muck had had time to think in the meantime. The class difference was surmountable, so he took a deep breath. He looked at Ran, beaming. "So you can look around in the civil service, have I understood that correctly?" She laughed at him, beaming. "Exactly, my love! My father wants to get me married, I'm already over 19 and

people would wonder why he didn't manage it? Very well, I'll look around in the civil service to see if there isn't a really nice little man there!" He took her hand and kissed her fingertips, because he wasn't allowed to kiss her, and they both laughed with shining eyes. "I'm not allowed to kiss you here in the gardens, my love!" he said.

Several months passed when, after a long meeting, one of the Caliph's servants grabbed Muck by his sleeve. "The Caliph wishes to see you, honorable Astronomer, immediately!" He led him up the stairs and stopped in front of a door. He knocked on the door and let Muck in. He threw himself on the floor and greeted the ruler appropriately. He had never seen the Caliph Harun so close up. Now he looked much younger, Muck knew that he was 51. He told him to sit down and shook his head, he spoke Persian because he had been born in Persia. "I can only see the top of your head!" he complained. Muck knelt on the seat so that they were eye to eye. "You called for me, o Caliph?" asked Muck in fluent Persian. The Caliph clapped his hands and called to the servant, two cups of wine!, then he looked more closely at Muck. "Before I ask my questions, tell me your name and your age, young man!" He was surprisingly friendly, not the cannibal as the people said. "My name is Muckinandras, o Caliph, but everyone calls me Muck, my friends may call me little Muck. I am 25 years old and work for you as an astronomer." He bowed deeply again.

"Welcome, little Muck, my dear friend! I was just a little irritated because you are hardly bigger than a boy. So, enough of the superficialities, I want to talk to you about the lecture by the astronomer el Badi regarding my upcoming campaign against the Saheeddins. You did not seem to agree with his explanations?" Little Muck was speechless. "O Caliph, my friendship with Sie el Badi is well known, you will have heard of it, and I make no secret of my dislike. If it were up to el Badi, it would be eternal night out there, people would fight over every bite of bread, fight over every woman and murder each other, there would be complete chaos. That is not my world, O Caliph! I see the sun every day and the moon every night, people are born, they work, get married and have children, then we bury them. The sun shines, O Caliph, that is a fact, the flowers bloom beautifully,

which is also a fact, and the birds chirp happily. That is my world!" Muck bowed again.

"Don't bow to me like that, little Muck, I speak to you like a friend and not like a stiff, wooden Caliph. The respected el Badi predicted a terrible war against the Saheeddins, that's true. But he also hinted that I could win the battle. What don't you like about that?" Muck didn't bow anymore. "I'm not a pessimist, o Caliph! I can very well imagine that you will inspire your troops with a fiery speech and that you will defeat the Saheeddins. That's how I would speak to my ruler, positively and confidently. If the ruler were my friend, I would ask him what the point of making war is? So far, every war that did not wipe out the enemy down to the last man, ended in the hands of diplomats and in negotiations. It was completely irrelevant who killed more people. I know that, I have eagerly read all the wars of the last centuries." Muck fell silent and looked at the table.

Harun, the Caliph, smiled. "Who, did you say, was your teacher?" and Muck answered, "the honorable Lord Daud Al-Mahdi, former Grand Vizier of the Persian Empire." Harun nodded. "I knew good old Daud before, a really capable mind. He would have deserved to rule Persia and the empire would be better off than it is today. He taught my two eldest sons after his exile and they learned a lot from him. Except sword-swinging, good Daud always relied on diplomacy. I understand why you think the way you think." Caliph Harun drummed his fingers impatiently on the tabletop. "Unfortunately, I became ruler in the clamp between two press claws. On the one hand, war, on the other hand, diplomacy, which actually has the last word. If Daud had told me that earlier, I would not have become a caliph, but a stonemason or goldsmith. But I am the caliph now, I have to decide now, here and today. What do you think, little Muck?"

Muck was briefly flattered. "If I were the general in this dilemma, I would have my troops deployed and show up, and at the same time send the best diplomats to the Saheeddins, with clever suggestions and sweetly tempting offers, so that perhaps the battle can be avoided." Caliph Harun smiled broadly. "I sent my diplomats two days ago, my friend. Now I'll let them see the troops. But thank you for your openness!" The Caliph stood up and walked up and down

behind his chair. "There is something else I want to ask you, my dear Muck!"

The Caliph stood still when he spoke, otherwise he paced restlessly up and down. "Do you know my children, little Muck?" Muck froze inside; it was clear where they were going. "I do not know your children, although I see them now and then. I only know one of your daughters, o Caliph, the splendid Princess Ranawarasara. We go for a walk in the garden some days at noon, we get on well with each other and can talk to each other about everything." The Caliph nodded, of course he already knew. "How did you meet her?" asked the Caliph. Muck swallowed. "I saw her reading a work by the Persian poet Firdausi on the riverbank, o Caliph, and we started talking about this work. I think she was pleased when I showed her how Firdausi criticized his ruler between the lines. He was a clever man, he hid the criticism in a romance novel. He was clever enough not to let his opponent behead him."

The Caliph laughed quietly. "If you ever write a romance novel, little Muck, I would read it very carefully to see what you criticize about me!" Muck answered immediately. "What I have to criticize, O Caliph, I was able to tell you a minute ago. I am not someone who understands or even loves war. I make no secret of that." He looked the Caliph straight in the eyes for a long time until the latter looked away, irritated. "So Ran probably told you that her fiancé died a few months ago?" asked Ran's father. "She mentioned it in passing, yes, O Caliph," Muck answered immediately. "And how did she say he died?" asked her father sternly. "Statistically, young men are most likely to die in battle, O Caliph," Muck answered, whose discomfort the Caliph could see. "If I give my word to an honorable person, I keep my promise, even if another honorable person threatens me with punishment," he continued. It was clear to Muck that he had answered the Caliph's question without breaking his promise. The Caliph nodded thoughtfully.

"Ran didn't need to pretend to be sad about this man, neither of our characters is that low. But I am her father and I am heartbroken to find a groom for her. With that horrible hooked nose that the poor

girl has, I find it very difficult to find a groom!” Muck was silent until the Caliph asked what he meant?

“I have a pretty big nose on my face myself, oh Caliph, and I can only make up for it with my magnificent stature when I go one day looking for a bride!” said Muck, laughing. The Caliph grinned, but became serious again. “Your situation is clear to me, O Caliph. I myself have got used to her nose, which was not difficult, because behind that nose there is a magnificent character, which will certainly make you, as a father, happy and proud. And on the other hand, you are the ruler, and he must expand his kingdom with a calculated marriage policy. That is what the court, and perhaps even your people, expect from you. I must not and do not want to offend any princes abroad, but finding an honest, good husband for your daughter among them will certainly not be easy!” Muck bowed his head, such a long speech to his ruler?

The Caliph stopped. “It relieves me a little that you see my problem so clearly. The court would drive me out of Baghdad in disgrace and shame if it knew how soft my father’s heart is in this matter, but I do not want to talk about that now. The palace has eyes and ears, as you well know.” He paused briefly and thought. “You are one of her friends, perhaps she will speak about it sometime. That is what I wanted to say. If you call yourself her friend, I hope that you will only give her good and honorable advice. You are the older one, probably more experienced in matters of love than my daughter, and she will listen to you. I demand, yes, I command you to support her in these matters with all your strength. I want her to make a good choice and not a foolish one. She would not be the first princess to fall in love with a stable boy or a stonemason.”

Muck lowered his eyes to the ground, Harun should not see the light in his soul. “Just as you command, oh Caliph, I am your loyal servant and the most loyal friend of your splendid daughter!” He almost said lovely instead of splendid. The Caliph stopped. “I often sit there when my Ran is in the tub and the maids wash her. She is magnificently built, my girl, a perfect womanly beauty! Like her sisters, her cunt is hairless, which makes her pussy look childlike and desirable! At that time I was fucking her oldest sister Tamina, but every

time I watched the washing and the impudent maids washing Ran's pussy and clit until the poor girl's legs were shaking, I got so horny that I wanted to fuck her right then and there. Only the thought of Tamina stopped me." The Caliph threw his arms heavenward. "Oh, I wish a magic spell or a magic potion would make Ran's nose more beautiful!" Muck could not help himself. "I do not believe in magic, oh Caliph! It only exists to deceive primitive people." He realized that the Caliph might feel insulted and immediately added, "I am sure that you, my Caliph, do not believe in such nonsense." The Caliph looked at him firmly. As a child of his time, he believed in magic and jinns like everyone else in Baghdad at that time. "Be careful, Mr. Astronomer! Your horoscopes could also be considered nonsense." Muck answered immediately. "And they are, my sovereign, and they are! The horoscope is never drawn up for the child, but for the happy parents or relatives. My horoscopes are always written in such a way that the parents feel encouraged to raise their child with lots of love and attention to be the jewel that I present to them." He lowered his head, it was his opinion, but it might have been perceived negatively. The Caliph thought for a long time. "I will think about your words, dear Muck. Time is running out for me, I have to organize the war against the Saheeddins. But I have made up my mind to have a long talk with you about the subject of nonsense after the war. But now farewell, my friend!" Muck bowed several times before he backed out.

Ran discussed this conversation with his father for a long time with Muck. He was a good father, but as a ruler he had to move along the tracks. Ran hugged him lovingly when they were in his room and gasping for air. "Just a few more months and then the year will be over and I will introduce you to my father as a bridegroom." He nodded grimly. "Just a few more months and then my poor head will roll off the executioner's block!" Ran reacted violently. "He won't dare! Maybe he'll reject you, maybe he'll babble again about the princesses who fell in love with their stable boys, but he can't kill you!" She was really outraged. "If he rejects you, we'll just remain secret lovers!" Muck did not object, it was pointless. If the Caliph rejected him, he would have to leave the province, regardless of whether the Caliph ordered it. Then he would have to go to Persia, a declining empire that generations ago was one of the most brilliant in the world.

The war against the Saheeddins was over after four days. There were only a few insignificant skirmishes, hardly any deaths and a lot of injuries. But the diplomats had put in the effort and negotiated like hell. Caliph Harun had not even had to go into battle yet, although of course he would have led his troops as always. The Saheeddins got everything and a little more, in return they pledged peace and a small tribute. The Caliph rode into the capital of the Saheeddins to cries of joy, who felt victorious. He only had his bodyguards with him and 20 of the most beautiful maidens as a gift, who were married to Saheeddins. The Saheeddins gave a magnificent banquet for the Caliph and put the most beautiful girls in bed for their defeated guest of honour, so that he fell asleep in the saddle on his ride home the next day.

Ran entered the Caliph's chambers beaming with joy. "The year is over today, dear father, to the day!" Harun looked up from his desk. "What year, my child?" he asked heavily, having of course lost sight of it. "I should introduce you to my fiancé in a year!" Ran reminded him, and Harun's face softened. "Yes, I know, I remember. So?" Ran ran out of the room and came back with Muck by the hand. "My fiancé, dear father, Mr. Muckinandras, and you know him of course!"

The Caliph could not hide his surprise, but he pursed his lips and pulled two chairs up to the desk. "Sit down, children, sit down!" Despite the surprise, he knew immediately that she had made a good choice. "Come here, dear daughter, give me a kiss on my cheek because I want to be a good father to you! And you, my friend, you may bow once, but only once, I hate this bowing like the plague, then look me in the eyes and tell me what you want from me!" Ran gave him the kiss, Muck bowed once and knelt with one knee. "I ask that I take your daughter as my wife, oh my Caliph!" Harun told them both to sit down.

The Caliph smiled and began to think out aloud. "Is he a handsome fellow? Yes, he is clearly just her taste and they are a good match in terms of age. Above all, their noses match perfectly, so I don't have to worry about that anymore. Is he a prince, a nobleman, a military leader? No, no and no again. A royal official without reproach, that must suffice, she wouldn't be the first princess to marry

an official. Well, at least not a stable boy. Is he rich, does he bring a fortune with him, will he be able to support my daughter? No, he is neither rich nor wealthy and he will not inherit much from his mother, who can be had for a gold piece. But as an official he has a good salary and will not let my daughter starve. He is not a warrior, which I would regret if I did not know how he feels about warfare. Will the court object? Of course, but they always do that when they cannot sell a princess for a profit. Shopkeepers! But I will take care of that. So, what else?" he asked rhetorically and stroked his beard thoughtfully.

"Oh yes, there are only two questions left. Do they love each other with all their hearts and does the guy fuck well? You should be the best person to answer that, my dear daughter!" He looked at Ran challengingly. She replied, "Father, Muck and I love each other with all our hearts, and yes! he can fuck like a young god, dear father!" "Oh," said Harun with a smile, "are you sure about that?" he asked provocatively and Ran fell into the little trap, Muck noted with a grin. "He fucks like a young god, father, better than anyone else!" She blushed all over, because Muck was the only one she had ever fucked. The Caliph was silent, he had not known that his daughter had already fucked so many men that she could judge that. In any case, he would have a serious word with her guards. The Caliph smiled. "And now you, my dear friend, do you love her?" Muck looked him straight in the eyes. "I love your daughter with all my heart and swear to love, respect and protect her like no other woman has ever been loved before! And as for fucking, oh Caliph, your daughter is highly gifted in that regard and we will practice tirelessly so that she becomes a world champion! I've had women before her, but your daughter is very special and great to fuck, if I may put it that way!" All three of them laughed because he said it in such a funny and jokingly pompous way.

The Caliph stood up and hugged his daughter to his chest. "I give you my blessing, children! If necessary, I will argue with the court, but let that be my concern. I will instruct my marshal today to prepare the wedding banquet and send out the invitations. Dear Muck, I want your mother and your master to be there, can you arrange that

yourself?” Muck wanted to bow, but then he just nodded, of course he did! The two walked hand in hand, as if on clouds.

Harun sat thoughtfully, chewing his betel nut as he looked out over the gardens. The two liked each other, no doubt, and his daughter had made a good choice. Someone who simply ignored her unfortunate hooked nose because he himself had a long nose and it meant nothing to him. They fucked for love, not to produce an heir to the throne. Although he had repeatedly postponed a longer conversation with Muck, he had long known that the boy was made of good stuff. They might have different opinions on some things, but he was a brilliant, educated and clever man. Harun had not asked about this, but he had the clear feeling that Muck did not want a slave or a piece of furniture as his wife, but a complete person with rough edges.

There is not much to report about the banquet. Ran and Muck were ceremoniously declared husband and wife and everyone, absolutely everyone, congratulated the couple, who looked so different, and thousands of congratulations accompanied them on their marriage. The Caliph had a long and friendly conversation with Daud Al-Mahdi, whom he had not seen for years. He was very happy to be able to speak in his mother tongue with a clever and brilliant man who was very well informed about the present and politics. Daud was not someone who wanted to push him off the throne, and he wasn't so sure about some of the court flunkies. But at the end of the banquet, they ate sweets and thick, sweet red wine, and he had Muck's mother sit next to him on the sofa. It was Daud who had her sophisticated and seductive dress made; he knew the Caliph well!

The woman was a stunner! Harun put it down to the heavy red wine that he was flirting with the pretty young woman to the limits of propriety. He sent a messenger to the women's house to say that he had changed his mind and that the concubine should not come tonight after all. Everyone left and Harun asked Umeya to follow him into the bedroom. She was not only honored to be lying with a real caliph, no, he wanted and could fuck damn well. They fucked with few breaks until dawn, he gave her a gold coin with a smile and asked her if she would visit him once a week for 5 gold coins? She smiled and joked a little, asking if she could put the 5 gold pieces to good

use? Or should she ask for more? But she laughed out loud and said, “Dear Lord Harun, I’m looking forward to lie with you as often as you like. It’s not only an honor, but also a pleasure and a good way to earn money!” He let her go with a smile.

The Caliph visited Daud Al-Mahdi occasionally, as he now placed great value on the old politician’s opinion. Umeya visited him for several years and earned her 5 gold coins with great pleasure each time. She could afford a larger house, a little luxury and a slave maid; she had honestly earned it.

It became a ritual that the Caliph drank a few cups of wine with Muck on the roof terrace of the palace on some evenings of the week. Muck was a kind and intelligent conversationalist and became an unofficial advisor to the Caliph. The Caliph listened well and liked to debate, but many of Muck’s views found their way into his ruling. The caliph thus became the most popular caliph in Baghdad and his subjects spoke highly of Harun Al-Rashid for centuries to come.

When the stars were already high and they had emptied cup after cup, the caliph loved to talk about sexual adventures. Almost every day he would talk about the bride of the previous night, only very rarely about his two wives, with whom he had long since had his fill. The nobles and the subjects would put their daughters in his bed, as it was well known how much the caliph liked to deflower virgins. And he in turn loved to tell his son-in-law all this in great detail and with great enthusiasm. Muck also told him about previous love affairs, but the caliph had much more to tell.

At the moment the caliph was tempted to fuck one of his daughters, because his favorite daughter Tamina, with whom he had been happily fucking for years, had been married off to Abyssinia. The Caliph was a follower of Mithras and not a orthodox believer, he felt no guilt in deflowering his own daughters and fucking them to his heart’s content. Muck nodded in agreement, he didn’t care about the blood relationship, it was more important to take the girls gently and lovingly and not to spoil or frighten them. The Caliph was happy about his agreement. So it came about that over the years he fucked all his daughters, one by one.

They often debated about horoscopes and nonsense. One evening Muck asked for the exact day, hour and place of the Caliph's birth and drew up a horoscope, which he read out to the Caliph and gave to him. He had learned the current data from Ran over the years, so it was no problem to put the Caliph's youth and development into euphonious words. That he would grow up at the court of the Barmakid king and be made a man by the queen at the age of 12, that he would fuck all his sisters, like his brothers did. That he would become caliph at the age of 18 after the murder of his father. That he would have three women in his harem and would have 37 children with them and other lovers and would be a good father. That he would be an undefeated general in 5 battles and a very popular ruler. That he would die in the arms of a close relative, at the age of 71. Here Muck had lied, Harun would die ten years earlier, in the arms of his youngest niece Fatima, but he had to lie in the horoscope. He wanted to see Harun actively ruling until his end and not waiting trembling for the end. One of his sons would be his successor and the last of the Abbasid caliphs.

Harun devoured the horoscope. Everything seemed to be as it really was. But he was particularly concerned about his death. 71 was OK, he still had many years left. That he would die in Persia was also OK, he had been born there. But what he was most concerned about was the close relative in whose arms he would die. He would rather die in a battle, said Harun, that would be the honorable crowning of his life. But no matter how much he searched his memory, he couldn't find a young relative he would fuck. He had fucked his sisters regularly in his youth, that was true, but they were all old now, not young at all. It remained an unsolved mystery, and Muck kept his mouth shut about it being his 22-year-old niece Fatima, as he died happily after his last squirting.

Muck smiled at his friend and father-in-law. "It's all rubbish, dear Lord Harun. Ran told me about your early youth over the years, and that's the only way I knew that you had fucked your foster mother and your sisters, which is nothing unusual in better circles. The other things were generally known facts, not mystical things written in the stars. Just because I put everything into pleasant, smooth sentences doesn't deceive me into thinking that it's just rubbish. I was able to

calculate the time of your death using pure mathematics, which isn't clairvoyance, but the art of arithmetic. Difficult, but not impossible for a good mathematician. I stick to it, dear Caliph, that all of this is just pleasant rubbish. I wouldn't base my actions on the horoscope."

Ran and Muck loved each other all their lives, no flirtation on her or his part, no matter how tempting, went too far. They were faithful to each other without having ever sworn a formal vow of fidelity. During her pregnancies and other ailments, Ran called in a maid so that her beloved Muck would have a girl to fuck. She was immensely proud of her Muck and his magnificent cock when he plunged it into the sighing girl's pussy. The girls loved being fucked by their master very much because he had a magnificent cock and could fuck like no other. Ran loved him, she loved him very much.

Ran and Muck remained together all their lives, staying in the palace at the Caliph's request and raising their four daughters there like little princesses, whom the old Caliph Harun Al-Rashid profitably married off to honorable princes and generals. They both lived to a ripe old age, and when Ran died, Muck followed her just a month later. They couldn't live without each other. Period.

Of course there is the other fairy tale of Little Muck with the Magic Slippers, but I like my story better.

• • •