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Mandrake

Volume 7



Mandrake - Volume 7

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Hackerlife

by Jack Faber © 2024

In late 2023, the Houthi-rebels in Yemen began threatening shipping in the southern Red Sea, attacking, hijacking or firing on ships in Bab Al Mandeb. International shipping was in trouble, so the US, UK and others targeted the Houthi with bombs and missiles in January 2024. That's just by way of introduction, because it should help you understand what I'm going to say below. But now to the main character of the whole thing.

I'm a simple merchant in Cairo, nothing big, just me and my wife Jana. I married her 4 years ago, although she's a good 25 years older, but she brought a 10 square meter place in the Grand Bazaar with her, so that's something. She's not yet 50, but her looks, the elasticity of her skin and the rest of her are already getting close to old-timers. She still awaits me every night with open arms and there's no reason not to fuck her old, wrinkled hole. I'm not 30 yet, I just need a hole to squirt my seed into every night. That's not going so badly in itself. In the first two months, I completely turned the place upside down. I got rid of all the Chinese junk that hardly interested any tourists. I only offered first-class Egyptian handicraft products, copper, leather and glass. And I only took things that I had seen in European magazines. It didn't take long for the store to do extremely well.

I bought a maid for around 350 American dollars, because Jana was grateful for the help around the house. Nima, a good 21-year-old Ethiopian, slim, jet-black and with a small chest, spoke our Egyptian Arabic sufficiently and gave Jana a hand from day one; she couldn't complain. I had heated debates with Jana for three days because Nima had to sleep on a few dirty blankets in the storeroom. I prevailed and Nima now sleeps between Jana and me in the double bed.

Of course, you had to be careful not to be taken in by anyone on the illegal slave market. The slave trader realized immediately that I wasn't going to be cheated. "There are only two for you," he said with

a connoisseur's look. The first one wasn't. She was in her early 20s, from Sudan, friendly and with a certificate from a housekeeping and cooking school. She spoke a terrible dialect and she would love to cook, for sure. She definitely didn't want to go to a brothel and that made me wonder. I took off her dress and saw the mess. She had been genitally mutilated, the labia majora had been cut away, leaving two ugly scars. The visible part of her clitoris had also been cut away. She rarely masturbated because it hurt like hell. I pressed a five-pound-note into her hand and shook my head, no, that wasn't it.

With a flash in his eyes, the slaver said I could test-fuck the other one for 15 pounds, but I declined, of course. The other one, he said, was worth every penny, so she cost 500 American. It was Nima, was slim and looked very good. "I don't want a mutilated one," I reminded him. He took her cloth off, she wasn't mutilated and I looked at it very closely. I had to haggle for a while, but I got Nima for 350. On the way home I went to a friend in the bazaar and bought 4 shirts and two galabiyas, the friend burned the slave trader's rags. Nima told me her story: she was an orphan and had been a sex object for the locals from a young age, and now the head of the village had sold her to the slave trader.

Nima was very quiet and didn't disturb us while we were fucking, but Jana couldn't get used to it yet. She was very surprised that Nima masturbated openly and uninhibitedly before falling asleep. Jana had grown up as a Muslim and had learned to only masturbate in secret. Nima was Coptic, i.e. Christian, and we didn't know what the attitude was in faraway Ethiopia. I stroked Nima's young, velvety skin while she masturbated. She didn't mind at all, but Jana was quite venomous the other day. We even got into a very emotional discussion because I suspected that Nima could fuck much more passionately than she did, the old bitch. I wouldn't have been so provocative if my thoughts hadn't been constantly revolving around fucking Nima. I hadn't spoken a word to Nima about it or done more than just caress her soft, wonderful skin.

The argument got deep under Jana's skin and she seemed to want to refuse to fuck for the first time. Because of what. I didn't say a word, I put my hand haltingly on Nima's masturbating hand and lay

gently on top of her. Her eyes smiled, she grabbed my cock and forcefully inserted it into her pussy hole. I was surprised at how tight and firm her pussy was inside, I only knew Jana's pussy, she was my first wife. We fucked for quite a long time, I could feel her excitement rising and she felt for her clit. I nodded in agreement, "go ahead, Nima, it's okay for me." I felt masturbating "from the inside" for the first time, it felt exciting. Jana told me once that she of course masturbated, but she never did it in my presence. I was fucking to my final spurt when I felt Nima's race to orgasm. I fucked her hard in her orgasm and squirted afterwards. I lay next to her gasping for breath, we were panting after the exertion and gradually calming down. Jana demonstratively turned her back to both of us and switched off the light. She didn't talk about it and neither did I. I fucked Nima every night and once a week I fucked Jana before fucking Nima when she took the initiative. The two women quickly became close, caressing and kissing each other. I didn't know that about Jana either, how strong her lesbian tendencies were. I was triggered by their wild kissing and clitrubbing, it was a good arrangement for the three of us. That's all said, let's move on to the main topic.

As a good Muslim, I didn't drink wine, because that's what it says in the Koran. I asked the Imam what the Koran says about cognac? He knew the scripture by heart and replied, not a single word about cognac. I didn't ask any further, I had my answer. After 3 cognacs my tongue loosened and I told anecdotes and purrs, after another 3 cognacs I even told government secrets, which of course our barber knew. After another 3 cognacs, I even tell how my mother sacrificially threw herself in front of my little sister Ayla because I was threatening to fuck the screaming 9-year-old.

Of course, my father knew that I was fucking his wife, because, of course, she had told him straight away, but he just shook his head when she pulled me by the sleeve into the marriage bed and fucked me in front of him — that didn't happen in his days. Even the scriptures didn't help him, they often talked about husband and wife, what they were allowed to do and what not. But mother and son? Not a single word. I didn't know that back then as a boy, I enjoyed fucking with great satisfaction and gratitude. My little sister sat sulking next to me, yellow with envy and tearing at her clit because her big

brother was already allowed to fuck and she wasn't yet. But to be honest, she was never a desirable fucking object. I always watched her with lust when she masturbated and she watched me and sometimes she was allowed to rub my cock while I squirted. She tasted my semen once with the tip of her tongue, "mhh, that tastes good!" and from then on she masturbated me right in front of her lips and squirted my semen into her mouth. The bigger she got, the bigger her grin was when she swallowed my semen. The little one masturbated diligently when we big ones fucked, but she turned demonstratively to the wall and turned her back to us when she gave herself the rest.

I had cleverly arranged it, clever as 13-year-olds are. I instructed my little sister very precisely, I stuck my cock deep into the 9-year-old's pussyhole, who then hadn't been a virgin since a long time and she grinned because it didn't hurt and it tickled so much when I squirted inside without any fucking, which the little girl loved very much. Ayla had put my cock inside her hole and masturbated wildly, and when she had her orgasm, it triggered my squirting immediately without fucking. We had been doing this squirting without fucking for quite a while because we both enjoyed it. But now I had a plan, but Ayla, my sister, was quite sure that my stupid plan wouldn't work with our mother. But Ayla went along with it and screamed like a spit, grinning. She called for help and my mother rushed into the nursery in alarm and pulled my cock out of the little girl. She shooed the little one away, threw herself on the bed and spread her legs. "Come on, you wildling!" she shouted with a wild grin and I was allowed to fuck her straight away and squirt until I had emptied my seed. She said that was okay for her, but I wasn't allowed to fuck the sister, ever! I nodded, my plan was working better than I had hoped. I was allowed to fuck her every day, she no longer had a period and could no longer have a baby. And it was just training, she insisted, we were only fucking so that I was prepared for marriage, understand? I nodded and the arrangement lasted 12 years until my father was able to set me up with Jana.

I graduated from British school with honors, father had invested well in me. I just couldn't find a job, dad threw the correspondence in the bin. "I didn't send you to the best school in the country to get you a job as an elevator boy!" he shouted at the wastepaper basket. I

stayed at home, read thousands of books and usually I fucked her hard three times every afternoon. Dad only looked up from his papers for a moment. He could have watched the fucking, but he got bored of it in the long run.

She fucked in a way all her own. She placed her fingers on her labia, both thumbs pressing on her clitoris from the side, rubbing hard up and down. Her body trembled and shook, she swallowed the orgasm in passing and only her thumbs held still for a moment before she continued. "I'm ready, you can go!" she whispered softly. Before I squirted inside, she pulled her labia completely apart and opened her hole wide with her index fingers. She explained to me that this was the only way she could physically enjoy the squirting jets. Of course, I always realized that all the talk about training was just chatter.

She just loved fucking and her husband agreed, "she doesn't fuck everyone in town like a whore, does she?" the father smiled, "that's quite all right, you can have my wife now, no problem. I fuck her in the evening when my old bone is itching and I don't think you'll mind, I'm happy to share her with you, son. She's a damn good teacher and you can learn a lot from her. And at night, when we're both asleep, she masturbates greedily like a 14-year-old, you and I don't even realize that. But you won't get my fortune until I'm dead and buried." I thanked him with a smile because the deal was very advantageous for both of us, probably all three of us. I could see how much she liked coming to training and how closely she paid attention to whether I was ready to dance again, even if it was the fifth dance of the afternoon. Wanking was for losers.

After fucking on the marriage bed in the hot afternoon, I usually sat down next to my father on the small wooden bench behind his little table and we both watched her masturbate when she wasn't finished yet or when she was already finished and dozing with her legs open. He almost always ended the silence with the same words when she was finished and dozing a little, "Isn't she a beautiful woman, my son?" and I nodded in agreement, but I didn't say a word, because he usually took off his glasses, put an arm around my shoulder and talked about the old days.

“I was born in my parents’ marital bed and remained there,” my father began his tale, “my father had already stopped fucking my mother during her pregnancy. He was a real sheikh and already an old man when he fathered me. My mother was a very God-fearing, faithful and chaste girl in those days and I never saw her do anything other than masturbate my father with her hand and let him squirt in her mouth. I thought it was “normal married life” back then, when I was young. She crawled over me to my father, did him quickly and crawled back over me. As long as I couldn’t squirt, she stopped above me, pressed her pussy on my stiff cock and wiggled a little back and forth. By the time I could squirt, she was confused every time I squirted and she stopped making me squirt like that after some weeks. When she was sure that father and I were asleep, she would masturbate quietly, furtively and hastily every night, because that was yuck! Even as a 5-year-old I knew exactly how she masturbated at night, but I didn’t say a word. Sometimes my dick would get hard and she would stroke my chest and face until the stiffness was gone. She crawled to my father less and less often, he was getting older and older. Me too, I wanted to masturbate, but she wrestled with me vigorously. Sometimes I was stronger, she would stare at my masturbating right in front of her face, then she would take over and made me squirt on my belly. She scolded very quietly so as not to wake the father, then she licked my semen off my stomach and licked my cock clean. If it was still stiff, she rubbed it like my father’s and let the semen squirt directly into her mouth. The bigger and stronger I got, the more often she wanted to rub my cock and make me squirt in her mouth.

She must have talked it out with father at some point, because one night when we had gone to bed, he said with the gravitas of the sheikh, that he had heard that I was going around with a gang of ragamuffins and fucking young women in packs. I had to confess everything to him, the young women were widows who lured us into the house with glowing, greedy eyes and let the whole pack fuck them, one after the other, until we could take no more. Sometimes we forced young girls to let the whole pack fuck her and we didn’t care that she cried because we had dishonored her. We only fucked her and didn’t dishonor her, I assured my father. He looked rather cross and said his son would never be a ragamuffin, we were a decent

and respectable family! So he had decided that I should never go to the ragamuffins again and that if I got an urge or if there was any seed pressure, which was quite normal at my age, then I should let my mother teach me how to fuck and train me until I got married. He turned to the wall and fell asleep. He was already in his late 70s at the time and my mother was much younger, maybe 35.

She had not fucked anyone but my father since she had received me, never, but I suspected she missed it very much, because I saw her every night masturbate secretly. She stroked my stiff cock and whispered, "I'll show you how to fuck and we'll practice daily until you get married, that's what the sheikh has decided. And it goes like this. I make your cock really hard with my lips and tongue. Then you insert it slowly and gently into my fuckhole, but you only fuck gently and without violent thrusting. I do it to myself with both thumbs and when I'm done, you can fuck me hard and powerfully. When I realize that you like to squirt, I spread my labia completely apart and make my hole big, so you can squirt into it and I can feel the hot jets squirting inside. Okay?" My father, the sheikh, put his glasses and book aside. "Oh, you're starting now, that's good!" He turned to the wall, he wasn't a voyeur.

I nodded, because I'd been quite adept at fucking since I was a ragamuffin, so I did it right from the first time. I could feel how finely she licked and sucked me with her lips and tongue. It was the first time I had experienced this and it was wonderful. I fucked very slowly and lightly, watching her thumbs rubbing up and down the side of her clit. Lightly at first, then faster and then harder. Her breathing became shallow and she held her breath as the orgasm flashed across her face like lightning. She expelled the air and breathed, "I'm done, you can go now!" I fucked quickly and powerfully, she smiled and enjoyed being fucked. All at once she pulled her labia wide apart, her index fingers hooked left and right into her fuckhole and she widened her hole. It triggered my squirting, I squirted jet after jet with all my strength and a radiant smile spread across her face. "Wow, that was nice!" she breathed and put her index finger over her lips. "Please don't look at me now, it really turned me on and I have to do it right away!" I nodded and lay down so that I could see everything clearly. She really loved being fucked by me

and I often pulled her onto the bed to fuck during the day. The sheikh nodded very contentedly when we fucked two or three times during the night. She put her index finger over her lips, when she wanted to masturbate after fucking, because she masturbated every night before falling asleep. I married your mother when I was 28 and I continued to fuck her daily with your mother's consent for a good 10 years after our wedding. That's pretty much my story, my son!"

It was a few weeks later he told me my mother's story too. Her grandfather, my great-grandfather, had taken her virginity before she was even 12, he couldn't wait. She had to fuck him every night until his loins went limp. She was immediately passed on to her father, my grandfather, and she had to fuck him every night too, as often he could. It was normal for her, she felt neither shame nor remorse, she just did what the wise, older men had taught her. I was allowed to marry her when she was 17, because our fathers knew each other from the Grand Council of the Sheikhs. Just as I lay with my mother every day, she lay with her father until his manhood waned and dried up. When you were old enough to approach your little sister indecently, it was clear to both of us that she had to train you in fucking and keep you off the streets. I wasn't ungrateful, she's 11 years younger than me and still needs it badly, even if my strength is fading. I'm glad that you don't fuck around like the dishonorable ragamuffin boys and that you give my wife great sexual pleasure, she says that to me again and again. It was important to me that you know the causes and the story of how it came about, because you not only have exuberant loin power, but also an alert mind."

One day I asked my mother what she did about masturbating? She looked at my father, who had fallen asleep over his books. "We have to be quiet, my son, he doesn't know anything about it! Shortly after the wedding I told him that my pussy was buzzing and humming like a beehive after I'd been fucked. He smiled and said, "you need an orgasm, my lovely heart!" I didn't know what an orgasm was at the time. He explained it to me. "When we fuck, you press a finger really hard on your clit and I fuck you really hard. You'll then feel the bumblebees buzzing and when they make their way in an explosion, press on the clit a few times and release the bumblebees!" I nodded and then we did it just like that. He's a good fucker, your Dad, and he

gave me an orgasm or two every week. That's how I learned what an orgasm was.

My first lesbian experience was with Leyla. I asked her what she was doing to me and she smiled, "I'm going to masturbate you until you have an orgasm!" I was almost dying of pleasure, I can tell you that! Then she dived down, her tongue searching for my clit, and I asked what she was doing now? She laughed. "I'm going to lick your clit until you orgasm!" I'd never been licked before and I died in a thousand pleasures, I can tell you that! I learned it very quickly and licked her too. It was one of the hottest weeks of my life.

We got talking about masturbating and she almost couldn't believe that I couldn't masturbate yet. Leyla said that she masturbated in two different ways, while fucking and when she did it alone at night. "I'll show you," she said and went out naked and brought in her 12-year-old son. Malek had a little boy cock, but he was already allowed to fuck Leyla. She ordered me to spread Malek's legs apart and pay close attention to how they were doing it. My heart was pounding because I'd never seen anyone fuck before.

Malek's cock thrust and thrust and I watched Leyla masturbate the side of her clit with both thumbs. It was fantastic. They did it three times in a row and Malek had to go. The next afternoon I was supposed to try it. I told Malek not to fuck me properly, just to pretend. I barely felt his cock and concentrated on my thumbs, it worked! The orgasm was only a very small and light one, but when it was finished I noticed how little Malek was straining. I felt him cum and pulled out his little cock. Keep rubbing, Leyla ordered, and I rubbed the little one until he had finished squirting.

Leyla reprimanded me, saying I shouldn't rip his cock out so brutally, it would hurt him. I nodded and we practiced three or four times every afternoon. I soon became very adept at triggering my light orgasms with my thumbs and when Malek started to squirt, I pulled his cock out very carefully. Pull out more slowly, Leyla commanded. I pulled his cock out very slowly and let him squirt while I pulled his cock out very slowly, it didn't matter."

I wasn't quite satisfied yet and tormented her, I really wanted to know what the other masturbation, the one at night, was like. I begged and tormented her a lot, she looked at my father, but he was asleep. She looked at me with cat eyes and nodded. "It's my secret thing, son! First I have to wake the bumblebees," she said, "I'll stroke the clit from underneath, like I'm stroking the cats throat." I watched and she said after a while, "Now the bumblebees are buzzing, so I'll tease them until they almost go crazy!" and she rubbed and tugged very hard on her clit for a long while. "And now, and now, now I'll let them fly, the bumblebees!" she breathed very softly, "now you mustn't disturb me in any way!" Now she started, and how! I held my breath, she worked her clit like crazy and let the bumblebees fly!

I laughed freely and hugged her after her orgasm. She asked why I was laughing and I replied, "because you do it just like Ayla, only not as fast." Now she sat up and I had to confess everything. How I had to push my cock into Ayla as far as it could go, how she masturbated fast, furiously fast and her orgasm started my squirting without fucking her, because her mother had strictly forbidden that! Yes, we did it for a few weeks, a few months perhaps.

The mother laughed uproariously and put her hand over her mouth so as not to wake my father. "The little beast was no longer a virgin," she said, "I caught her in the garden letting Faruk, who was about 12, fuck her. I pulled Faruk off her, I put him over my knees, pulled his pants all the way down and spanked his ass. I could feel his hard-on hitting my pussy with every stroke, and in the end the stupid guy squirted all over my pussy! I was outraged, but the two of them provoked me the very next day. I put the cheeky guy over my lap, pulled up my skirt and slapped him hard on the ass. He kept trying to push his cock into my hole with every stroke, and in the end he succeeded and squirted cheekily inside. So it went on day after day, I pounded his ass and he cheekily stuck his cock in my hole to squirt inside with a cheeky grin. Yes, I first let him penetrate my hole deeply and he grinned cheekily and slyly, then I slapped his ass really hard with my flat hand and felt how each stroke was transferred from his cock to my hole. He started moaning when he cummed and then finished cumming. Damn, we both enjoyed it! I finished as one day

Ayla danced around in circles clapping her hands, “he squirted inside, he squirted inside!”

So, one more cognac and I’ll get to the main topic. Of course, you’ll have to think of something new, because the Suez Canal thing is already over.

1. The banks. The first step was to set up an account with several banks, which forwarded each incoming payment to the next. From the Egyptian to the Swiss, to the Caribbean and back to Egypt. I tested the process several times, with small amounts of around 100 Egyptian pounds. That worked.

2. The donors. A German tourist had left a PM-magazine in my store months ago. The special edition was for travelers to Egypt and also contained information about the Suez Canal. From the addresses given there, I scoured the Internet until I had about 40 contacts. I now worked on them specifically, I was a well-informed group of business people that I could name from my list who had good contacts in Yemen. It was possible to bribe the Yemenis with a good handful of dollars so that they would stop attacking shipping under pressure from the Americans, and of course they would officially continue to spread the propaganda. I researched on the internet how many nice dollars a single day of Suez Canal downtime cost when a Taiwanese freighter was stuck in the canal for weeks. In comparison, it was a very cheap and quick solution, I said emphatically. There was no time to lose. I kept detailed logs of my conversations in case there were any queries, but there were none. I relied on them phoning each other to find out that they and everyone else in the “group” had been asked for hefty donations. So everyone knew one, two and more who were considering the donations. The whole thing was plausible and exactly how business is done in this country.

3. Pushing. I called several medium-sized ones, where is the money? The Yemenis and the Americans had exchanged more missile strikes, so I was able to push through pressure and urgency. The big ones found out that some had already donated. I saw the money arriving and called the big guys. It’s urgent, the money won’t be enough, please top it up!

4. Failures. I wrote off those small and medium-sized companies that didn't donate. Because there is definitely no third call. The second call is called "pushing" in Arabic, the third "despair". It showed me again the fine art of Arab traders, who already knew this when their letters were still being carried from town to town on camelback.

5. The investigation. The Egyptian authorities are, of course, equipped with the latest technology, but they still have the civil servants from before, so they're on their backs. Of course, they soon found out that I had been on the phone to the people concerned. However, I had wisely invited a French couple who were planning to sail around the world to dinner twice and peppered them with questions about the Suez Canal that they would not forget. I should perhaps have included it under point 1a, but you don't give away all your tricks straight away. The investigators called the people on the ship, who anchored at the Gamasa peninsula north of Hurghada and waited to see how things developed at Bab Al Mandeb. They were able to confirm to the investigators, two dinners and only Suez and the Suez Canal. They had received a lot of information from me, yes. The French wanted to know what it was all about, but that was an investigative secret. I was excused, vindicated and innocent, I knew it!

5a. The banking secrecy. I had quite rightly assumed that the Swiss banks did not disclose banking secrecy. When the Americans called, they did — but Egypt wasn't anywhere near the US. This is where the thread ended. Whether it was because every senior apparatchik in Egypt was storing their black money in Switzerland, I don't know and I didn't care, but someone higher up didn't want a war with the Swiss banks. The thread broke at the first breaking point, the Caribbean Bank was just an additional breaking point, just in case. Conclusion: the money could be traced all the way to Switzerland, but that was the end of it. The policeman, whom I knew well from his wedding, let me buy him a few drinks at the Sheraton and lamented to me how unreasonable the Swiss were.

5b. The hereditary uncle. I had already thought about how I would answer when the criminologists asked me one fine day where I had gotten the money? This was the shakiest part of my plan, but it was better than nothing. I had a distant uncle in the south, in the

town of Sohag. I had to phone him several times until the net was cast. He had a brother who had emigrated to Australia 30 years ago and who had been missing ever since. He was supposed to have died by now and he had left me, his favorite nephew, his fortune. I gave the uncle in Sohag 75,000 American dollars, which he used to buy three townhouses. And it was clear why he didn't inherit anything from his brother, they had fallen out over a girl. The girl let them both fuck her and took all the money out of their noses. I called him several times until I could be sure that he believed the story himself. He would tell everyone at the regulars' table, that was also very good. And the fact that the police might question him didn't scare him in the slightest.

6. The watering can. I had set up a dozen accounts at the banks in Cairo via randomly selected straw men, I was listed as the sole beneficiary, the straw man got his money and registered as not being authorized for anything. This was not an unusual or special procedure, everyone had such a morganatic account, a left-hand account to hide their money from their wife or family. When the authorities made an inquiry, the programs searched for the owner only, so they were never discovered. The loot was now well hidden, just under 27 million dollars.

7. Thank your wife! We only had two accounts, Jana and me. I transferred her 500,000 dollars, I kissed the top of her head and told her to invest it wisely, it was her insurance for her old age. I had made some very good deals, she knew that. She wasn't surprised for a moment at how much it was. But it was rather a commendable act to give my wife some of the inheritance, because she knew about the Australian inheritance too.

Jana actually suggested one day that I should marry Nima as a second wife, which was not recognized by the law, but was recognized by society and the religious community. I waited six months until I was safely off the radar of the investigators. I married Nima and all three of us moved into a larger apartment, where Jana again had a domestic help, which she liked, I liked less.

I had only been married to Jana for a few months when my sister Ayla turned up at the bazaar one day. She had a huge problem and only I could help her. She was now 21 and had been married to a very rich sheikh for two years. He was a good, kind and loving husband-grandpa in his late 70s. Ayla really wanted a child, but it was no longer possible to do more than masturbate the old, shriveled cock in front of her pussyhole and let him squirt a very few drops of semen from the outside into her pussy by hand, because the old man could no longer get a hard cock and had just a few drops, draining at last, becoming less and less. She had spoken to her husband for a long time, he was understanding and understood her desire to have children, but there was no way he was going to let a complete stranger into her pussy. He feared for his all-important reputation. So she came up with the idea. I followed Ayla into her bedroom. The snotty, ugly brat had turned into a pretty young woman. "Please make me a baby, please, dear brother!" I gave it my all, of course, and she rewarded me during the break by masturbating in the same way she used to in our nursery and letting me watch and get horny again. We fucked every afternoon and I squirted my semen into her hole twice a day for 8 weeks until she was finally pregnant. We had a beautiful, strong son and she was just as happy as the sheikh, who asked no dumb questions. Ayla, who had a young, sex-hungry body and she rewarded me much for fucking my old-timer Jana, let me fuck her hard every afternoon. She went on to have 4 cute daughters and I was a happy secret father.

Ayla, who had been hiring cute 16 or 17-year-old au pairs from Europe ever since the first child, naturally noticed my greedy glances at the girls' cleavage and up their skirts. She knew exactly what she could do to keep me chained to herself for years. She received me in her bedroom, the naked young girl lying with her back on her naked mistress. She embraced the girl from behind with both arms, gently and tenderly, and held her tightly when I came into view with a stiff cock. Neither Ayla nor I cared about our victim's protests, cries and whimpers, Ayla could feel a bit sadistic and I could feel like a predator. She pressed the frightened girl's legs apart with her heels. She masturbated the girls clit really masterfully, the girl gazing at my cock in front of her pussy like a hypnotized rabbit, the arousal com-

ing quickly up, making her wanting it, immediately! Ayla smiled at me to signal the start. Surprisingly many of the Au-Pair-girls were purely physically virgins, I deflowered her with a quick jerk in midst of her orgasm and fucked her as hard as I could. That tactic worked always perfectly. Later it was no longer necessary to hold the girl down, she was happy to let me fuck her. Most of them didn't orgasm during fucking, but after fucking they were so aroused that they let Ayla lick their clit to a liberating orgasm. Ayla never told me where she had learned lesbian lovemaking and clit licking, but I could see how eager she was for it. Of course, she made sure that I didn't impregnate the girl and she had a very good sense of when a girl was due for deflowering or fucking. Not a single one complained.

Jana gradually lost interest in fucking, which wasn't entirely wrong for me. I fucked Nima every night and we usually watched Jana masturbate, she always made it very exciting and obscenely hot. I taught Nima correct Arabic language as well as reading and writing. She had only had very few school lessons, we sat together four days a week and studied. Three days I was in the bazaar, three days Jana and on Friday we were closed. Business went well, both Jana and I were much more relaxed, because the wealth in the background made us feel relaxed.

We didn't think for a minute about selling the store. It was incredibly reassuring to no longer have to look at the takings and scrape together the coins at the back and front. Nevertheless, we remained the same merchants as before. I admired Jana, who had been much better taught about trading at home. She knew a lot about investing and shares and was now increasing her retirement savings very skillfully and considerably. "Money that sits in the bank gets rusty and rotten!" was one of her sayings. I asked her for advice on what to do with money, much more money. For her it was just a mind game, I learned and moved the money that neither she nor Nima knew about. And should I step down early, they would get everything in equal shares.

For the first time in my life, I was vacationing like the tourists. I booked the presidential suite in a beach hotel in Hurghada for 4 weeks. Jana was happy to stay in the store, "go on, you young things!

It's your honeymoon!" was her friendly comment. She didn't need a vacation at the moment, she liked doing business better than lying on the beach and scratching in the sand. I'm determined to show Nima the good side of life. Tomorrow at the crack of dawn we're flying.

One more cognac, then off to bed!

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The hostages

by Jack Faber © 2024

Ton jumped up. He had heard rough boots on the stairs. He looked at his mother, in whose marital bed he was lying. She had stuffed a dozen pillows into her back and was masturbating with great concentration, her head bent forward convulsively. Her arm flew back and forth frantically, she was about to climb to the top. The bedroom door was wrenched open, a lantern illuminating the completely absent-minded woman. The hand with the dagger jerked forward, the dagger stuck in the mother's heart. Her last breath escaped with a ghastly sound, her head sank to her chest with a look of disbelief on her face, as did her arm, which remained resting on her pussy. Even in dying, her fingers twitched irritably on her clit. That was the last image Ton had of his mother, sitting dead in bed in an obscene position.

An arm yanked him up brutally. "Put some clothes on, you son of a bitch!" a gruff voice commanded him. He quickly slipped into his pants and shirt, the guy with the rough voice grunted. "You idiot! With the marquise we'd have an even better pawn! The marquis will rip your head off, you can count on it! Idiot! Idiot! Idiot!" Ton was completely dazed, he let the ragamuffins maneuver him into a carriage and off they went on a wild chase.

The journey was long, it took an hour over hill and dale. His guard, a dirty guy in rags, had his pistol pointed at Ton and was staring out of the window. The carriage stopped at some point and an oily voice asked: "Have you got her, both of them?" The one with the raspy voice replied, no, just the boy, the Anthony d'Aubersville. The idiot stabbed the marquise faster than I could shout stop! "Very well," said the oily one, "bring him down!" Ton was dragged out, he didn't know this castle. In a brightly lit cell in the basement, the bars behind him slammed shut and were locked. He had to strip naked, his clothes disappeared. The outer door was also locked. It was mid-summer, the cell was a little cooler than outside, it was 2 meters square, or less. There was only a metal bed with a dirty mattress, or

what you thought was a mattress, in the cell, no table, no chair, just the bed, which took up most of the room. The bars were two thumbs thick, a window perhaps 8 to 10 centimeters high, a good meter wide, opened onto the forest. There were no bars, no one could get through. He sat down, there he was, just him and his beloved cock.

And the time. He didn't want to see the last few seconds of his mother's life, but the images had burned themselves into his brain. His mother masturbated several times every night when he got tired of fucking and fell asleep. He had slept in his mother's bed since he was born, and while he was still unable to squirt, she sucked and licked his cock before she began to masturbate. She sucked and sucked his cock long after he could squirt. She grinned, "it's like manna, Ton!" she grinned again and again. His father was practically never around, he was fighting next country in Picardy and his mother had no lovers at all.

She was half decent and had no lover and she was half naughty because she licked her youngest's cock and drank his seed before masturbating for ages. At 9 Ton distressed her greatly, sighing godly she surrendered to the inevitable and let Ton fuck her. He had to fuck her two or three times every night, in the daytime he fucked her as often as he could get a stiff cock. In the breaks she masturbated a little and made him hard with her lips and tongue. She never went to church or confession, otherwise she would have had to admit how much she enjoyed being fucked by Ton, often having a short little orgasm while being fucked. The confessor would have chased her out of the confessional.

She had licked his cock from an early age, sucked it back and forth in her mouth, licked and licked in a staccato until the little one exclaimed that he could see the stars bursting and she felt the little cock pulsating and throbbing in her mouth with the tip of her tongue. Then she was satisfied, the little one had experienced the orgasm enthusiastically and whispered about it again and again. She was immensely pleased when he gradually began to squirt, he had such a sweet little boy's cock like the puttos in the small castle chapel and was able to squirt into her mouth in thick, firm jets already at a very young age. Old Agnes, who brought a tray with a carafe of wine

and water and fruit to the bed every morning, peeked furtively at the boy, who was standing wide-legged in front of his mother, who had opened her mouth wide and the boy pulled back his foreskin very firmly with two fingers and squirted in broad jets into his mother's mouth. Old Agnes went out and crossed herself three times. She felt the devil between her thighs, she groaned and moaned with lust and horniness as she went down. She had her secret place in the far corner of the courtyard, she sat down on her little stone bench and flipped up her skirt. She had never understood why Father Bernard had always scolded her like that in the past, since then she had simply stopped going to confession, it was as simple as that.

Old Agnes masturbated on the stone bench every morning when she had watched the little putto squirting in his mother's mouth or, later on, fucking her fast. The little boys of the castle knew her masturbate of course, they were all sticking their little cocks into Agnes' fuckhole when she masturbated and of course squirted into it. Of course she noticed when she wasn't yet in the final spurt and grinned, the little boys fucked faster than rabbits and squirted very quickly because the next one was already pushing from behind. In the end, the old castle dog Bello usually came when the last boy had cum and licked their semen from her pussy. She was so horny from his tongue licking that she masturbated furiously to the end.

The mother never allowed the little boy to look at her pussy, no matter how hard he tried. The only thing he could ever see was her wiggling finger in her thick bush. She pulled him up, she let him lick and suck on her teat, she held him tight against her breast when she masturbated. Later she tolerated him exploring and digging in her pussy with his hand and fingers only. He felt the moist slug, it was wet and warm. There was a firm, densely hairy mound to the left and right, with lots of soft puckering in between. He found the entrance to a deep cave and as deep as he dug in with his fingers, he found no end. A deep, deep hole! But he found a stiff, hard little bump that her finger was working so diligently. This must be the secret part she wanted to hide from him. It was elongated, like a piece of finger and she only let her finger rotate, dance and bounce on the top, on the head. And he could clearly feel how it pulsed and throbbed when she had finished and relaxed. He could clearly see that the strange finger

part was softening and shrinking a little. He had no chance to see her moist pussy flesh, the deep hole and the little finger piece, she was ironclad behind it. She said that it was really called the clit and it was the most holy and secret part of a girl's body and of every woman's body. That's why she never ever would let him see it! When she was in her final spurt, she had told him, he had to keep his finger completely still on her clit until she was finished. He pushed his stiff cock against her body, against her pussy. "Cum in your mouth," he whispered, standing up with his legs apart and putting his cock on her lips. She rubbed it gently and let him squirt inside. "I want to fuck!" the boy crowed, "I want to fuck like old Simon!" It was clear to her that he must have seen it. She didn't give in for a few days, she had never thought about fucking with Ton before. But it was inevitable, the little one whined and didn't give in. She crossed herself with a deep sigh and spread her knees. She pulled Ton's foreskin, which was unusually long, all the way back over the glans and stretched it very tight. Then she inserted his putto cock into her fuck hole. Even before he started fucking like old Simon, the little boy squirted. This happened every time he went in for the first time in the first few weeks, but it stopped. She explained to him how to fuck and let him fuck and cum five or ten times a day. He was beaming all over his face, fucking was great! Much better than squirting in her mouth! It took him months to get really good at fucking and he was mighty proud of it.

The mother got up every morning and went down to her herb garden. She only wore a knee-length short shirt to work, nothing else. Of course, she noticed the gardener Simon, who was a very friendly and taciturn man, perhaps not quite at the top of his game mentally. One day she decided to seduce the simpleton, she always saw him masturbating his big cock twice or three times a day among the flowers. But he always waited until she leaned forward and the shirt willingly showed her ass, her slit and her little hole in its entirety. She grabbed her ass cheeks and spread them, showing him her open pussy and her greedy pussyhole. That was the moment when Simon pulled out his cock, masturbated and squirted on the flowers. The mistress later stood directly in front of Simon and bent down low, he masturbated just half a step behind her and squirted on her asscheeks and over her pussyhole. Later on he placed his cock half an inch behind her

pussyhole and squirted, as hard as he could. She smiled and played this game for a few weeks.

However, the woman's greed did not stop at her. "Don't you want to stick it in?" she asked Simon. He scratched the back of his head and asked, "Like Agnes Sunday night?" She had no idea what he was doing with Agnes. He answered her question, "I have to fuck Agnes three times, only the second and third time her ass twitches violently and she screams, Simon, it's coming. I always nod, even though I don't know what she means!" Simon took a deep breath, he had never said such a long sentence before. The mistress nodded, "yes, just like that, Simon. If I bend low, then." Simon scratched his head indecisively. "Which one, mistress, the top or the bottom hole?" She was puzzled, then she laughed. "One is for shitting, the other is for fucking!" Simon knew which one, "the one for pissing, then!"

The next day, the mistress bent over very low, Simon thrust his cock into her hole and didn't move. "What is it?" the mistress called from below and Simon said, "It's about to squirt now, high lady!" and sure enough, he squirted at that moment. He pulled out his cock and took care of it. She straightened up and asked, "is that how you do it with Agnes?" He shook his head, he was allowed to hold Agnes by the ass cheeks and the hips and Agnes had told him how he had to fuck her, thrusting hard until he cum. Three times. She understood, she had to tell him exactly how she wanted it. "You have to hold on to my ass cheeks and fuck me really hard, like Agnes," she said, nodding in confirmation. "And also cum inside like with Agnes?" he wanted to know. "Yes," she confirmed, "squirt everything inside until it stops squirting." He nodded thoughtfully, "Into the hole that's there for pissing?" he asked and she nodded, "Of course, clear!" He said it wasn't always that clear, because he had to fuck little Bernhard in the night in the other hole, the hole for shitting. She asked him, quite astonished, because she didn't know any Bernhard.

They often sat down on the bench and he told her in simple words what he experienced when fucking. He said Bernhard worked in the horse stables and asked to be fucked in the ass every night because he didn't want to do it by hand. "I fuck him in the asshole and his cock slowly stands up, then he comes and it squirts out of his cock

like in a fountain, it looks really funny and I can stop without squirting.” Bernhard works in the stables, he has to let the stallions’ semen squirt out so that they stay in shape when they don’t have a mare to mate. Bernhard had once taken him with him and shown him how he did it by hand to the stallions and have them squirting in the straw. Bernhard and the stable groom sometimes had to help an old noble lady when she was mating with the stallion. Simon had seen it himself and it looked really very funny. They strapped the old girl belly down on the wooden buck and Bernhard had to fuck the old woman first to get her pussy wet. Then they brought the stallion over, he sniffed a rag with the mare’s pussy juice and immediately got hard. He had been standing right next to the stallion, he squirted on the old woman’s pussyhole from time to time and it was very exciting, because the mistress got hornier each time and screamed out that she was cumming, but she kept going. So one stallion after the other was brought in, they smelled the juice of the other stallion and fucked her all the more wildly, the stallions only fucked for a short time, not even 5 minutes. The old lady screamed with lust and horniness at the third stallion, until she screamed out that it was enough! She whimpered and gasped when the groom finally fucked her really hard on the trestle and Simon was allowed to fuck her hard right after him, and the old lady was totally exhausted after so much fucking. — But Bernhard is a big fool, the stable groom had told him, he’ll never be a stud. Simon took a deep breath, he hadn’t talked that much all year.

Klothilde, the fat old woman from the kitchen, sneaks into the stables every day to get fucked by little Bernhard, she was in love with the 10-year-old, even though she was almost 65. But he doesn’t really want to, he fucks the fat old woman in the right fuckhole and squirts into it, but then he immediately jumps up and runs away. Klothilde cried every time and desperately called the groom every evening. “I don’t want to do it myself, it’s not very nice,” cried Klothilde, “be so good, dear Stable Master, and fuck me old mare, please!” The groom made her beg and plead for a long time, desperately tugging and tearing at her clit, because he really liked it when she cried, begged and pleaded and tore her clit to orgasm. So the stable groom has to finish fucking fat old Klothilde until she screams out, that she has come. Simon had to press his cock very hard on the groom’s cock and

fuck along with his friend, because the groom liked it very much, when his friend fucked his cock! As soon as she screamed and the groom had squirted, Simon was allowed to continue fucking the old woman immediately and finish fucking the screaming old woman. — The stable groom shook his head, saying that it was mean of Bernhard to only half-fuck poor Klothilde, to run away and not finish fucking her. He, Simon, didn't understand everything exactly, but the stable groom was a clever man and must have known. So be it. From now on Simon did a good job fucking the mistress from behind. He held on to his mistress's ass cheeks, he fucked her in the right hole just like Agnes and squirted everything inside. She was very satisfied with the fine morning fuck and they had been doing this every day for ten years now.

And now Mom was sitting dead in her bed, a dagger in her chest. She had beautiful breasts, Ton thought, really beautiful! She was sitting dead in bed, just seconds from orgasm, in her typical masturbating position, her lifeless arm and cold hand on her tightly wooded pussy. She had never allowed Ton to take a good look at her “down there”, she pulled the foreskin all the way back over the glans and guided his cock into the bushy thicket. She always hit, she never strayed when she stuck his cock into her bushy hole. Even when she was dead, he couldn't catch a glimpse of her exposed pussy.

How much time had passed, he wondered, as the keys cracked open first the iron and then the barred door. Ton stood against the wall of large natural stones, they would have to drag him out by force! But none of that. A girl was pushed into the cell, a croaking voice ordered her to undress. A hand with a clinking bunch of keys hit her in the face. “Will it be soon?” the voice rumbled and the hand hit her twice more in the face. She began to cry and undressed shamefully. She only had her shirt as her last item of clothing and the bunch of keys hit her in the face again. She took off the shirt, threw it through the door and turned her ass to the door. A girl who wasn't used to being naked. The bars and iron door were closed noisily. Only now did the girl look to the side and catch sight of him. “Ton!?” she called, and he called, “Cat!?” His sister Catherine embraced him and pressed her body against him.

“The Marquis de Vallons had me kidnapped from Aunt Emilie’s, they raped her in front of me, all four of them, and the last one slit her throat,” Cat cried against his neck. Ton held her very tightly, he hadn’t seen her for half a year because she went to school in a women’s convent. And he had never seen her naked before. He let her cry, she was 3 or 4 years older, 16 or 17, but she just wanted to cry and sobbingly tell his neck all the gruesome details of the 4 rapes. Aunt Emilie was in her mid-thirties and still a chaste, holy and pure saint virgin, her lovers only fucked in her mouth and her asshole, what she preferred very much. Cat sat tied up on the floor and she had to look directly into her naked aunt’s pussyhole, who had lifted her feet high in the air expecting to be fucked in her asshole as she was accustomed. Cat couldn’t take her eyes off her pussyhole. Some blood had spurted out of her tight little fuckhole when the first one took her virginity. He had punched her with his fist so hard when she screamed, that she was half and then really unconscious and he had fucked her mercilessly. The unconscious girl had a huge orgasm, then it was the next one’s turn. He also fucked her mercilessly and the men roared when she had another orgasm. The third one squirted far too early and he left immediately. The last one held the knife to her neck because she had woken up and was screaming and screaming. His fist hit her on the mouth and she fell silent immediately. Her eyes almost popped out in surprise as she orgasmed, but the guy with the huge cock just kept fucking her. She began to scream mute and silently, her mouth wide open in horror, as she now had an insane orgasm. He squirted in the middle of her orgasm and slit her throat. Blood spurted from her throat and her pussy hole pulsed and contracted in rhythm with her biggest orgasm for what seemed like an eternity. Then she collapsed lifeless. “I wonder what she felt last, the orgasm or the death?”

Ton let her finish crying and sat down on the mattress with her. She calmed down quickly. “What will the parents say, that the Marquis de Vallons had kidnapped us!” Cat exclaimed. “The father will soon find out and he’ll cut off the Vallons’ head!” said Ton and continued quietly, “the poor mother won’t find out, thank God, she’s dead!” Cat cried out, she wanted to understand. He told her haltingly and slowly how she had died and he had been kidnapped. Cat clutched him and sobbed bitterly. “You used to sleep with her,” she

said, after the initial pain had faded, “did she, did you?” Ton nodded. “Cat, I’m already over 13 and no longer a baby! She loved me like I loved her. She let me cum in her mouth from a young age on a thousand times and I’ve fucked her two or three times every night for four years. It’s only natural when your father is always at war and Angelique is warming his bed, the ugly whore!” Cat knew what he was talking about, of course, but she still didn’t think it was very Catholic to fuck her own son. “Pah, Catholic! That wasn’t a term for Mom, ever!” Ton cursed from the bottom of his heart.

“Angelique may be a whore,” Cat mused, “but she’s not ugly at all! I got to visit Dad in his tent once and saw them both fucking naked. Daddy has a really huge cock and she was whooping and hollering as they fucked, let me tell you!” Marquis Romuald d’Aubersville, her father, was totally surprised when one day Angelique appeared before him dressed as a man and as a warrior and asked to join the band. No, she had no quarrel with the people of Picardy, she was only fighting for money. Okay, he said with a shrug, she could stay. Yes, she wanted to wear men’s clothing, it suited better for fighting. He looked at her Spanish sword for a long time. It was a razor-sharp Damascus blade from Toledo, she said and showed it to him, the best weapon she had ever had. Yes, she had learned to fence from her husband, he was a master fencing teacher. He asked, is it true that you stabbed him to death? She looked him straight in the eyes. “Yes, because I would never accept that he would throw me away for someone much younger!” Romuald looked at her sharply. “He preferred very young girls, 13 or 14, like I was once. But at 22, I was too old for him. And then he called me mean names, mean things. He didn’t even notice how quickly his head rolled across the marble floor of the palace. I left proudly, I didn’t run away. The viceroy could have easily caught me, but he didn’t. There were too many eye and ear witnesses to how he insulted me, how he spoke to me as no man should ever speak to his wife!” Romuald nodded, that was enough for him. If she proved herself in battle, she would be allowed to stay.

His men’s eyes bugged out of their heads when the newcomer stepped naked into the river in the morning and bathed. A woman, a woman! She put on her men’s clothes and was barely distinguishable from other young men. She fought her first fight, and in the evening

the men talked of nothing else. The next morning she dragged a warrior to the river, washed his cock conscientiously and let him fuck her on the riverbank in front of them all. Every few days she let this one and that one fuck her in the morning, just for fun, she didn't play along with love games. She wielded the Spanish blade masterfully, everyone was impressed by her prancing fencing style and some let her train them.

After six weeks, Romuald sent for her. She was good, very good in fact, some said. She could stay with the band, he could pay her a higher salary. She was quiet and said it was all right with her. She'd like to stay until the end of the year, then we'd talk more. The deal was closed. It was months before she moved into his tent on the condition that she was allowed to fuck anyone, because she never wanted to "belong" to a man again. It was very difficult for Romuald at first, because over time she fucked every warrior except the one-legged cook. She didn't care at all that he was married. It was up to his wife to cut his throat or shut up, Angelique had told him just that. But now she was sharing the bed with him, that was the way it was and there wasn't much to talk about. The warriors understood the arrangement and any of the 50 warriors would have risked their lives for her. Romuald realized how her trick worked.

Cat and Ton sat for a long time and he stroked her beautiful body. "You've grown so beautiful, sis," he said and she grinned. "I didn't realize you had such a big cock already, bro!" They laughed and she reached for his cock. "May I?" she asked and he nodded graciously. She pulled back the foreskin very carefully, further and further, and she looked on in awe. "Thierry's isn't even half as big and it's as thin as a pencil." "Thierry? Who the heck is Thierry, please?" She swallowed hard. "I used to have a crush on him. We met secretly on the riverbank and we kissed and made out. I allowed him to kneel between my thighs, then he rubbed his pencil and squirted on my inner thighs. Of course I didn't fuck him, I'm still a virgin. He wanted to put his pencil through the hole in my hymen, it was very easy and I always let him fuck me for months because he didn't damage my hymen. But we're no longer together and that's been my whole sexual experience so far, apart from masturbating of course." Cat kept pulling his foreskin up and down, "that's how Thierry did it," she

breathed, “should I?” Ton didn’t say anything, somehow it was nice how she rubbed his cock. She rubbed it very slowly, pulling his long foreskin far back and forward again. “I’m seeing the hole in the glans for the first time,” she whispered and he was about to warn her, but she rubbed his cock right in front of her face an inch away and looked directly into the hole of his glans. His semen squirted straight into her face and then across her chest. “The reason I don’t like having it done by hand is, firstly, because it squirts in your eye and, secondly, because you stop abruptly and far too soon.” Cat had wiped the semen off and smiled, she had done it herself for the first time.

The sun had set and he stretched himself on the bed. “Come lie with me, we need to keep each other warm!” Cat realized immediately that it had to be this way, she didn’t want to sleep sitting up. “But you can’t fuck me,” she said, “I’m still a real virgin!” Ton nodded, that was clear! She lay down next to him and he embraced her tightly and warmly. They lay like that for a long time, he turned and lay on her chest with his upper body. His hard-on accidentally landed in her hand. He began to fuck her hand, she gripped his cock and he fucked until he squirted into her hand. She smiled finely, but they didn’t speak a word. “I masturbate every night, once or twice,” she whispered softly. He nodded and stayed on top of her. She began to masturbate very slowly and gradually increased. He hugged her tightly as her orgasm came and he held her gently until she calmed down completely. They lay still for what seemed like an eternity, each lost in thoughts. She was so shy and full of shame that she didn’t dare say it for a long time, that her clit was used to being masturbated twice and that there was now a fierce battle between lust and shame in her clit. “I need it again,” she breathed finally shyly and he, “Yes, me too!” She started very slowly again, he lay across under her and his cock sought out her hole. “No, please don’t,” she said plaintively and he assured her he wouldn’t hurt her, for sure he wouldn’t take her virginity. Only when she realized that his glans was only fucking in her vaginal vestibule and her hymen was not in any danger did she continue to masturbate. She even found it kind of nice how his glans fucked in her vaginal vestibule. They orgasmed nearly at the same time, her labia clutching his glans as he squirted. They held each other still for a very long time until they fell asleep.

They told each other everything about themselves, they fucked ten or twenty times during the day because they got horny at different times. Cat enjoyed his fucking immensely, when she masturbated and she hadn't masturbated that often before, she whispered. However, she sometimes got so horny while masturbating that she almost took her own virginity. She pressed his glans firmly against the hole in her hymen as he squirted and let it squirt greedily through the hole. He took good care that she didn't deflower herself either. And fucking in her vaginal vestibule was much more exciting than fucking in her hand. They were only interrupted when they were given water, a horrible stew and the piss bucket was emptied. Ton naturally asked how much longer they were being held, but he got no answer. Apart from this interruption, they were undisturbed, Cat liked to show him what she looked like "down below". She didn't have any pubic hair yet, just a delicate thin blonde fuzz, she didn't have a period either, even though she was almost 17. Labia, clitoris, the almost completely closed hole. No, his cock was definitely too big. He touched her clitoris. "You girls masturbate with that?" he asked doubtfully. She told him to look closely, the clit could get big and stiff like a cock. She touched her clit and rubbed very lightly and gently. Sure enough, it grew a few millimetres bigger, became dark red and really hard. "Aren't you going to continue?" he asked, but she shook her head no, not now.

They told each other all about themselves, sometimes Cat started to masturbate, she turned her head shyly away to the side and closed her eyes in shame. He parted her thighs and pushed her knees apart, she opened herself all the way and smiled shyly, but she let him watch up close. She rubbed gently and let her clit grow, red and stiff. Now things were going uphill, she rubbed intently, contorting that beautiful face as the orgasm came closer and closer. She rubbed the clit faster and faster, in the end she held her breath and masturbated the clit wildly and furiously. She let out a squeeze of air when the orgasm flashed across her face like a brief lightning bolt and she had to press her finger firmly on her clit to stop it exploding. She smiled at him shyly and with a strange sadness that almost immediately turned into a sweet, imperceptible triumph. That was the moment when he spontaneously and lovingly pressed her to his chest and hugged her. "That was sooo beautiful!" he breathed.

They talked for days, the days flowed sluggishly, they got a bucket of clean water in the morning and were able to wash themselves with a piece of cloth. It was perhaps the 25th or 26th day when the keys rattled at an unusual time. They both knew the man who came in, the Marquis de Vallons.

He bickered and rumbled, the little wretch. Their father had promised him death because his henchmen had killed his wife. It went back and forth, the d'Aubersville and the Vallons hadn't owed each other anything for decades. In any case, Vallons said pompously, he had demanded an unheard-of ransom. Spears and swords had been brandished threateningly across the ravine and death and devils had been shouted at each other. Now he was here, the Marquis de Vallons, and he had heard from her father that she was still an untouched virgin. And today, yes, today he was in the mood for virgin flesh! He took off his weapon belt and handed it out. Ton moved to the far end of the mattress and Cat huddled at the other end. The Marquis pulled down his pants and grabbed Cat's legs, pulling her towards him. Cat screamed at the top of her lungs that she was still a virgin and that he must not dishonor her. The marquis roared that he would slit her throat if she didn't shut up immediately! Cat fell silent instantly, she had Aunt Emilie in mind.

The marquis calmly placed her in the fucking position, Ton could see right into her trembling slit. The marquis' stiff cock approached her slit and his fingers parted her labia wide apart. With a quick jerk he pierced her hymen, Cat gave a short cry and covered her mouth with her hand, she didn't want a slit throat. The marquis fucked as best he could, but Ton could see her face, she was not aroused at all, she looked at him contemptuously as he squirted inside. He stood up with difficulty and beckoned to the next man. Ton saw her blood-smeared hole from which the semen was oozing. The next guy had a decent cock, Cat quickly became aroused and had a wonderful orgasm. The guy kept fucking until he squirted, jet after jet, he beckoned to the next guy, who had an even bigger cock, immediately after the other he fucked Cat hard and she shook in a violent, jerking orgasm, but the guy kept fucking and fucking and Cat had another jerking, raging orgasm. The last one was a four-headed guy with a big, thick cock. Cat was still shaking in the last orgasm and drew in her

breath sharply as the monster entered her hole immediately. Ton held his breath, that had to be painful! Cat's orgasm had not yet subsided, she was immediately thrown back up into the air and within seconds the orgasm flashed across her face. She could no longer feel it, she had fainted. He fucked and fucked, Cat's body was rocked from orgasm to orgasm. Ton wanted to intervene, the guy was fucking his sister to death! But finally the guy squirted, Cat's pussy was rocked by one last orgasm and he trolled off. The door was locked again, he immediately hugged his unconscious sister, thank God she was still breathing. He held her in his arms until she gradually woke up.

He had to tell her everything in detail, she wanted to know everything exactly. He was a little ashamed because he had watched everything very closely like a voyeur. She snuggled into his arms and asked about everything. He wanted to know how she felt. It still hurt a little, but not much. She was, on the other hand, somehow free of a pressure, she had become a woman and could now fuck whenever she wanted. "Maybe not today," she said with a sad smile, "but soon!" She asked if she should do him by hand? He swayed his head back and forth, he would rather squirt in her mouth, his mother always liked to do that, she never wanted to do it to him by hand, she found that very vulgar. He had never had it done by hand.

Cat nodded, she would be happy to do it, but she had never done it before. Oh, that's no problem, Ton said, it's easy! He explained it to her. Rubbing his cock in front of her lips like Thierry rubbing his pencil. The tongue licks the glans, back and forth and in circles. Before squirting, open your mouth wide and let it squirt in, or even better, take the glans in your mouth or, if you could open your mouth wide enough like his mother, take the cock deep in your mouth and let it squirt deep down your throat. The mother let him fuck and cum deep down her throat, she just had to hold her breath for a short while, but she liked it best that way too. "But we should really take it slow and go step by step if we want to," he said.

Cat really did have a knack for it. They practiced day and night, he must have squirted in her mouth a dozen times. After a few days, Cat could do her mother's trick, she held her breath and let him fuck

deep down her throat. “Mom was right, it’s not just manna, it’s heavenly manna!” she crowed exuberantly. After a few days she wanted to fuck with Ton, really fuck. They laughed like children when she said, “We’ll make it Catholic!” in memory of Mom. They fucked as often as he could, at least twenty times a day. The Marquis and his henchmen never came back. They fucked for a week, ten weeks, half a year, locked up with only one bed. They never got bored, they kept changing positions. They never found out, that the watchguards made their tee of special herbs, which made them horny as ape shit. The Guards never dared to fuck Cat, the Marquis would chop their heads off. But they watched the fucking and throat-squirting through a hidden spy hole to become horny.

Cat told him her biggest secret. In the ladies’ school, the girls licked each other’s clit to orgasm, she enjoyed it a lot and she liked doing it too. Now, after she had let him fuck and cum in her throat, she wanted to have her clit licked. He tried it immediately and was soon able to do it, she writhed in orgasm like a horny snake. The clit licking was now the perfect intermission filler.

They had been in their dungeon for 10 months when they heard the noise of battle in the castle for the first time. For two weeks they heard the noise of battle, it came closer and closer, their guards fought doggedly. But one day, the keys rattled at an unusual time. The door opened.

It was the father, covered in blood. He grinned broadly and embraced his children.

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Storm-free booth

by Jack Faber © 2024

Ria was head over heels in love with Sam. Ria's real name was Maria and Sam's was Samantha, but they were called that. Ria went to Sam's every lunchtime, they had the whole place to themselves. They had been lying on Sam's bed in just their panties for a long time, hugging like real lovers, cuddling and rolling around and kissing hard. Sam was the older one, Ria had only recently learned from her how to kiss with her tongue. Ria was not yet 13, small and chubby, with a snub nose and a mouse face, and when she took off her bra for the first time, she was terribly ashamed because she already had full, mature breasts that only looked good and firm in a bra. Sam teased her breasts lovingly and told her, how nice and sweet they were.

Sam, on the other hand, was tall, a year older than Ria and had a beautiful, even model-face and small, half-round applebreasts with large teats that she let Ria suck and nibble on. They kissed for ages and Sam threw her head back. "Kissing makes me terribly fuzzy and horny!" she exclaimed and Ria nodded, although she didn't know exactly what horny actually meant.

Sam's fingers played with the hem of Ria's panties, sometimes slipping underneath unintentionally and jerking back. They weren't that far yet, Ria steadfastly refused to take her panties off too. Sam wanted to go further, her fingers playing with the hem of her own panties. "I'd really like to masturbate now," she said lightly, Ria shook her head in horror. She had only learned what masturbating meant from Sam, she masturbated every night until she fell asleep, but masturbated never to orgasm. Sam masturbated to orgasm every night, sometimes twice, she giggled. Ria was still a virgin and had no sexual experience, or almost none. Sam was no longer a virgin, and she had told Ria the sad story before.

Her stepmother, only a few years older than herself, had burst in on her masturbating session one evening and dragged the naked Sam

behind her into the parents' bedroom. She threw the little girl onto the marital bed to her drunken father. "There, you can fuck her, you drunk pig, but not me, I don't fuck drunk people!" The father looked puzzled. He wasn't sure if his young second wife was really serious. He put Sam in the fucking position and waited with his cock in front of Sam's pussy. But the stepmother was furious, the guy was drinking up all her money. She grabbed his cock and pushed it into Sam's hole. "It was actually my stepmother," Sam whispered with tears in her eyes, "it was actually her who took my virginity!" Ria listened in horror, reminding her of her only sexual experience. Sam had only cried out briefly, she barely felt the deflowering. But her father was now completely out of it.

His wife had to watch with very mixed feelings as the drunken douchebag fucked his own daughter wildly. After what seemed like an eternity, he looked his wife in the eye and, with a stupid sheep's gaze, let his seed squirt into Sam's hole. From then on he fucked Sam every night, the stepmother slept on the couch and filed for divorce. Sam went to her room after her father had fucked her and fallen asleep, she didn't want to masturbate next to the bastard.

Ria remembered her experience, her only one. Her father never drank, but now he came home from the company party completely drunk. So many female colleagues had cuddled with him and wanted a quickie, but he thought of his wife and refused more than a little fingering and squirting. He came home, full of lust and cheap booze, but his wife was fast asleep. As usual, she had secretly masturbated and taken a sleeping pill before going to sleep. He rumbled into the children's room, where Ria was masturbating for the fifth or seventh time without orgasming, and dragged the naked Ria behind him into the marital bed. "Come on, let me fuck, please!" he stammered, "please just fuck you once!" Ria finally nodded, her pussy was hot from the hourslong masturbating and she had seen the fucking on the internet. Yes, she wanted to fuck her father, she was still half asleep and wasn't thinking about deflowering or literally cheating behind her mother's back. "Yes, daddy, come fuck me!" she mumbled sleepily, "I know how to do it!" She spread her legs wide, her father's cock automatically penetrated her vaginal vestibule, no further. He looked at her with a blurred gaze and made a few fucking movements

without penetrating. His semen shot hot and rhythmically into her vaginal vestibule. He lay there for a while, then did the same thing again. Ria was now wide awake. She knew very well that he had not penetrated. She reached down to his cock, she wanted to put it right and stuff it in properly. But — wasn't he already inside her? But the moment her fingers gripped his cock, he immediately squirted. Not as much as the first time, but she could feel the throbbing and pulsing in his cock with her fingers and inside her pussy. He fell to the side and fell asleep as soon as he fell over. Ria looked at her mother. She had struggled free in her dream, her pussy was wide open, her fingers twitching occasionally on her hard, stiff clit. Ria had never seen her mother naked before, now she sat in the marital bed and watched as Mom's fingers, small, autonomous spider fingers, caressed her clitoris from time to time. Mom dreamed of masturbating and masturbated the whole night, as always. Ria watched her for a long time, observing her slight trembling and her spider fingers, which now stopped and then started rubbing her clit again. Ria must have watched her for a long while, because now she could feel the ice-cold wetness in her pussy. She covered up her father and mother and went to sleep in her room. Father had no memory of this night. It was never an issue again.

Sam resolutely took off her panties after the minutes-long French kiss. "I need it now, right now!" she said with a grin, "come lie down here, I like it when you watch me doing it, darling!" Ria looked at Sam's naked, hairless pussy for the first time, recognizing the deep, dark hole. Sam adjusted herself, Ria's eyes just inches from her pussyhole. Sam masturbated slowly at first, then faster.

Ria had only been doing it for six months when one afternoon she briefly peeked into her parents' bedroom and saw her mother spread out masturbating for maybe 35 minutes. Ria looked directly into her mother's fuckhole, from time to time dipping her finger in again and again to make it wet. Ria felt down, she found her own clit immediately, it was stiff and hard like in the night when she woke up in a sweat and with a racing heart and touched the hot clit, which was pulsating and throbbing wildly. Gradually she made the connection when she saw her mother rubbing her clit with a blissful smile on her lips. Her mother's whole body trembled and shivered, but she kept

going, her finger rubbing her clit more and more vigorously. She flinched, her whole lower body heaved, trembled and twitched, then all of a sudden it was over. Since then, Ria did it every night multiple times, but when it got too hot, she stopped immediately and continued again, after she had relaxed. She had never had an orgasm then. Since then, Ria always goes to the bedroom and peeks through the door slit. The mother can't see her, even though she is standing naked in the doorway. Her mother is completely out of it, staring at her for 40 minutes and actually through her in the Nirwana. She is invisible to her mother, as is everything around her. Ria noticed that the mother was masturbating in long waves, laboriously up the wave, a quick staccato at the top and then a little slower down again. She quickly rammed her finger many a times firmly into her fuckhole until it was really wet, and then forcibly back up the wave. When she finished, it was always high up on top of the last wave. Mostly she rammed her finger frantically into her fuckhole during the whole long orgasm. Ria watched the orgasm with amazement and fascination, she stopped to rub her own clit not daring to masturbate to orgasm herself. It was time to slip away quietly, to keep her mother's secret.

Sam was already rubbing very quickly. Ria wanted to sit up, because this was exactly the moment, in which she always had to stop. But Sam kept going, her face gradually contorting into an ugly fierce grimace. She straightened her head, stared into Ria's eyes and far away through them. She opened her mouth in a silent scream, her lower body twitched and undulated for a few seconds, then she lay back and relaxed, gasping for breath. She smiled at Ria.

"And now your turn, my darling!" she said commandingly. Ria shook her head as Sam forcefully pulled down her panties. She felt strange, so completely naked. Sam pushed her knees apart. "Oh, you've got a sweet dark fuzz already!" exclaimed Sam. "Come on, do it, I've just done it, don't be ashamed!" But in vain, Ria shook her head, no way! Sam kissed her, stroked her and kissed her again and again. She kept touching Ria's pussy, whispering words of love in her ear and conquering the terrain millimeter by millimeter. Ria's defenses broke down and she hid her hot face in Sam's armpits. Her knees parted slowly, hesitantly, and she was filled with shame as

Sam's fingers masturbated her clit with purpose. She kissed Sam's breast, she sucked on her teat as the familiar fire burned in her pussy. Sam should stop now, but Sam didn't stop, she rubbed faster and faster. Ria's mouth slowly opened into a soundless scream, sparks flew behind her eyelids and little stars exploded and her lower body undulated and twitched involuntarily. It was over as quickly as it had come. She gave Sam a long, deep French kiss. She exhaled, she was relaxed.

"Your first?" Sam asked in surprise and Ria nodded eagerly. "It's about time to know an orgasm, my darling!" Sam always masturbated herself for the next few weeks, Ria let herself masturbate by Sam for a long time and practiced at home at night. After weeks, they both masturbated themselves and each other. Sam loved it very much and she was now alone with her father, her stepmother was gone. Sam had stolen one of the two big rubber penises from her and Ria had to fuck her with it again and again while Sam was masturbating. It was an amazing penis, only semi-firm, but Sam swore it was better than her father's real one. He was really boozing again and his cock was soft and very hard to get hard. Sam rarely mentioned him, he was just a bloody bastard.

Months had passed, the new school year brought new friends. Sam was determined to bring a boy to their love sessions. It gave at first Ria a stab in the heart, but she agreed and was curious, curious and agreed. Sam had examined her pussy hole very carefully once and said that her hymen was only a narrow crescent and that a cock would already go in. She had carefully inserted the rubber penis in Ria's hole and pushed it in fully deep. She fucked Ria slowly, but then really hard and let her orgasm. Triumphant, she said, "You're already 95% deflowered, my girl!" Ria was very unsure. Had her father already taken her virginity after all?

Sam brought Luis with her. The boy was younger than both of them and not particularly clever, stupid and immature, so to speak. But he undressed at the same time as the girls. Sam cuddled with him, fiercely and demanding. Ria stared at his cock, which stiffened in slow motion. Sam slowly pulled his foreskin over the glans, again and again. She asked Ria if she wanted to do it, but the coward shook

her head. Sam continued to rub him very slowly and suddenly his semen shot out rhythmically in jets. Ria immediately understood how such a cock worked. She let Luis have a good look at her pussy, but he couldn't do anything with it. Sam masturbated him a second time and made him squirt. Then she sent him away. She and Ria talked about Luis and his cock for a while longer. Sam now brought in a new boy almost every day and masturbated him. Ria only touched the cocks very carefully, gradually she learned to masturbate the guys, it was very exciting!

More and more often the boys wanted to fuck. Ria shook her head, she didn't want to. Sam told her to kneel behind him and put his cock into her hole. She grabbed the cock and shoved it deep into Sam's hole, repeatedly for minutes until he squirted inside, then she let him go. She stayed on her knees and watched the fucking from behind. It was very exciting, she was much more excited than Sam. After his exit, no one really got her going the way Ria got her going with the rubber penis.

Sam let everyone fuck her, a few of them even a second time. Ria kept wondering if she was ready yet. Sam said she definitely was, but it took Ria a few more weeks before she actually did it. Jorge, a little guest student from Spain, did it. Sam knelt behind him, Ria's heart was pounding in her throat and Sam inserted Jorge's small cock into Ria's hole. She felt no sting, no deflowering, no nothing. Jorge fucked for a few minutes, pulling his cock out as he squirted. Sam later examined the hymen, but it had disappeared without a trace.

Ria breathed a sigh of relief. Now she was one of the big ones too. From now on it was easy, Sam and she took it in turns to fuck the boys, only a couple of times two boys came, but they still changed riders on the second ride.

Ria knew that her parents fucked every Sunday morning, during the week too, of course, but on Sundays just more, more often and with more pleasure. One Sunday she crawled to her father at the crack of dawn, her mother was still deeply asleep. Ria got his cock hard so he woke up. He was terribly confused when she whispered that he had taken her virginity a year ago. She lay down under him

and he had to fuck her, she insisted. Once, twice. Her mother woke up and was not particularly surprised. She watched and turned around to masturbate secretly. He had to fuck Ria a third and fourth time and he did it with grimacing effort and now the mother no longer turned away, now she didn't care if they watched her masturbate or not. She finished and asked Ria, "Why?" and Ria told her all about how he had taken her virginity as a drunk. Ria got up and left, turning around again in the doorway.

"Now we're even, Dad!"

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Raids in the Monastery

by Jack Faber © 2024

Sister Amy's finger slid gently over her clit. Pit slept with his mouth open next to her. She let her imagination run wild, remembering everything with great precision.

Eight-year-old Amy crawled into bed with Dad. He, the Duke of d'Alembert, was playing with his cock a little bit and Amy grabbed it as usual. She had already learned to rub his cock well and let him squirt into her child's mouth at the end. He loved it very much when the little girl took care of his morning wood so devotedly, she in turn knew how much praise and appreciation she read in his eyes. His wife, a fat, young peasant girl, lay next to him with her legs stretched out. She was chewing addictedly on her mouthful poppyseed, as usual, completely out of her mind and masturbating very slowly and devoutly. She was no longer aware of what was going on around her. Daddy said, "come on, little lady, I want to fuck Mommy!" Amy knew this girl wasn't the real Mommy, she was in heaven.

Amy lay down between her Mommy's thighs, so she had a direct view into the farm girl's fuckhole. She had seen it many times before, Daddy came with his cock and slowly pushed it into her fuckhole. Amy saw the cock thrusting in and out of the cunthole. Daddy laughed as he did this, the farm girl just kept masturbating, she didn't seem to realize that she was being fucked. Amy whispered, "Daddy, are you about to squirt?" but he grumbled, "Not yet, my little devil girl, not yet!" Amy continued to stare at the thrusting, and at the hole that widened as he thrust in and contracted as he withdrew. The farmer's maid, whose large pregnant belly trembled slightly as he thrust in and out, now involuntarily began to tremble and shake violently all over her body. Daddy whispered, "now, Amy, now I have to squirt!" She already knew this, he was thrusting hard inside. She could see it in his cock as he tensed up again and again and shot his juice into the girl's shivering cunthole. He had to do it a dozen times before he was finished and lay down. Now it was Amy's turn, she lay back on his chest and spread her legs in front of his eyes, so he could

see everything up close. She masturbated much faster than the pregnant farmer's daughter next to her, she finished much quicker than her and wrapped her feet around Daddy's neck. Then came the big shaking and twitching, she trembled and shook her small body, and then she was done. Daddy gave her a smacking kiss on the wet pussy and Amy grinned all over her face, she was much faster than the other one, who masturbated for more than an hour until she was done too.

The farm girl had died in childbirth, as had the baby. Amy was just a little sad because Daddy was so sad too. In the morning she slipped back into bed with him, he was so sad because he didn't have a wife to fuck and because his cock was far too swollen as he hadn't fucked for days. Poor Daddy, Amy wrapped her arms around his neck to comfort him. She whispered in his ear that as long as he didn't have a new woman to fuck, he could fuck her! She wasn't a real woman yet, she whispered, but she had seen how to be fucked a thousand times. And she didn't want him to be so sad! Dad thought for a long time. "It hurts a bit the first time, but only the first time!" he objected. "Like a dog bite or a bee sting?" asked the little girl, who only knew that. "Like a bee sting," he said, "or not even." Amy lay down in fuck position, "then fuck me Daddy, I am not afraid of the bee sting!" she whispered excitedly with her eyes wide open. "It didn't even hurt like a bee sting," she said as he started to fucking her. "It tickles so fine when you squirt inside, Daddy!" she smiled. "It didn't hurt much," she said again, and he fucked her every morning until she was 18.

She turned 18, she had many lovers who she let cum in her mouth, because that was the custom here if you were a pure, holy and untouched virgin like Amy. Some of the lovers were allowed to fuck her in the asshole, she held her hand protectively in front of her pussy-hole. Then the Gascons came, they raided the castle because the duke was away. The Marquis de Vallons was not satisfied with ass fucking alone, he fucked Amy like Daddy deeply in her cunthole. So it happened that Amy was pregnant when Papa returned home. He cursed the Gascons, but he had to put Amy in the convent, he gave her a hefty dowry so she and the baby would have a nice big cell and a good meal every day. He paid a nice little sum every year so that his daughter and grandson were well off.

The fact that the Gascons raided the convent every year and fucked all the sisters seemed to be a work pleasing to God. Little boy Pit, as Sister Amy's little son was called, charged at the Gascon clanking weapons, but was flung into Sister Amy's arms. "He won't hurt me, little one," she whispered, stroking his head, "he just wants to fuck me, and that won't hurt me!" Little Pit nodded and remained sitting next to her on the bed as she took off her robe and the Gascogner fucked her hard. Two more came after him, Pit watched curiously, as the fucking seemed to please the Gascogners and his Mom too.

When they were alone that night and he had waited dutifully until she had masturbated often enough, exclaiming "oh my Jesus!" or "oh my God!" softly over and over again, he asked her about fucking her like the Gascogners. But Mom smiled and said, "Only when you're as old as the Gascogners, only then will you be allowed to fuck. Until then, you can continue to squirt in my mouth, as always, and that's fine, isn't it?" Nevertheless, he had inherited his stubborn head from the Duke, his biological father, and he begged until Sister Amy allowed him to stick his cock in her pussyhole. He was thrilled, but she stopped him after a few minutes and he stood in front of her with his legs apart and squirted into her mouth. He was allowed to do this from the beginning, she rubbed his cock on her lips and finally let him squirt into her mouth, licking and sucking his cock in her mouth until the squirting was over. When she masturbated gently and with great concentration, he regularly fucked her with his little boy's cock and squirted inside, usually the little one could fuck her three or four times and squirt inside until she cried out loudly for Jesus and finished with a trembling "Oh, my God!". She said it wasn't right for him to fuck her and squirt while she was masturbating, but he continued to do it for years until she finally forbade him to do it.

Every year he was delighted when the Gascons descended on the monastery like starving locusts. Pit walked excitedly from cell to cell, bending over to get a good look at the fucking. The Gascons didn't care whether it was the 15-year-old novice or the 80-year-old Mother Superior, they simply fucked them all before riding off roaring and jeering. They only took wine and food with them, everything else they had already robbed earlier.

Pit stayed with the mother until the three or four Gascogners had finished fucking her, then he roamed from cell to cell, daring to fuck the sisters as they lay on their bed, completely spent and recovering from the fucking. Pit soon found out that after three or four squirts he couldn't squirt any more, but he could keep on fucking. Unfortunately, that was the only day of the year when the Gascogners came and Pit was allowed to fuck so often. Only when Mom went to Dad for a night or two to let him fuck her properly again, he slept with other sisters. They acted very shameful and called out for Jesus, Christ and the dear Lord, but they were only pretending and let the boy fuck them without any problems, that was a matter of honor!

Pit was lying next to Amy, at 30 years old she was a beautiful woman compared to the other sisters. She was simply the most beautiful of them all. His fingers rested on her pussy as they always did when she masturbated at night. She talked quietly about fucking her father, he was her first and most important man. She rarely spoke of the Gascogners, they were obviously a necessary evil in her life, they came to fuck her once a year, they wanted nothing else from her. She felt the fucking for a few more days pounding in her pussy, but it had no meaning for her after a few days.

Pit talked for days after the Gascon raid about the novices and sisters he had fucked. Amy smiled indulgently when he said cockily that he had fucked all the sisters except the Mother Superior, who gave him a piercing look that made him flinch. But the novices, they cried when they were fucked, but they held him shyly and tenderly when he fucked the young girls and they pressed him against their pussies so that he could squirt deep inside. They smiled shyly and reservedly when he went on. They were obviously happy that they weren't just being fucked by the old warriors, but also by a boy much younger than themselves.

For weeks Pit had been begging to fuck Amy, to fuck her the same way like the Gascons. But she wouldn't let him for a long time. Yes, he had been allowed to fuck her a few times as a little boy, back in the days. But she hadn't wanted to let him squirt inside, she had sometimes taken his cock in her mouth, licked and sucked it and let him squirt in her mouth. Did he not like squirting in her mouth anymore?

Pit thought about it for a long time. He always went to the novices first, because in the beginning he could still squirt inside, and squirting in a novice's hole was much more exciting and nicer than squirting in an old sister's pussyhole. He thought to himself that squirting in Amy's cunthole could be just as nice as it was with the novices. Still, it was weeks before she finally gave in.

Amy finished masturbating, then pulled him on top of her. "Come on, fuck me, big guy!" she breathed. He penetrated carefully, "You're even tighter than the novices!" he realized in amazement. "Yes, father says that every time. He was afraid that his big cock would expand my pussy a lot when he fucked me at the beginning. I was only 9, but my pussy wasn't dilated, it got really tight again after the fucking. I think he likes it a lot, but I haven't asked him yet." Pit was fucking way too fast, she said, "slow down a bit, then I'll get something out of it too!" What did she mean by getting more out of it? "Father fucks me slowly and deliberately, he gives me time to reach orgasm and only squirted afterwards. He's not only my first, but also my best man!" Pit was determined to fuck her just as well as father.

He asked for the hundredth time if Dad was her father too, not just his? "Yes," Amy sighed, "that's exactly how it is. It's very strange, you're not just my son, you're also my brother. I've thought about it a lot, and the good Lord, if he exists, must have had something in mind!" Pit didn't say anything, because he no longer believed that God really existed. He had already read the whole library, all the handwritten manuscripts and all the new printed books. There were books in which clever people pondered whether there was a God, and many doubted it. He had also found some "smutty" books where there were lots of imaginative pictures about fucking or very dirty stories of men and women cheating on their spouses with others. Pit had never left the monastery before, but he already knew quite a lot about the mess that was out there.

Pit would sometimes sneak up to a novice or another to fuck her at night. It was always an adventure to get to one unseen. He had to use all his powers of persuasion, because only the novices who were here involuntarily went for it. The others, who wanted to become Holy Brides, only let themselves be fucked during a Gascon raid, and even

then only very reluctantly. They couldn't refuse, it was a violent raid after all.

Amy of course noticed how hard he was trying to fuck her rightly. More and more often she breathed "my God, yes! Yes! Yes!" or "Jesus Christ!", but also "yes, just like that, my darling!" She loved making such exclamations while fucking, less for Pit than for herself. After six months, Pit managed the feat of giving her a nice, soft orgasm before he squirted inside. They now often lay close together after fucking and she told him about every fuck she had had in her life. She really loved talking about her fucking and addictive masturbating, she played softly with her clit as she talked and only fell silent briefly when her trembling body exploded gently and quietly.

Pit felt her clit with his fingertips when she masturbated, because that was how he had learned it from her, by feeling alone. He told her that he could divide the novices into two groups. The involuntary ones who liked to be fucked because they wanted to get pregnant, then they were sent home and escaped the unloved convent life. Amy gave him a little headbutt, because that was not at all okay! From then on, she gave the pregnant girls a few gold coins. He said the second group was also very interesting, the Brides of Christ. They flatly refused to fuck at first. But most of them became curious because he claimed he could masturbate them to the best orgasm of their lives! More than one in two wanted to know it. He masturbated the girls to orgasm, he had learned it from Amy, he grinned. And they all let themselves be fucked at the moment of orgasm, all without exception. He just had to catch the exact moment when she was racing towards orgasm. Now he could mount her, she greedily stuffed his cock into her pussyhole and, with a guilty conscience but grinning broadly, let herself be fucked properly.

The older nuns were also easy prey, he said, it was a welcome change from the joyless convent life, a change from the nightly lonely masturbation. Only the young sisters were not available, they had only recently taken their vows and that weighed heavily. Even those who masturbated like addicts wouldn't let themselves be fucked even in the most violent orgasm, but they would let him masturbate her, which meant a small victory every time. Amy asked her 15-year-old,

which sister he had never fucked. He thought long and hard, Mother Superior and three other ancient old ladies, he said. She stroked her boy's mop of hair. "You're a very, very naughty seducer!"

By the time of the next Gascon raid, word had spread about how great Sister Amy was to fuck. They came in droves! Amy had to give up after the 12th, she'd had dozens of orgasms and her fuckhole was bloodied. The wild guys understood that. Amy couldn't fuck for a week, she only masturbated after days. She didn't worry about Pit, he wandered naked from novice to novice at night and fucked for as long as he felt like it.

He read more books, serious and dirty ones. There were leaflets, pamphlets and something like political newspapers. It broadened his horizons and Amy was truly amazed at how well he recognized and saw through the cogs of society and the powerful. She knew a lot because she visited her father, the Duke, every month and learned a lot there. She was happy to talk to her son about the outside world. She thought about it for a long time and decided to return to her father. Pit needed competent teachers, and there were none at the monastery. Pit was very excited, you can imagine.

The three of them slept in the duke's bed. The duke was already approaching 60 and his manhood was gradually waning. Fucking twice a week was more than enough for him. He thought it was kind of funny that his grandson was approaching his manhood peak at 16, he used to be like that, then. Pit fucked Amy 4 or 5 times every night. It was a very good arrangement, for all the three of them. Pit got the best teachers the Duke could muster. He learned like a sponge, soaking up the knowledge like water.

Every morning, old Agnes brought a tray with wine, water and fruit into the bedroom. She walked very slowly, slower than she had to. But she watched when Amy polished her master's morning wood with the tip of her tongue or when the young, handsome boy fucked the duchess. She could hardly tear herself away from the sight, the old Agnes. She closed the door and sat down under the stairs, where no one could see her. One hand under her skirt, she leaned her head

on the underside of the stairs. She orgasmed one after the other until the images faded.

A few weeks later, Agnes had found something better. She went to the stable and let the stable boy fuck her. Old Agnes hadn't had a young, strong cock for a long time in her cunthole. The stable boy let her lean on the stallion and alternately fucked her in the asshole or her pussy. The stallion naturally understood that the little humans were mating and let his hose grow out. Old Agnes pointed to the huge cock with her hand and the stable boy laughed maliciously. He made her bend forward and hold on to the stallion's cock with both hands, then he continued fucking the old woman. "I'm afraid to grab him," Agnes said tearfully, for she was afraid of big animals. "Grab him like a man and then do him like a man!" said the stable boy, "you have to grab him really hard with both hands and rub him along his whole length, like a man's!" He squeezed Agnes' ass cheeks apart and fucked her with glittering eyes in her cunthole. She overcame her fear, she rubbed the cock with both hands and she had to work very hard, a long time, until the giant cock finally twitched and squirted at Agnes' feet. She immediately realized what the stable boy wanted from her, she rubbed the next day the big cock with both hands and let him squirt into the straw. The stable boy fulfilled his part of the bargain and fucked Agnes until she screamed "Jessas, Jessas Maria!" and fell to her knees, wincing and trembling. Agnes crossed herself three times and walked out of the stable, with her eyes downcast.

Two years went by in a flash, Amy was sometimes fucked by her father in the morning and three or four times in the night by her 19-year-old, who has become a great fucker and always waited to squirt until she had orgasmed and calmed down again. As if stung by a tarantula, Pit wheeled around as the murderous dagger bounced off his shoulder blade and lodged deep in Amy's shoulder. His first thought was that she would not die from this stab, however deep it went! The hated Marquis de Vallons let go of the dagger and drove his sword hard into the Duke's heart. Pit saw two wounded palace guards fall through the door, two of the Marquis' assassins fighting desperately with the pursuing palace guards. Pit stared into the triumphant face of the murderer, it burned itself into his memory. Pit automatically reached for his shirt and pants before taking the only

escape route and jumping out through the shattering window, deep down into the fresh snow.

He would chase the murderer, hunt him down and kill him!

• • •

Little Warrior

by Jack Faber © 2024

Aya was speechless for a moment. She was Pan's wet nurse, she had nursed him since he was born and he had been sleeping in her bed ever since. It wasn't a bed in the modern sense, of course, but a place to sleep in her hut, which was piled up waist-high with earth and had a really good, thick roof of twigs and large leaves. It was a hot spring night, she had masturbated for perhaps an hour as she had every night since her childhood and was tired, she just wanted to sleep. Pan had been sitting at her feet as usual, watching her masturbate attentively and being very quiet, because the little boy knew that he was not allowed to disturb Aya while she was masturbating. Now she was finished, he cuddled up to her naked body, hugged her and continued to suck on her teat until her breathing had calmed down, because she really liked teat sucking, even during her orgasm.

Aya was speechless, because the little boy had already told her several times that his friends were fucking their wet nurses, fucking them properly like grown women let grown men fuck them. He wanted it now too, her little protégé demanded. No, he no longer wanted her to suck his cock as before and then rub it to squirt. She suggested that she really and truly wanted him to squirt in her mouth and he went along with the deal, he squirted as hard as he could down her throat and she licked and sucked his cock until it softened a little. His cock never shrank, it always remained at least half stiff. He liked that throatsquirting for a few months, three or four times a day, maybe for half a year. Then he brought up the fucking again. He would be big enough by now to fuck his wet nurse like the other boys! Aya hadn't fucked since she was a teenager and even then she'd only been incredibly lucky to catch an old man taking her virginity and then fucking her a little bit.

He was already very old and only fucked with great difficulty, he could only get a semi-hard-on. He took her virginity with one finger, but Aya felt almost nothing. Finally, he steered his half-hard cock to

her hole and stuffed it in with difficulty. He remained seated and fucked slowly and devoutly, he too an outcast who was only allowed to fuck a woman once in a while. It took him a long time and he asked Amy if she didn't want to masturbate? She had only ever masturbated with the other girls in the girls' house, she was very unsure whether she was allowed to masturbate in front of the old man.

But she had been very turned on by the way the old man took off his rags, licked his lips with his tongue and pushed back his foreskin several times. "Do you like me to fuck you, little woman?" he asked greedily, "then you have to say so, that's the rule!" Oh my God, Amy had no idea about the rules, she had only seen the fucking from a distance, a few times, secretly. She pulled herself together. "Well then, fuck me now, old father, please!" she whispered and he nodded. "You've never done it before, have you?" he asked, answering it himself. "I'm almost blind and I can only see you very blurry," he explained, "they only let me live because I used to be a great warrior."

Aya lay down very close to him, brushed off her raffia skirt and placed his hand on her hip. "Please fuck me, big warrior!" she whispered, knowing that girls like her had never been fucked once in their lives. So it happened, she masturbated all bashful and hidden and he had to bob back and forth on the balls of his feet for a very long time, his considerable semi-rigid cock driving in and out of her pussy hole. This made her very horny and she masturbated for the third and fourth time. She had long since finished masturbating when he was still fucking her with his semi-hard cock. He stopped bobbing, his cock twitched a few times and he squirted inside. The whole thing had taken less than three hours.

She had left immediately and hadn't turned back to him, and he was her first and only. She was from the lowest caste of the female kingdom, she would have been the typical field worker if she hadn't gotten really big breasts that also gave milk, after that one strange fuck. One of the Wise Women discovered her and immediately made the 16-year-old a wet nurse. She was incredibly lucky, wet nurses were highly respected and she was given her own hut, just for her and her baby. Breastfeeding was her only task.

The huts of the lactating wet nurses stood close together and 5 or 6 wet nurses met daily to masturbate together. It usually took 2 or 3 hours before everyone was satisfied. Aya had spent her childhood and youth in the girls' house and had quickly learned how to masturbate and lick the other girls to orgasm. Of course, she continued to masturbate every night until her eyes closed. Now, in the circle of wet nurses, it was a great advantage to know all the techniques and tricks of masturbation and clit licking. She enjoyed these beautiful rounds of masturbation and clit licking immensely as often as she could find the time.

She had a new baby to nurse every few months, almost all of them girls. Only one brought her a baby boy. He was the father, said the proud warrior who was the First Warrior, and that was unusual, for usually neither the father nor the mother was known, it was so in the female kingdom. They squatted opposite each other and she immediately placed little Pan on her breast, where he drank greedily. The First Warrior was very pleased that the baby accepted her breast and her milk. Then he had told her to nurse him and he would be back. Then he left.

The First Warrior came every few months to check on his son. Sometimes she would rest on her bed masturbating for one or two hours and the Lord would wait patiently for her to finish. He asked if she masturbated often. She nodded, every day, at least once, at least one hour or longer. He seemed to know her well and once asked if she had ever fucked, a perfectly legitimate question at the time. She pulled her labia apart with her fingers and showed him her open cunthole. She told him exactly how the blind old man had fucked her. The First Warrior listened attentively and asked her to keep Pan longer, perhaps until he was allowed to become a warrior apprentice at 12. Aya nodded, a little intimidated. "Gladly, my Lord!" After all, she knew how to talk to important people. "Shall I send you a man to fuck?" he asked in passing, but she shook her head. There wasn't enough room in the hut, she said, although she would love to have a man to fuck. He was completely deaf in that ear, Aya realized disappointedly.

And now Aya was speechless. Why was he no longer satisfied with sucking and rubbing and throatsquirting? She hadn't done anything wrong. Now she pulled him to her and asked him what he knew about fucking. Of course, he knew little or nothing. She explained to him how to fuck properly. He nodded, yes, that's exactly what he wanted. She got ready and put him on top of her. "I'll show you everything, don't be afraid," she said and inserted the little boy's cock into her hole. He squirted immediately. "But I haven't fucked yet," Pan said tearfully. "We'll leave him inside and you fuck when he's all hard again, okay?" Pan nodded.

Minutes later he started fucking again, he could do it from the start. She was sleepy, but she let him fuck. He straightened up a little, then he squirted in rich jets. He left his cock in her hole. Again, a few minutes later, he fucked again and squirted again, a little less. He repeated it a few more times, but he couldn't squirt any more. Aya took him in her arms. "Let's sleep, darling, we'll continue tomorrow."

She was breastfeeding when Pan woke up. He wasn't fully awake yet, but he wanted to fuck Aya immediately. She didn't stop him, of course, his face right in front of the drinking infant's asscheeks. "That's a girl, isn't it?" asked Pan, "she just looks a little different from you down there!" Aya nodded, "Yes, of course, she's still a baby and I'm a grown woman of 24." He nodded, a little confused. "Can I fuck the baby too?" he asked seriously and Aya smiled, "No, girls can't fuck until they've turned 12 and the Wise Old Ones have deflowered them at the bonfire." She spread the baby's labia. "Look, she's still a virgin, the hymen closes her little hole. The Wise Old Ones pierce the hymen with their cock, then they become women and can ask a man to fuck them. Don't you remember, we saw that at the last campfire!" But Pan shook his head, he didn't remember that.

Aya let Pan fuck him as often as he wanted and for as long as he could squirt, then he had to stop until the next day. Aya asked one of the officers if she was doing it right. The female officer was very haughty and arrogant. "Let him practice, it can't be wrong. Maybe he'll become a good and desirable stud stallion!" Aya went again and asked a girl what a stud stallion was. "The stallion that mounts and fucks the mare and makes her a foal." Aya must have looked stupid,

because the girl called after her that a foal is a mare's baby. That completed the picture. Aya let Pan fuck her very often, even when he woke her up at night. But he was definitely going to be a good stud stallion.

His father, the First Warrior, came to visit his son. He had brought a basket of fruit and good cuts of meat. They squatted opposite each other again, Aya spreading her knees to show him her pussy and her fuckhole. She told him that Pan was already fucking her very well and a lot, she hoped he would make a good stud stallion. The First Warrior said she had a very nice pussy hole and it would be good if Pan learned to fuck well. But he would be trained as a warrior when he was 12, soon, he and Pan's mother had decided. Aya didn't say anything, she just found it amazing that Pan not only had a father, but also a mother. It wasn't according to the rules, but she kept her mouth shut. It seemed wiser than asking stupid questions. "You have a very nice, hungry-looking pussyhole," he said with a broad friendly smile, "when I come back, you can ask me to fuck you!" Aya's heart pounded in her throat, then she nodded.

Pan knew no mother but her. He was very sad, in a few months his warriors training would start and he would have to leave her. He hugged her more than usual, he clung to her tightly as they fucked and sometimes he cried after cumming. The First Warrior had come and she had anxiously begged him to fuck her. He fucked much more brutally and powerfully than Pan, she got a very very strong orgasm and became very quiet as the strong man continued to fuck her and squirted. She sensed that she had been fucked properly for the first time. He came again every few weeks, Pan kept very quiet as the adults fucked. Aya told him later that he was his father, the chief of the warriors of the female kingdom. Pan's eyes widened, but he didn't say anything.

Pan had been picked up by two armed warriors for training. Aya went to the big square every other night, she learned a lot about her people there and she was hit on by the older men every time. She went to fuck them behind a hut because they all wanted to fuck the young woman with the huge breasts. She always went behind the huts, she didn't want to be fucked in front of everyone, at least not

yet. 99% of the people were women and girls, there were no young men, only young or teenage boys, but she didn't fuck them, at least not yet. And only old or older men who fucked her. But she didn't come here to fuck, at least not yet. She came to see the young warriors fucking around the campfire, Pan's father was always among them. There were three dozen warriors fucking one woman or girl after another, as well as a few men in iron chains. After the public fucking, a storyteller would perform a tale, a different one every night. Aya learned so much about her people.

Their people, the women's kingdom, consisted of this small town and a few settlements. There were almost 2,500 women and girls and perhaps 200 boys and old men. There was also the warrior caste, which consisted of around 50 warriors and a few dozen prisoners, both groups serving only for insemination the girls and women. Only the warriors and the prisoners were allowed to fuck and only in public around the campfire, that was the rule. She knew that some did not adhere strictly to this rule, because Pan's father had fucked her several dozen times in her hut and the only public presence was Pan, who watched the fucking in silence.

If a warrior or prisoner became loin-lame, a troop of Amazons would lead him outside the city, behead him and leave his body for the ravens. There were only a few exceptions when the queen pardoned someone, and those were the old men who fucked Aya behind the huts. If she didn't want to miss out on what was going on around the campfire, she would sit on the man's lap and let him fuck her from under behind. A surprising number of people did this, sitting around the campfire and watching the warriors fuck. Many girls and some women simply pushed aside their rags and masturbated among the people when the warriors' fucking aroused them. The campfire was always a sexual feast and the women relaxed freely. Many of them fucked the boys and the halfgrown-boys completely uninhibitedly, and none of them minded. On the contrary, those doing the fucking were cheered on, whooping and hollering.

Once a year there was a special festival, some called it the festival of virgins. Every year, 100 or more girls turned 12 years old. They would gather naked around the bonfire and the wise old men, who

were often not that old, would come into their midst and deflower the girls, one by one. But the wise men only fucked them with a few thrusts, then they went on to the next girl, because each had to deflower 20 or more girls. They only fucked the last one properly, then the warriors and the prisoners came and fucked the young women properly. It was really great to watch, the girls were allowed to fuck properly for the first time and each one tried to fuck as many as possible. Until they were 12 they were only allowed to be fucked in the asshole or in the mouth, because they were punished mercilessly if they took their virginity before the time was up. They had to live alone in the forest for 5 years and that was life-threatening and hard.

The Amazons and the warriors went out once a year to rob other peoples, the most sought-after were their warriors and men in their prime, they were captured and served as fuckers until their death. This is how the women's kingdom took care of the pregnancies. It was a clever idea, because neither their own nor the captured warriors were sick or infirm, only they could ensure healthy offspring. The Amazon Queen was only seen during these wars, during the year she lived inconspicuously among the people. Aya had learned from the First Warrior that the previous Amazon Queen was Pan's mother. He visited Aya about once a month and fucked her all night long, somehow the two had found each other. He, the chief of the warriors and she, the girl from the lowest caste of the field workers. But it was simply beautiful for them both.

Four years later, Aya saw Pan again for the first time; he was 19 and a tall, muscular warrior who fucked the girls around the campfire night after night. Aya couldn't take her eyes off him at first, her clit burned and throbbed when she saw him fuck. Now she understood the girls who got aroused watching him and masturbated in public. She soon joined them.

But she took heart and went down to the campfire to the women surrounding Pan. His eyes fell on her and they fucked for the first time in 4 years. She now came every evening and fucked Pan. She didn't mind being fucked by a handful or two of warriors afterwards. It was nice to have so many orgasms in the evening and she didn't care how many fucked her. She went to her hut in a daze every

evening and slept wonderfully until sunrise. That was all that mattered, fucking Pan and his father.

The traders brought the first bronze swords, bronze daggers and bronze spearheads to the remote valley. Soon all Amazons and warriors had such weapons, they were far superior to stone axes and hardwood spears.

The Bronze Age had dawned.

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In the Dungeon

by Jack Faber © 2024

Anne woke up with a splitting headache. She was in a dimly lit basement room, surrounded by old brick walls and in a barred compartment. The bars were solid and she was lying on a metal bed on a dirty mattress. She saw that a naked woman was lying in the next but one compartment. Anne called out hello, hello, but the woman didn't move. It seemed to her that there was a red stripe around her neck. The woman stared at her with empty eyes. Horror crept up inside Anne, the woman was obviously dead! Anne shivered a little, now she realized that she was only wearing her panties, she was naked. She felt in her pussy that she had recently been fucked. The horror overwhelmed her with a force that took her breath away. She couldn't remember how she had gotten here. There was a strange sweet taste in her mouth. Chloroform, she thought and dozed off, chloroform! She lost consciousness.

Days, hours or maybe just minutes had passed. She opened her eyes a crack. In her mouth, still the sweet taste. Chloroform. A man dressed completely in black with a white porcelain mask over his face sat motionless in front of her bars. He had his arms crossed in front of his chest and looked at her motionlessly. The only thing she could see were his big children's eyes. The next compartment and the one after that were empty. Anne sat up and the stabbing headache twitched once more and passed almost instantly. "The woman," she said in a croaky voice, "the woman ..." Her voice trailed off.

His voice was not unpleasant, only slightly muffled by the mask. "She didn't play by the rules," he said slowly, "she would rather die than play by the rules. A very dumb woman she was, yes!" Anne recognized no emotion in his voice. She thought for a long time. She had been kidnapped and raped, that much was clear. No one would miss her, she lived alone, all her relatives lived hundreds of miles away. She had only been working as a cashier at the supermarket for a few weeks and her colleagues would remember how much she disliked working there. They would forget her after half an hour.

“I don’t have any money, nobody would pay a ransom for me.” It was an observation, he just nodded briefly. “I know everything, I’ve done my homework. I know your name, your address, where you work. I even know your bank balance. I know you pretty well and I’m not after your few dollars. I chose you because I like you, because no one will miss you and because it had now surprisingly become necessary.”

Anne was really awake now, and could think clearly, although she — between you and me, — was not a very clever woman, she was, on the contrary, very stupid and primitive. “Can you tell me about the rules?” she asked, “and since you know my name, what is your name?” She could hear the smile in his arrogant voice. “Call me Jim, that’s not my real name of course.” Anne suddenly felt very naked. She had realized that he hadn’t kidnapped her for a ransom. Jim spoke softly. “I want you to be my sex slave.” A cold shiver ran down her spine. “I don’t know what a sex slave is, Jim,” she said fearfully. He seemed to laugh softly. “A sex slave does whatever her owner commands. Anne does everything Jim wants her to do, everything. If Jim wants to fuck you, you let him fuck, Anne! When he orders you to do it yourself, you masturbate passionately and for real, no acting! If I order you to tell me about your sex life, then you tell me everything. You are welcome to exaggerate a little or make something up if it makes your story hotter. And if you follow these three simple rules, I’ll take care of you as best I can. Otherwise...” Jim looked at the empty cell, “otherwise you’ll be like poor Julia. She only let herself be raped by force for months and didn’t follow any rules. She cut her own throat, she’d rather die than be raped. What a stupid cow,” he suddenly scolded, “whether she fucks her husband or me, that’s no big difference, she should be able to understand that!” The conversation faltered, everyone was lost in thought.

“I know from you that your father withdrew the charges against Uncle Karl when he raped you when you were 10. You dropped out of school at 16 and married old Jenkins, divorced him a year later. You lost your last job a month ago because you were caught fucking a 13-year-old. I think you can tell me a lot more about that. Rule 3.” Jim was silent, then stood up. “Think about it all, I’ll be back in the morn-

ing, and if you follow one of the rules, you'll get a good breakfast." He left silently, Anne heard him lock two doors.

She couldn't fall asleep for a long time and pondered the rules. He could fuck her as often as he wanted, she had got herself a tubal ligation when she miscarried Jenkins' child, she didn't want any child, she hadn't wanted old Jenkins' child either. She had fucked without hesitation with anyone who wanted to fuck the ugly duckling that had become of the child-beauty swan, anyone who wanted to fuck the ugly girl. She had no girlfriend and no boyfriend at school, the boys were only friendly to her because they were horny and chasing for a fuck. She had always known that, with every handjob, every blowjob, every fuck in the shower, because she didn't care that the naked boys were standing all around her. She was a star for a short time because she let everyone fuck her in the shower, no matter how many there were. The stardom quickly faded when the Alpha-girls also let themselves be fucked by many in a row. She immediately became the ugly duckling again.

What could she even tell Jim to avoid ending up like the other poor girl? She'd fucked some truck drivers in his truck a few times after the divorce, out there at the gas station. But the professionals had chased her away. She had developed a preference for young boys, they didn't yet know how pretty or ugly a woman was allowed to be. They had no sexual experience yet, they stood next to her bed and stared at her exposed pussy. They innocently unwrapped their softly shaped little boy dicks and masturbated completely unselfconsciously. She taught each of them how to fuck, letting them fuck and squirt again and again until they had completely emptied themselves. She didn't expect anyone to bring her to orgasm.

She got her orgasms while masturbating, when she was lonely she often masturbated for hours until she triggered the big orgasm before falling asleep. She had learned how to masturbate from her mother as a young child. She also watched her mother fucking her Uncle Karl, who came across the road twice a week and fucked her mother in the afternoon. She was actually Uncle Karl's youngest sister and when she once asked her mother whether a brother and a sis-

ter were allowed to marry and to fuck, she had thrown up her hands and answered lying hypocritically.

Uncle Karl's wife had blown up their kitchen with gas and committed suicide, but she had disinherited Uncle Karl beforehand and he was arguing about money in court. He had stayed with them for three months, in the second nursery, although she had not had a brother. He had caught her masturbating, she had put her legs up on her little table and was masturbating. He only made himself known when she had finished masturbating and she wanted to die of shame, but he smiled sweetly and watched her masturbate every day since then. He also showed her his cock and showed her how she had to rub it to squirt. She was only 9, not quite 10, when he showed her how to fuck. She felt no pain when he took her virginity and he fucked her every day until his house was finished. The father first reported him to the police and then withdrew it because of the mother.

Anne looked at her cheap digital watch, it was time to go to sleep. She masturbated for another half hour and wondered if she should tell Jim about Uncle Karl tomorrow so she could get breakfast. After her orgasm, she put her panties back on and slept dreamlessly.

Jim arrived with coffee, toast with fried ham and two chocolate-croissants. He put the tray down and sat down. "Rule three," Anne said, "and I'm hungry." He let her tell him first and pushed the tray halfway through the grid. She told him, in all the detail she could remember, how she had waylaid her mother when she disappeared into the bedroom after lunch. Jim pulled his chair right up to the bars and unwrapped his cock as he listened intently. The little girl had seen her mother completely naked for the first time and Anne described to Jim with exact precision what her mother's pussy looked like, how she masturbated her clit and fucked her pussyhole really hard with her index and middle finger when she orgasmed. She had found the perfect hiding place when she was 5 or 6, the used laundry box. It was big enough and if she put a pencil between the lid and the edge, the slit was good for spying. She spied daily until she left at 16 without her mother ever finding out. Her mother's pussy was always shaved as smooth as a baby's bottom. At first it was very exciting to look directly into her big pussy while she was masturbat-

ing or fucking Uncle Karl. She had a huge fuck hole and when she rammed two fingers into her hole during orgasm or Uncle Karl pulled out his cock, the hole was even bigger and terrifying wide. Her mother usually masturbated for a whole hour, Uncle Karl rarely fucked her for longer than 10 minutes. She never fucked her father, he had to fuck the old accountant girl at work, he had once shouted that in an argument.

Sometimes, before masturbating, her mother would watch dirty videos on her cell phone while gently rubbing her clit and turning up the volume to hear the girls call out to God, Jesus or Mary and then groan, moan and make dying sounds. Anne didn't have a cell phone back then, she just watched dirty movies with her schoolmates while they secretly rubbed their clits under the school desk during class hours. Her mother would put the cell phone away, when her little clit got hard and stiff. Now she masturbated her clit very purposefully, wetting her finger with saliva every now and then and continuing to masturbate hard and harder. Anne could clearly see when she contorted her face into a grimace and her finger raced to orgasm. She tore her labia open further and thrust her index and middle fingers firmly and furiously into her large cunthole, prolonging her orgasm. She opened her mouth in a silent scream and fucked herself furiously with her fingers until the orgasm was over. Anne tried it at night too, of course, but it hurt a lot when she rammed a finger into the little hole in her cunt's hymen. It was only after many months that she dared to ram two fingers into the hymen's hole, but it hurt a lot at first, only gradually did the hole become big enough to ram both fingers in. But she had to learn to masturbate like her mother and to do it and learn to orgasm like her, even if it was difficult and quite painful at first.

Anne had grabbed Jim's little boy's cock through the bars. It looked exactly like the little boy's cute cocks, but of course his was bigger. Anne couldn't read his reactions, his face remained hidden behind the neutral mask. It took quite a long time for Jim to squirt. He wiped his pants, took the tray and left. Again she heard him lock the two doors. "Thank you, Anne, thank you!" she grumbled. She remembered the fairy tale of 1001 Nights, she had to delay the stories

like that princess. In the late afternoon, Jim came and brought a hot frozen meal. He left immediately, he was obviously in a hurry.

The next few days were the same, she masturbated him through the bars after breakfast and continued to talk about her mother's many masturbations. She brought up how often she tried to masturbate herself as a child and only got her first orgasm weeks later. She realized that Jim wanted to hear more and brought up her mother's fucking with Uncle Karl. But she didn't tell Jim that they were siblings, perhaps later. Anne described in great detail that her mother first had to suck and lick Uncle Karl's cock until it was really hard, then he fucked her for maybe 10 minutes and squirted it all in, she could see it exactly on his ass cheeks because her uncle squeezed them rhythmically and tightly as he squirted. He usually only came to fuck her twice a week.

That morning Jim brought breakfast and asked if he could fuck her? She agreed straight away and to reassure him said that she couldn't have any more children, he could squirt inside without hesitation. He came in the cell, she had to kneel on all fours on the mattress and he penetrated her from behind. He fucked very persistently, but she knew from the beginning that she would never have an orgasm with his way of fucking. He fucked her for 6 weeks before breakfast, he had a little time and stayed seated until she had finished breakfast.

One morning she realized that Jim was not Jim, although dressed the same and wearing the same mask. This one did everything exactly the same as the first Jim, but she saw immediately that he had a completely different cock, a big meat cock like the old Jenkins. She orgasmed violently, thinking about Jenkins the whole time. Jim 2 grunted and kept fucking until he cum. He came for a week, then the first Jim came again. She asked him, of course, but he gave no answer as to who or why.

Jim wanted to masturbate together with Anne before breakfast. He outside, she inside. She didn't really care, he wasn't the first to want to watch her masturbate. She timed it so that she finished at about the same time as him. After breakfast he came to her and

fucked her from behind, he fucked for ages and only squirted briefly. They did this for the next few weeks and she only orgasmed before going to sleep. He brought her a new pair of panties, she had left the old one out days ago because it was dirty and smelly.

Anne told Jim how Uncle Karl let the 9-year-old masturbate him and herself, deflowered her painlessly and fucked her daily for the next 3 months. Little Anne really enjoyed being fucked, she almost always got an orgasm and she would have wanted to go on like that forever, it was just great for her and nothing bad. But once her father burst into the nursery, there was a proper fight and the father immediately went to the police, the little girl in tow. She was taken to the public health officer, who examined her and questioned the girl. But the mother beat up the father that evening, he went to the police with his tail between his legs and withdrew the complaint.

For the next 6 years, Anne fucked everyone at school. In the evenings she lay down with her father and fucked him. He was very angry with her mother because she was still fucking her brother. Little Anne enjoyed fucking her father very much, they had a very intimate relationship and fucking him was very precious to her. She let her father fuck her as often as he wanted every night for six years. After every orgasm, she would grin triumphantly at her mother, who was very annoyed and secretly masturbated under the sheets. The parents hated each other deeply, the father proving his superiority by fucking his own daughter in front of her mother. The mother hated him all the more as she was made horny every time they fucked and had to masturbate under the sheet almost against her will.

Then her mother started a real war against her father. She divorced him, got sole custody of Anne and the father was the bad man. He had to leave the town and the district in disgrace and she never saw him again. She had to escape this evil dragon, so old Jenkins came into the play, she was able to free herself from the mother and Jenkins was also quite good at fucking. She had a miscarriage, got a tubal ligation and divorced Jenkins.

From then on, she lived alone, worked as a cashier in various supermarkets and began to masturbate heavily again. She masturbated

every evening, often late into the night, which was great and yet somehow bland. She went after the young boys and found one every day when she had literally sucked the previous one dry. She had to change territory several times, but she was only caught once.

So that was pretty much it.

A few weeks passed, then Jim 2 came again. As before, he was silent and didn't answer any questions. The next day another one came, Jim 3. He was a little smaller than the other two, he was just as mute as Jim 2, and his meaty cock was a little shorter but much thicker than Jim 2's. He fucked the best of them all, Anne had orgasm after orgasm, she lost count. Jim 2 and 3 alternated daily, Jim 1 only came again after 6 weeks. Anne had memorized the men's tattoos. Jim 1 had no tattoos, Jim 2 had demons and skulls tattooed on his forearm down to his knuckles and Jim 3 had a huge snake that snaked from his wrist to above his elbows, but she couldn't see the whole snake. The three Jims took turns every day, she was fucked every morning before breakfast. Jim 1 never brought her to orgasm, Jim 2 only once or not at all, but Jim 3 reliably brought her to several orgasms like old Jenkins did.

Not even a year had passed when things started to stutter. Even Jim 1, who enjoyed talking to her, didn't give any information as to why there was sometimes a day when she didn't get fed or fucked. Anne complained that she was starving and thirsty. Jim 1 kept bringing her cookies and bottled water so that she wouldn't go hungry. Jim 1 was now the only one, the other two no longer came. Jim was always rushed now, it seemed to her.

One afternoon, he was standing next to the gate with a gun in his hand. He unlocked the gate, but stood outside and listened. Someone could be heard, someone was shooting open the outer door locks. A uniformed policeman crept in, crouching. Jim shot at the policeman, he was hit, but he shot back and Jim's gun fell to the ground. He lunged at the policeman with a loud roar and they scuffled for the service weapon. Anne picked up Jim's gun from the ground. Jim had wrestled the gun out of the policeman's hand and had already shot him in the chest.

Anne pointed the gun at Jim's back. She hesitated to shoot the man she had been fucking for a year. Jim pointed the gun in the cop's face, he had no body armor there. Anne fired, once, twice, five times. Then the gun clicked empty.

Now many policemen came through the door, one took the pistol out of naked Anne's hand. Someone covered her with a blanket. "I want to see his face," she kept saying, kneeling down next to Jim. She pulled the mask off his face. Two long ugly scars crisscrossed the surprisingly young face. She had never seen him before. They led her away, to an ambulance. A paramedic gave her an injection. A detective questioned her. She had been locked up for a year. There were three of them, she said, two hadn't been seen for weeks. She had been fucked by all three of them. "Against your will?" he asked unnecessarily. Anne had to laugh. She laughed maniacally. "I let myself be kidnapped and locked up, for almost a whole year. And if I hadn't let them fuck me without resisting, I'd be as dead as a doornail like poor Julia!" The criminalist listened. "Search the whole area for a female corpse!" he barked into his radio. "And cadaver sniffer dogs!" he barked. The paramedic grew impatient.

The inspector went with her to the hospital. He ordered a sketch artist there. The profile that Anne gave was poor. One was slim, 1.80 meters tall and the other perhaps 1.70 to 1.75 meters tall, broad and four-legged. "So only 18 million men," joked the commissioner's assistant. But the artist was able to draw the tattoos very accurately, Anne was satisfied. "Just like that, both on the left forearm," she added. The artist ran his artwork through a database and found both guys within 5 minutes. Anne had never seen their faces, but she looked closely at the photos of the tattoos. "Yes, that's them, one hundred percent!" The inspector nodded with satisfaction and set off on the manhunt. The doctor arrived. Anne was only a little malnourished or undernourished, but otherwise healthy, no toxic or drug-related findings. No external injuries, no sexually transmitted diseases. She is perfectly okay, the doctor said, but psychological workup for her captivity is strongly recommended.

The inspector came in from a phone call in the corridor. He was whispering to his assistant, but Anne could understand every word.

11 bodies had been discovered so far and the search was continuing. Anne was about to ask if Julia was among them, but she kept her mouth shut, it was a completely silly question. The corpses would be identified by forensics, she knew that from the television.

Anne received a transitional pension and was able to stay in her apartment again, but with personal security. She refused to let her mother, “Oh, you poor baby!”, visit her. She didn’t want to see the fucking old woman again, but the mother still gave interviews and whined into the cameras. The policemen at her door were removed after six months. The policeman who had been hit twice in his protective vest received a medal from the police chief. She went to a psychologist all year and that helped her a lot. She had to identify the two men in court by their tattoos, and then the circus was over at some point.

She would write a book with a journalist about 341 days in captivity, which meant he wrote and she nodded everything off. To his regret, he had to shorten the many sex scenes in a totally disfiguring way, there were only juicy hints. Anne didn’t care, she pocketed all the money and signed up to play the lead role in a porn movie about her captivity. The producer was happy with the footage of her dozen testfucking with several guys. The fact that she was playing herself and doing everything herself promised a huge success, which justified the two-digit million fee.

Anne got into her new car and drove off, to her father’s house.

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Hostage Drama

by Jack Faber © 2024

Jim Carpenter drove into his garage, he pressed the remote, the door came from above and closed. He took his briefcase from the passenger seat and got out. That's when he first saw the man with the gun.

It was actually a boy, 25 at most, Jim guessed. But he was standing motionless in the doorway to the house, pointing the gun at him. He knew from one of the last seminars that he only had a chance if he remained calm and cold-blooded. He walked slowly towards the boy, who made way and waved the barrel of his gun, into the house! He went into the house, put the briefcase on the shoebox and stopped. The boy with the gun pressed the barrel into his back and pushed him into the living room.

With a glance, he grasped the situation. Two gunmen stood against the walls to the left and right. His wife Lynn and his daughter Cary were crouched in the corner, huddled close together. Both had teary eyes and smeared make-up. They were naked except for their slips. The oldest of the three gangsters grinned broadly. "Ahhh, Daddy's finally here! And he's bringing us the safe-combination! Just like Santa Claus! Come on in to the parlor, Mr. Carter! And strip right down to your boxer shorts, we don't want any surprises!" he barked and giggled disgustingly.

Jim slowly removed his suit and shirt, all but his boxer shorts. He had realized right away that Lynn hadn't given away the combination to the safe to buy time and to save herself and Cary from being murdered. Perhaps Lynn was also hoping that Jim could somehow save her. The second thug waved the barrel of his gun and Jim sat down with Lynn and Cary. "You okay?" he whispered. Lynn shook her head. "They took everything they could find. They raped Cary!" Jim looked into Cary's eyes in horror. She looked at him with a wounded expression, then lowered her eyes. "They raped both of us, Mom and me." Cary began to cry softly. "Dad, I'm not a virgin anymore!"

Lynn didn't look at Jim. "I offered myself to them when they grabbed Cary. They raped the kid anyway, both of them." Although she whispered very quietly, he heard her anger. "Jack?" he asked silently. Lynn shook her head. "Attic." That meant they hadn't discovered 8-year-old Jack yet, he was hiding in the attic. Jim took a breath, hopefully Jack would stay quietly in his hiding place.

The gangsters had spread out their loot on the couch table. A handful of dollar bills, cell phones, credit cards, female knick-knacks from their purses. A pile of jewelry, the real ones and the cheap ones, all in a heap. A pile of letters, tied together with a blue ribbon. Jim stared at the letters. The first gangster noticed his gaze and tugged the top letter out of the bundle. "Mrs. Lynn Carter," he read aloud and took the letter from the envelope. "Dearest Lynn," he read out loud and pathetically, "you don't know how I sat on the bed for an hour after the last time, I just wanted to feel your smell, your body and your embrace, and" he broke off, "pure love drivel, I guess." The gangster grinned and read out the last line. "I can't wait for Thursday to come and your yoga class, love, Larry." He looked from one to the other, but his theatrics got no applause.

Cary looked at her parents, Lynn had lowered her eyes to the floor and Jim looked at her speechless. He didn't know any Larry, except the boy who cleaned the swimming pool every few weeks. He whispered tonelessly, "Larry?" and Lynn didn't look up. She just nodded and her gaze softened and hardened again. "Oho, oho!" the gangster exclaimed, "we've got a nice mess here! Lynn is going to yoga and Larry is looking forward to showing her the hottest yoga positions! Oh shit, Mr. Carter, finding out about yoga like that must hurt!" He laughed rattlingly. Jim looked him in the eye and spat. The lad laughed even harder now. "Actually, I had intended to show your daughter how her parents do fuck. But now everything is changing! He's got a rage in his belly and she's embarrassed to death. We'll do it differently." Lynn took off her panties and moved to Jim to fuck with him, she wanted to prevent the other thing. But the guy finished his thought. "Come on, Mr. Carter, the daughter is yours!" He waved the gun barrel in front of Cary's face and then at her panties. "Come on, take them off, 'cause now you go fucking!" Cary shyly took off her

panties. Now the barrel of the gun was waving in front of Jim's face. "Strip, Mr. Carter, if you please!" Very reluctantly, Jim obeyed.

Cary approached her father sideways from behind, seeing her mother's wild look, of course, but overriding it. She gripped Jim's cock with her fingers, which instantly hardened at the touch, and whispered in his ear. "I've already been fucked by two strangers today. But I'm happy at the thought of letting you fuck me, Dad! Every night when I do it to myself, I dream about it, I dream about you! It's all right with me, Dad! Please, let's do it!" Jim sat stock-still, not looking at Lynn. He looked into Cary's eyes, into her face. He had never touched her before, he had been very careful never to let it become to an embarrassing situation. Now he felt the barrel of the gun against his temple and saw the determination in Cary's eyes. He growled, "Put the gun away!" he said so firmly that the guy lowered the gun immediately. Jim leaned over and kissed Cary's cheek. He leaned down to her ear and whispered, "Forgive me, little one! We have to!" and she nodded, then pulled him to herself on the floor.

The three gangsters grinned as Jim fucked his daughter. They didn't see the happy glow on Cary's face, not Jim's strained and disgusted face. He needed to squirt now and wanted to pull his cock out, but Cary held him firmly by his ass cheek. He felt Cary's fingers lightly stroking her clit and felt her vaginal muscles contracting rhythmically with his cock. Only in a hidden corner of his attention did he notice her orgasm. He lay on top of her for a very long time, then pulled on his boxer shorts and sat down next to Lynn, hanging his head sadly.

"Hey, Shorty, you haven't fucked anyone today!" the leader called out to the boy, "can you even or are you gay!?" Shorty turned red. "I'm not gay, you bastard, I haven't had any yet." The leader fell silent in speechless astonishment. "I thought only the daughter was a virgin, but we've got another one here! It's all right, Shorty, don't stress. We have a wonderful yoga teacher here, she can teach you fuck!" Lynn winced as she understood. Jim called out to the leader, asking if he wanted to open the safe? A stab went through Lynn's heart, her husband wanted to protect her, to prevent her being raped again.

But the leader was not to be flustered. "First yoga, then safe!" he said firmly. He didn't need to say any more, Shorty struggled out of his clothes and knelt in front of the naked Lynn. "Mrs. Carter, I'm sorry, I've never done it before!" Lynn felt her heart soften. It was a bizarre situation, she was being forced to fuck, but Shorty was hardly much older than 20 and he had a decent cock that had already stiffened. "Come on, Shorty, let's take it slow. I'll show you how it's done." He was gruff. "I know how to do it!" he said dismissively. She positioned herself, grabbed his cock and quickly inserted it in her cunthole. Shorty began to fuck, his buddies grinned and Jim closed his eyes. He didn't want to see it.

Shorty eased his cock into Lynn's pussy hole after he had squirted the first time. "Not quite done yet, Mrs. Carter," he said, and soon continued fucking. Lynn had to admit that he was fucking well and persistently. He squirted and immediately continued fucking, giving Lynn no time to let her sexual excitement subside. Shorty grinned all over his sly face as Lynn briefly but clearly orgasmed. She immediately relaxed and let Shorty finish fucking her impassively. She immediately sat up and pulled on her panties. Her eyes met Jim's and he just nodded kindly, there was nothing to say.

The leader followed Jim, leading the way in his boxers. He stopped, however, and grabbed Jim's briefcase. "Let's see what you've got in there," he said, walking back into the living room. He dumped everything out of the briefcase onto the floor, but then he paused. A jewelry case with a greeting card hanging from it. He looked into the case and whistled through his teeth. "That's cute!" he exclaimed and showed everyone the beautiful necklace. It didn't look cheap. "And what does it say on the card?" asked the second gangster, because Shorty had gone back upstairs. The leader read out, "Dearest Amy, happy birthday, Jim! P.S. Already talked to Lynn, we're getting a divorce!" The leader turned to Lynn. "I see, the divorce is imminent, and Mr. Carter already has the successor at hand!" Lynn remained stubbornly silent, she hadn't had a clue, but she didn't want to look into Jim's eyes right now.

Shorty came down the stairs, tugging Jack by the ear with him. "He was sitting in front of the internet watching YouTube," Shorty

shouted triumphantly. The leader was briefly annoyed, but Jack assured him that he had been watching an animal documentary with his headphones on and hadn't noticed anything. When asked what he had been watching, Jack said how the various animals fucked and raised their young. "And how humans fuck, do you know?" the gangster asked and Jack hesitated very bashfully, but then he nodded. "Damn, I want to see that," the leader screeched happily and ordered Jack to undress, all of it! He took the naked boy and placed him in front of Cary. "Now, let's all see how it goes," he shouted, throwing Jack at Cary. Jim tried to tackle the gangster, but he hit him in the face with the barrel of his gun.

Cary put her arm around Jack's shoulders. "Come on, it's no problem for me, you've already seen it on the internet, haven't you!?" Jack nodded, but he was quite unsure and looked very unhappy. Cary rubbed his cock a few times and inserted it into her pussyhole. Jack fucked carefully and obediently. Cary whispered in his ear that he should just thrust in harder. He nodded and had to squirt after a few minutes. He left his cock in her pussy and continued fucking after a while. He squirted again and whispered that they should keep fucking. His cock was already a little bit soft, but he tried to keep fucking. Cary was really surprised, when the boy squirted inside again. He waited for the moment when the gangsters looked away and breathed into Cary's ear, "Police! coming soon!" Cary looked at him doubtfully, but he nodded with determination and slid his little cock in and out of her pussy hole. "Haven't you ever thought about it, darling?" asked Cary in complete surprise. "Yes, I do, every time I watch you do it," Jack replied with simple simplicity, "there's a hole under the Lenin-picture." Cary looked at him with wide eyes, "and you saw everything?" Jack nodded, "every single of your pubic hair, sis!" She reached down and held his cock straight, which was still busy thrusting in and out of her pussyhole.

At that moment, dozens of police sirens sounded, for half a minute. Then a loudspeaker blared out: "Come out, with your hands up, now! You're surrounded!" The three gangsters shot out through the windows, but the policemen didn't shoot back. Jim had pounced on Lynn and the children, ready to protect them with his body. Jack stuck still in Cary's pussyhole and he kept squirting even though he

wasn't fucking Cary anymore, he was squirting throughout the whole shooting and Cary just looked at him very surprisedly.

After a short burst of gunfire, the ammunition ran out and the leader yelled to run out and shoot more accurately outside. The two ran out the door and continued shooting, with Shorty coming up behind them with his hands up. The policemen emptied their magazines, reloaded and fired away. "Stop!" shouted the loudspeaker, "Cease fire!" Then there was silence and the policemen carefully moved into the house towards the four rescued people.

Everything had changed. Lynn and Jim talked about Larry and Amy for hours, for days. The dust had settled. Larry and Amy had lost nothing in their lives anymore.

Cary pasted a poster of Elvis Presley over the Lenin. She was 13 and had got over the revolutionary phase, farewell Lenin! Every few weeks she would quietly sneak down to the master bedroom and ask Mom if she could fuck Jim? Mom smiled knowingly and threw back the covers invitingly, then she woke Jim up.

Cary let Jack in at night when he scratched at the door. He wanted to sit between her thighs and watch her masturbate up close. Then, when she'd finished masturbating, she'd hug him and let him fuck her until he was completely drained.

They did it very discreetly, but if the parents knew, they never said anything.

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The Warrior

by Jack Faber © 2024

Mark's wound on his upper arm was being dressed by the healer as his father Reik entered the tent. The healer withdrew and Reik sat down on the stool. He could see that the wound was well dressed and did not ask how Mark felt. He nodded to his son and told him to tell him what had happened. He had picked up a few details, but he wanted to hear from his son what had really happened.

Mark said he rushed over when he heard Aya, his half-sister, screaming. A boy he didn't know was raping the 11-year-old. He jumped on the boy's back and pulled him off Aya. The guy grabbed his sword and Mark had run into the house, grabbed his grandfather's bronze sword from the chest and ran out into the square. He had struggled with the guy, who injured him on the upper arm, then he realized his chance. He punched the other guy in the back of the knee, knocking him to the ground and chopping off his head.

Reik nodded thoughtfully. "You've practiced it a hundred times, after all, and good thing is that you were able to remember the lessons. I will go to the Council of Sages and speak for you, you are my son and my pupil." Reik stood up and turned to leave. "Do not forget the first man, there will be many more to come, for you are a born warrior. You are only 14, but keep my father's sword, I know now it is in good hands."

The council accepted Reik's explanation. The dead boy was already 17 and was responsible for his actions. The council flatly rejected his family's demand for blood money; he had committed a crime and defiled an 11-year-old girl. The brother had beaten him to death in a fair fight, that was his right. The family walked away in a rage and very angry words were heard.

Mark was Reik's only son, the other children were bastards who grew up with their mothers. Reik was the commander and trainer of the 50-strong warrior caste. The people numbered just under 400,

most of the men had 4 or 5 wives. Reik strengthened friendships and alliances by occasionally letting his friends spend the night with him and taking turns fucking one of his wives with his friend. That was the custom, the way to strengthen friendships.

Mark remembered the first time he fucked a woman properly. Reik and his friend lay snoring next to Reik's wife and Mark lay at the other end of the tent, he had watched the men fucking with great interest, he had gotten a bursting stiff cock and lay behind Reik's big, pregnant and fat wives. So far he had only fucked his playmates in the ass, girls were not yet allowed to fuck the young lads like him, they were strongly taboo. Mark tentatively stroked the round ass of a woman who was lying on her side and turned her fat ass towards him. It was almost pitch black, the woman touched his hand and guided it to her ass. Mark pushed her rags aside and explored her ass with his fingers. She offered no resistance as he thrust his cock into the crease of her ass, then into her asshole. Giggling softly, she pulled out the little cock and felt it. It really was a little boy's cock, she whispered almost inaudibly. "Do you like to do it?" she continued to whisper, not waiting for his answer. She lifted her leg and pressed his cock into her cunthole. He immediately began to fuck like he had fucked his buddies. It was so fine, warm and tight in her fuckhole, he held his breath. He was fucking a real woman for the first time, she had been pregnant for some time and Reik would soon be sending her home to her family. Mark squirted inside and pulled his cock out. After a while she whispered if he wanted to fuck again, and of course he did. After the third fuck and squirt, he lay against her back and fell asleep tired. He woke up in the morning surrounded by the fat women, who slept crowded together like walruses. Mark wouldn't have been able to tell which of the women he had fucked.

But it didn't matter either. He fucked one of the walruses every night now, sometimes he recognized her, sometimes it was clearly a different one. Reik had 6 wives, he fucked only one every night and fell asleep wonderfully tired. Now came Mark's hour. He stalked the nearest walrus, pushed her rags aside and then fucked the one lying on her side from behind. Usually he fucked twice, squirted twice, sometimes he fucked her three times. It didn't bother him that the walrus rubbed and chafed between the frizzy hairs and came to the

end trembling and twitching, that was none of his business. He fucked one of Reik's wives every night, but he never mentioned it. Mark was 10, 12 and 14, he still fucked Reik's wives and, of course, his biological mother every time she came to visit and fucked Reik. She would lie between the fat and pregnant walruses and Mark would crawl behind her and fuck her from behind, which was something very special for him. She smiled when he had fucked her a few times and kissed him on the top of his head, which no one else did. He loved her a little bit, even though she no longer lived here in Reik's harem. She had a special relationship with Reik and that was how Mark came to be his only recognized son and not a bastard like the others. But she was actually living in the household of one of Reik's friends. She had told Mark that Reik couldn't stand it and didn't want to let her fuck herself. Aarn, her new husband, didn't like it much either, but he wasn't as strict about it as Reik. Mark, however, wanted her to lie with him every week because, he said, she was the only woman who was so beautifully slim and slender and not a walrus like Reik's other wives and whose hole was so beautifully tight like a young girl's. He really liked it when she wiggled herself's front while he was allowed to fuck her behind and he found it exciting when she trembled and shook for a long time and then suddenly pinched his cock. She smiled finely after her shaking thing and came every week.

Mark and his gang had great respect for the medicine man. He could heal the sick, and that made him special. But he was also the only one who could summon the Great Spirit in the mist at the new moon. The medicine man lit a large fire and disappeared into the smoke. Now the Great Spirit came out of the smoke, looking very much like the medicine man, but speaking an incomprehensible language. Everyone knelt down with their faces to the ground. The spirit walked through the rows and felt the bodies of the young women and girls. He made his choice, he walked over the fiery coal and disappeared into the forest with the girl. She came back at sunrise, but she could not tell what had happened to her with the ghost in the forest.

Mark and his buddies overcame their fear and crept after the ghost. He had turned back into the medicine man and was fucking the girl in a clearing. The girl lay there completely motionless and let

herself be fucked again and again. The medicine man beckoned the buddies over and they had to fuck the girl one after the other until they could take no more. The girl was frozen and obviously didn't notice anything of the long fucking. The medicine man chased the boys away and fucked the girl until sunrise. The medicine man was untouchable, he roamed around between the huts and grabbed one or another girl and fucked her in public. No one stopped him, no husband and no fiancé. It was his ancestral right.

Mark didn't want to be a medicine man like some of his buddies. He wanted to be a warrior like his father and started his training at the age of 12. He fucked a walrus every night and felt much more grown up than his friends because of it. Reik had accepted him for training, he was smart, hardworking and trained very hard.

And now, barely older than 14, he had killed his first man.

Of course, Reik didn't show how proud he was of his son. He had left Mark his father's bronze sword, he had earned it. Mark's grandfather had traveled far and wide in the world, he had even slain dragons on distant shores, real actual dragons! He had brought a dozen dragon teeth with him, they were 15 to 20 centimetres long, curved and sharp. That earned him great respect.

Mark was quite sure that Reik knew that he fucked the walruses and the mother at night, but Reik never mentioned it, not a single word. Reik trained the troop thoroughly, but he was no bully. He assumed that the warrior himself must know how important the training was. He trained the men for 6 hours a day and took a long break. He often told the men about the other peoples during the breaks.

The Dogons lived three valleys away in the sunrise. They had large, wide fields where they grew grain. They were not warriors, but hunters, gatherers and farmers. They had trained ostriches to ride, but only to move quickly. The ostrich bird was good to train, but not suitable for fighting like horses. And an ostrich egg was big enough to feed a whole family. Their wives were fat, ugly and very arrogant. Even the husband had to bribe her and beg her badly to let him fuck her. Years ago, Reik had led his riders through the Dogon country,

the men were friendly and entertained the warriors. The women laughed haughtily and insolently when the riders wanted to fuck them. So the warriors took them by force and there was a huge clamor and shouting, but the women were fucked by one after the other until deep into the night, not because they were particularly pretty, but because they made such a fuss about fucking.

In the north, five valleys away, lived the Amazons. This was the kingdom of women, there were about 800 of them and they killed every newborn boy. They only kept a dozen male prisoners of war, who were the studs. It wasn't a very nice fate though, Reik said as his men grinned meaningfully, they had to fuck one Amazon after another day and night. The Amazons gripped their cocks rather roughly to find out if they were ready to fuck. The prisoners only lasted a few years, then they were beheaded outside the city and their bodies left to the ravens. There was war with the Amazons every few years because they needed new stallions.

But it was almost a year before the Amazons attacked. There were perhaps 50 or 60 of them on horseback, and they attacked the boys who were bathing in the river and playing with the girls. They took a dozen boys of the right age with them and set off again. Reik pursued them with 30 horsemen. The Amazons split up, a small group made off with the prisoners, the others turned around and went to fight. The Amazons were very brave warriors, but Reik had trained his riders well. After 3 hours of hand-to-hand combat, all but 3 of the Amazons were dead. Reik took their horses and weapons, Mark had fought with one girl for half an hour and knocked her out with the pommel of his sword at the end. He tied her up conscientiously and tied the unconscious girl to her horse.

Reik came along and told him to cut off her head, a captured Amazon brings bad luck. But Mark wouldn't listen to his father any more like the other two victors. "I want to take her to fuck," Mark said in monosyllables as they rode home. Many of Reik's riders were injured, but none had fallen. Reik was very proud of the boys and shrugged. "Have it your way," he rumbled, "but you have to follow the rules because the Amazons followed them too. Without the rules, they'd raid our city and burn it to the ground and we wouldn't stand

a chance. They have five times as many warriors.” Mark, not wanting to give up his prisoner, asked Reik about the rules.

The Amazons kept the stallions for life. If one was unable to fuck or couldn't get pregnant a single woman within six months, he was given food for five days and a long stick so that he could defend himself against the snakes. He was allowed to leave. The Amazons lived in a snake region, they worshipped a snake goddess, inserted a large snake into their pussy holes when masturbating and wore wafer-thin short skirts made of snakeskin. That, Reik laughed out loud, often tied up the opponent more than the tip of the Amazon's lance! Mark pulled his head between his shoulders, because that was exactly how he stood with his mouth open in front of his first Amazon girl and almost missed the fight. He was used to women and girls wearing knee-length rags around their waists. The Amazons, however, had painted their breasts, or at least their teats, with red paint, many had trimmed their pubic hair completely and painted their pussies bright red. The thin snakeskin skirt covered nothing at all.

He, on the other hand, Reik continued, turning to Mark, had to fuck the prisoner and impregnate her. Then he had to release her, with provisions for 5 days and a staff to ward off the snakes, even if there were no snakes in their country. If he couldn't impregnate her for six months, he still had to set her free. Mark thought about it. He wanted to have his own little woman to fuck, even if it was only for six months. He would have examined her pussyhole closely when he tied her up, she was of course no longer a virgin, she was about 17 or 18 years old and looked very good. Reik laughed loudly and booming. “Had enough of walruses, eh!” Mark said nothing, it was the first time Reik had ever brought it up. Reik must have known all these years. They rode home in silence.

Reik had assigned him an abandoned cabin right next to his. Mark tied the prisoner to a thick wooden stake, fetched a bucket of clean water and stripped her naked. She woke from her unconsciousness as he rubbed the red paint from her chest. She looked at him with compressed lips, but she said nothing and silently let him wash, feed and water her. He placed a pissing bucket next to her. He knew that the language of his people and that of the Amazons was almost the

same, she must understand him, although she remained silent and dumbfounded. His name was Mark, he was 20 years old and the son of Reik, the leader of the cavalry. She had fought with him, she had fought very well and had scratched him several times with her sword. But he had defeated and captured her, she was now his and he would release her after half a year, he knew the rules. She looked at him hostilely as he untied one of her hands and tied the other just long enough for her to lie down. He turned her onto her stomach.

He fucked her from behind, but she immediately spun around, eyes flashing. "I want to see your face, I want to remember your face, the face of the warrior who makes me a child!" He was taken aback because she had a very beautiful voice. He tried to strike up a conversation with her, but she remained silent and looked at him expectantly. He had only ever fucked one woman from the front, face to face, the woman who had born him, as she allowed him to watch her finger masturbate while fucking her. He fucked the Amazon girl from the front, she opened wide as he squirted inside. "Make me a child, my warrior!" she exclaimed. He fucked her all evening and all night until sunrise, during the breaks she snuggled comfortably in his arms. She said her name was Ayla, that she was 17 years old and a daughter of the Amazon queen Perea. She said that if Perea found out she was in captivity, she would come and smash everything to bits. Ayla had gone to fight without her mother's knowledge, Perea thought she was not yet finished with her fight training. She would do everything in her power to free her chick. Indeed, over the next few months, a small troop of Amazons appeared, presumably to free Ayla. They did not steal boys or men, they rode aimlessly through the town and were driven away. Mark covered Ayla's mouth so that she could not call for help, although Ayla had promised not to call for help. The Amazons stopped coming after the third raid.

Mark and Ayla fucked as often as he could. He only tied her so loosely so that she could fuck him passionately. He had to admit to himself that he had fallen in love with her. Reik understood it very well, but Mark had to promise to tie Ayla tightly whenever he left, and Mark promised his father. But Ayla also loved her Mark more and more every day. She sat quite sadly next to the two of them when Mark's mother came to spend the night and fuck him. "Your wife?"

Ayla asked when she came to fuck. Mark shook his head. “She gave birth to me!” he said and she asked in amazement if in his people sons fucked their mothers? He shook his head, some did, but only a few, not all. Ayla watched them fuck jealously, but she said nothing more on the subject.

Ayla was 4 months pregnant, but she didn’t want to leave yet. Mark fucked her every day, every night. But the six months was up, Reik said, looking at Ayla’s tummy, you have to send her home, son! he admonished. One day Reik brought a well-filled sack of provisions and a man-sized stick. “Take her out of the city!” he ordered. Mark rode beside her with his head hanging down, the town already far behind them as they lay down on the grass. They both knew she had to go, but he didn’t want to let her go, not today, maybe tomorrow.

He mounted her behind him and rode 5 valleys away, letting her slide to the ground within sight of her city. “Queen Perea is waiting for you, don’t keep your poor mother waiting sadly!” he said, turning his horse. He rode without turning and rode home at a sharp gallop. He sat silent in his hut for days and Reik had to order his mother to look after him. He ate and drank listlessly and remained silent, not wanting to talk. But in the evening she seduced him and he became himself again as they fucked and she masturbated passionately. On the fourth day, he had overcome his heartache and went back to training. Reik looked at him briefly and nodded, he knew what it felt like to cry over a girl. But Mark trained as before. His mother spent the night in his hut six times a week, and after a while he sneaked into Reik’s hut at night and fucked the odd walruses. His heart wasn’t in it, he fucked the fat, ugly women half to death to get rid of his seed.

He rode into the town of the Dogons under Reik’s leadership, they were well catered for and paid the men with tools they could put to good use. They fucked the outraged screaming women all day long, sparing only the youngest girls under 14. The men applauded enthusiastically when a warrior squirted hard. It was an enjoyable party!

Later Reik rode south with Mark and seven others, these dark woods were still little explored. They roasted a deer or a careless

puma at midday. In the evening they stayed with the widely scattered settlers. Reik carved a map into the bark of a tree; he wanted to make as accurate a map of the south as possible back home. He took great pains to mark the riding time between two points with lines. They presented the settlers with shiny bronze knives and spears, which they could put to good use. They fucked all the peasant women, daughters and maids until they were exhausted. The women were happy to have strapping warriors between their thighs instead of tired, worn-out farmers and sons. Reik turned back after 4 weeks.

More than a year had passed and the deep wound in Mark's heart was gradually healing. He dulled a little, though his mother visited him often every week and the walruses were as willing as ever. One day, when he returned to his hut from training, Ayla was standing outside the hut waiting for him. He ran when he saw her. He held her in his arms for an eternity and covered her face with a thousand kisses. He let her go and invited her into the hut. She had her short sword strapped over her short snakeskin skirt, she had a battle spear in her hand and a bundle on her back. She leaned her spear and weapon belt against the wall and took her bundle off her back. Mark's eyes widened; the bundle was a small, blond-haired child. Ayla handed him the child. "Your son, warrior Mark!" she said earnestly and a warm, comforting feeling flowed through his heart. "My son!" he exclaimed several times. Then he ran over to Reik's hut, grabbed a handful of food and a goatskin of wine and shouted laughingly to Reik to come with him! Reik followed him.

The three of them sat around the eating mat, Ayla was really hungry, but she told them everything. She had given birth to her son and begged her mother, Queen Perea, not to have the boy killed. It was against the rules, but she begged for his life. The queen banished her to the furthest corner of the palace. But after months, the voices of her opponents grew louder and louder. She begged her mother, the queen, to let her go with her son; she no longer wanted the authority of the Amazon queen to be questioned. The mother cried heartbreakingly, but the Amazon Queen banished her so that peace would return to the kingdom. She had been walking for 8 days and she wanted to leave it to Mark to decide her fate. Mark looked briefly at

Reik, then told her to stay with him as his wife. Ayla snuggled into his arm.

“And what is the little one’s name?” Reik asked curiously and Ayla said he didn’t have a name yet. There were no male names in the Amazon language, the stallions were called “Hey, you!” or “You, there!”. She blushed, she couldn’t call her son Youthere! Reik laughed out loud. A ‘youthere’ was a large, wide dilated pussyhole into which a big, fat snake had been inserted much too often. Reik laughed at the top of his lungs, Ayla smiled bashfully because she had often inserted a snake and Mark smiled sourly. “Father Reik, may I call him after Grandfather, your father?” Reik became serious and nodded in agreement. That’s why the little boy was called Erik.

Not everyone in the town was pleased that an Amazon was now living with them. They spat out contemptuously when Mark said that she was a real princess, a daughter of the Amazon Queen. Perhaps that made things worse. But they had no idea how stubborn Mark was. He dealt out a lot of slaps and punches, by God he didn’t skimp on that. He went into the woods and killed snakes so that Ayla could always dress in the obscene little skirt of the Amazons, he stubbornly insisted that she should proudly show off her pussy and her ass-cheeks! It took a whole year for Ayla to be accepted by her surroundings. Little Erik thrived. His mother’s sleepovers became less frequent, although Ayla was no longer jealous at all and insisted that his mother spend the night with them. She sensed exactly how deep and beautiful the bond between her and Mark was. She knew how deeply rooted she was in Mark’s heart and didn’t need to be jealous for a single moment.

Ayla hunted hares and deer with bow and arrow at the edge of the forest, she had to provide a good meal for her Erik and Mark. The spear and her short sword still leaned against the wall. Erik grew into a magnificent man like Mark, he was 12, 13. When Ayla and Mark fucked at night, Erik tossed and turned restlessly. When he masturbated and squirted for the first time, Ayla was very frightened, she didn’t know that. She spoke to Mark for a long time. He said he was now at the age when a boy had to squirt. Doing it himself was very unhealthy. But since boys weren’t allowed to fuck young girls until

they were 16, they were usually left to the old ugly ones or widows. That would have been his fate too, if Reik hadn't generously overlooked the fact that he had fucked the woman who had given birth to him and the walruses, one after the other.

Ayla said in a firm voice that she had given birth to Erik. They debated for a long time, but it was clear to her. Erik should no longer do the unhealthy thing, there was no way she was going to leave the pearl of her eyes to the old women. Mark nodded thoughtfully, that was quite okay with him. The next evening, after he had fucked Ayla, she crawled over to Erik. He was very surprised, but also very happy. He was already fucking Ayla like a big man after a short time, she let him fuck and squirt so many times in a row until he had emptied his semen completely.

She let him fuck her until he was allowed to fuck the young girls at 16 and then for many more years to come.

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The Little Spy

by Jack Faber © 2024

Little Ben's espionage career came to an end after six months. Before that, however, he had been spying on his mother for a few weeks. Until she caught him.

He had hidden in the box for the used laundry, peeking through the slit between the lid and the edge and watching her when she lay on the bed and read her romance novel. She played with her clit while reading, sometimes putting the novel aside and masturbating. Of course, he was also on hand when Uncle Charly turned up once a week to bring her the money from his brother. They hardly spoke a word, they didn't undress completely when he fucked her. He fucked fast and hard, he squirted inside and left quickly.

Mostly she would fall asleep and Ben would crawl out and fuck her very gently without waking her. She groaned or moaned in her sleep, that was her only reaction if any. When she had masturbated, afterwards she always fell asleep and the little boy fucked her like Uncle Charly, but from behind. She bent one leg, now her slit and the moist and soft flesh of her pussyhole were clearly visible under her asscheeks and were exposed to the little boy's cock. This made it possible to fuck her in a similar way to Uncle Charly. But much, much slower. He let his little cock slide very carefully into her moist, soft pussy hole from behind. This had to be done very carefully and slowly. He usually only let a small part penetrate. He knew he wasn't allowed to fuck as wildly as Uncle Charly. Only tiny movements, only a few millimeters in and out, but infinitely slowly. Thanks to his training with Sara, he could squirt very easily, she made slight noises when he squirted. Sometimes he had to wait until she bent her upper leg very tightly and fully exposed her pussyhole under her asscheeks. That way he could carefully slide his cock in deep, very deep and squirt inside her hole. He then waited a few seconds until she was quiet again and then he continued to squirt. It took him quite a while to finish squirting and he pulled his cock out slowly and carefully. Sometimes she would half wake up and mumble with her eyes

closed, “What is it?” Ben whispered, “Just a little fucking, Mom!” and she sighed, “Oooh, yeah!” and stuck her pussy hole out even more without waking up and went back to sleep. This position was now much better for penetrating her pussy from behind. She smiled in her dreams when he carefully widened her pussyhole with his fingers and penetrated her with his cock. She smiled and moaned in pleasure, but she never woke up when he fucked her carefully and slowly from behind. “Just a little fuck, Mom!” he whispered and she slept deeply on. He only penetrated deeply when he squirted inside. He remained motionless, only his cock twitched a little bit as he squirted inside. This he repeated almost every day, except when she kept masturbating instead of falling asleep. It was now important to disappear quietly like a ghost. Of course, there were always situations where he had to get to safety quickly because he never wanted to get caught. She sometimes slapped her butt with her hand, almost to scare away an annoying fly, but she never found out. Then, one day, she masturbated sitting on the edge of the bed, propped her feet up on the laundry box and as she twitched in orgasm, she moved the lid. That’s how Ben was caught.

She pulled the brat out by the ears, she was blushing blood red with shame and anger. She put him over her knees and spanked his ass. “And — you saw it all, huh!?” she whispered hoarsely. Ben nodded, “Yes, Mom! All of it!” She spanked him and inquired, “Like I did it to myself?” Ben nodded, even though it would mean more beatings. “Yes, Mom, when you masturbated so softly and finely.” He pressed his hard-on against her thigh and began to fuck on her thigh. “And also when Uncle Charly fucked you, the rascal,” he breathed and she swallowed hard. She stopped hitting him and just caressed his buttocks gently, because she saw that he had gotten a very stiff cock. With each stroke his cock had twitched on her thigh, stroke after stroke his cock twitched and straightened, he stiffened and now a bit semen dripped a few elongated strings. He fucked her thigh, sliding higher and higher as he fucked her thigh, his cock hammering against her pussy, sliding back and forth across her slit, trying to penetrate thrustingly. She had read in a Threepenny Novel that you shouldn’t interrupt or disturb someone while fucking or masturbating, otherwise it could lead to mental problems. Now she realized

that he was about to squirt and he squirted a full jet across her slit. There was no way she was going to let him penetrate her.

She lifted him up, his cock at eye level. “You need to stroke firmly up and down, only once,” he murmured. She looked at his cock, it was a straight and beautiful young boys cock, only the glans had pushed through the foreskin and now stood pertly, ready to squirt. She grabbed his cock and rubbed it once firmly up and down. After a brief second, the glans straightened up and squirted in a single rich jet over her thighs, she looked stunned at the little boy’s cock that was squirting, that was stopping squirting. She grabbed his cock. He squirted again, because he had learned to stop squirting when he squirted into Sara’s pussyhole and she wasn’t supposed to notice it, while masturbating excitedly. “Please again, Mom!” he whispered. His mother held him up and rubbed his cock up and down once, and he squirted once. “Again!” the little one breathed, and she rubbed him again and he squirted a little. “Again!” breathed the little one and she rubbed him once, making him squirt again. “And — did you fuck me when I was asleep?” she asked and paused. “I’m sure you seized the opportunity and fucked me, you little piglet!” she said plaintively. “Again!” he breathed and she rubbed him, making him squirt again. “I’m sure you waited until I was asleep and then stuck it in,” she said tearfully, “and then you fucked me!” She had made up her mind, she didn’t even want to hear his answer. Ben wondered if he’d better lie. “A tiny little bit, Mom, just a very little bit.” Now it was out, there would surely be a thunderstorm. Lynn took a deep breath. “Thank God it’s just a little bit,” she mumbled, instantly forgetting what his answer actually meant. In her simple-mindedness, she immediately suppressed Ben’s confession and forgot it, she smiled and whispered how she had experienced it. “I used to dream that Dave was fucking me from behind, it was a beautiful dream.” She lifted him to eye level and rubbed his cock once. She was completely taken aback, he squirted well every time she rubbed him briefly. “You know, when I masturbated, Dad always turned me onto my stomach and fucked me from behind, yes, he liked that a lot.” She couldn’t have said how long it took for Ben to finish. “And do you always squirt like that?” she asked and he said, “Only when Sara doesn’t feel like masturbating.” Lynn had become curious and, as she made him squirt again, she questioned him, he told her everything

and she went wide-eyed. “But — you don’t fuck her, do you!?” and Ben said, no, Sara was still a virgin. She looked at his cock, the glans had slipped back under the foreskin and his cock was no longer so firm. She let him go, “get off already, my little piglet!” she laughed after him. She had never seen such a strange squirting before. Charly had squirted in a completely different way when she masturbated him back then.

Only once, the next evening, did she return to the subject and called Ben into her bedroom. Her eyes were shining, she had actually wanted to masturbate straight away, but called him first. She was lying naked on the bed, the sleeping pill and the glass of water were ready. She told him to lie down next to her and she took off his pyjamas and playfully grabbed his cock. He had to explain to her exactly what was meant by “just a little bit”. He fumbled at first, but she insisted. It took a while for him to explain it in detail. “And you’re going to squirt inside at the end?” She didn’t let up and played with his cock, but without masturbating him. Lynn had let his cock free and stroked her slit thoughtfully during his confession. He watched her pussyplay and then admitted all of it. “After fucking you very little and only millimeterwise, I stick it in really deep and let it all squirt in. But I’m always so careful not to wake you up!” he said faithfully. He had never lied to Lynn before, usually pressing his lips together so as not to lie. “It’s good that you told me everything so honestly. Other boys your age would have lied to me about it. You’re a fine boy, so I don’t blame you at all for fucking me in secret and squirting inside. And for not waking me up.” She had become even hornier during his confession and sent him back to the nursery, to Sara. Lynn took the pill and immediately began to masturbate and let the pill take effect. As soon as she had finished masturbating, she would immediately sleep like a rock. Ben knew that, of course. Somehow, he took his confession and her smirking reaction as permission to continue fucking her as long as he was careful not to wake her up.

His sister Sara had so far tolerated him sitting up in bed and watching her masturbate. She had only allowed him to sit next to her once, when he had stolen their father’s farewell letter. They read it together with a very guilty conscience and mixed feelings.

“Dear Lynn,” he began,

“I’m leaving, even though I love you and the kids more than anything. I’ve honestly tried, for 10 years, to live a normal family life, but I can’t. I belong on the road, in my truck, I have gasoline in my blood. You’re the first and only one I love. The hitchhikers, the sluts I fuck are just to blow off steam, nothing serious. But when I see Sara romping around the house naked, I have bad thoughts that I’m very ashamed of. I don’t want her to become a slut like the ones on the side of the road. I am very ashamed to think these things, I run away because I am afraid of doing something bad to Sara. I will continue to take care of you and the children.”

“Goodbye, your Dave.”

Ben and Sara read the letter a dozen times. Sara understood exactly what he meant. Ben didn’t understand it all, but he guessed what he meant about naked Sara. He had then not understood, when their father parted Sara’s legs and masturbated the sister’s clit nor, when she was playing with the father’s foreskin and made him squirt in a high arc. He saw mother sometimes spying on the two, but all of it didn’t make much sense to him. Since that day, when he stole the letter, he was allowed to sit on her thigh when Sara masturbated. He stretched his cock so far forward that it touched her masturbating fingers. He really enjoyed her finger touching his cock in the same motion as she masturbated. That made him very, very horny. He had to squirt long before she finished masturbating. Sara warned him not to squirt directly inside her hole, she was afraid of that. But he always tried to squirt in her little hole. She tolerated him watching because he told her everything he had seen in the laundry basket. He reported everything truthfully, because Sara masturbated even more wildly when he told her about her mother masturbating. She got really wild when he told her about Uncle Charly, who fucked her mother once a week. He had to tell her everything in detail about what his cock looked like, what it looked like when he was pounding hard in her hole and exactly what it looked like when he squirted inside. Sara, of course, didn’t believe a single word he said when he told her that he was able to fuck Lynn carefully almost every time. He swore by it, because Lynn was the first one Ben had ever fucked.

But how surprised Sara was when Ben took her to fuck Lynn. “Charly will fuck her really hard” said Ben, “and maybe Lynn will have an orgasm, anyway she masturbates after fucking, she always does that. She is then completely exhausted and falls asleep lying on her stomach, she sleeps very deeply. And then I can fuck her, you’ll see!” Charly had gone, Lynn masturbated very gently and her orgasm came as usual, just a slight twitch, nothing more was to be seen. The two waited a minute, Lynn lay down on her stomach, placed her clit on the hand under her stomach and actually fell asleep. They went inside. He spread her labia with his fingers and penetrated very carefully. She murmured in her sleep and he soothed her in a whisper. “Just a little bit of fucking, just a little bit!” She fell silent and went back to sleep. Sara’s eyes widened as he squirted inside. Silently, like fleeting ghosts, they disappeared.

Over the next few years, they snuck off to Lynn’s after Charly’s weekly fucking. Sara lost interest, he went to her alone, she half woke up when he whispered that he wanted to fuck her just a little bit. More and more often she half woke up and mumbled, “go ahead!” and then he didn’t have to be so careful, he fucked her really hard and she trembled and mumbled a little, her finger rubbed her clit and he let his cock stick in her hole after squirting until she trembled slightly and was done. After Charly had mistakenly taken Sara’s virginity, Sara let Ben fuck her and he didn’t go back to Lynn.

Lynn knew in her subconscious that she was quite simple-minded, at least when it came to sexual matters. She had experienced her first orgasms completely unexpectedly while fucking Dave, her abdomen twitching and undulating as it used to sometimes in earlier years, when she woke up in the night covered in sweat. When Dave’s manhood waned after a few years, he taught her to masturbate. She liked very much to masturbate, softly and gently, and these orgasms were very gentle and beautiful, her abdomen didn’t twitch as hard as when she orgasmed in fucking, it was like a gentle wave of the Atlantic leaking out slightly trembling. Later, when Dave allowed Charly to fuck her, she had the violent, hard orgasms in fucking again, Charly was pretty good at that. Dave had left, Charly stayed and fucked her hard every day for a while. After a while he only came once a week and she discovered Ben spying. He got hard when she spanked him,

he fucked her thigh and she had to keep rubbing his cock to make him squirt, jet for jet. It was the only way she had found out that the little one could already squirt. Every week, when Charly had left after fucking and she had gently masturbated and fallen asleep, Ben came to her bed. She lay down so that he could easily fuck her. She knew from the start that he was fucking her gently and she would pretend to be asleep so as not to scare him off and respond to his game of hide and seek. He came every week after Charlys fucking and she let Ben fuck her smiling. She knew from Dave and Charly that men had to fuck and squirt off. Ben had been her baby until now, but now he was a man, he had to fuck and squirt off, she suddenly realized. And why shouldn't he fuck her when she was so willing? He came for years, but he stayed away when Charly took Sara's virginity in a drunken stupor! Lynn suspected that Ben was fucking Sara now. But as long as Sara didn't have a period, she didn't need to intervene. Ben was 17 or 18 when she separated them and Ben had to sleep with her. It took him a while, maybe a week, to fuck her face to face. He could fuck very skillfully, she had to acknowledge that. So she didn't mind as Charly didn't come over to fuck anymore because of his jealous Negress wife.

Lynn had absolutely no idea about sex when Dave took her virginity at 13. By 17, she had given birth to two children, Sara and Ben. After Ben's difficult birth, she was no longer able to have children. But they lived a peaceful, friendly family life. Dave fucked Lynn night after night, at first she always had an orgasm when he fucked her. But it became less and less frequent, Dave taught her how girls masturbated and she was soon round again. After fucking, she masturbated and Dave watched her, tired as he was.

At some point he brought his brother Charly along, who had no girlfriend and no girl to fuck. She refused indignantly when Charly wanted to fuck her. Dave smiled sourly, but he initially didn't really want to share his wife either, brother or no brother. He found a middle way and showed Lynn how to rub Charly's cock to make him squirt. She was amazed every time the juice squirted out of Charly's cock. She had never seen it before and opened her eyes and mouth when she held Charly's cock and he squirted in a high arc. She found it uncomfortable at first that Charly was fingering her body, breasts

and pussy as she masturbated him more and more skillfully each time. Even when Dave agreed to Charly fucking her in a drunken minute, she didn't want it at all.

Dave was her first and only, so she didn't want to be fucked by Charly, not at all. She always wanted to refuse and cried when Charly forcibly forced his way in. Dave leaned back tiredly after the fucking, he allowed his brother Charly to fuck his wife Lynn. Only very briefly did Lynn think that Dave had been betraying her for a long time. Charly came every night for a few years, greedily watching them fuck and waiting impatiently for Dave to finally squirt. He immediately pounced on Lynn, she was a damn pretty woman with great sex appeal, so let's go for it with a roar!

Lynn didn't have time to let the sexual excitement subside after Dave's fucking, Charly immediately continued fucking her and brought her to orgasm again in no time at all. She then leaned back, tired and somehow disappointed, and let the boy continue fucking her. It wasn't unusual for Charly to continue fucking for so long that she climbed the ladder up to orgasm again. But it wasn't enough for another orgasm, he squirted far too early and Lynn immediately continued masturbating. It was now her orgasm, she was doing it just fine, gentle and softly like she always did when she masturbated alone. Charly got better and better at fucking, he soon managed to fuck her for long enough until she also got the second orgasm while fucking. Dave was the partner of her heart who could no longer bring her to orgasm, but Charly was the one who benefited from Dave's preparatory work and brought her to orgasm twice. This fucking with both brothers only stopped after years when Charly married a rich old widow.

Now Lynn had her husband to herself again, but he went into the nursery every night and lay with little Sara. Lynn sometimes spied on them, but mostly the two of them cuddled naked together. Of course, she saw Dave masturbating Sara and teaching her, but she thought that was okay. She also didn't complain when little Sara played with Dave's cock. She talked to Dave a lot about his sex with Sara and she said it wasn't a bad thing if he wanted to fuck the girl. She had unobtrusively eavesdropped on the little girl and Sara wanted nothing

more than to be fucked by Daddy. But for Dave that was out of the question, he was afraid of it and it would be the worst thing he could do to his golden darling, his innocent angel. Lynn had read his farewell note and understood exactly and intuitively why Dave had run away.

Dave was going through a serious inner conflict. When 9 and 10 year old Sara was running around in the house naked, he had thoughts and feelings that a father shouldn't have. After fucking Lynn, he snuck into the children's room and lay with Sara. At first they just cuddled nakedly, but he masturbated Sara every night, laying the foundation for the obsessive, addictive masturbating she did for the rest of her life. It wasn't long before Sara started playing and experimenting with his cock too. She quickly learned to rub his foreskin so skillfully that he would inevitably squirt in a high arc. He knew exactly where this was going and decided to leave the family before he did the unthinkable.

Many months ago, Ben had witnessed Uncle Charly coming home drunk from a party and taking a wrong turn. He was fucking the terrified mute Sara, but he suddenly sobered up, didn't squirt and jumped up to rush to the mother's bedroom and fuck her. Since that day Sara was no longer a virgin and Ben squirted in her little hole when she wasn't aware. She was no longer a virgin, Sara whispered sadly, and so Ben was allowed to stick his cock in her pussy hole, when she masturbated and squirt slowly inside without him fucking her. He just let it run inside when she masturbated and her finger made his cock squirt with the clitrubbing, for a long time she let him squirt inside and grinned crookedly.

The months slipped by peacefully. Ben squirted in Sara's pussy and never had to masturbate himself. Sara found it very horny to let him watch her masturbating and see him squirt without rubbing. Just rubbing her clit aroused him and she felt an unexpected power to make him squirt just by rubbing her clit. And then, one evening, his palms began to tingle and burn like crazy. He leaned against the wall and the wall gave in. He could suddenly walk through the wall and was invisible. He wondered for a moment only, but there were

superheroes, superpowers. Superman, Ironman, Captain America. Yes, really, he had seen it on TV.

He went to Ruth first. He was in love with the 12-year-old, she thought it was all just a game. Daddy had told her that as he fucked her from time to time and squirted inside. It was just a game! She let Ben stick his cock in, fuck and cum while they played, it was just a game after all. Ben made himself invisible and stepped up to Ruth's bed. He watched her for a long time, she rolled and tossed in bed, she was insanely horny, but she only tore at her labia. Ben realized that Ruth didn't know how to masturbate. He touched her clit. She couldn't see him, so she lay frozen. Ben masturbated her clit and she twitched and quivered in orgasm, but she grinned. That's how Ruth learned to masturbate and she did it every night from then on.

Of course, Sara didn't believe what he was saying. "You have a vivid imagination and watch too many movies!" was her smiling comment, but she let him tell her about his adventures while she masturbated. He had slipped into the girls' bedrooms and moved on immediately if there was no sex. A lot of girls and women didn't do sex, there were a lot who just went to sleep and he had to move on, he went through the walls to find another one. He stayed when they masturbated or fucked, he described their pussies and clits when Sara masturbated. He got up close to the girls, memorizing the look of their pussies and the way they masturbated. He described the men to Sara, their cocks and how they pounded and squirted in their hole. Sara knew a few girls personally and now understood that they were secretly fucked by their fathers or brothers.

It only lasted half a year, maybe a few months longer. One day he became visible in the middle of it. He knelt in front of the naked woman and looked directly into her pussy hole while she masturbated. She screamed out, how had he got in, she had locked the door!? She jumped on him, she pulled his hair and wouldn't let him go. He had to fuck the ugly woman for over an hour and she only let him go when he had thrown all his juice into her hole. He ran to the door, unlocked it and raced away. From now on he couldn't make himself invisible and going through the walls, he could rub his palms all he wanted, it wasn't going to work. Never again.

Ben talked to Sara about it, she realized of course that he was really sad and shaken. But she didn't believe his stories anyway and couldn't give him any real comfort. Besides, the next disappointment was waiting for him. His mother had spoken to Sara, she and Ben were too old to sleep in the nursery. Ben now had to sleep with Mom and no longer with his sister. Ben howled and clung to Sara crying, he had slept with her all his life.

Ben was an opportunist. Whether he fucked Sara or Mom, he didn't really care. He felt Mom's ass, she had ostentatiously turned her back to him. Ben was 17 and needed to squirt, he couldn't fall asleep without it. He slipped her negligee up, he hadn't seen her beautiful ass in years. She played dead, she let him touch and feel her ass, her cunt and her cunthole. She had her eyes wide and fearful opened, fearfully waiting for the moment when he would thrust his cock forcefully in her cunthole from behind, she was a very simple woman, maybe a bit stupid actually.

She knew that when a man groped a woman like that, it always amounted to fucking, it was the same with Dave, it was the same with his brother Charly. Charly brought her the money from Dave, who drove all over the country, earned good money in his job and fucked a hitchhiker or a slut every day. He had chosen this life and Charly, whose wife was now completely demented, came to fuck her once a week. Lynn had only fucked Dave in the past, he was her first and only man, she had never fucked anyone else. It had been a long time since she had fucked Charly. But now Dave was gone and Charly swore by all the saints that Dave had given him explicit permission to fuck Lynn. She hadn't believed it at first, but Charly swore and swore until she finally gave in. He wanted to fuck a live, real woman, she could understand that quite well and that's why she agreed to it. She felt as if she was a virgin again, she had gently embraced Charly and inserted his cock herself. The first few times she got a heartfelt orgasm while fucking, but it subsided after a short time, just like Dave's. Charly only fucked quickly and briefly to let off steam, he was just like Dave.

The brothers had no sense of romance, which she only knew from her romance novels. And she made her own orgasms, Charly wasn't

there for that. He had fucked Sara by mistake years ago and she had resented him for a few days. But he had never fucked Sara again, Sara had told her that herself. And Sara had never confirmed her suspicion that Ben was fucking Sara, but she hadn't denied it either. For weeks she would sneak into the nursery at night and see Ben fucking Sara. It looked very hot and she was somehow so proud of the two of them fucking so intimately and passionately that they didn't even notice Lynn under the doorway. Of course, she didn't know at the time that Sara was already on the pill. But she couldn't allow Sara to get pregnant, so she had taken Ben in. She didn't want to fuck him in the first place, of course, but if he had to, he'd better fuck her than Sara, Lynn's small brain said.

Ben's fingers ran up and down her ass cheeks, Lynn's eyes opened wide in shock as the boy parted her ass cheeks and felt her pussy, her pussy hole from behind. She was prepared for him to fuck her right away from behind, her eyes wide and fearfully wide open she waited in fear that he thrust his cock in from behind. But he didn't. She only twitched briefly as his cock moved up and down in the crease of her ass, gliding along her slit. She felt him squirt for an incredibly long time up on her slit. Then he snuggled up to her ass and fell asleep. Now she could masturbate, his head laying upon her asscheek, because his fucking had really excited her sexually. She remained lying on her side as Ben's head rested on her asscheek while she masturbated. Ben only fell asleep when she had finished masturbating.

This was repeated night after night. Lynn left the negligee off, it wasn't necessary. Ben had been fucking in her ass crease along her slit for days, he fucked her again in her ass crease after she had masturbated, squirting a ton of sperm upon her slit. She realized, of course, that he wanted something else. She turned to him and asked him directly. He silently took her hand and placed it on his cock. A very pleasurable time followed, she masturbated him with her hand every night until he had enough.

At some point, he wanted more. But she had never done it with her mouth before. Not with Dave, not with Charly and not with Ben now. She would let him squirt on her breasts, she said, because she was proud of her breasts. He shook his head. She should keep doing

it to him by hand, but let him squirt inside in the end. Into the pussy hole. She nodded, that was okay, she said. The men all wanted to squirt inside, that was quite normal. Ben shook his head when she asked if he wanted to fuck her before cumming. Maybe later, he mumbled, maybe later. She nodded a little disappointed, yes, maybe later. She did it to him with her hand and inserted his cock into her pussy hole to squirt. She had to rub his cock in her hole for a while until he cummed. Once, twice, rarely three times a night. It was so fine, Ben said each time, squirting it all in.

It must have been a week before he was ready. He first had to overcome an inner inhibition, because he had never fucked her face to face before, but then he fucked Lynn with abandon and great passion. Sara had taught him a long time ago that he had to wait until she had had her orgasm before squirting, after that it was okay. Ben fucked Lynn with abandon and waited to squirt until Lynn had an orgasm. Charly came every Tuesday afternoon when both children were at school and let off steam. Lynn just let it happen, Charly had a certain right because Dave had given him permission. She enjoyed fucking Ben at night, it was very exciting to work herself up to orgasm. Fucking Charly wasn't really exciting anymore, but she reeled off the program, she owed it to Dave.

He had been her first man, he was still her husband and it was after all his demand.

Charly had buried his wife and relatively soon married a small, very horny Afro woman. She was terribly jealous and very quickly turned off the fact that he fucked Lynn once a week. Lynn didn't really care, she had long since stopped wanting to be fucked by Charly just so he could blow off steam and squirt all his juice into her. She now much preferred to fuck Ben, who had refined his fucking a lot.

Dave came home. He had caused a bad traffic accident, lost a leg and killed a young woman and her two children. He suffered from terrible depressions, right up until the end. Lynn took him in lovingly, but the one-legged Dave couldn't fuck like he used to. She tried again and again, but he just couldn't do it anymore. Lynn was terribly angry with Charly, he had lied to her for years. Dave had never al-

lowed him to fuck Lynn. Charly had made it all up, he had fucked Lynn without Dave's permission and sworn, but it had been a lie all those years. She never spoke another word to Charly, the bastard.

Sara took Dave in, she loved her Dad more than anything and she fell for the feelings she had when she was 10. He let Sara take care of him and make love to him, she played with his cock and probably made him squirt 10 times a day. "I'm so glad, Daddy, that you masturbated me back then and taught me how to masturbate. I've done it every night since then and thought of you often, when I masturbated. I really wanted to fuck you back then, but you didn't play along. It was so beautiful and wonderful when, after a long time, you allowed me to slide my pussy up and down your cock until you squirted. It was almost like real fucking for me. I only realized much later that you didn't want to take my virginity back then. I always let Ben watch me masturbate and he loved it from the beginning. Charly, that dirt-bag, took my virginity without meaning to and then only half-heartedly. He never came to me again, so I let Ben fuck me, we both liked that very much! Mom was afraid that I would get pregnant and took him to bed with her. They didn't fuck for weeks, Ben had to get used to it first." Dave was pretty angry with Charly, he resented the fact that he had lied to Lynn for years so that he could fuck her easily.

Dave told Sara how things had gone with Charly. Dave was pretty devastated that Lynn couldn't have any more children, his manhood was suffering. Charly was very clumsy with women, he had never fucked one back then. Dave actually wanted to give Lynn more physical pleasure, so he brought Charly into the marriage bed. Lynn was reluctant and initially only gave Charly handjobs. She had never done it before and was visibly fascinated by the juice squirting out of Charly's cock in a high arc. Only after weeks did she let Charly fuck her. He had told Charly that he had to continue fucking Lynn immediately after his squirting, and so Lynn still had an orgasm. Charly did his job right and fucked Lynn to an orgasm and continued until squirting. She continued to masturbate softly and gently until she fell asleep. Lynn became mentally rounded again, she loved the orgasms while being fucked by the two brothers and the gentle masturbation after fucking. This went well for all the years and before he left the

family, he explicitly told Charly that the fine fucking was over. How disappointed he was now when he found out the truth.

He complained that he could no longer fuck Lynn with one leg. The nurse had ridden him a few times during his convalescence, but Lynn didn't like that riding at all. Sara, unlike Lynn, had no problem at all with riding Dave. She had never done it before, but she did it to please Dave. She rode Dave with great passion and enthusiasm, because being fucked so beautifully by her brought him great pleasure. For a while it looked as if Dave was recovering from the passionate riding. But it was only a brief flare-up.

One morning he didn't wake up, his dark spirits had stolen his soul, his will and his life during the night.

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Korean Intermezzo

by Jack Faber © 2024

Sian lay down, feeling the horniness rising in her loins. As always, Kim placed one thigh on her thigh and snuggled up to his masturbating mother, who was letting her thoughts run free. Kim had been used to cuddling up close to his heavily masturbating mother from an early age on. She smiled when he was rocked a little while she was masturbating. It was as if the boy liked it, this kind of rocking.

Sian came from a poorer suburb of Seoul, from an early age she masturbated greedily and addictively, dreaming of fucking. She masturbated at night until she fell asleep from tiredness. It was her very private secret, she didn't masturbate with friends or girlfriends. She had completed a course in creative writing after school and got a few commissions. It took a year for her writing talent to be noticed. This is how she met Daewon, her future husband. He was a very successful filmmaker and his films, opulent operas set in the ancient kingdoms of Korea, sold well. He walked a fine line to avoid having his films labeled as pornography. He usually edited the final version and put the pornographic parts together into hardcore films and sold them to the porn industry. He had started with a handful of coins in his pocket and now had a well-filled bank account. He was told it was time to get married.

They were in Daewon's one-bedroom apartment in the middle of the City of Seoul. It had a glass roof and couldn't be seen from the outside. They were lying naked on the sofa, she was holding his cock in her fist and Daewon was masturbating Sian very skillfully, but she stopped his hand before her orgasm. That she clutched his cock the whole time, while he masturbated her, had been his idea, and she found that rather exciting and horny. She wasn't actually ready to masturbate properly yet to orgasm. She found it all the more disconcerting that he continued to press her back against his chest and grabbed his cock between her wide spread legs. She had never seen a cock before, nor had she ever seen a man masturbate. He rubbed his cock very quickly, pressed the glans onto her slit and squirted upon

the slit. It was actually uncomfortable for her because how to avoid her own orgasm was simple, she just stopped his masturbating finger. But she didn't want to see his cockrubbing again, burying her face in the pillows, but finding no way to somehow avoid him squirting and oozing out. When he got ready to rub his cock, she buried her face in the pillows, not wanting to see it again either. When he finished, he took her hand, gripped her fist around his cock and rubbed the foreskin up and down. She felt the juice shoot out and he pushed the foreskin back and forth firmly with her fist. Weeks later she told him that she didn't want to masturbate his cock with her fist, no! Daewon agreed, she should just pull his foreskin back firmly with her fist when the juice gushed out. She nodded, that was okay. Just pull back the foreskin when it oozed out, that was the deal. He didn't stick to the deal for a day. Now she looked up from the pillows, his juice was oozing out, viscous and slow. She had to pull the foreskin back firmly, he said. She nodded, but she buried her face in the pillows when he rubbed his cock. Only when he murmured that he was cumming did she sigh and grab his cock with her fist and pull back the foreskin firmly, and the juice squirted out, oozing from her fist in a thick, viscous stream of lava. "I'm cumming," he said each time and she pulled back the foreskin very forcefully, that's what he wanted. She stared at his glans, from which the juice was now oozing out in a thick, viscous stream of lava. He grabbed her hand and she pressed her face even deeper into the pillows, she had to clutch his cock with her fist and he rubbed her fist up and down firmly. The next time he gasped, she had to continue on her own. She glanced at her fist out of the corner of her eye and rubbed it as jerkily as he had done. The next time, instead of burying her face in the pillows, she looked intently at the cock, rubbed it jerkily and let it cum high. The next time, instead of burying her face in the pillows, she looked intently at his cock, rubbing it jerkily and making him cum high. She watched his cockrubbing from the corner of her eye until he gasped, "Now!", then she grabbed his cock with her fist and pulled his foreskin back very firmly for minutes, long minutes. Jerky, as he liked it. He closed his eyes in pleasure and opened his mouth. Then she had done it, he squirted in a high arc and she continued to tear at his cock because he liked her to keep going until he had finished squirting. She did this to him for several weeks, because she was in love with the guy

and it wasn't really that bad. He showed her something new, "planing his wood", which she immediately liked.

It always started with lying on top of him, kissing and cuddling until his cock was as hard as a board. Daewon had shown her how to "plane his cock" once. She had to pinch his cock with her labia and rub hard, back and forth with her pussyhole. If she wanted to, she could press her clit onto the cock, which she found being very fine. Her eyes lit up, "it's almost like real fucking," she breathed, "I can really feel your cock with my pussy!" He said, it came from the Muslim world where great emphasis was placed on the hymen, it was called 'virgin fucking' and millions of girls did it. She planed his cock with sweeping hard movements and it usually took 10 minutes for him to squirt. She usually had an orgasm long before he did, she trembled for minutes and stopped planing, she only touched her clitoris 3 or 4 times and triggered the orgasm. She let it fade and started planing again, on to the second orgasm! She rested her head on his stomach and arched her back round to place her wide open mouth as close as she could to his cock. She watched his cock and labia as she planed him, until he squirted. Sometimes it splashed on her face on his stomach, but she didn't mind, she wiped it off with a finger and licked it broadly grinning off her finger. She often let herself be squirted in the face or directly in the mouth, it was a great fun for her to catch his squirting with her mouth, which, to her chagrin, didn't always work. Somehow she felt very wicked and depraved when she let him squirt on her face or in her mouth. He usually just squirted on her face, she grinned wryly and licked it off her finger. She really loved the planing, her labia gripped his cock, she slid her pussy back and forth on his cock and pressed her clit onto his cock. She only stopped when he had squirted. He liked it very much when she was planing his cock. If her clit was almost orgasmic when he squirted, she would continue to slide until she orgasmed. But she always had a guilty conscience afterwards, she mistook it for the normal post-coital dreariness. She originally never really wanted to orgasm during these love games, but now it just happened. "I still have to" she would whisper if she hadn't had an orgasm or a second one yet and would continue until her thighs trembled and she had an orgasm minutes later. They did the planing of his wood for many weeks, they both liked it best.

He said that his mother had licked his cock when he was a little boy and he was ⁹allowed to squirt in her mouth until she gave him handjobs when he was 11. At 13 she taught him to fuck and he fucked her to this day. He was now almost 40 and she was over 60, it was getting harder and harder, her pussy was shrinking fast and it was now only possible with lube. He visited her every few months, even at 90 she wanted to be fucked thoroughly and masturbated after fucking as always, although in her old age she had to fight for an hour with her old, wrinkled flesh to reach orgasm.

Sian lay on his chest after planing his wood, pensively playing with his cock and listening to him tell her his life piece by piece. He was given his first camera when he was 7. The first thing he filmed was how his mother had to open her mouth wide and how he squirted into it in full jets. He filmed his parents at fucking, he filmed his mother masturbating after fucking. Sian watched hundreds of clips on his laptop. Hundreds, maybe thousands.

He loved his father very much and didn't understand how much the powerful depression was destroying his father. After fucking, which his mother said he was really good at, his father would crouch at his wife's feet crying in post-coital melancholy as she masturbated with lust immediately after fucking him. The only pictures he still had of his father showed him fucking or crying with Daewon's arm around his shoulders. Daewon was 12 or 13 when his father went into the woods to cry, where he was found six months later. Daewon was now alone with his mother, fucking her to his exhaustion every night and filming her masturbating.

At 18, he went to one of the most famous old filmmakers, who quickly realized that he was not a good cameraman, but a very talented film editor. He learned film editing very quickly and made the master even more famous. The old man fucked all the actresses before the shoot. "They have to know who's the boss here," said the old man, who had to grit his teeth with effort while fucking, "and secondly, the girls act much more passionately when they've been fucked." Equipped with such questionable teachings, young Daewon followed him and fucked all the famous and less famous actresses on the set. In those 4 years, Daewon fucked all the actresses in town at

least once. The old master became increasingly strange and bizarre, making porn films in which underage girls were fucked mercilessly. He was sent to prison for this and hanged himself after 14 days.

Daewon used the master's connections to the porn industry and sold hundreds of clips he had shot from his mother's fucking and masturbating. He got the money together to make his first movie. It was an opulent costume film, it scraped past the censors because it showed a lot of nudity and he only cut when the actresses were actually being fucked for real, several times during the plot. He sold what he had to cut to the porn industry and became wealthy, he became rich. He fucked all the actresses, even the extras, and enjoyed money and fucking in equal measure. He met Sian, her natural shy behavior fascinated him from the very first second. He wanted to marry Sian as soon as possible, but she wouldn't let him fuck her yet.

Sian didn't have that much to tell him. She too had grown up in a tiny apartment, she too slept with her parents on the sleeping mat. She could remember her parents fucking every night and if it wasn't completely dark, she could see the fucking in detail. Her father was her hero at the time, she lay on her mother's belly button and watched excitedly as her hero rubbed his big cock stiffly and inserted it into her cunthole. It was fascinating to see how he pounded in the hole for 10 minutes and pumped everything in at the end. The little girl found the fucking incredibly exciting and tugged and pulled at her pussy. The fucking was incredibly exciting. But when she was about 10, her father slept out very often and her mother was very offended because she was powerless against the obscenely young things. She only began to masturbate at this time and pressed her little daughter against her trembling body. So Sian also learned to masturbate and it was no secret between her and her mother. She had a very strict upbringing and had never experimented sexually with her friends or girlfriends. That was the reason why she was still a virgin.

"I'm still a virgin, Mr. Daewon," she said, "I want to wait to fuck until I'm married!" And Mr. Daewon was impressed. So they got married first, then she gave herself to him. She barely felt the deflowering, she didn't have an orgasm the first time they fucked. Only when he turned her onto her stomach late at night and fucked her

from behind did she have a jubilant orgasm. This remained the same throughout the years, she had an orgasm when he fucked her from behind. He was her first and only man and she liked having orgasms half asleep. She always waited to masturbate until Daewon had fallen asleep again, because she masturbated every night for the rest of her life.

Sian developed into an excellent scriptwriter, she had read up on the history of the early kingdoms of Goryeo. Daewon showed her the uncut rough versions of the footage. However, he continued filming in the places where he had to cut later. The protagonists fucked in front of the camera, usually the actress was fucked multiple times in the plot by the hero or the villains, by three or four villains in a row. He only took actresses who accepted being fucked during filming. Only rarely could one of them afford to turn down the role, but he would rather do without the actress than not let her get fucked herself. He didn't hide it from any of the girls, a bad reputation was better than no reputation. Sian watched the footage with him, she held her hand over her mouth because she had been brought up very conventionally and she was now watching beautiful women being fucked a hundred times.

She wrote excellent scripts for Daewon. She had quickly realized that he needed two scripts. One that would get through the censors and one that was destined for the porn industry. She was sexually inexperienced, Daewon was her first and only man. But she had a vivid imagination, watched all of his porn movies and composed very intense scenes that the actors only had to re-enact. Daewon was thrilled because she delivered really unusual and horny stuff. The number of female viewers skyrocketed because the audience realized that her scripts must have been written by a sensitive woman. She and Daewon were happy about the rising numbers and the many dollars.

Her son Kim was a quiet, sweet child. He accepted from an early age that he had to wait for hours in an after-school care center or with a nanny until his parents came home from work. Daewon had asked Sian, when Kim was a young kid, why she didn't take the little one's cock in her mouth and lick it, it was common practice and sup-

posedly good for the little one's cock. She had heard about it for a long time, her girlfriends had taken the little cocks in their mouths and of course let them squirt in until they were big enough for a handjob. She opened her eyes wide, but all the ones who had a son did it. So she took the little boy's cock in her mouth and licked it for a while. Kim had enjoyed sticking his cock in her mouth from an early age. When he was able to squirt and ran to take a piss in the morning, he checked to see if she was still asleep. He rubbed his morning wood and squirted into the toilet. She hugged him and asked if he would like to squirt in her mouth? He was very unsure and asked if he could, and she nodded in agreement. "Of course you can squirt in my mouth, little darling, that's quite all right and I'm sure it's really nice for you too!" He now said that several of his classmates had been allowed to squirt in their mother's mouth and he had imagined squirting in Sian's mouth a hundred times, but he had never dared to mention it to her. He had always watched video clips of his classmates squirting into their mothers' mouths, but he was usually more interested in seeing the naked mothers, who were usually only dimly visible. Sian smiled good-naturedly as her son spoke so openly and trustingly about it. They talked about how she wanted him to squirt into her mouth. Her favorite thing, Sian said, was to take his glans between her lips and let him squirt inside. She masturbated him, then she took his glans between her lips and let him squirt into her mouth. They did this for many months. They had also tried having him masturbate by hand and only at the end put his cock deep in her mouth to squirt, but he didn't like that at all. She masturbated him and let him squirt in at the end. But they both liked it best, when he put his cock all the way into her mouth from the beginning and she sucked and licked it until he squirted. She continued to suck him and sucked him dry.

He nodded with shining eyes, he was allowed to squirt into her mouth and she swallowed the juice well. He really enjoyed her sucking and licking and his face lit up when he came close to squirting. His cock twitched on her tongue, he squirted rhythmically and made an effort to squirt everything into her mouth and she licked, sucked and sucked his cock very passionately completely empty. She had licked him for a good four years and let him squirt in her mouth for over two years and now, as he turned 10, they switched to handjobs.

Daewon was Sian's first and only husband, and she was completely inexperienced sexually. But she had let Daewon persuade her to stand in as a body double. These were close-ups of fucking, she often had to be fucked by 8 or 10 men in a row! She was really scared at first, because Daewon was her husband, her only one, and she couldn't just let herself be fucked by strange men, even if they were professionals! But Daewon waved her off, that was work and not extramarital cheating. He was always there and her initial disgust wore off. Also because she often orgasmed with these professional fuckers. It was somehow exciting, because the men were well-hung professionals who knew exactly how to fuck Sian to orgasm. She had to learn to spread her labia and her cunthole very wide with her fingers after her orgasm so that the cameraman could film as deep as possible in her pussyhole, so that the squirting and the juice could be clearly seen and filmed. She always watched the footage very carefully and pondered for a long time how exactly she could improve it. It didn't work very often and only when the man pulled his cock out a little while he was squirting inside. Daewon reassured her that he would use all the shots, even those that didn't show the squirting so well. The squirting could always be seen because the cocks pumped and pressed visibly. She had arranged it with the professionals so, that she pulled his cock out a little with her fingers while he was squirting, so that the cameraman could get a good shot of the jets squirting inside. She was now having an insane amount of sex without feeling like a whore and she let herself be fucked for hours, enjoying every second of it. Daewon, she now realized, was not a good fucker. Only when he woke her up again late at night and fucked her from behind did she have an orgasm.

She covered little Kim's eyes with her hand at night so that he could sleep on and not see their fucking. But the little boy told her that Daddy always fucked the neighbor very quickly when he picked up the little boy. Mrs. Nakamura was a barmaid who always walked around the apartment in a sloppily closed yukata, which opened fully when Daddy fucked her. He always had to do it very quickly, but little Kim saw everything and always told Sian. She was annoyed, but not because of the fucking, but because Daewon let the little one watch without a care in the world.

By now she was well practiced at having an orgasm while being fucked from behind by Daewon. After many hundreds of men had fucking her as a body double, she had less and less desire to be fucked by them. Her strictly conventional upbringing and her heart-felt sexual relationship with Kim became more and more prominent. Daewon was sensitive enough to let her stop gradually. She was content to fuck Daewon, it was her marital duty. It was all the more surprising for her that he divorced her. He had so many affairs with very young actresses that he no longer wanted to put her through it. She stayed in the one-room apartment and he came every few weeks to fuck her and spend the night with her.

She was used to having lots of orgasms while making movies. Now that she had retired from movie fucking, she was masturbating again as addictively as she had when she was a young girl. One orgasm a night was not enough for her, she sometimes interrupted her work on the laptop to masturbate. She just had to be considerate of Kim.

When Daewon came to fuck, she took Kim to neighbors and picked him up right after the fuck. At night, however, when Daewon fucked her to orgasm from behind, it was often impossible to prevent Kim from waking up and secretly watching their fucking. It was incredibly embarrassing, but she couldn't avoid it.

Kim was getting to the age where he was beginning to take an interest in the feminine. She turned on the little light and showed him her pussy, explaining everything in detail and also showing him how girls and women masturbate. He was very interested and attentive, he had bent down very low to watch her masturbate up close. She had explained the process to him in detail and now he pulled and tugged on his little cock the whole time while she masturbated in front of him, her thighs began to tremble and she had a lovely orgasm. He wanted to know, how it was at the end, her orgasm. She told him, men could have an orgasm too, when they masturbated by hand. She asked him, "Shall I do it to you? Make you squirt really nice with my fist?" Kim nodded eagerly, he had never squirted by hand before, only in Sian's mouth for years, and now he asked curiously, "can you really do it?" because he thought the very idea was magic. She took his boy's cock in her hand, it was a small, beautiful

boy's cock. She pulled back the foreskin as she had done it to Daewon, she only knew it from the early days. The little glans came out completely and she started to rub it. Kim said "ooh!" when it started to squirt and Sian kept rubbing until it stopped squirting. He was very enthusiastic about squirting and she was allowed to masturbate and make him squirt once or twice every night. She always waited until he fell asleep exhausted and only then masturbated herself.

Kim woke up every time Daewon fucked Sian from behind at night. Sometimes he would sneak his cock into her hand and she would gently make him squirt while she was being fucked from behind. Daewon noticed it, of course, but he didn't care because it was pretty normal and common for a mother to masturbate her son. His mother had let him squirt into her mouth from an early age on and later masturbated him by hand. His mother didn't let him fuck her until he was 13. Just as his father had been masturbated by Kims grandmother and he fucked her every day from 14 until he married at 30. Sian now gave Kim two or three handjobs every night until he was exhausted and fell asleep. But one day it wasn't enough for him.

Kim turned the astonished Sian onto her stomach. He knelt between her thighs, spreading them apart with his hands. "I like to fuck, Ma!" he whispered hoarsely. "You know how to do it?" she asked over her shoulder and he nodded eagerly. "I've seen Pa fuck you lots of times!" She opened her eyes wide, very startled and completely bewildered as she felt his cock seeking its way between her ass cheeks. "I like to fuck, Ma!" it sounded more like a cry for help. "Yes, go ahead, that's okay!" she confirmed. She lowered her face onto her hands in shame, he was ready now and he would fuck her and she would let him fuck her like some of her girlfriends let their sons fuck them. She had heard from some girlfriends that their sons fucked them every night until they broke away from their mothers in their mid or late 20s and got married. Sian had stopped thinking about these secretly whispered reports because she was giving Kim handjobs every night and thought that was the end of it. Now she was one of them. He spread her ass cheeks with both hands and waited indecisively. She reached down, grabbed his cock and pulled back the foreskin firmly. Then she inserted his cock into her pussy, thrusting it deep inside. Kim had penetrated carefully, it was the first time he

had ever put his cock in Sian's fuck hole, in a fuck hole at all. It felt insanely hot. "So, are you all the way in?" she asked softly. "No, not all the way in." "Then push your cock as deep as you can!" she ordered. He pushed all the way in. "That's as far as it goes, Ma!" he whispered. "When you had put it in my mouth, I licked it until it squirted and then I swallowed it." He nodded, "Yes, that's how it was," he confirmed. "Now it's different. You put it in really deep, is it fine there?" He confirmed again, "Yes, Ma, it's much more exciting than in your mouth!" he exclaimed softly. "You need to thrust in and out now, like Pa." He nodded and hesitated, "In a minute, Ma, in a minute!" But then he pulled his cock out again, lay down next to Sian and breathed piteously, "I can't, Ma, I can't!"

She hugged him comfortingly. She sat down in front of him with her legs spread and pulled him towards herself. "We'll just put him in and do nothing else," she said firmly. He nodded, sniffing, and she put his cock in her pussy hole. "Push it in really deep," and hugged him. They sat close together for fifteen minutes and she felt his cock start to throb and squirt. "It squirted," he whispered and she nodded. "That's okay, little darling!" she whispered, "you may squirt inside!" Night after night they sat like that, close together, and she rocked him back and forth a little bit until he squirted inside. Sian sensed that he was no longer afraid and said, they should try it again. She told him she wanted to be fucked from behind, that was her favorite position. He nodded, "Yes, Ma!"

Kim had watched Daewon fuck Sian from behind often enough. He just had to do it the same way, and he did. "Ma, my cock is already throbbing wildly and I think it's about to squirt!" he cried desperately, barely having thrust in fifteen or twenty times. "Hold it back, you have to thrust much longer before you squirt," she breathed, but she could already feel the first jet shooting in. He had to squirt too quickly, and it was far too soon, he knew that himself. Ashamed, he lay down next to his mother. She stroked his face. "Was it good?" she whispered, but he shook his head. "It happened far too quickly," he said plaintively, "far too quickly, far too soon!" She stroked him reassuringly. "Next time," she comforted him, "the first time is always far too quick." The next few days she sat opposite him again with her legs wide spread, started with her fist and inserted his

cock to let him squirt inside, then they tried it again. She had done it to him by hand before fucking him so that he had already squirted a good portion of his juice and now they tried it again. He was now fucking as he should and squirting quite late. Sian said that was about right.

She now practiced every night to fuck from behind with Kim, who soon learned to hold back the squirting for longer. But it was still a few weeks before she had her first orgasm. She guided and directed Kim, she told him exactly which parts of her pussyhole he should hit and thrust onto. It was quite clear that she would only let herself be fucked from behind. Only in this position could she have an orgasm with Daewon or Kim. The orgasms she had with the professionals were the exception, but they were professionals, neither Daewon nor Kim were. Kim had now understood what was important. She let Kim fuck her every night and let him watch her masturbate if he wanted to, she had no sexual reservations towards him like she did with Daewon.

One night they were ambushed, the Jo-Pok, the Korean mafia, kidnapped them both and extorted a small ransom from Daewon. They were locked up in a dark dungeon for 10 days. Every few hours a gangster or someone else came and fucked Sian so badly that she nearly lost her consciousness. Kim sat down in the corner and hid. He could see right into Sian's cunthole and the cock pounding and squirting in her pussyhole. He was ready to jump in to save her if anyone tried to hurt her, but it never happened. Sometimes only one or two came, sometimes 5. Kim stared at his mother being fucked by the men one after the other and he was ashamed because sometimes it looked really hot. He saw that Sian's thighs were still trembling from her orgasm and her fingers were desperately feeling her clit. He pulled back his foreskin again and again, staring at her pussyhole and clit until he squirted. He wiped his hand, hugged her after each rape and comforted her like a 14-year-old could. They hugged each other tightly for 10 days and there were probably about 50 guys or more who raped her. The delivery of the ransom money went wrong three times and only succeeded the fourth time. They were blindfolded and dropped off at a pier on the Han River, where Daewon

was able to pick them up. Daewon immediately had a thick steel door installed.

Sian couldn't fuck for a while, not with Daewon, not with Kim and not even masturbate. The rapes couldn't just be shaken off. Sian went to a good therapist every day who was able to free her from all the dirt. She had lain in Kims arms every night, cuddled up to him and whispered that she couldn't yet fuck. Kim held her tight, he was now the strong one she could lean on. She took her time, masturbated again for the first time in weeks and let Kim fuck her one night.

She tried to write a script again after months. She watched the uncut rough versions of her own Body Double fucking, time and time again, to relive a bit of the earlier feelings. When Kim looked over her shoulder, it was a lot more exciting. She called Daewon, she wanted to work as a Body Double again. Of course he agreed and she went back to fucking 10 to 12 men in the afternoon in front of the camera. She felt it was her calling. Daewon thought she should not only fuck as a Body Double in close-ups, she should appear in small clips as a porn actress. She actually had only little talent for it and she did shoot a real porn movie every now and then. But most of the time she remained a Body Double, and to be honest, that's what she liked best, because she could get fucked properly by a dozen men and very often had an orgasm with these professionals.

Kim was developing splendidly, he was now 15, learning excellently at school and at night Sian was already lying on her stomach, sleepily waiting for him.

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White Nights

by Jack Faber © 2024

Sarah only became interested in sexuality shortly before her 14th birthday. Adele was a year older, repeated the class and was incredibly cool. Adele let guys fuck her, that was super cool. But she was still a virgin, and that was mega cool. Virginity was simply a must in their strict Jewish community, there was no way around it. Adele laughed, no way? Really?

Adele had her storm-free place, her family stuck to it. Adele had invited Sarah to fuck. Her pulse was pounding as she stripped naked like Adele and Jonas. Sarah looked closely at the cock. It was the first one she could now look at in peace.

Adele lay on her back, lifted her legs to the sky and reached around her legs with her arms. She lowered her knees to the level of her face, her round ass offering fuckhole and asshole alike. She spread her ass cheeks with her hands and pressed her thumbs upon her pussy. Jonas applied a lubricant to her asshole. Sarah watched closely as Jonas penetrated her tall friend's asshole and fucked her. She looked at Adele's thumbs and began to realize that Adele's thumbs were what had brought her clit to orgasm. After squirting, Jonas pulled out his cock and sat down. Adele laughed. "So much for fucking a virgin!" and she laughed endlessly and shrilly.

This is how Sarah learned virgin ass fucking. Adele was her big girlfriend who taught her all this. Sarah's parents lived as if they were separated. The father, approaching 70, was the best tailor in the city, he worked day and night until early morning. He used earlier to feel like fucking his wife early in the morning, but he was getting old quickly. Sarah's mother, who was called Mame in the family because they spoke Yiddish and German, had several admirers with whom she disappeared into the bedroom in the afternoons. Mame was a pervert in a sense, she especially loved young boys, those between 12 and 15. She usually lured two or three into her bedroom and let them

fuck her one after the other until the poor boys couldn't bring up an erection anymore.

Sarah didn't understand it until she grew up. Mame made no big secret of it; she was 20 years younger than her husband, who climbed her with difficulty at most once a week. Sarah watched the old man fucking and didn't find it exciting at all. His cock was very wrinkled and half soft, and he could only stuff it into Mame's pussy-hole with great difficulty. Sarah didn't find it very exciting when he thrust in and out, especially she thought he took so long without Mame becoming particularly aroused. She knew how excited she was from fucking in her asshole and how she only had to rub her clit a little bit with a thumb to trigger her orgasm. Mame never brought herself to orgasm while fucking her father, but to the astonishment of little spying Sarah, she only masturbated after he had fallen asleep. Mame looked indifferent and let him squirt into her hole with complete indifference in her face. The older he got, the more often he had to pull out his cock, squatting on top of Mame like a hunchbacked monkey and rubbing his wrinkled cock with his bony fist for a long time until his seed gushed out laboriously. He let his seed drip onto Mame's pussy and crawled crestfallen under the blanket. Mame wiped herself off, then it was over and she let her lovers fuck her during the day. Sarah rarely spied, but she realized immediately how much Mame actually enjoyed fucking.

She was 18 when her parents found the perfect match for her. Ari was a kind, good man, at 27 almost 10 years older than her. He worked in his parents' business; his father had set up a large shipping company with over 100 trucks and three loading yards; the work continued until early in the morning. She fell in love with Ari, the son of a rich family, and let him fuck her in the ass with amorous enthusiasm. They agreed to conform to the wishes of their two Jewish families and marry Sarah as an untouched virgin.

Ari had told Sarah that he had been with his mother since he was 13 and that he was still fucking her every day until his wedding night. She was the only woman he had fucked so far, he had learned everything from her. When he was a little boy, she masturbated twice a day, in the morning and in the afternoon. The little one was allowed

to lie between her thighs and see her masturbating up close. After the 10th year of marriage she lost all interest in fucking and masturbating, she just let it happen indifferently. Ari fucked her daily and she had to masturbate after fucking because Ari liked it that way.

The parents had separate bedrooms because of the father's working hours. He came every morning to fuck his wife and Ari had to pretend to be asleep. The father was always embarrassed to fuck his wife in front of his son, but that was the way it was. They saw the boy's erect cock pulsating after their fucking. She would always point with her chin, "'Look how his cock throbs and pulsates! Poor boy, he must be dreaming about fucking! Should I?" and the father shrugged his shoulders. He believed that his wife, caressing and stroking the boy's cock until he squirted in his sleep, was a completely innocent gesture. He praised how lucky he was to have such a hot wife. He never found out that the son fucked his wife every day. Ari, her husband and her own father, who had fucked her for a decade daily, were the only ones she had fucked in her entire life. When she was a child, it was completely natural and easily arousing for her, that her father fucked her every night. Ari said the mother had told him the story a hundred times. The mother, who had never let him fuck her since the first and only time, placed the ugly 13 year old girl on the loins of her father, grinning maliciously, because he was simply tired of her mother's fist jobs and really wanted to fuck a pussy. She had always watched, said the little girl, when her mother rubbed him with her fist and let him squirt. "And I've seen the fucking many times," the little girl continued, "when you fucked the Ninni!" The mother grinned cheekily, "That's exactly what I don't want, that you fuck the Ninni or any other women! The little one is already old enough, you can fuck her as often as you want for all I care!" The father didn't dare to do it right away, but the mother made him fuck his daughter, period! The father approached carefully and asked probably a hundred times if the little one wanted it herself? She nodded with bright eyes, her Dad was her big hero and she had dreamed of him fucking her a thousand times while masturbating. He trembled with excitement, entered fearfully and carefully and gently de-flowered her. From then on he fucked her every night. She never had an orgasm, but masturbated like her mother did after fucking. She

fucked Daddy every night until she got pregnant and married in a hurry at 26.

Sarah had listened to Ari very carefully. While he was talking, she had been playing with his big cock and stroking it gently, but the cock wasn't getting stiff anymore, they had just fucked in her asshole. She had already had many circumcised cocks in her hand, but he had the most beautiful one. Or did she wear rose-colored glasses because she was in love? "Should I make you squirt with my fist?" She asked quietly, but he shook his head. "Could you tell me, how exactly it started with your mother?" She asked because she had described the details of how Adele's assfucking had started to him in detail because he wanted to know it. He nodded and began to talk.

"I was 13 and masturbated at every opportunity. One evening I couldn't stand the temptation anymore. I really wanted my mother to masturbate me because some of my school friends were cheekily boasting about it. I overcame my inner resistance and went naked into the bedroom of my mother. She was sleeping in her negligee, I slipped into bed next to her and snuggled up. My cock pricked her side and she woke up because I was masturbating vigorously. She turned to me and asked what I was doing? I answered not exactly, I was already hopelessly far. "Please, please! Do it for me!" I shouted quite desperately, because I was sure she would throw me out straight away.

To my utter amazement she didn't, she wordlessly grabbed my cock and did it to me, she aimed my cock at her thighs to squirt. She took off her negligee and put my head on her breasts after me looking at her pussy for a long time. We spoke in whispers and I felt very comfortable in her embrace. She asked me exactly what I was doing sexually with my classmates? I told her everything truthfully and she laughed out loud because some girls let us boys watch them masturbate. "That's what you guys are like, you always want to see this secret!" I said she did it too, I saw it myself long ago!

She became serious again. "Oh, my little Ari, I haven't done it for a long time!" I was confused, why not!? She said, one day she lost all desire for sex, just like that. It was no one's fault, she didn't feel like

it anymore. She hadn't masturbated in 10 years and she didn't feel like fucking either. Dad came to her bedroom every morning after work to fuck, he fucked her only to squirt off. He said years ago, that he felt sorry for her losing Sex, but he still comes every morning. I asked her a question, I wanted to know everything about fucking. She told me everything and my ears were red, I can tell you that! Then she came up with a plan.

I should stay with her, pretend to be asleep in the morning and secretly watch the fucking. I would see for myself that she wasn't enjoying it. I nodded eagerly, this is going to be exciting! "And if you get a hard-on I'll do it for you, but you have to pretend you're asleep when I do it, okay?" And so it happened, Dad came in the morning and woke Mom up. I had barely slept because of my excitement and was wide awake, but of course I pretended to sleep. At first Dad was pissed and upset because I was lying there sleeping, but she said the boy was still sleeping soundly and he shouldn't get upset, just squirt off, that's what he came for!? From the corner of my eye I saw all the fucking. She secretly winked at me as Daddy came to squirt. "Yes, come on, just squirt inside properly!" she called out to him softly and hugged him as he squirted, because they really loved each other!

Dad lay down next to Mom, exhausted, and she said to him, "look, the poor boy must be dreaming about fucking, just look at how his hard-on throbs and pulsates!" He didn't open his eyes and just mumbled, "Hmmm!" Mom whispered, "The poor boy, I have to help him!" He again just mumbled a tired "Hmmm!" and Mom masturbated my cock very secretly and inconspicuously with her fist, but now he opened his eyes as she pulled her fist hard two or three times over my cock and made me squirt high up.

She cleaned her fingers and Daddy said wondering, "he's really still sleeping!" Mom nodded smugly and nodded, "of course! It's not the first time I've done it to him!" Now she had to tell him a fictional story rubbing my cock to let me squirt when I was asleep, but he believed every word and dozed off. He went to his bedroom after 20 minutes. After fucking he watched her every morning as she masturbated with her fist her sleeping boy. So I watched her fucking for years until Daddy gradually came less often.

I whispered to her for a long time and I demanded, I insisted that I wanted to fuck her like Daddy had. She was completely negative and rejected it at first, but I didn't give up. "Well then, in God's fuck-ing name!" she cursed and now I fucked her for the first time. Wow! How fine that was inside her cunthole! I told her and she smiled. "Now, fuck me hard and wild and squirt all inside, because I don't want to fuck afterwards for a second time!" She was in the beginning only a bit excited and let me work hard because I had already squirted shortly before and needed a very long time to fuck her. But it was heavenly good and exciting! I kept my cock stuck in her pussy-hole and after a short break, I fucked her again and again until I couldn't take it anymore. She became very aroused and was breathing heavily, her finger vibrating on her clit. She stared into my eyes and I was sure, she was having orgasm after orgasm with the vibrating finger, but her face and eyes didn't show a damn thing, not a damn bit! She stared into my eyes but said nothing as I squirted inside again and again. She became very highly aroused and breathed hard, her finger restlessly vibrating on her clit. She stared into my eyes but didn't say anything when I finally squirted inside. She only removed the vibrating finger when I pulled my cock out. I took a long breath and when I could breathe calmly again, I demanded that she do it to herself like she did 10 years ago, I would sit between her thighs to watch her masturbate.

I had to work on it for a long time, but then she finally gave in, because she had gotten surprisingly horny and hot from my fucking. I love watching her masturbate, I do! She masturbates quite quickly and effectively, but I especially love it when she orgasms, it's always very strong and jerks her around, but it's also over very quickly. Since then we have been fucking every day and I don't have to force her anymore, she gets well aroused from fucking and masturbates voluntarily after fucking because she also knows how much I enjoy watching her orgasming. We've been doing this for 14 years. Sometimes she had a friend over for coffee and lesbian lovemaking, ugly old lesbian hags. I lay next to them and got incredibly horny, I fucked all of the hags without exception and the mother just watched me grumpily, but I fucked each one, always with disgust for their old, wrinkled and dripping wet pussies, but always with curiosity and mostly with pleasure. Most of them hesitated for a long time, and I

had to fuck some of them with force, against their will.” Ari was finished and Sarah cuddled up to him. “That was incredibly interesting,” she said and kissed him with a deep French kiss. Ari looked into her eyes. “Is it still valid you do it to me with your fist?”

Ari had bought the apartment opposite her parents’ apartment, Sarah was given a fine piano as a morning gift and was allowed to furnish the 200 square meter apartment tastefully and comfortably.

Before the wedding, according to custom, the mother of the bride had to make sure that the groom was firstly circumcised and secondly had strong loins. The first was done at a glance, the second required more effort. Most mothers of the bride did a handjob, rubbing the grooms cock fiercely with a fist, which seemed to be the easiest way to reassure the community that a weak groom wasn’t corrupting the community’s strength. A few were too bashful to give a handjob. And then there were those who seized the opportunity to fuck a young man. Mame was one of these, she contradicted Sarah, who vehemently advocated for a handjob. She was jealous, nothing else. So she insisted on being present at this rehearsal.

Mame told what it was like for herself, then. Back then, all mothers of the bride fucked the groom, and doing handjobs was considered cowardly. Mame’s mother was long dead, so Mame forced her groom to bring his own mother with him. He was terribly excited and shaking with fear because he had never fucked her before. The 70 year old groaned and moaned terribly because she hadn’t been fucked for 20 years and now the son was fucking her for hours and hours without a break, he couldn’t stop until he couldn’t fuck anymore. The next day she sent her youngest sister, who had a lot of fun with her assignment. She didn’t care a shit that he was shaking and trembling like a leaf because he had never fucked his aunt before either. But he overcame his fears and fucked his aunt again and again until he was completely exhausted. Mame laughed softly, “if I had listened to my inner voice back then when I watched him cowardly, fearfully fuck, then you wouldn’t be here, dearest Sarah darling!”

Mame had trimmed her pubic hair, bathed and carefully perfumed herself. Sarah had never seen Mame naked before, now she looked at

Mame's naked body. The most noticeable thing was her breasts. They used to be big and full, but now they hung left and right like thick fried eggs down. Sarah stared at Mame's big, open pussyhole and clit, stiffened in anticipation. Men might overlook him, Sarah was annoyed by Mame's obvious happy anticipation.

"So, come on!" said Mame to Ari, "or are you afraid of fucking a 50 year old!?" Ari smiled delicately. "I've fucked older women all my life, they were all great to fuck! No, I'm not at all afraid!" Sarah sat on the edge of the bed and was very angry and jealous. Mame spread her arms.

Ari penetrated Mame's pussy firmly and decisively. She took a deep breath because Ari's cock was bigger than she thought. He fucked her pretty roughly, Mame went up like a rocket and quickly orgasmed. She clung at him like a tiger to his prey, her pussy thrusting violently at his cock. As quickly as he had come, the orgasm subsided. But Ari kept fucking on and Mame got hot again. Ari had to squirt, he squirted rhythmically and for a very long time, then he fell exhausted into Sarah's arms. Mame, hot from fucking, immediately started to masturbate, but it didn't work. Sarah and Ari watched, neither of them having ever seen Mame masturbate. "Does she always take this long?" Ari whispered in Sarah's ear, but she shook her head. "I don't know," Sarah breathed, "I've never seen her masturbate before!" Mame fought doggedly, her eyes bulging and her face contorting as the orgasm came after 20 minutes. Mame's body twitched and wriggled in involuntary convulsions, then suddenly it was over. Ari and Sarah walked quietly out and let Mame doze.

It was a big Jewish wedding. The courtyard was crowded, both families had many, many members. People ate and drank like royalty and a band played klezmer music. The bride and groom retreated into the ritual wedding night, into the ritual bedding, and the guests made noise to drown out the bedding noise. According to custom, Mame sat in the bedroom to witness the incident. Her eyes glittered as she looked at the naked Ari.

Mame sat in her chair and her eyes glittered as she saw Ari's erect cock as he laid down next to Sarah. He only knew the way he fucked

his mother and pierced Sarah's hymen rather roughly. She screamed after he penetrated deeply and pulled away from him crying. Mame stood up and picked up the bloody cloth from the bed. She opened the window and presented the proof of Sarah's virginity to the hooting and applauding guests. She went to Sarah, who was crying, and comforted her. "Ari, leave my little one alone now, it hurt her," she said, unbuttoning her dress and letting it fall. Sarah stared at her naked mother in shock and hugged her knees with her arms crying.

Mame lay on her back. "Come on Ari, come fuck me!" she called quietly. Sarah held her breath because Ari lay down on top of Mame without saying a word. He penetrated roughly and fucked the jubilant and lustily trembling Mame. He finished quickly and Mame touched her clit, rubbing it quickly. She triggered her orgasm at the same time as he squirted, she was very practiced at this. Sarah hugged Ari's sweat-drenched body and hugged her hero, kissing him.

Mame was satisfied that Ari's cock was still stiff and pulled him again on top of her. He fucked her for a long time with released grunts, she triggered her orgasm like before. Ari sank tiredly into Sarah's arms. She stroked his massive cock, which was still semi-hard. Sarah was very proud when she stiffened his cock again. He was goaded and put Mame back on her back. He fucked the 50 year old for the third time and squirted way too quickly. He lay down next to Sarah, gasping for air, and they watched Mame masturbate. She masturbated for at least 15 minutes and achieved the third and final orgasm with strong effort only.

Mame quickly dressed and went downstairs to the guests. She had heard the two of them whispering, Ari whispering how cool and brilliant Mame could fuck. The two of them also got dressed again and went downstairs to the guests.

The first few years of marriage they loved each other very much. Ari usually came home at the most unlikely times, but Sarah loved letting him fuck her. They had three children, Ben like Benjamin, Lily like Lilith and Miri like Miriam. Sarah discovered that Ari went to Mame's bedroom to fuck her once or twice a week. There were tears, accusations and bad words, but Ari finally convinced Sarah. Did she

want Mame to go out on the streets like a cheap whore for a quickie, at her age!? And he really missed the loving fucking with his old mother, he admitted with his head bowed. She had gotten him into the habit of fucking old women with pleasure, and fucking the old hag was damn good for him, he murmured. Sarah couldn't be mad at him, the big, stupid boy. Mame wasn't a threat, she wouldn't take Ari away from her. She gave Ari a light pat and kissed him. Everything is fine, she whispered, choked with tears.

She stopped dead in her tracks, as if struck by lightning, as she walked into the girls' room one afternoon. 13 year old Ben, 11 year old Lily and 10 year old Miri were all three naked. Lily sat with her legs spread and her pussy covered in semen in front of Ben, who was masturbating. Miri sat next to the two of them and masturbated with shiny, glassy eyes. Sarah was paralyzed. Ben just looked up briefly, "I didn't pierce her hymen through, no!" and continued masturbating excitedly. Sarah was paralyzed with horror because the children continued undeterred. Lily looked cheeky. "Ben always has to squirt in three times!" she said in a conspiratorial tone, spreading her pussy lips with her fingers. Ben's cock was getting closer and closer, he stuck his cock between her pussy lips and squirted inside. Miriam had had her orgasm quietly and inconspicuously and hid under her blanket.

Sarah straightened her back and woke up from the torpor. She scolded loudly and shouted that they should never do that again! And she would monitor Ben personally, he had to sleep with her from now on! She slammed the door shut and stalked into the kitchen.

Ben stripped naked and obediently lay down next to Sarah, who was sleeping in a silk negligee. He sighed after two silent minutes and began to masturbate. Sarah, who had her back to him, reached back and rubbed his cock along with his fist. He squirted on her ass cheeks and remained lying with the stiff cock on her ass cheek. She thought feverishly. Then she made up her mind.

She guided his cock between her ass cheeks, clenched it there and mumbled that he could fuck there now. She didn't have to explain fucking to him. He fucked between her clenched ass cheeks and

cummed in the crease of her ass. He let his stiff cock stick there and wiggled a bit. Sarah sighed deeply and piously, she relaxed and put his cock now into her asshole. "Come on, fuck again!" she breathed audibly and Ben fucked in her asshole for the first time. After cumming he laid on his side and fell asleep.

The next evening she left the negligee out; it was an expensive piece and too good to be sprayed on. She turned her back to him again, Ben felt her butt, her ass cheeks and discovered his fascination with her pussycrack, exploring her cunthole with trembling fingers. He ignored her asshole, his cock slid along her pubic fold. Sarah sighed deeply and held her breath as his cock naturally entered her pussy, deep into her cunthole. For a split second she thought of Ari, who had also started fucking his weak and indifferent mother at the age of 13. Ben fucked quickly and hastily, he squirted in with a long moan and just let his stiff cock stick in her pussyhole. She turned around and lay down on her back with determination. She silently took him between her thighs and stuffed his cock into her cunthole. Ben fucked her every night from then on and she was amazed at how well he could arouse her.

So it happened that Sarah had told Ari, but he had just shrugged his shoulders, "I've had it the same way," was his only remark. During this conversation, Sarah casually learned that Ari not only fucked Mame once or twice a week, but occasionally also fucked his 70-year-old mother. She was even less interested in fucking than before, but since her husband's death she wanted to see her son more often. She would have been content with drinking coffee and chatting, but Ari would always drag her into the bedroom first and fuck her roughly as always. She had become very shy and ashamed of her old, wrinkled body. She masturbated after fucking just for his sake, she had given up on it years ago and only masturbated after fucking Ari because the good boy had always loved watching her orgasm. She had accepted it from the start and it had somehow been part of it ever since.

Sarah didn't tell Ari everything either. She had gotten in touch with old friends who used to fuck her in the ass and disappeared into her bedroom with them for an hour or two. They both had secrets from each other, Ari and her, but their stormy love had calmed down

and the secrets didn't interfere with the love. It had taken a while for her to master Mame's technique of triggering her orgasm with a few strokes on her clit just before Ben squirted, so that Ben squirted in the middle of her orgasm.

Lily was already going out with boys, Ari and she were looking for a good groom. Sarah was determined to do as Mame did and let her new husband fuck her really hard on Lilith's wedding night.

Sarah was determined to do so.

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The Serial Killer

by Jack Faber © 2024

Flo, as Florence was called, prepared for her appearance. She demonstrated daring lingerie and sexy underwear with some girls. It was a well-attended porn theater where there were live-show-fucking, girls masturbating and porn movies displayed. During the breaks there were the underwear demonstrations, Flo shaved her pussy every day because at least the guests sitting in the front wanted to see everything, everything. She sometimes found it very hot to show off her pussy to the drooling men. After the shows ended, she went upstairs to where she had set up her nice little apartment. She never felt like a whore, she described herself as a show dancer, even though some of the guests usually came up to fuck and left a few notes on the nightstand. She never did it for free.

Her brother Ben showed her how to masturbate when she was a very little girl, but she loved the orgasms more than anything. Of course the kid tried to masturbate Ben, but her wrists were far too weak. They spied together when their parents fucked. Flo was about 12 when Ben deflowered her and they fucked all evening and then some. When she was 13, her father caught both of them fucking. He was annoyed and scolded Ben quietly, then took Flo with him to the marriage bed.

The mother watched the two of them jealously like a hawk and scolded her because Flo stopped wearing pajamas and cuddled up naked to her Dad. Flo's mother was addicted to masturbating, which meant that she started masturbating in the evenings and at some point sank deep into herself, she no longer saw or heard anything, there was only rubbing her clitoris and the orgasms, time after time, until she fell asleep from tiredness. She had rarely let her husband fuck her for years and she usually only did it to him with her fist when he wanted to squirt. Now his daughter was lying naked next to him and they apparently believed that she did not notice their shameless behavior. Of course she noticed everything, she tore away

the protective blanket and scolded like a crazy sparrow, because the two of them just carried on.

The father was very clumsy and didn't rub Flo's clit as he should. The mother, as she wasn't yet immersed to deep in her masturbation, would tear away the protective blanket and scold him, "You dirty bastard, you're playing with the little one's clit!" Flo snuggled up close to him and masturbated secretly and furtively between their bodies. He held her head and stroked her hair so that she remained calm during her orgasm and didn't give her mother a reason to scold. Nevertheless, the mother tore away the protective blanket, "and you calmly let her rub and masturbate herself upon your naked body, your own child!?" But she watched Flo's masturbation curiously and only covered her again after the girl's orgasm.

Flo secretly played with his cock, it was huge! She found that Daddy had the most fun when she pulled his foreskin all the way back over the glans and pulled it forward again; that was his favorite game. And when she played with him for a long time, he squirted really well! The mother screamed when he squirted, "and you calmly let your own daughter do it to you!?" The father looked at her, "Shut up, frigid woman!"

His second favorite game was when Flo dived down, licked his glans first and then pulled his foreskin all the way back over the glans and pulled it forward again as fast as she could, until he squirted into her mouth. The mother had been watching the whole time, "how disgusting and perverse to cum in the poor little one's mouth!" Of course she let herself squirt in her mouth when she did it to him with her fist, but doing that with a child was really perverse!

Daddy now turned Flo around so that her ass was facing him and Flo pulled her ass cheeks wide apart with her hands so Daddy could easily stick his cock in and secretly penetrate her cunthole. Daddy fucked her very slow, very secretly. They moved very cautiously, but sometimes the mother noticed his squirting and complained and scolded them, "and now the bastard is squirting inside! Yeah, you fool, just make her a child!" But the mother rarely noticed anything because she was addicted to masturbation and would masturbate all

evening until she fell asleep, exhausted. The two waited to fuck until the mother was deep into masturbating. When Flo turned 14, Daddy stopped hiding it of his wife and shrugged his shoulders indifferently when her mother scolded seeing them fucking. “And now you’re going to fuck the poor little girl like she’s old enough for it!?” The father looked at her sharply, “Shut up, you stupid cow!”

It was no longer a secret that he was fucking Flo and squirting inside. The mother was quietly watching their fucking and at the latest now she started to masturbate. The mother didn’t do anything about it, she was every night busy with her own masturbating and stared at their fucking with a guilty grin. Flo also found fucking much nicer this way, it was done quite openly and uninhibitedly. She didn’t get an orgasm but she masturbated after fucking just like the mother, she liked to lean herself against her masturbating mothers body. Father loved these moments when the two of them masturbated peacefully next to each other.

Flo increasingly discovered that fucking could serve as currency. The logical consequence was that she first took small gifts and later took hard cash to fuck her classmates. Of course, she seduced all the teachers except the gay religion teacher and graduated from school with top grades. She fucked her father every night until her mother stuck her head in the oven and turned on the gas. Flo began studying and financed it by modeling. She had herself photographed naked and fucked in front of the camera for good money. After every shooting there was a lot of partying and hard fucking, and even those photographers, who were considered gay, fucked along nicely. One thing led to another, she came to the porn theater and initially let herself be fucked or masturbated passionately in front of hundreds of spectators. The audience was particularly interested in her orgasm as she contorted her beautiful face into an ugly grimace. But that wasn’t the right thing, she presented sexy lingerie and took paying guests into her bedroom. That was better than working for a pimp, which was the worst thing.

Schorsch was a rude, unpleasant regular, especially when he was drunk. He was obsessed with Flo, but she never took him up to fuck. Only one day did he catch Flo in the corridor, he staggered drunkenly

towards her and pushed her face against the wall. She knew that any resistance would infuriate him and he might mistreat her. So she let everything happen, he pushed her negligee aside and penetrated from behind. She marveled at how big his cock was. He penetrated deeply and had to cum immediately, he didn't get ever to fuck his beloved. She walked away lightly, cursing blasphemously because this happened every few weeks. He always squirted in right away, but he didn't manage to properly fuck Flo very often. Only if he continued fucking her after cumming first, could he continue fucking her and cum inside her at the end. The fact that people sometimes pushed past them while staring stupidly at his fucking never bothered the drunkyard.

Business was good, she had someone to fuck every day and she masturbated in the shower afterwards. Some days a second and a third came along to fuck her in a row. By the second or the third at the latest she had a nice orgasm and the money was welcome too. Then one day came Hiro, a Eurasian with a considerably large cock. She immediately fell in love with the handsome guy, she first fucked the guests, then took a shower and waited for Hiro.

Flo hadn't been in love since middle school, and now the feeling hit her with a vengeance. After he left, she would masturbate at night until her wrist became stiff. Hiro never attended the shows, he came daily and enjoyed being the young, fresh whore's preferred lover. She gave him everything, he was allowed to try everything. Money wasn't a factor, he never paid and he didn't take any money from her.

Hiro taught her the choking game. She put a thin rope around her neck, he fucked her and slowly tightened the noose. She couldn't breathe, and just before she lost consciousness, she had an orgasm like never before. He continued to fuck the unconscious girl and squirted inside. This now became her daily, wonderful ritual. They were the best months of Flo's life.

Then the catastrophe. Schorsch was standing at her bedside and he screamed that she belonged only to him and he beat Hiro to death with his baseball bat. Flo screamed like she was out of her mind and hit Schorsch over the head with the heavy bedside lamp several times

until he lay motionless on the floor. She cried heartbreakingly and called 911. Dozens of police officers swarmed her apartment, handcuffed Schorsch and took him to the hospital.

Hiro was identified by fingerprints. He was a wanted serial killer. He had strangled at least 14 young women and girls with a noose. He was caught but escaped from police before he could be convicted. Flo shook her head, that can't be, "he choked me hundreds of times but didn't kill me!" She described everything to the female inspector in detail and her faith was only gradually shaken when the inspector showed her all the evidence of his previous murders to her and explained that in great detail. Flo was desperate and fell completely silent for almost three months.

Ben, who she hadn't seen for a long time, came three months later to her, he comforted her very lovingly and they now fucked as adults. She clung to Ben and they cuddled and fucked for weeks until she found solid ground again. She resumed her work, demonstrating sexy lingerie and taking a dozen paying guests to her room every day. She let herself be fucked one after the other and had an orgasm on the second or third at the latest, and so many orgasms after that, so that she stopped masturbating at night after having fucked Ben. Ben was fucking all the women and girls of the porn theater with Flo's consent and it was a truly adventurous time for him. Ben had lost his job and now they were both living off what she earned from fucking. She fucked more than ever before and now she was having tons of orgasms. And Ben loved her with all his heart.

She never found anyone else who fucked her as well as Hiro.

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Mother Did It Finally

by Jack Faber © 2024

Ray's mother had always showered him twice a week. Since she had been shaving her pubic hair for a few weeks, he had been looking at her childlike cleft while showering. The little sausage-shaped thing that was at the top between her inner labia was her clit. A classmate had shown him how to masturbate, which he of course already knew, she had shown him her clit and explained everything to him. The actual clit is hidden under the foreskin, she said.

Every morning after Daddy left for work, Mom went to bed to masturbate at exactly 7:30 a.m., every day except Sunday, when the parents fucked the whole morning until noon. Ray had always watched her masturbate, after a few minutes the mother sank into deep absent ecstasy and rubbed her clit automatically. Her eyes became glassy and rigid, they gazed ecstatically into distant worlds. That was the moment when Ray could safely open the door to watch her. He watched her until she heaved and trembled in orgasm, then he had to withdraw.

She showered him lovingly, but she always ignored his stiff cock. He had made his decision, laid naked next to her and waited until she had finished masturbating. She opened her eyes for an instant, "Not yet, not yet!" she breathed, closing her eyes again and he knew that she still had to carry on as usual. For long minutes her finger stroked her clit hard a few more times vigorously and she flinched briefly each time, but she continued. After long minutes she stopped. She looked up and didn't seem to be surprised. "Were you watching me?" she asked, more friendly than upset. He nodded silently as she closed her legs. Now she was done. She stared for a long time at his stiff cock, which he was gripping in his fist.

"Why are you here?" she asked.

"I need it urgently, now!" He said, clutching his cock, "Will you do it to me, please?"

She shook her head. “Do it yourself or leave it alone!” Despite the rejection, she sounded very friendly and very, very curious. “I’ve never seen it up close,” she said, and it sounded like a request.

He was desperate and long past the point of shame. He masturbated quickly and skillfully, she held her hand in front of his cock and let him squirt upon it while heavily panting.

When he was breathing normally again, he said that many mothers did this to their sons, his classmates. She shook her head, that were fairy tales, she didn’t believe a single word of it.

He called their names. She looked at him strangely and picked up the phone. Ray admired her skill in questioning the mothers. It took a while for everyone to more or less admit it. Only one resisted her siren song. Some masturbated their boys while bathing or showering them, while others masturbated him in his nursery. A single one cuddled, kissed and smooched with him naked in the marriage bed until he was hopelessly stiff, then she did it. One said she wouldn’t do it to him anymore, he could already fuck. Yes, fucking her of course, as she was unfortunately divorced.

Mom shook her head, so it was true, but she still didn’t do it. Day after day he lay next to her in the morning, patiently waiting until she finished masturbating and then he was begging. He masturbated every morning and she watched him doing it curiously, apparently finding it interesting and exciting because he did it a second and a third time in a row. She had a terribly bad conscience towards him because she had let him struggle like that. She took his cock in her mouth, let him masturbate there and squirt into her mouth, then she swallowed the semen, she had always done that. But Ray didn’t give up and begged, because he felt her gradually giving up her resistance.

One day she touched his cock with empathy as he squirted while masturbating. She was amazed herself when she did it to him with her fist for the first time. From then on it was normal, she finished her masturbating and without a word she grabbed his cock and made him squirt with her fist, two or three times, squirting in her mouth.

One morning Dad came back; he had to get documents from home. He poked his head into Mom's bedroom and immediately understood the situation. Mom knelt naked next to Ray and ran her fist hard up and down on his cock, it was the third time that morning. She paused when she noticed Dad.

"Oh yes," said Dad, "Aunt Gabi did it for me back then!" he said grinning. He was in a hurry and gave Mom a quick wink before driving off again. Mom shrugged her shoulders because he had never told her about Gabi before, then she continued again starting anew, because Ray wanted to squirt three times every morning. Ray was very satisfied and happy with the situation. He lay next to her every morning, he waited patiently until she finished masturbating and then she grinned mischievously and let him squirt three times in her mouth with her fisting.

"There's news from school," Ray said a year later. "Some boys were allowed to fuck their Moms, really fuck her like you fuck Dad on Sunday morning," Ray said. An ice cold fist clutched her heart as she asked, "Who?" She called the mothers, one by one they admitted it and some giggled, "So what!?"

Mom hung up the phone resignedly. "No, never, absolutely not!" she said to Ray. "I've never cheated on Dad, we had promised each other that!" She stuck with it, doing it to Ray with her fist, let him squirting in her mouth was accommodating enough! No matter how much he begged. She stayed tight for many weeks, only when he tried to squirt upon her pussy or in her pussyhole, did she struggle with herself. "Squirt in my pussyhole!?" No, she had never done that before! But letting him squirt upon her pussy after rubbing with her fist, "yeah, okay, if you absolutely have to!"

For many weeks she continued to do it to him with her fist, then she guided his cock in front of her cunt and let him squirt upon it. His cock got closer and closer every time, and one day his cock touched her cunt while he was squirting.

Dad stuck his head in the door, but he just said "Aha!" before leaving, as Ray bent over and squirted upon Mom's cunt.

For Ray, that “Aha!” was a key experience. He stuck his glans now into the cunt and squirted inside. Mom only protested weakly, things were slipping away from her. Ray stuck his cock deeper and deeper into Mom’s cunt, her protests became quieter and quieter. She rubbed his cock with her fist and when he was ready to squirt, she inserted the cock into her pussyhole, sighing in guilt, sighing desperately and sighing in surrender. After weeks he stuck his cock deep into her pussyhole and squirted inside. Dad had poked his head in just as Ray squirted inside, but again he just said “Aha!” and drove off again.

“No, please don’t!” gasped the mother. She stopped him. “No, please don’t fuck!” But it was too late. Ray fucked her for the first time very briefly after she had fisted him. But it was her own fault, he thought, because she had put his cock in her pussyhole way too soon. He just had to fuck her for a few seconds to squirt. Mom turned her head to the side and cried. “That’s a really bad thing you did!” she said, crying softly.

Ray knew it wasn’t right, but she kept putting his cock in her pussyhole sooner and sooner so he had to fuck her longer and longer to squirt. Dad poked his head in and just said “Aha!” and left again. For Ray, it was like his consent. Mom had stopped crying a long time ago.

She stopped fisting him. She put his cock in her pussy right after she finished masturbating, she turned her head shamefully to the side and covered her face with her arm, blushing. She let herself be fucked, two or three times in a row, depending on how much he had to squirt. She had accepted Ray fucking her every morning. Dad looked in. “Aha! I was also allowed to fuck Aunt Gabi back then, that was great!” His comment faded away.

Right after the first time Ray fucked her, she talked to Dad that evening. She put two shot glasses on the table after dinner and a bottle with them. That’s how he knew she had something to talk about. He looked at her expectantly. She needed a shot or two before she got to the point.

“I was convinced at the time that some mothers in Ray’s class were doing it to the boys with their hands. I didn’t believe him at first and refused to do it for weeks. I felt overwhelmed. But then I did it, poor Ray really needed it!”

Dad nodded, “I saw it back then and it was okay with me. I assumed you let him cum in your mouth.”

“But no, never!” she lied, “I only did it to you then because I didn’t want to get pregnant again.” She took a short break and drank a glass of booze. “I did it to him for a whole year, but it wasn’t enough for him anymore. A few of his buddies were fucking their mothers and he wanted to do that too. Even though I found out it was true, I didn’t want it. I was always loyal to you, there was never anyone else! We agreed that I would continue to do it to him with my hand, but at the end I let him squirt upon my cunt, and he liked that a lot, our little rascal.”

“I saw that a few times too, it was quite harmless, don’t you think?” Dad looked at her but she continued.

“From then on things progressed rapidly. He started sticking his cock in my cunt to squirt and each time he went deeper and deeper. And that was okay for weeks, but this morning he fucked me, he really fucked me. I just wanted to tell you that.” Mom looked at him expectantly.

“Just like with Gabi,” he said and now she wanted to know who Gabi was and what he had to tell, he had never told it before. He scratched his head like he always did when he had something unpleasant to say.

“So the thing with Gabi was nothing special. My parents were often in the capital for weeks and I stayed with Gabi, my father’s youngest sister. She was the favorite sister because they had fucked each other when they were young kids and she lived with us. In any case, I was allowed to sleep with her in the big marital bed. She discovered one day that I could squirt and for years she rubbed my cock and let me squirt upon her big, huge breasts. I thought it was really

great and one day she asked if I wanted to fuck her? She showed me how to fuck and we fucked until I married you. That's all, nothing really earth-shattering."

She asked a few more things about Gabi and he told her everything he knew. When his mother went to the capital alone and his father stayed home alone with Gabi and him, the two of them fucked constantly, without paying attention to the little boy next to them on the bed; he was still far too young to understand it. Back then he was always amazed that his father's thick cock could fit into Gabi's tiny little hole. He didn't understand why father fucked Gabi much more often and for longer than he did with Mom. At the time he suspected it was because Mom had a much bigger hole than Gabi. He was always present, when the parents fucked and he was amazed by his mother's big cunthole. Daddy's thick cock went easily in her pussy-hole, no doubt. Don't ask me, I have no idea if they still fucked after that then. When I was old enough, Gabi always let me fuck her from behind first and from the front the second time. She always masturbated while fucking and had an orgasm every time because she did it herself. He knew that she sometimes masturbated at night, but he didn't recall any more details.

Mom had already had a lot of drinks and asked what she should do next with Ray.

"Oh, darling, don't worry about it. He likes it and so do you, right? So, just go ahead and show him everything he needs to know. I think there are some, maybe even a lot of guys who had learned to fuck from a sister, an aunt or his mother. That's fine in my opinion, because when our grandfathers were sent to the brothel, it was really a stupid shit. Do you understand what I'm trying to say?" Mom nodded, "You want me to keep doing it and make sure Ray is taught it lovingly." Dad nodded, "Yes, exactly that!"

"Does Ray know that you masturbate every morning?" She had told Daddy from the beginning that she masturbates every morning since she was a child. He had enjoyed watching her at first, but it soon became boring.

She nodded. “He lies next to me every morning since two years, when I masturbate. He never disturbs me and is patient until it’s his turn.” The conversation continued a little while.

So it happened that from that day on she let Ray fuck her. She didn’t need to teach him anything.

But she had changed a lot herself.

Ray noticed that she was getting stupider every day. She had lost something, perhaps it was her chastity and her shy shame.

She had only fucked Dad, never anyone else. But now Ray was fucking her and Daddy had no objections, it was part of Rays puberty, he said. She had always known, that she also had a slight lesbian tendency, but now she was living it out. Every day, women with the same inclination would come over for a coffee and then disappear into the bedroom. Ray came behind and lay down naked with the women.

They cuddled, kissed and teased each other. He saw them masturbating themselves, masturbating the other and rubbing their naked bodies together like they were fucking. This made him incredibly horny and he fucked all and each of these women. They protested only half-heartedly because none of them were whores, but hardly any of them pushed him back really. Ray explored the pussies and clits curiously, no two were alike. And they all fucked the same way and completely different. Mom sat next to them and watched them fucking, she was already tired from the lesbian lovemaking and never let Ray fuck her in front of the other women.

One day one of the women showed Mom how to fuck clit-on-clit. Mom was immediately into it, it became her favorite love game. Ray had laid himself between the entwined thighs the first time and watched the two clits, as one fucked the other like crazy, to madness. He immediately understood why Mom liked it so much, she could actively fuck someone else and bring her girlfriend to orgasm for the first time.

Mom helped Ray when needed. She helped convince insecure women to fuck. She held the stubborn one down so Ray could fuck her violently. She said “Shh, shh!” when he unexpectedly fucked someone from behind, the one who was in the middle of licking his Mom’s clit to orgasm. That’s what he did most often, fucking the licker from behind, it was fun.

Mom’s victims were getting younger and younger, she fucked the inexperienced girls to orgasm with her clit and Ray immediately pounced on the orgasm’s end and seamlessly fucked her to the next orgasm. Once it was a young virgin. Ray looked uncertainly at Mom, she nodded encouragingly, he had to thrust much harder and not let the hymen stop him. For the first time he deflowered a girl, the mother hugged the crying girl and Ray fucked her several times in a row, it made him so horny.

Ray fucked his mother’s lesbian girlfriends as many times in a row as he could. He never thought about contraception and squirted into the pussyholes as much as he could. His mother called him an idiot when some of them became pregnant.

Ray had something on his mind. He was already in his last high school year and his best friend Robert was still a virgin and had never fucked before. Mom hid her horror, she wasn’t a whore! But Ray didn’t stop prodding until she reluctantly agreed. Robert skipped school and came. All three of them were unsure and excited. Robert only thawed out after Ray fucked her first. She smiled kindly and now Robert lay on top of her. She guided his little cock into her cunt-hole and encouraged him to fuck. The first time he only succeeded halfway; he had to come back the next day, and again the next. On the third day she said that it had already worked very well and that he was no longer allowed to come.

Mom hid the matter with Robert as well as the lesbian love games from Dad. She felt terribly guilty about it, but she had learned to lie. She gradually gave up lesbianism after Ray moved out. She now occasionally had a loinstrong lover in the afternoon because she was very sad.

Ray had moved to the capital to study.

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Gabi's New World

by Jack Faber © 2024

Gabi was 31 years old and was hired as a housekeeper by Ray's parents. The couple were university lecturers, the apartment was spacious and tastefully decorated and they had a son, Ray. They were sexually relatively faithful to each other compared to their uptight environment, although they both had little sexual escapades.

Gabi gradually took over some of his mother's tasks. The two women went into the bathroom naked and the mother showed Gabi on several evenings how she gave Ray a foaming shower every evening with liquid soap. Gabi nodded, she understood that. When the mother showed him her naked body, her pussy and the entrance to her pussy hole, laughing and smiling pulling her labia with her fingers wide apart so that he could see her clit and in her deep hole and he stared some time in it, he got a very strong erection. Finally she grabbed his cock, "poor thing, you need it so badly now!" and then rubbed his cock lovingly and naturally, until he squirted. Gabi didn't say anything, she understood but didn't understand it really. Afterwards, Gabi showered little Ray, she showed him her pussy hole like his mother had done and he was allowed to touch it with his fingertips, but his stiff cock didn't trigger any sexual reaction from her. She obeyed obediently when Ray asked her to continue washing and rubbing the cock vigorously after the shower. "Do you really want me to rub it?" she asked in all innocence, "I've seen it a hundred times, but never done it myself!" Ray nodded encouragingly at her, "please rub it, Gabi!" and so she gripped his cock tighter and rubbed him hard until he squirted.

Gabi was of a very simple mind and had a weak, childlike spirit. In her last year of school, which she barely passed, she watched some of her classmate girls masturbating in the shower after gym class; that was considered as cool. Of course she tried it herself that night, but it just didn't work and didn't work, so she left it alone. Like the other girls, she proudly went with boys and let them fuck her, but she didn't enjoy it, it didn't arouse her sexually nor did the childish fuck-

ing bring her an orgasm. The infatuation with the boy always faded after a while. Of course, she also took part in the group fucking, even though she didn't feel anything sexually arousing about it herself. But at least she wasn't an outsider. On the contrary, she sometimes found it funny when one after the other fucked her. The boys thought she was super cool, because she was the only one lying there like a lifeless doll and allowing herself to be fucked as if without any own will. Hardly anyone noticed and not a single boy was bothered by the fact that Gabi didn't feel anything when she was fucked, she was never sexually aroused when she was fucked and she let herself be fucked one after the other with consistent friendliness. Gabi wasn't attractive, she ranked very low on this scale. Maybe she had a mild form of autism, Ray later thought.

She worked in a public kitchen for around 15 years, she was hard-working, obedient and when the chef wanted to fuck her, she shrugged her shoulders in complete indifference. She followed him without a word into the pantry, lay down on the sacks and pulled up her skirt, without the slightest sexual excitement. She tolerated being fucked by the chef, even though she never felt anything sexually about it. Then she got this job as a housekeeper and here too the father of the family fucked her occasionally. Gabi really didn't care. She felt nothing sexually at it.

The parents went to the capital for weeks to teach and Gabi was left alone with Ray. She bathed or showered him every evening, she always looked at him questioningly and he nodded. She always foamed his cock with soap, then masturbated him with her fist.

Ray was at a critical age. He was interested in girls like never before. He figured out how to climb through a hatch into the shower room without being seen when the girls were showering after gym class. He took off his clothes and mingled with the girls. They were only surprised at first, but they liked it when the boy soaped them up and groped their bodies. Some girls sat on the floor and masturbated under the warm stream of water. They closed their eyes when Ray watched them. One or two girls dared to grab his stiff cock and masturbate him. It always ended with exuberant screaming when someone made him squirt. He wouldn't have been able to tell later, which

of the girls fucked him for the first time in the warm shower. The others stood around the two of them in amazement and curiosity, which sexually excited and stimulated him even more. They were all girls who had been deflowered by their brother or father and had already fucked a lot. He later interviewed the girls and had them tell him how their father came to deflower her. No, it hadn't hurt and most of the mothers took an active part in the defloration, encouraging the girls to fuck their father regularly. Apparently they wanted to give their beloved man a great pleasure, perhaps some were also tired of being fucked in the same monotony every day. None of the girls felt raped or abused; they were rather proud of being considered real women.

Ray soon became tired of Gabi masturbating him night after night. The fact that she masturbated him with such indifference and showed no signs of her own sexual excitement like his mother unsettled him. He had decided to fuck Gabi, but her indifference irritated him. The parents came home for 4 days and Gabi went to relatives.

It was now his mother who showered and masturbated him night after night. She laughed and giggled mischievously when she masturbated him and was so excited when he nearly squirted; she had apparently had one too many drinks. Following a sudden inspiration, he claimed that he was always allowed to fuck Gabi after showering. The mother swallowed the bait greedily and wanted to know exactly all of it. He said, Gabi stood next to the bathtub with her back to him, bowed forward, supported herself with both arms on the low box and pushed her ass out demandingly.

The mother immediately put it into action and asked with a grin, "So, something like that?" Ray corrected her and she stood as he said, giggling and sticking her ass out. "I'll grab Gabi's pussy then," Ray said, and she giggled lewdly as he touched her pussy. She didn't stop giggling as Ray searched for her clit. She held her breath when he found it. "I then masturbate her a little bit," he commented, rubbing her clit vigorously. It seemed to be bigger than Gabi's. She fell silent because Ray apparently knew exactly how to masturbate a girl. "And you're going to make her orgasm?" she whispered almost inaudibly. "Yes, sometimes" said Ray, "and then I penetrate from be-

hind and fuck Gabi!” She nodded, that was clear. However, she jumped violently as Ray penetrated her pussy hole from behind, his heart pounding. Of course she wanted to protest immediately, but now his cock was all the way in and that was now a fact. A thought slipped through the thin fog in her mind. He was about to fuck her, really fuck her! He had never fucked her before, nor had he ever put his cock in her. “Oh no, in Gods name, no!” she said to herself, “but he’s already in there, I can’t stop it anymore!” She knew exactly what had to happen next.

She hung her head sadly and sighed deeply, because Ray had never done that before. She was a little afraid of this particular fucking, even though she had fucked many a few before. The most daring thing he had ever dared to do was to touch her clit curiously and carefully for a split second, that he did everytime before the shower. He heard her sigh and saw her bow her head. He had already come further than ever before and simply had to keep going. He was fucking her for the first time. She didn’t resist in any way as he pushed in, pushed in and pushed in, hard and deep. She reached for her clit and had her orgasm just in the same instant as he squirted inside. They never talked about it, she stopped masturbating him and let him fuck her always when she was home, and usually a second time when he was still able to fuck.

The mother felt her way through a conversation with the father and breathed a sigh of relief. The father believed that it was okay for a son — but of course not Ray! — learned to fuck from his mother. He didn’t admit it explicitly, but she had the impression that he had learned it himself. She didn’t ask him until much later because she didn’t tell him now, that she let Ray fuck her all those years.

Dad found it quite difficult to talk about it, but Mom pressed him hard. As a little boy, he used to spy on his mother when she masturbated naked on the marriage bed. She spotted the little voyeur once and let him lie down next to her, grinning broadly. “Come on, my darling, just watch me doing it, I’m having a great time! And you can play with your little cock if you like and squirt upon my pussy too!” From now on the boy was allowed to watch her masturbate, which of course excited him very much. He knelt in front of her pussy, mas-

turbated quickly and squirted on the pussy. He masturbated for a long time and squirted usually three times over her pussy until she reached her shaking orgasm. After some weeks she asked if he wouldn't rather fuck her than masturbate? Then she taught him how to fuck, he learned very quickly and he fucked her for years every day. Every few weeks one or another of her girlfriends would come to visit and the women would lie naked on the marriage bed. He watched them make love and always got a hard-on. He fucked all these women, most of them wanted to do it themselves or were persuaded by mother and son. So he got to know a bunch of different twats, clits and pussy holes and many of them fucked differently than the others. He continued to fuck his mother regularly until Ray was about 6 or 7 and she, his wife, was ready to fucking him again. Mom remembered that she had completely abandoned him sexually at the time.

But Ray didn't dare to fuck Gabi straight away. At first he just made her stand inversely like his mother and curiously touched her pussy. He inserted his index finger into her pussy hole and learned that the 31 year old was no longer a virgin. He would question her later, he thought, exploring her pussy and cunthole extensively with his index finger. Gabi's clit was tiny and hidden, barely bigger than a pea. No, she answered when he asked if she rubbed her clit to orgasm. And she didn't know what an orgasm was, she said.

Ray rubbed her clit gently and heard Gabi sigh. She pushed her ass further and further towards him, "it feels so nice!" Gabi called quietly. He felt the little clit stiffen and continued, he had seen it a hundred times before. Gabi kept sighing, "Oh, how nice!" Her legs and ass cheeks were shaking more and more and Ray knew that she was now in the final sprint. She shuddered, shaking hard and pressed her ass cheeks together rhythmically. She pulled away from his finger. "That was the orgasm," he commented.

They talked for a long time about masturbating and orgasming. She told him that she had seen it several times among her classmates when she was at school. That she had tried it herself several times, but had always stopped because the increasing excitement was disturbing her. He asked and asked, then she told him that she still

woke up at night once or twice a month covered in sweat, her heart was pounding like crazy, and so was her clit. She was then able to soothe the clit with a light stroking and was able to continue sleeping. Her eyes widened in surprise as Ray said that's what you call a wet dream and it was the orgasm that woke her up. She hadn't known that.

Ray knew that now was the right time to ask her about fucking. Gabi had no problem telling him everything openly and truthfully. She had only started fucking in her last year of school, when she was 15 and 16. She had to wait a long time because she was the ugliest one of them all. She couldn't even remember the deflowering itself; it happened very simply and unspectacularly. She initially had quite romantic relationships with the boys, although she didn't really feel romantic. Fucking was just part of it, so she did it because she didn't want to be seen as kinky. Towards the end of the school year, group fucking became fashionable, and she also took part in that eagerly. She didn't feel any difference whether she fucked just one or 10 in a row, it just took a lot longer, Gabi giggled.

When she worked in the kitchen, she didn't have a boyfriend or quickies. Only the chef, who took turns fucking one of the young kitchen maids every day, fucked her every now and then and she just let it happen, she really didn't care. "And here now," said Gabi with a shy sideways glance, "here is where your Daddy sometimes fucks me. He really needs it when your Mom isn't there, and I don't care, so I'm making him happy." Ray nodded silently, he had suspected it for a long time.

On one occasion, Dad came into the bathroom at the wrong time while Ray was fucking his mother. "Aha!" he exclaimed and said with presence of mind, "Don't let it bother you, I just wanted to have a quick shave." He stood at the washing sink and watched the fucking in the mirror as he applied foam and shaved. He was amazed at how slim and narrow Ray's cock was, with a thick, mushroom-shaped giant head. She hadn't stopped masturbating while bent over and was impatiently telling Ray to keep going, they weren't done yet! Dad watched them fuck in the mirror until Ray squirted in the middle of

her orgasm, then they were done. The mother stood up and looked at dad, who nodded with a friendly grin and continued shaving.

Of course Daddy tried to watch them fuck from now on. He stood at the sink and looked in the mirror. He masturbated very slowly and secretly and squirted into the sink. Only once did he catch them very early. Mom told Ray he wasn't allowed to squirt inside today, it was a dangerous day. Ray nodded and got going, he pulled his cock out to squirt and masturbated, squirting in long white streaks across her ass cheeks. He continued rubbing his cock ever so slightly until it was stiff again. At the end of the second round she had to reach back and pull out his squirting cock herself. The third and final lap took a lot of effort from Ray. She was fully focused on racing towards her third big orgasm, Ray gritted his teeth and squirted inside, of course. She stood up after the orgasm and said tiredly, "You have squirted inside, you stupid guy!" but she gave him a kiss on the top of his head. Daddy soon stopped coming, he wasn't a real voyeur and he had seen everything.

Ray had grown a lot and now had steady girlfriends. Before he fell in love with one, he found out whether she was ready and willing to fuck; he cold-heartedly ignored the others. He went to her at lunchtime or she went to him. He really liked the young girls because almost all of them had much tighter vaginas than Gabi or Mom. It was normal at that time that they were responsible for their own contraception; they took the pill or the morning-after pill. Ray didn't put much personal investment into these love affairs; for him it was all about fucking and nothing else. It was over when they stopped fucking, it was that simple for him. He had very few girls who would let him watch her masturbating, many of them simply denied it, they didn't masturbate ever, Full Stop! After a short time, being offended by her blunt lying or after a few weeks at the latest, he got tired of the girl and moved on to the next one.

Gabi didn't masturbate herself, even though she could have done so now. She usually let Ray finger masturbate her twice, and each time it was a beautiful and intense orgasm; and between the two orgasms he fucked her. At night he usually sneaked into the second child's room, where Gabi slept. He woke her up by cuddling and

heated himself up with French kisses, but they didn't make her hot. He obviously needed it before fucking, she understood that and accepted it. After fucking he left again, the bed was too small to sleep together.

Ray now had steady girlfriends to fuck. So Gabi went to the neighbor's in the afternoon to let her 16-year-old son fuck her for two hours. The boy, who had a really sunny disposition but was mentally so retarded that he couldn't go to school, had the biggest cock Gabi had ever seen. At this point he had already squirted all of his semen into his mother's cunthole, but after just a few minutes he was able to get an erection again and fuck her, even though he could no longer squirt. He fucked his mother with endurance for hours because she also had nothing on her mind.

From an early age on she was considered an idiot; her unscrupulous father deflowered her one evening. Unfortunately, both of her parents were idiots like her from birth and he fucked his wife every afternoon and the little daughter always watched, when her big hero fucked her mother many times, even after her orgasm, until he was completely emptied. The little girl loved watching the fucking and cuddled with her hero in a sexual way after he had fucked her mother to orgasm and emptied himself. From an early age on she cuddled naked with her Daddy and they watched together her mother masturbate until after a long time she stopped and fell asleep. The little girl pressed her naked body to her hero's nakedness, she pressed her little cunthole to his broad fingers and took his big cock in her hands, pressing and rubbing and caressing it for long. Pressing her cunthole and her clit to his fingers made her horny and hot as an oven, so she embraced him lovingly and whispered in his ear, that she was so hot now, that she had to masturbate immediately. He nodded, hold the little girl caressing in his arms and watched the kid copying her mother's masturbation technique. When she orgasmed he gave her thousand kisses and licked her tiny little clit. She spread her pussy lips with her fingers so he could lick her tiny clit better and she had hundreds of small, quivering orgasms from his gentle licking.

He caressed his little daughter lovingly because he loved the child very very much. Unfortunately, he was far too clumsy with his fingers

and couldn't masturbate her, even though he always tried. He played with her pussy and clit for hours while they were watching TV. She snuggled even closer to her hero and whispered that she had to masturbate now, because he had made her very horny. The little girl whispered in his ear how much she enjoyed watching them fuck while she masturbated passionately in his tight embrace.

She was allowed to play with his cock when she had finished masturbating and his cock stood like a guardsman. She was allowed to play with his cock, and she loved doing it, with childlike enthusiasm, trying everything, but she couldn't make him squirt. He had once been masturbating his cock for a few seconds when the little girl asked him how the men did it when they did it. For weeks she tried masturbating his cock with one hand, then both, but she was too weak, her wrists were too weak.

She had an idea weeks later, a vague inspiration out of the blue. She pushed him down on the couch where they normally wrestled naked, cuddling and caressing each other, she pushed him down so that he was lying on his back. His cock stood like a guardsman and she sat down so that her pussy lips surrounded his cock on the left and right. Then she started riding the horse. At first it was just up and down, but when she bent his cock back, it lay like a banana on his stomach, like a fat sausage. She loved sliding back and forth on that sausage until it made her so horny that she had to stop immediately and masturbate. But she continued to ride his lying sausage for weeks, again and again, because he seemed to really like it.

One day she slid back and forth for ages, he moaned loudly and he squirted full of pleasure. She had found a way to make him squirt! He grunted contentedly and turned his face to the TV and she slid her pussy back and forth on his cock, pressing her pussy down on it so hard she almost had an orgasm, but she did it every night now and made him squirt. She smiled, her face contorted with exertion, and she gasped, "Daddy, it's almost like real fucking!" He smiled at these words and nodded so as not to spoil her joy.

Every night she would say, with childish determination, "Daddy, lie down so I can fuck you!" and he lay down for her, smiling and

good. He had told her to sit on his cock after he had squirted, if she wanted to masturbate because he found it exciting to feel it and watch her. This is how she grew up, because despite the spiritual emptiness, this family was filled with love and loving sexual affection. The father held back for a surprisingly long time, but one evening he thought he hadn't fucked enough. But he didn't want to wake his wife, who had masturbated herself to sleep.

"How old are you actually?" She thought about it, "13 or 14," she said, because no one knew for sure. "So, do you actually want to fuck yet?" he asked, licking his lips. She nodded eagerly. "Does it really hurt that much the first time?" she asked and he shook his head. "Mom didn't even notice back then," he said with a smile, "just imagine, after the first time I fucked her, she asked me when I was going to deflower her!?" She hugged her Daddy with both arms. "I want to fuck you like Mommy, but please don't hurt me!" So he grabbed his little daughter and deflowered her, grinning stupidly. He asked her if it had hurt much, but she shook her head. He fucked her to an amazing orgasm for the first time and squirted everything inside. She had really enjoyed fucking for the first time, the orgasm was great and yet very different from a masturbating orgasm. She asked for it again and again. He fucked her every night for years after fucking his wife first. He had enough time to recover from the first squirting in the evening. Her mother was jealous for a while, but he fucked both of them powerfully so she couldn't complain anymore. One day, when the daughter was about 16 or 17, her mother's heart gave out in the middle of her evening masturbation orgasm. They both hoped she would wake up the next morning, but she remained dead and that was a very sad time.

He fucked his daughter every night for years until she got pregnant. He fucked his daughter until shortly before she was giving birth and fucked her quite soon after. He killed himself when the boy was 6 and she was too awkward to find a new fucker. In her distress, she trained her boy to fuck like a machine, he understood the principle surprisingly quickly and she was able to go off like a rocket again, even though he was far from being a man.

She lay naked next to the two of them so she could stuff his cock back into Gabi's cunthole when it slipped out. Strangely, she imagined that Gabi was some kind of younger sister and she forced her boy to fuck sister Gabi lovingly, powerfully and vigorously, which he was happy to do. She just watched the fucking as if it were an exciting, decisive football game. The boy fucked Gabi for two hours and so well that she orgasmed for the first time while being fucked. For the first time she experienced the sexual lust creeping up into her loins, she felt for the first time how the lust crawled further into her pussy and made her clit burstingly stiff. It was just like when Ray masturbated her, but now it wasn't Ray's finger, but the happily laughing boy's huge, thick and hard cock that was tirelessly working in her pussyhole. He laughed with pride when Gabi was shaken and jolted wildly by her orgasm. If he stopped a tad too soon, Gabi would only have to touch her clit a few times to trigger her orgasm. He knew the principle of fucking very well, he brought Gabi to orgasm and gave her a while to recover, then he fucked her powerfully to the next orgasm. When the boy took a short break after his orgasm, his mother would rub Gabi's clit to keep her hot. The mother laughed like a proud child when she was able to masturbate Gabi to orgasm during the breaks.

Gabi went to fuck him every afternoon. She was finally experiencing the amazing wave of surging sexual excitement and the heavenly bliss of so many liberating, exhilarating orgasms.

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At the Himmelbauerhof

by Jack Faber © 2024

The Himmelbauerhof towered high above the valley, the mountain peaks on the opposite side had belonged to Italy for several years. The Himmelbauerhof had been built in 1631 by an ancestor from massive wooden beams. The ancestor was supposedly a ship's carpenter and the fact that the house had been preserved in its original state for 400 years spoke for this. The house seemed to grow out of the rocks, it had 5 rooms and a spacious kitchen, there was a small stream behind the house for washing or bathing. To the left and right were the large grain fields, a stable for 4 cows, 2 dozen pigs and a lot of free-range chickens. You didn't get rich, but the farm fed its residents well. It took a good 3 hours to walk up to the farm from the valley. But shortly before the war began, the army had equipped all of these high-altitude farms with a material cableway, so that you could drive up in 15 minutes.

The Himmelbauer, his wife and their children Lena and Fritz were the 8th generation to live on the farm. When the war broke out, the Himmelbauer had bought a rifle from Schweizer, the black market arms dealer. It was an American repeating rifle with a long, heavy octagonal barrel that was over 1.60m long and had a good telescopic sight. It had originally been designed for bear hunting, the .44 caliber ammunition was stored in a large wooden box in the basement. Originally there were 2,000 rounds in the box, but a few had been used up because Himmelbauer practiced diligently and also went hunting with it. "Hawkins U.S. made" was stamped into the barrel and it was a good rifle. If Himmelbauer concentrated and didn't shake, he always hit the target. The war never came to this valley, no soldiers had to ride their cable cars up to the farms and defend the country or the emperor. Himmelbauer put the rifle in the anteroom cupboard, ready to hand, after the war, the country and the emperor were lost.

Every Sunday morning Himmelbauer rode his cable car down to the pub and didn't come back until the afternoon to sleep off his hangover. Sunday morning Fritz was allowed to slip under the covers

with his mother. Ever since he could remember they had cuddled naked under the covers, she usually read him a fairy tale or a story. Fritz had long since explored every inch of her body, only the area around her curly pubic hair was absolutely off limits. She liked it when he caressed her big, full breasts and played with her nipples. She, on the other hand, liked playing with his cock the most, even when he couldn't squirt yet. Later on, she made him squirt several times, which he liked best. Sunday mornings were reserved for this, and she made him squirt so often that it lasted the whole week. The taboo gradually fell away, he was finally allowed to touch and explore her pussy, but she just let him do it without explaining anything to him.

Fritz slept in a room with Lena. She was 4 years older than Fritz, and he was allowed to slip under her covers before going to sleep, because she also loved to cuddle naked. Fritz was discreet, and he didn't say anything about cuddling with the other woman. Lena also loved to play with his cock, and she also rubbed it and made him squirt regularly. He said to both of them independently of each other, what a pity it was, that they didn't have a cock to rub and squirt with. They both looked at him for a long time and both decided not to tell the boy "about it". Lena became more and more beautiful the older she got. Fritz experienced first hand how Lena's breasts suddenly budded and grew until they were as big as Mom's.

One Sunday Mom asked if he didn't want to have a proper fuck. Fritz's face turned red and he didn't know what to say. His mother laughed and said she would show him if he could keep quiet about it. He nodded with a lump in his throat and she maneuvered him between her thighs. She grabbed his cock and brought it into her pussy hole. "You can stick your cock in really deep and then push in and out as hard as you can!" she said, smiling. Then he learned to push and cum inside. He just loved fucking, he told Mom, he fucked her every Sunday as often as he could. His mother explained to him to hold back his squirting until she herself had an orgasm, only then should he squirt inside. It was very difficult to learn, but he learned and practiced very diligently and soon he could do it properly.

Of course he didn't tell Lena a word about it, but she found out for herself. Lena had long since ceased to be a virgin, she went to every folk festival in the village and let herself be fucked for a few silver coins. She grinned from ear to ear. "Nobody gets to go for free, everyone has to pay a few silver coins!" she said, "I'm saving for my dowry!" Fritz listened with his mouth open, because his big sister was very business-minded and he admired her for that. He dived under the covers with the flashlight and Lena explained everything to him. He marveled at everything and asked what the clit was for? She said that it was for pleasure, like rubbing a cock, except that we women don't squirt at the end. Of course he wanted to see the clit-rubbing right away, but Lena put him off. It was only weeks later that she came back to it, he dived under with the flashlight and was finally allowed to see it and of course later when she did it again. He found it interesting and not boring at all, he was amazed every time when her body trembled and twitched convulsively during orgasm. He poked her clit again and again after her orgasm and she twitched every time, that was fun!

Mom now also thought that Lena was old enough to go to the pub on Friday or Saturday evening and meet guys, but Fritz had to go along as a chaperone. "I'm not a lady," Fritz grumbled and his mother explained to him that it was his job not to let a boy touch Lena's underwear. "She's not wearing any," he blurted out. His mother looked up to the sky in despair, "so that the boys don't reach under Lena's skirt or fuck her!" she exclaimed and now he nodded understanding, of course!

They took the cable car down to the village, they had a good dinner in the pub and Fritz stayed seated and sipped his beer, because Lena only paid for a single one. He was very careful that no one grabbed under Lena's skirt or even fucked her. He wouldn't have to lie to his mother, because neither of those things happened. Lena drank a lot, the boys invited her for drinks and she kept disappearing with one of them for 20 minutes. Fritz didn't want to know what she was doing with the boys up there in the pub, he knew. Late in the evening they took the cable car home again, Fritz said she stank terribly and Lena jingled the silver coins that she had tied in a handkerchief. "I'm saving this for my dowry, I'm not going to marry a beg-

gar!” Fritz nodded, that was a good argument. She let him smuggle the handkerchief into the house so that Mama wouldn’t suspect anything. Of course Fritz knew where Lena was hiding her money, but he never took anything out.

Fritz wanted to fuck Lena. He never mentioned it, because his keen sense told him that she might take it as blackmail. He crawled under her blanket as usual, knelt in front of her pussy and stuck out his stiff cock. Lena didn’t seem to understand and reached for his cock to masturbate him as usual. She shook her head, “You’re already fucking Mom on Sundays!” she called quietly and rubbed his cock. He had never answered that before. He kept sliding forward until his glans touched her pussy. Lena was coy for a long time and kept rubbing him, but he felt that she would soon give in. So he pushed further forward, so that Lena had to let go of his cock, he penetrated her pussy hole and further until it was deep inside. She stared at him. “Really, do you really want to fuck me!?” Fritz nodded seriously. “Yes, Lena, I really want to, if you let me!” Lena smiled. “You’re one of a guy! Just fuck your sister like that instead of finding your own girlfriend!” Fritz nodded a little dejectedly. “I like you a lot, Lena, and I don’t want to fuck anyone else! I see you fucking a handful of guys in the pub and I am now old enough to fuck you, I’d like that very much!” She smiled and stroked him. “It’s fine, I want to fuck too, but don’t say a word to anyone!” So it came to be that they secretly fucked several times a week, even several times a night during her pregnancy, until she died.

Lena was pregnant, Fritz stroked her belly, which was getting bigger and bigger, and they fucked two or three times before going to sleep. Lena was always horny during her pregnancy, she let herself fuck again and again and masturbated day and night. She didn’t tell anyone who the father was, she probably didn’t know herself. Fritz was very upset, because he could also be the child’s father. Lena smiled and ruffled his hair. “Don’t forget the Fridays or Saturdays, it could be any of them!” When the time came, the gay midwife slept with mom in the marital bed and the father slept in the storage room. Mom was not gay, of course, and had never touched another pussy, and no other woman had ever touched her pussy and her clit so sex-

ily. But she could not resist, because the temptation and the rising horniness made her willingly go along with everything.

Lena suffered for three days, Fritz sat silently next to his father on the bench in front of the house, where Lena's screams could not be heard. Mom and the midwife did their best, and Lena gave birth to a little girl. She was obviously very sick, and the father would take her and Lena to the hospital in the capital. Lena was not doing well at all, she bled and bled and bled to death on the fourth day, and just hours later the child stopped breathing.

Fritz saw his parents cry for the first time. The chaplain came up by cable car and held a silent funeral mass for mother and child. The father had dug a large and a small grave next to the house, and they buried them both there. At first there were only two wooden crosses, but later the stonemason brought a beautiful granite slab. Fritz, who had grown up and become serious overnight, helped his father. When they had finished with both graves, his father rammed the shovel into the ground. He pointed with his chin to the older graves where the ancestors were buried. "Not there, my place should be here with Lena, and Mom's too. We must stay together forever!" Fritz nodded and promised. "I'll make sure of it, Dad, I promise!"

It had become quiet in the Himmelbauerhof. But they kept the rhythm. The father went to the pub on Sunday and Fritz lay down with his mother, even though he was already an adult. She didn't need to read him stories anymore, his father had grown old quickly and only fucked his mother rarely. Fritz knew how much she loved fucking on Sundays, even though she had grown old too. She often told him how good it was for her to fuck him. She said very quietly that she had to masturbate on weekdays, which was a very lonely pleasure. Fritz usually went to the village festivals alone and that's how he met Vroni, she was a hottie and he would never have had her if she hadn't fallen in love with him.

The wedding was being celebrated down in the village, the pub was packed. Fritz's parents had gotten the best seats in the pub and were happy for the first time since Lena's death. His father was a little tipsy and danced with Vroni and let his hand wander, that was

what dancing was for, wasn't it? After a few dances he came back to the table and drank half a mug. "You have a fine woman there, my son," he announced, "Veronika has a magnificent ass!" Fritz's ears turned red, but he knew that his father meant it well and honestly. Many dozens of Veronika's former lovers were there too, and their thoughts were not as harmless as his father's.

For Vroni it was a social climb. They moved into the commander's room, as the ship's carpenter was called all his life 400 years ago. It was the largest and most beautiful room in the house, the ship's carpenter had even built a balcony like the ones the captains of the galleons had back then. The leaded glass windows on the balcony had suffered from the winter storms and Fritz had traveled to the capital especially to have them restored.

Vroni brought laughter and sunshine to the Himmelbauer farm, she got on very well with Mom and Daddy. She was used to working, the kitchen was sparkling, the stable and the animals looked clean and well-kept. She even came to mow and harvest, which were actually considered men's work. The father was full of praise, he coughed with difficulty. The cough got worse every day, it got worse day by day, but he didn't want to go to the doctor. Fritz was able to persuade the doctor to come up on the cable car. He brought good medicine and his father recovered a little. He could no longer work and sat on the bench with Fritz in the evenings. He had the cold pipe in his mouth and sometimes sucked on it out of habit. He died peacefully on the bench, with a view of the Italian mountains. Fritz carried him into the house, the chaplain came and said the funeral mass. Fritz buried his father right next to Lena. He hugged his Mom silently, what could he say?

Vroni became very quiet. She had liked the old man very much and had been surprised by his sudden death. She had laid fresh flowers on his grave and cried for months. She had spoken to him a lot and he was the only one she told her great suffering to. She wanted children so much but it just didn't work out. She mainly fucked Fritz on the days when she was fertile, not so much on the others. Her father had hugged her very lovingly and comforted her and said that children only come from a lot of fucking. He also fell into her trap

without knowing anything and let her seduce him into fucking again and again. She wanted a child, absolutely, no matter how! But Veronika just couldn't get pregnant. And now he was dead.

Fritz stopped fucking Mom on Sunday mornings. He too was mourning his father, who had taught him to shoot and hunt with the Hawkins rifle. He went into the forest for half a day every week with his rifle over his shoulder and shot a deer or a rabbit here and there. Vroni prepared the game in silence, because she was an excellent cook. During dinner, his mother would remember how nice it was when her two men — Daddy and Fritz — came home with game over their shoulders. Even then, only Fritz carried the Hawkins and didn't let anyone else carry it. Mom and Fritz reveled in memories and Vroni sat silently next to them.

The mother had died in her sleep, about a year after Daddy, she had only lived to be 58 years old. Fritz dug her grave right next to Daddy, the chaplain came and Fritz and Veronika stood silently by her grave. There were now two of them, the work was almost too much. Veronika, who spoke to her parents on the phone every week, took up the suggestion of taking her youngest sister Lisa into the Himmelbauer farm, the little one was very hardworking and could take a lot of the work off her hands. That's how Lisa came to the farm.

Veronika was an adopted child and not Lisa's biological sister. Lisa was slim, almost skinny, but she worked for two. Fritz was especially happy that Vroni now had someone to talk to, because since his Daddy's death she had become very quiet and had little sexual desire. He felt sorry for her, but he didn't know how he could help her. Certainly not with fucking her, he had to accept that. But now Lisa was there, maybe she could help.

The illness struck unexpectedly and with full force. From one day to the next Vroni lost all desire to live. She slept until the afternoon, she ate twice or three times as much, drank wine and liquor like water and practically didn't work anymore. Within a few months she had become a thick, fat colossus. The bodyscales only went up to 150 kilos and she was definitely more. She hadn't fucked Fritz for half a

year. She basically only left the house to go bathing in the stream, every couple of weeks.

Fritz and Lisa usually ate alone in the evenings and discussed the situation endlessly. Finally Fritz was able to get his way, Lisa was not so keen on calling the doctor. Fritz spent a long time on the phone with the doctor and described the situation as best he could. The doctor came and examined Vroni. "She has severe depression," said the doctor, "she should take the tablets regularly, then the depression should soon improve." And so it was, Vroni stopped gaining weight, she ate lunch and dinner with them, she became a little more talkative. That lasted for half a year, Fritz got the tablets. Then came the relapse. Vroni stopped taking the tablets, and it was soon as bad as before.

Fritz and Lisa did the work together. Part of the grain field had become unusable after a rockfall, which meant less work now. After work they lay in the straw and chatted a little. Lisa said she had fallen in love with him at the wedding, she thought about the handsome groom every night, who fulfilled her masturbation fantasies. He laughed, he hadn't known that, she was a small child at the time with pigtails that he hadn't noticed before. And he had heard for the first time that she masturbated. Lisa laughed out loud, she had started masturbating before kindergarten, she said, and every day to this day! She leaned over him and kissed him on the mouth. He was taken by surprise and returned the kiss. He couldn't stop kissing her deeply, he was totally starved after a year of not fucking.

Lisa was already 22 and still a virgin. She whispered that she didn't want anyone else, that's why. "I'll hurt you if we fuck now," said Fritz worriedly, but she smiled, "I know about losing my virginity, don't worry!" He penetrated her and tore her hymen. She flinched briefly, then they fucked for a long time and she sighed contentedly when he came inside after her orgasm. She was happy, she had reached the goal of her dreams. From then on they fucked every free minute and he slept with her at night. Neither of them cared if Vroni noticed. A few weeks later he was busy in the barn and bent over.

The blow hit him completely unexpectedly on the back of the head. He fell to the ground and lost consciousness for a moment. He woke up because the back of his head was in terrible pain. Vroni had sat on him with all her weight, unbuttoned his leather pants and pulled out his cock. With a crazy look she made his cock stiff and called over and over again that he belonged to her, hers alone! She began to ride him as well as she could. She called over and over again that he belonged only to her! He was already ejaculating when she lifted the stick she had used to knock him down and screamed that she would rather kill him than let someone else have him! Her second blow was powerless and she swung again, madness and murderous intent in her eyes. Fritz knew he was going to die and saw out of the corner of his eye that Lisa had lifted a heavy stick and brought it down on Vroni's head with all her might. Vroni collapsed on top of him instantly.

He touched his aching head, his hair was matted with blood. Lisa stood next to Vroni and felt for her pulse. "She's dead!" she said tonelessly. He felt for Lisa's hand and she helped him crawl out from under Vroni. She immediately took him to the kitchen, washed off his blood and inspected his head. "Nothing is broken, it's just a small laceration. I'll put a plaster on it and you take a painkiller or two." Fritz was amazed at how clear and confident Lisa was.

With combined forces they took Vroni's body to the graves. He stood up. "We can't just bury her like a dog. I'll call the mayor." He called and the mayor insisted on a post-mortem examination. He would come with the doctor. The doctor felt Vroni's neck, it was indeed broken. Fritz showed the mayor the place where Vroni had fallen down the stairs and the bloody piece of wood she had fallen on. The mayor wrote a report, Fritz and the doctor signed it.

The chaplain came, as did Vroni's parents. The old people had no idea about Vroni's illness and cried until Fritz had filled in the grave. Lisa had cooked a good dinner, then everyone drove down the valley two by two. They were now completely alone.

Now Lisa's inner armor collapsed. She had killed her sister! Fritz emphasized that it was self-defense. Vroni wanted to kill him and not

share him with Lisa. Preventing a murder was self-defense, that's for sure. Lisa nodded, but she chewed on it for days. She only found solid ground again when she said that she wanted to save not only Fritz, but also her lover. Vroni had shouted and screamed that. Lisa had been walking up and down and suddenly stopped. "We fought for you!" she said, as if struck by thunder. "We fought like stone-age cavemen for our lover!" Fritz was silent, what should he say, what could he say? He didn't see the cavemen element, not at all. Lisa had saved him, Vroni had gone mad and wanted to kill him. If Vroni had hit him harder, he would be dead now.

Months passed before they both got over it.

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Queen of the 180 Days

by Jack Faber © 2024

Anna was a cheerful child. The fact that she was not very pretty did not bother her, she loved playing and having fun with the other children, especially the erotically colored, later purely sexual games with the pageboys. She was slim and bony and had a horse-like face like her father, who was also her grandfather. One of the dark family secrets was, that her mother had a purely sexual relationship with her father all her life and bore him three daughters. She fucked her father from her early youth until his death, when Anna was only 17 years old. The countess, her mother, became sexually aloof and strict after that, and suddenly no longer tolerated the escapades of her husband, the fun-loving count. He loved food and drink, as well as groping the plump asses of the maids who served. The maids were happy and willing to let their master fuck them, because a bastard meant social and financial advancement. But the sex-loving count did not father any bastards, not a single one.

Although 16th century Germany was sexually restrictive and repressive, the count's three daughters were not afraid to throw themselves into the wild turmoil of fucking at the court in Solingen, when their sexuality awoke.

The count would often stagger drunkenly into his daughters' bedroom early in the morning and mount one or the other to fuck her. He was far too drunk to notice that he wasn't fucking his servant maids. He fucked well in his drunken state, and when the second one beckoned to him, he fucked her hard too. Anna's older and younger sisters had since ever fucked the count and enjoyed having a real man's cock to fuck instead of the little pageboy's cocks. The daughters would secretly wink at each other, because the count was a really good fucker and often let himself be persuaded to fuck the other one powerfully too. He didn't fuck Anna until very late, because she looked very ugly with her crooked spine caused by scoliosis. At 15, she lay naked and demanding in front of him. He groped her swelling

breasts and was immediately hot to fuck the little one. For a moment he sobered up. "Anna?" asked the drunk. "Yes," she said, "it's me, Daddy!" He was hopelessly confused, he was hopelessly horny, he was hopelessly bewildered. "I didn't think you...?" She hugged him gently. "Daddy, I finally want to fuck you like the others," she said quietly. "But..." But she interrupted him. "I haven't been a virgin for ages and I fuck the pageboys quite often. I finally want to fuck your wonderful big cock, Daddy!" He nodded as if he understood her. His big cock slid forward, Anna sighed deeply because she had never had a real man's cock in her pussy before. She whispered how good it felt and now she let him fuck her. He thrust and thrust, but he had to squirt far too soon without giving her enough time to reach orgasm. He withdrew feeling very guilty, his drunken face expressing deep guilt. Now Anna also got to be fucked by his big cock like her sisters. He couldn't look her in the eyes for days after the first time, even though she told him openly that she was no longer a virgin since ages and had fucked already quite often the pageboys. He almost always felt sick when Anna writhed in the bliss of orgasm with her deformed spine.

The countess knew from the beginning that he fucked her daughters. She often stood silently in the doorway and watched him fucking her daughters like a wild bull. But what could she say? She herself had been fucking her father since she was 11 or 12, almost every day for the last 30 years. Her father always fucked her well, she bore him three daughters and continued to fuck him. He grew old very quickly, she had to put his cock in her mouth to make it hard and she rode him because he couldn't fuck her any other way. For some time now he hadn't even been able to do that, she took his cock in her mouth and let him squirt inside. He had died peacefully and a change had taken place in her spirit, in her mind. She could no longer stand by and watch the drunken count fuck her daughters one after the other. She simply couldn't accept that anymore. The countess now often beat him off the girl when he fucked one of her daughters and spoiled the truly innocent fun with her wild screaming.

Anna and her sisters regularly fucked the 12 and 13 year old pageboys in the secluded corners, who, despite all their secrecy, liked to talk about the noble ladies who secretly let the boys fuck them. Anna,

with her stubbornness, made sure that her favorite pageboy could stay until he was past 14. He was a really dominant type who stripped her naked in front of everyone else and reveled in her shame, because she was very ashamed of her ugly body. Nevertheless, she was in love to her tormentor, who was the only one who fucked her in front of everyone, publicly. He was her first great love.

King Henry of England had either banished his wives to Scottish exile or had them beheaded. Of course he wanted to marry again and sent his people out. Lord Cromwell was the most successful, the highest Lord in the kingdom had had an excellent portrait made by the painter Hans Holbein and King Henry liked it well. Cromwell not only received a large reward from his king, Anna's extremely wealthy father also paid no scrims. Cromwell also had a rich and politically important partner on the mainland in the count.

Since Anna was 20, her court lady Gertrudis van Geldern had slept with her. She was a very good friend, her confidante and very skilled at getting the count's daughter the most powerful lovers. Although Gertrudis was a die-hard lesbian, she fucked everyone to test them out. Anna lay next to her and watched them fuck. Gertrudis had an orgasm very easily, but if someone couldn't fuck her to orgasm, he was eliminated. Only those who could fuck her to orgasm were allowed to stay and lie on top of Anna. Anna loved her very much for this reason and let the court lady sleep with her. Gertrudis was in love with Anna and loved her every night. Anna was not a lesbian, but she went along with everything her friend did to her. It was significant that Cromwell couldn't stand the smell of Gertrudis from the very first moment and wouldn't let her come to England with Anna.

Anna had turned 20 and her two sisters were lying with their fiancés in another room. The countess had fucked the fiancés for a few weeks as a test and had allowed them to sleep with her daughters, the advantageous marriage contracts were signed and sealed. It was almost unbearable for the sisters to lie next to each other and just watch as their mother let her fiancés fuck her with lust night after night. She let them both take turns fucking her until they were both completely exhausted. The mother hadn't had a steady lover for a long time and needed now a lot of orgasms. The daughters were

pretty pissed off because they couldn't fuck their completely exhausted fiancés anymore that night.

Of course Anna asked if they ever swapped fiancés? The older one cast a disdainful sideways glance at the younger one. "If the princess orders it, yes!" Anna didn't ask any more, but the older one happily continued to tell the story. They swapped riders almost every night after the first round and it was really fun because both men fucked well and yet differently. She wanted to know what it was like to fuck Gertrudis because neither of them had ever fucked a woman before. Anna told everything, including the juicy details. The sisters listened open-mouthed as Anna described in Detail the clit-to-clit fucking with Gertrudis. They tried to imagine it.

Lord Cromwell had come for 10 days to conclude *per procuracionem* the glove marriage for King Henry. The castle chaplain nodded eagerly; the glove marriage sealed Anne's marriage to the English king. The count had to vacate his sleeping place and spent the next 14 days lying with the maids, surrounded by 5 or 6 naked girls, a dozen breasts and alternating pussies to be fucked. Lord Cromwell licked his lips; the countess did not yet look 43 years old! The very short-sighted lord looked at her as best he could and secretly apologized to his distant wife before lying down next to the naked countess. He had nothing to regret. The Countess sighed deeply, for she had never had such a large and enduring cock as a guest, even though she was an experienced and hard-working hostess.

On the ninth evening, Cromwell reminded the Countess that he had to spend the wedding night *per procuracionem* with 25-year-old Anna to make it valid! The Countess nodded silently, for a marriage was only sealed with the first intercourse. She gave Anna extensive instructions, and the following night she appeared in a festive nightgown. In joyful anticipation, she lay down on her mother's lap, who had already pointed out to her that her Lord was enormously endowed. As discussed, she clenched her vaginal muscles so that her Lord had difficulty to penetrate her cunthole. She only allowed his battle-tested battlemace to penetrate her after a fight. Her mother was right, it was a huge cock, the likes of which she had never had in

her pussy before. “You’re in, my Lord,” she breathed in broken English, “You’re in!” He nodded, convinced that he had deflowered the girl and that he would have to explain it to the King somehow. But now he was fucking Anna, whose head was resting on the Countess’s naked pussy. The Countess was holding the little girl’s head and was very proud of her, because she was very practiced in reaching her orgasm. The Lord was far too busy fucking the virgin to notice how well and skillfully she could already fuck. When he had squirted, they both needed a break. The Countess stroked Anna’s hair, the little girl did her task really well. The Lord just couldn’t stop, he fucked Anna round after round until he couldn’t anymore. He turned to the wall and fell asleep. The Countess hugged Anna, and they both fell asleep immediately.

The bad weather kept the Lord Privy Seal for another three days, Cromwell fucked the Countess with pleasure and enjoyed himself. The countess gave him everything she could give. Her daughter’s future, her daughter’s life, lay in the hands of this brute who would walk over dead bodies if necessary. She knew, of course, how cruelly he had subjugated the Irish, how cruelly he had treated them. Until now she had thought it was just a legend that he had the tortured Irish deliver an Irish virgin to his bed every night. Now, however, she was no longer so sure that it was just a legend. Cromwell had not hesitated to have King Charles beheaded. The countess treated the lord like a favorite lover, because he was supposed to protect Anne, there in faraway England.

For safety reasons, Anna traveled overland to England to meet her fiancé. King Henry traveled to meet her, first disguised, then in royal robes. He was horrified when he saw her for the first time, the “Flemish nag”. It was probably at this moment that King Henry decided to kill Lord Cromwell.

Neither of them will forget their wedding night. Anna was disgusted because Henry had a stinking, festering ulcer on one leg and had gained a lot of weight as a result. Heinrich was disgusted because Anna was waiting for him naked in bed, her spine deformed by scoliosis, her bone-thin frame and her distinctive, bony face made her look ugly. He was shocked that she had neither armpit hair nor pubic

hair due to a genetic disorder that she had inherited from her father and grandfather. This also emphasized her unusually large pussy hole, which was simply repulsive to the aesthete Heinrich. He couldn't fuck this ugly woman. She nodded silently and doggedly when he indicated that she should do it with her fist. Her enthusiasm was dampened because Heinrich's cock was larger, but childish-looking like the little pageboy's. She had to rub it for ages and he played with her clitoris without any clumsiness until he finally came. But when she then started masturbating completely naturally and without any inhibitions, he decided to have the marriage annulled as soon as possible. Cromwell saw his head in the noose and did his best to make it happen. He was forced by Henry to watch the two through a spy hole for a week, so that he could swear later: the marriage was never consummated, they never fucked. Anna rubbed the king's cock and made him cum, then she masturbated long and passionately.

Anna was deeply hurt that the king spurned her body. But she did not sit around doing nothing, but let her companions from Germany court her and fucked one of them every afternoon. The king was told about it, but he did not care. He had let her masturbate him for a week and watched her masturbate herself. It was very disgusting, because only completely immoral women, nuns and widows masturbated, that was known.

One of the English court ladies, Catherine Howard, made her way into the heart of the German Queen. She had long-term interests in King Henry, but she kept it a secret. Catherine thought the way to him led through Anna's bed. Neither she nor Anna were true lesbians, but Catherine was soon lying in Anna's bed and seducing her. The maids and handmaidens looked at the floor blushing, when things got loud and passionate in Anna's bedroom. At least Anna was happy sexually, in the afternoon she had one or two lovers on the couch and at night the passionate Catherine. Catherine, in turn, now saw the king quite often and turned his head when she let her skirt fly. Anna was the first to notice her frivolous game. She was still angry with him because he openly found her ugly and rejected her sexually.

Catherine kept Anna informed of how much Cromwell was working on Henry's annulment. Catherine and Anna had made a pact. When the king came into Anna's bedroom, Anna always licked Catherine's clit to orgasm. They both knew how much the licking aroused him. Anna now went into the bathroom next door for an hour and watched the two of them fucking through a spy hole. The thick, fat king fucked Catherine as well as he could with his little pageboy's cock. Catherine played out a passionate sexual drama for him that was unparalleled in the kingdom. When the king had left, Anna pounced on Catherine's wet, hot pussy and licked her friend to madness.

Anna remained queen for half a year, then Cromwell was able to have the marriage annulled. The king was now able to marry Catherine as his 5th wife and Cromwell lost his head on the same day. Anna was given the title of "dearest sister" and was housed in a beautiful castle and well-equipped financially. We can breathe a sigh of relief, Anna kept her head on her shoulders. She could have returned to Solingen, but she didn't want to. Because she now had a wonderful life.

The stream of English nobility who wanted to fuck her at Hever Castle or Richmond Castle never stopped. The men whispered to each other that they should not be fooled by her appearance. "Anna fucks better than the most expensive whore in London," wrote Earl Tudor to his friend Robert Dudley, and there was certainly some truth to that.

The relationship with the king improved a lot when Anna could speak English well. He also entrusted her for six months with his daughter Elizabeth, who would later ascend the throne as the Virgin Queen. Catherine Parr, at whose court Elizabeth lived, threw the adolescent out when she caught her husband, Thomas Seymour, fucking the virgin Elizabeth. Henry trusted Anna and she took great care of the stubborn girl.

Anna's all-purpose-remedy worked brilliantly. Elisabeth had never had sex with a woman before, and now she lay in Anna's bed, moaning and screaming with pleasure, flying from orgasm to orgasm. Elis-

abeth was deflowered by the Bisley Boy at the age of 13 and the two of them fucked a dozen times a day during their innocent childish games. She would deliberately lose at their games and she would lie on the floor with her legs spread wide, grinning declaring his victory and being the winners prize, and Bisley would have to fuck her. He was a good-natured young lad and really enjoyed fucking her. Two years later, when Elisabeth was 15, she was forcibly seduced by Thomas Seymour, her foster father, who forcibly fucked the shy girl for weeks and months. Elisabeth of course had no intention of living like a nun. She was old enough, Anna said, and she would never be Queen, so she didn't put any obstacles in Elisabeth's way. Elisabeth enjoyed life in the same rhythm as Anna, fucking with a lover, mostly a respectable knight, in the afternoon and with Anna at night. Elisabeth often spoke to Anna about two very specific lovers who imagined more than just a pleasurable fuck, Dudley and Seymour. Neither woman suspected how close they were coming to the future.

Anna visited the sick king almost every month. She only stayed with him for two or three hours, she knew the court like the back of her hand and listened to his monologues about the court and its intrigues. He always tried to get her to at least give him a handjob. He threw back his blankets and showed his small, stiff cock. She would never think of doing that, for she had not forgiven him for how vilely he had sexually humiliated her. She shook her head firmly and rang for the maid. Some of the maids gave the king a handjob, but most mounted him and rode him for however long it took and however difficult it was. The king's erection kept collapsing, no matter how perfectly the maid rode him. The maid had to dismount and grabbed his cock. It had become soft and unsightly. The maid had to rub the king's cock hard or make it hard in her mouth several times in between, for he was an old, sick man. During these moments Anna leaned forward and rubbed the maid's clit to keep her hot. Anna grinned crookedly when she rubbed the maid's clit to orgasm, which she really loved to do. Nevertheless, the maid mounted the king again and continued to fuck him. The maids held Anna's gaze, for a bastard meant social and financial advancement. When the maid had let the king squirting inside and he fell asleep exhausted, Anna went quietly and silently.

Henry died miserably, sick and weighing 300 kilos, and 8 men had to carry the heavy coffin. Anna was allowed to follow the coffin in third place, as she was the “sister of honour”. She mourned him honestly as if he were a brother and never said a bad word about him. She outlived him by 10 years. She was 35 years old when he died and felt that she did not have many years left. During the dispute and the fighting over the throne, Elisabeth fled to her at Richmond Castle. They had not seen each other for years and Elisabeth lay down with Anna as if she were a new lover. During this time Elisabeth had fully lived out her lesbian tendencies, as men were getting on her nerves. She was only fourth in line to the throne, but a Seymour or a Dudley dreamed of marrying her and becoming king without royal dignity, deserving it as her husband. Perhaps that was the real reason why Elisabeth never married.

Anna was happy to have Elisabeth back with her, she had grown up and was worth every sin in bed. Anna continued to fuck the long line of nobles who were heading to Richmond Castle. She was 35 and at the height of her sexual power. One lover in the afternoon was simply not enough, it had to be two or three in a row! If she managed to bring several men into her bedroom who got along well or were even friends, she let them fuck her in turn until they were all exhausted. She loved this group fucking more than anything.

Anna had enough time in the 10 years after Henry’s death to think about him. He could be very impulsive, could fall in love with a new maid in an instant, mount and impregnate her in the same hour and forget her completely by the end of the hour.

He could be very demanding, even of himself. How often did he overtax his cock, fucking again and again, even though he could no longer achieve an erection and his playmate had to get him going again with her hand or mouth, time and time again?

He could be terribly vindictive and unfair. His anger that he had Anne Boleyn, who did not bear him a son and became unbearable, convicted and beheaded on the basis of only fabricated accusations? Or Catherine Howard, Anna’s best friend, who was accused of high treason and beheaded on the basis of false accusations of incest with

her brother George and four other poor lovers? Anna knew from Catherine herself that she had actually fucked her brother insanely and with many more than these four, but the specific accusations in court were all false, fabricated and insidiously invented.

And he had rejected her from the very first minute and sexually rejected her. He had never fucked her, she had to give him humiliating handjobs and when she felt sexual desire and lust and masturbated, she could only read disgust and contempt on his face.

These were things she thought about a lot. They were things that weighed heavily on one side of the scale. But on the other side of the scale were her husband's beautiful moments. He could kiss, laugh and smile so much that you just melted or a fire was lit in your pussy. He could tell of a love affair so vividly and intensely that you not only overlooked the betrayal, but felt the adventure, the fucking so intensely, as if he had fucked you and not the other woman. There were a thousand other little things that lightened this scale. She liked to think about one incident in particular. It was in her first week when she still took his refusal to fuck very personally.

It was her first dance at a ball. She felt exposed because the French dress accentuated her hips and emphasized her hideously disfigured and bent back. Heinrich shooed her dancer aside and hugged her from behind, his mouth at her ear. "That is not the essence of dancing, my sweet little wife! Dancing, swaying your body and dancing steps, that is only secondary, my darling! What is important are the slit sides of your French skirt, in which you look so ravishing! You are far too innocent to know it, because every woman who leans her back against her dancing partner gives him the opportunity to access paradise through the slit!" Heinrich laughed so beautifully that Anna had to smile immediately. She loved his way of being filthy. Nevertheless, she blushed deeply when she imagined it.

"Come, my little innocent, I'll keep hugging you and we'll skip the next dance. Look over there, the Lord of York, how his partner is leaning her back against him, how her face is beaming with happiness! And you won't see his hand, he's a practiced dancer and he's hiding his hand under her skirt! Just look how the fabric of her skirt

is moving quickly, his hand is nibbling her clit like a weasel!” Anna leaned against Heinrich and sighed, “Yes, actually, now I see it! They continue, they dance for a little while, now they stop and I see the weasel nibbling again!”

Anna turned around. “And they do that even though they’re not married to each other!?” Heinrich smiled and kissed her wonderfully on the mouth. “Yes, exactly, my darling! Her own husband can always touch her like that, but only in public dancing can a complete stranger or a man of her choice touch her clit so discreetly. That is the nature of dancing!” Anna kissed him on the mouth. “And that doesn’t make you mad with jealousy?” Heinrich smiled. “I can always touch you, and you know that, it’s neither new nor exciting after a year of marriage. But to let a stranger or someone you secretly desire touch you so intimately and perhaps have an orgasm in his arms, doesn’t that excite you?” Anna nodded after a while, that was true. “Shall we dance a few rounds, for practice?” she asked and he nodded. She leaned her back against Henry’s broad chest and kissed his neck from below, because the only thing those standing around could tell from the rise and fall of her breasts or the trembling of her legs that she was having an orgasm in the king’s arms on the dance floor.

This was also a factor. Heinrich had taught her something that he actually had no profit of. She soon loved dancing more than anything. She enthusiastically let strangers or unattainable people touch her clit. It wasn’t about how she looked, but how her clit felt, how it reacted, how quickly it could be brought to orgasm. She loved her Heinrich for teaching her these things.

Her 10 years trickled through the hourglass far too quickly.

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Snake's Nest

by Jack Faber © 2024

Nuri was, to put it simply, not quite clear in the head. She was already 38 years old, but she hadn't achieved anything in life. She was a primitive illiterate woman, she hadn't learned anything and she was terribly naive. Thanks to her naivety, she only learned to fuck really well and give great handjobs. It was only thanks to a girlfriend that she got the job as night nurse in the facility. Her job was to look after the boys at night, 6 to 8 difficult boys who had a lot of bad behavior.

She had done her job well over the last three years, her superiors were satisfied that the boys didn't cause any problems at least at night, and they didn't want to know how Nuri had managed it. They only looked at the result, they didn't want to know the details. Unlike her predecessor, she was happy to let the chairman fuck her when he took her aside. He was the only man on the committee and he liked her shy, girlish way of letting him fuck her. Her predecessor had massive problems, all the boys raped her every night, one after the other fucked her publicly and one day she escaped.

Nuri fucked different men all these years. There was the janitor, who really liked to fuck her, but who was interested in hiding it from everyone because he had the fundamentally unfounded fear, that it would cost him his comfortable job. And there were also the two gardeners, who everyone assumed were gay. In reality they were bi, they only ever fucked Nuri in pairs. She really liked it when both of them fucked her in quick succession, because at the second one at the latest she had a strong orgasm. But when one of them fucked the other in the asshole, she was always confused. It looked so unreal and obscene that it disgusted her. That was just how she felt, it was not based on any prejudice.

Nuri was very gentle and terribly simple-minded, and the little criminals liked that. They still remembered the punishment for the rapes well and pretended to be innocent angels to Nuri. She sat very

quietly in the center of the dormitory, everyone played with his cock and then slept peacefully, she watched them cockplaying and caressed her clit gently. It wasn't until the third night that someone made a move. Little Ben, who couldn't hurt a fly, whispered that Nuri had to come to him. She sat down unsuspectingly on his bedside and asked what was wrong. He uncovered himself and showed her his erection. "What should I do?" he squeezed out. She looked at his cock carefully and replied, "You have to rub it and make it squirt!" she said and rubbed his cock for a second. He nodded and started to rub. She ran her hand over his inner thighs, "Yes, that's right, that's fine!" She stroked him until he squirted.

That was the right decision. From then on, Nuri sat on the edge of the boys' beds, stroking their inner thighs and rubbing some of their cocks herself. She went from bed to bed and made the boys squirt. Some of the boys wanted to squirt in her mouth or in her pussy hole, but she shook her head consistently, neither was an option for her. It took more than an hour to rub the cocks until they squirted, but she had the whole night if she had to.

The superiors nodded approvingly, Nuri was doing a good job, there was nothing to complain about and, above all, there were no problems. Nuri answered honestly when she was asked. "I rub their cocks and make them squirt," answered the simple-minded woman, "but not all of them, most do it themselves!" The questioning lady blushed deeply and asked, "You masturbate them at night!?" and Nuri nodded eagerly. "They fall asleep quickly and there are no problems!"

Nuri had been doing this for 3 years now. She got quite excited when she has rubbed them and let them squirt and touched her clitoris discreetly. When she had masturbated the last one, she couldn't take it anymore. She reached under her skirt and masturbated, and she didn't care if the boys were watching her. She just had to, there was no more delay. She sat in middle of the dormitory, her legs wide spread apart and masturbated until she got tired of the orgasms. She remained completely relaxed and even got a little horny because six pairs of eyes were fixed on her and her masturbating.

There was Louis, who was actually only here by mistake; as an 18-year-old he should have been in prison. Like all the others, he was completely innocent, honestly! He was an assistant to the janitor at the girls' boarding school. The headmistress was horrified to discover that 6 of her girls were pregnant. Six! She called the institutes doctor. Of the 60 girls between the ages of 13 and 16, only 4 were still virgins. Horrible! None of the girls revealed how they had lost their virginity. But one of the 4 virgins fell over and told the director everything. Louis was the lucky one who sneaked into the girls' dormitory every night and fucked a girl in front of everyone, sometimes two. The girls flocked around the fuckers, none of them wanting to miss a thing. When a girl was about to be deflowered, those standing around counted down loudly, chanting... 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 and then Louis thrustured inside and deflowered the girl. In this setting, the girl couldn't cry like a crybaby, she pulled herself together and continued to let herself be fucked while laughing. So it was a happy experience for everyone. Soon they were all deflowered and he continued to fuck the girls every night. Louis even had to testify in court, but due to bureaucratic sloppiness he was not sent to prison.

And there was little Erich, who was now about 16 years old. He grew up alone with his drug-addicted mother Sylvia. He kept seeing strange men come into the apartment and fuck Sylvia for money or drugs, and also the other addicted girls, without paying them and squirting deep inside the rightsless girls. Sylvia didn't let any of the men squirt inside; they had to pull their cocks out and squirt while masturbating. There were usually 3 or 4 other drug addicts lying on her living room carpet, but they were all stupid, that was clear to Erich. He watched Sylvia and the other girls very closely as they were fucked, because he understood what was going on very well. He observed how Sylvia got a little bit excited sexually during the fucking, but she always waited until the man had left and then only masturbated passionately when she had gotten enough excitement from the fucking. He watched her masturbating techniques very closely, because she didn't always do it the same way. He lay down directly between her thighs and watched her rubbing her clit with her finger. He found her orgasms particularly exciting, even though they were sometimes completely different. He also watched the other addicted girls masturbate very closely until he had seen everything they did.

He soon got the hang of stripping the girls naked and making them masturbate without them having been fucked first. He quickly figured out how to arouse the girls so much that they simply couldn't help themselves and had to masturbate immediately. He got some of them to masturbate continuously and enjoyed his power to entice or force them to masturbate endlessly and selftorturously. He spent a whole year pushing aside the panties of the girls sleeping on drugs and looking at the holes in their pussies. He found this very exciting because the holes were usually different. There were some that were very deep and some that were barely visible in the thick flesh around the hole. He explored and touched the clits, which were also very different. He practiced all the time masturbating the clit of the sleeping girls. At first he didn't succeed, but he was tirelessly practicing and soon he was able to do it. Most of them woke up shortly before orgasm, confused but horny and finished the job themselves greedily. Some slept so deeply or were so tight that they didn't even wake up when they climaxed. He couldn't ejaculate yet, but he fucked everyone afterwards. After masturbating or being masturbated by the boy, the girls would doze or sleep, but he would mount them and put his cock into their holes. Many would doze or fall asleep anyway, but he would not let them pass without fucking them as best he could at the time. By the end of the year he was able to squirt, and most of them would wake up and stare at him with red-rimmed eyes while they let him squirt inside. None of these unfortunate souls ever asked him not to squirt inside. They evidently saw it as an inescapable part of fucking, for the man had to squirt, even if he was just a boy. Erich didn't care if they watched from their colorful foggy worlds and nodded hornily in agreement, when he fucked and squirted inside another girl. Towards the end of the year he could ejaculate, and that made him very proud. He was also very proud when he was able to masturbate the sleeping Sylvia to orgasm. The first time she woke up completely confused in orgasm and then smiled when she realized that Erich had masturbated her. From then on she always smiled when he masturbated her and she let him masturbate her as often as he liked. His sexuality awoke with great force and he decided to fuck Sylvia. She grinned in surprise and stupidly when he pulled down her panties. At first she laughed at him because he couldn't ejaculate because he was so excited. But then he squirted inside her, she mumbled that he wasn't allowed to squirt inside and make her a child! But

he didn't care, he squirted deep inside every time. "You're going to make me a child like that!" she mumbled reproachfully when he had finished squirting. He didn't let himself be taught, he fucked her 4 or 5 times on some days and always squirted deep inside. "I don't care if you have a child!" he screamed after fucking her and she ducked because in his anger he immediately continued to fuck her again and squirted inside her pussy again. The older he got, the more often he had to fuck her or another girl during the day to get rid of the recurring sexual pressure. He screamed that "he was going to squirt inside now and he didn't care if she wanted it or not!" Sylvia was afraid of him and said nothing more. She sighed deeply and sadly when he squirted inside, several times a day. He started to fuck the other addicts regularly too. They came and went, every few days a new one came, injected the poison into her arm or snorted the white powder. Erich knew that he had to wait at least 10 minutes until the poison took effect and the girls sank into their fantasy worlds. Hardly any of them noticed that Erich was undressing them, examining them and then fucking them. He didn't give a damn whether they were okay with him squirting inside. They looked at him from their fantasy worlds with glassy or cloudy eyes and stared stupidly like sheep when Erich rammed his cock into their pussies and fucked them hard. They had no rights and were outlawed; they were fucked for free by Sylvia's paying visitors because they were fair game, even for Erich. They were not as enterprising as Sylvia; they accepted their fate and let themselves be fucked without any resistance. That was better than being beaten up by a pimp and then getting fucked anyway. One addict had died of an overdose and stank. The neighbors called the police and that's how Erich ended up with Nuri. Erich was, honestly, a complete innocent boy, except perhaps for being the ringleader in the rape of Nuri's predecessor. Two boys held the small, chubby woman while Erich and the others stripped her naked; it was very shameful and humiliating. She was a 42-year-old woman who very rarely fucked for a quickie, usually masturbating every morning when her shift was over and she went to bed. Her breasts hung sadly and the sparse pubic hair revealed her labia and partly her clit, visibly reddened from her vigorous masturbation. Two held her legs, two her arms. Erich spread her pussy lips with his fingers and touched her sore clit. "You masturbate a lot, don't you?" he asked and she pressed her lips together. She would never admit it, but Erich told his

boys that her clit was so red and sore from all the vigorous masturbating. He spread her pussy hole with his fingers as wide as he could and quickly penetrated. She cried heartbreakingly as Erich's cock entered her pussy and fucked her. After 10 or more thrusts, she stopped crying and panted because she was getting pretty horny. She was the type of woman who came to orgasm very easily when she was fucked. Her breathing became more and more shallow and her orgasm triggered Erich's squirts. Her orgasm was only inside her pussy, the vaginal muscles gripping the cock and choking it rhythmically so that he had to squirt immediately. She was very proud of how quickly she had reached orgasm, she knew that very few women could do that. She thought she was over it now, but it was just a change of horses. The guys forced her legs apart again and one of them spread her pussy hole wide open with his fingers. This was particularly humiliating for her; being naked was humiliating in itself, but having her pussy hole presented like a chalice was just too much. She screamed in despair. She shuddered and cried again when the next one started to fuck her, but the crying stopped as she ran towards her orgasm. All 6 guys fucked her one by one and left her lying there when they were finished. She was exhausted from the many orgasms and cried in humiliation. She was fucked every night for some weeks by all 6 boys, until one day she left a letter on the headmistress's desk and left forever. The headmistress made the 6 offenders line up in her office after breakfast and strip naked. She took one cock after the other in her hand and beat the cocks with a wooden ruler until they squirted. She did this for 10 days and always gave them a lecture afterwards. They should remember never to rape the supervisor again! If they felt sexual pressure, they should come to her, a solution could be found. Here she stopped the speech briefly because the old woman imagined fucking the boys herself. The boys did not forget the punishment when the successor, Nuri, came. They were as meek as lambs.

During the weekly shower, Nuri was in the shower with the boys naked for the only time in the week. She soaped and washed the guys and when they ran their hands over her naked body, she just smiled, but she didn't let the boys go any further. When one of them touched her pussy and clit and got erect in the shower, she asked with a smile if she should rub him until he squirted. Most of them wanted to, the

others stood around in a circle while she rubbed the cock vigorously. They murmured in agreement or made satisfied noises when she had made the boy squirt.

Nuri had the feeling that she was being watched. The boys reassured her that there was no one there, she was only seeing ghosts. But she remained uneasy, she kept looking back over her shoulder, but there really was no one there.

But one morning it happened.

Little Ben was found at the bottom of the cellar stairs. Nuri felt the ice-cold child's neck. He was dead. She called the ambulance, they came, as did the police. The coroner said that Ben had been raped, beaten up, pushed down the stairs and had broken his neck. Raped? asked the inspector and the doctor nodded, "fucked in the ass!" and she had already compared the DNA with that of the boys and all the male employees, but it had to be a stranger.

Little Ben was one of the most innocent. He had fucked his foster mother every single day for years; the little boy was good and obedient and fucked his demanding and sex-addicted foster mother until her husband caught them both in the act. She had to save her reputation and told him that the little boy had raped her. So poor little Ben came here and now he was dead.

The home was in turmoil for 14 days. Only gradually did the situation calm down and Nuri went from bed to bed again, masturbating her boys or watching them masturbate their young cocks, caressing their inner thighs and fine cocks and murmuring encouragingly. A new one had arrived, Fritz. He was just as innocent as the others, he had only fucked his little sister and then drowned her in the pool. Usually he fucked the little one very carefully and considerately, but the screams of the little one, whom he fucked really hard for the first time, triggered his murder reflex. The foster mother then beat him up, but he was in a murderous rage and immediately fucked the screaming old slut half to death and killed her with the garden shovel. He then fucked the dead sister again because he really loved her very much. Since he was not yet 18, he came into Nuri's care. She

integrated the gentle giant into her group. On the first evening she discovered that Fritz had the biggest cock under the sun. He grumbled that he would much rather fuck her than have it rubbed, but she shook her head, “maybe later!” and continued rubbing his huge cock. He moaned that he didn’t want to cum in the air, that was very humiliating. Nuri gave in. For the first time at work in 3 years she lay on her back and let Fritz fuck her. The other boys stood around, they had never seen it before, Nuri’s little pussy hole, wide open, and Fritz’s huge cock, which Nuri had really tightened by rubbing. And now the huge cock penetrated the pussy hole, making its way inexorably. She screamed softly as the enormous cock penetrated her pussy hole, the boys held their breath. Fritz held Nuri up by her buttocks so that she was at the right height. His cock stabbed into her hole as if he wanted to impale her. She pushed herself against him and went along with his rhythm, she fucked him actively and with great concentration. The boys had never seen such fucking before, the two of them fucked wildly like animals, like predators. Fritz bared his teeth and gave her everything, but soon she was screaming out as she had a strong orgasm and then one after the other until Fritz reared up and squirted inside. He had pulled his cock out as far as the tip of his cockhead. The boys could see how his cock pumped rhythmically and the semen shot into Nuri’s hole in thick, full jets. Nuri let her head sink back during her first orgasm, then she pushed and pushed her head back onto the mattress in pleasure of the long orgasming and let then her orgasm fade away. Fritz started to cry, Nuri sat up and hugged the crying giant. He calmed down and she let him talk. “That’s exactly how Heidi drowned. She let her head sink back in her orgasm, like you had now, into the pool. She lost consciousness in her orgasm and drowned. I didn’t notice because I was in the middle of squirting. Poor thing! And suddenly the foster mother was standing behind me. She was beating me with a shovel. I grabbed the crazy old woman and ripped her clothes off. With a crazy look she threw herself at me and grabbed my cock with clear intent, she stuffed my cock into her ugly wrinkled hole, for the first time, and started to fuck me standing up, the old sow! I was totally confused and after a few minutes I threw her to the ground and she laughed like crazy, like triumphant. I raped her wildly because I was in a mad blood frenzy. I fucked the ugly old woman, who always spied on us and shamelessly watched us fuck, until she stopped mov-

ing. She opened her eyes and screamed, "Murderer! Murderer!" I didn't want to hear her scream anymore and hit her with the shovel until she fell silent. Then I heard Heidi. She called me softly like she always did when she wanted to play and fuck. I pulled her head out of the water and laid her on the grass. She smiled and kissed me, "come on, fuck me, my Big Grumpy Bear, fuck me really hard this time!" So I fucked her really hard like never before. But after I squirted inside her little lifeless body, I came to my senses and ran away." Fritz clung to Nuri and continued to cry. "I haven't told anyone that yet," he sobbed. "It's good that you told me, I'll keep it carefully in my heart," Nuri said, stroking the giant baby's hair gently. They had somehow become friends.

Nuri shook her head at everyone who wanted to fuck her too. No, only Fritz was allowed to do that. She masturbated the others first and only lay down with Fritz last, who fucked her to wonderful orgasms. Neither she nor he cared that the others stood around and watched them fucking. Nuri stood up, straightened her dress and shooed everyone into bed. Order was restored, everyone slept peacefully and Fritz was very happy that Nuri let herself be fucked voluntarily and without being forced. He often cried because he had loved his foster sister very much, she too had liked to be fucked with his big cock. She was already 11 when they came to the foster family together and he soon deflowered her, very, very carefully. He helped her spread her pussy hole wide with his fingers, then he penetrated her and tore her hymen. They fucked every day from then on, until the disaster. Now she was unfortunately dead, sobbed Fritz and cried again.

And again Nuri had the feeling that she was being watched. The boys remembered, but they still said that she was only seeing ghosts.

It only took a week before it happened again.

Little Karl, Charly, was found at the bottom of the cellar stairs. He was dead, stone dead. The rescue team and the police came again. The coroner confirmed that it was the same picture. Charly had been raped, beaten and pushed down the stairs, and he had also broken his neck. The inspector nodded grimly when the doctor said that he

had been “fucked in the ass”. The DNA again only matched the first murderer, it was the same one. The police questioned everyone three or four times, but to no avail. Charly was a very wild child, he had violently fucked his foster mother for months and had finally pushed her in front of a bus, which she fortunately survived. He had been arrested from the hospital because he was fucking his foster mother, who was bent in a cast. That was his career, and now he was lying dead at the bottom of the basement stairs.

Again it took two or three weeks until order was restored, until Nuri was moving from bed to bed again and masturbating the boys. Finally, she let Fritz fuck her like before; she had missed fucking him a lot. She had told the police inspector without batting an eyelid how she went from bed to bed, masturbated the guys one after the other and finally let Fritz and his huge cock fuck her; there was nothing wrong with that. The inspector had become very curious and had Fritz show her his cock; it was really huge. She blushed to the base of her breasts when he asked her to touch the cock and wait until it was completely erect. She held the cock firmly in her hand and rubbed it a little bit; it stiffened the longer she rubbed and the glans slipped out from under the foreskin. The young woman shook her head when he asked her to rub. No, she didn’t want to see the squirting, she lied, because someone could come in at any time. She let him go and made no note of the episode.

The police investigated the case for months, but they found nothing, nothing at all.

The file became a cold case and was closed.

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The Horny Doctor

by Jack Faber © 2024

Tom had enough time to think. He had, to put it simply, followed his cock, threw himself into adventure with all his might and crashed. He had thrown his studies, all his efforts to become and to be a doctor, into the trash can. He was still a physician, he was still a doctor, but after the court verdict they would take both away from him. He leaned against the concrete wall of the prison cell and closed his eyes.

Tom had spent his last internship in the clinic for artificial insemination, it was the most exciting experience of his life. They inspected pussies, nothing but pussies, and questioned young women about their most intimate secrets. No, gynecology was not for him, they butchered women's intimate parts, horrible! The theoretical part of artificial insemination was a must, which he accepted as well as the laboratory work. Interviewing the women, the practical work with their pussies was his thing. He would offer his soul to the devil for that.

It was clear to him from the start that he needed a close confidante. Someone who would support his crime and go along with everything. It was Sister Angelika who he chose. Like him, she was secretly a criminal, and Tom took advantage of that. Angelika was a lesbian and swam like a pike in a carp pond full of vulnerable women. He invited Angelika to dinner.

She didn't have to explain to him that she was a lesbian. Yes, she had fucked in her youth, she was experienced at it, even if it was only with one man. Her father had deflowered her when she was 13 and fucked her every day until she left home and became a nurse. She discovered there that she was a lesbian. Tom was very clever at winning her over. Yes, she finally agreed, she would fuck him if he accepted her as she was, a true lesbian.

He fucked Angelika every day, sometimes even twice. She was pretty to look at, she had beautiful small breasts, her pubic hair was shaved and when he parted her labia with his fingers he could see her clit, which was red from all the masturbation. She shrugged her shoulders indifferently, she only masturbated when she really needed to and didn't think about whether her clit was red afterwards or not. As agreed, she let him fuck her whenever he needed it. She turned her head away and didn't let him kiss her at first. She admitted that for her it was indifferent just like fucking her father. She had a very pleasant and tight vagina, over time she lost her inhibitions and because she was particularly sexually aroused when being fucked, she masturbated to orgasm at the end of the fuck. She let him fuck her as often as he could, which was usually only once in 24 hours, Tom needed a day to recover. He had long since accepted that he could only ejaculate once and that his cock was only medium-sized. "It's much bigger and firmer than my father's," Angelika stated matter-of-factly, "it also excites me much more sexually, I sometimes have an orgasm, which I never had with him!" He, in turn, made it possible for Angelika to fuck the patients she chose and who wanted it. This mutual partnership had been going well for some months now. He had a good girl to fuck every day and with his support, Angelika was able to approach the most desirable women.

Tom interviewed all the women and eliminated the unattainable ones. Those who interested him had to be simple in mind, gullible and easily to be influenced and that they would do anything to finally have a child. Tom had a nice strategy in mind. Angelika stripped the woman naked and spread her labia and cunthole with her fingers. He touched and explored the pussy, the cunthole and the clit, as an appetizer, so to speak. He absolutely needed fresh semen from the husband. He watched the couple through a mirrored window. The majority of the couples fucked in the plain unpleasant room, she held the cup and let him squirt into it. The second largest group were couples who sat opposite each other and watched each other masturbate. Only a small number of women gave their husbands a handjob. Tom always watched them fucking because it really turned him on and Angelika smiled because he was afterwards about to fuck her like a wild animal. He was so easy to see through, thought Angelika.

Angelika hung on his every word like the patient when he explained the procedure. A French scientist had discovered how to get the husband's usually tired semen to the egg with the help of an assistant semen. The husband's semen was coated in a protective chemical substance, the semen was injected into the woman's cunt-hole and then the assistant squirted his fresh, youthful semen over it. The fresh sperm took the older sperm piggyback and transported it to the egg. The secretions that the woman released during orgasm and the protective shell gave the husband's sperm the necessary push to the egg. It was therefore necessary for the patient to have an orgasm, or better yet, several, that was absolutely necessary.

He knew from the intensive intimate interviews which of the women masturbated. Less than half, perhaps 35 to 40 percent, masturbated daily. A roughly equal number masturbated less, once a month or less often. And about 20 percent did not masturbate at all, never. Honestly. That was his personal statistic and he found it very surprising. The first two groups were supposed to masturbate more often, at least once a day before the treatment. Most of them and the last group were able to take advantage of Angelika's help, she took great pleasure in masturbating girls.

Tom treated hundreds of women in this way. Angelika had the woman lie naked on the treatment table, she spread the cunthole with her gloved fingers and Tom injected a milliliter of the husband's semen into the cunthole. Then he had several milliliters of the Frenchman's mysterious tincture dripped into the hole. Even Angelika did not know that it was just water with a few drops of red food coloring. Some women were already masturbating or Angelika was happily rubbing her clits. To get the vaginal secretion flowing. Now came the decisive act.

Tom dropped his trousers. Most of the women turned their faces away, they looked to the side, because they had been faithful to their husbands and had not fucked anyone else since marriage. Some, and these were the not so faithful wives, masturbated wildly and looked at Tom's stiff cock, licking their lips. He penetrated considerably and watched their faces. Most of the faithful wives had a tear running down their cheeks, some were crying. The unfaithful ones closed

their eyes and sighed, finally a real cock again! He fucked slowly, carefully and with great pleasure. He looked at the distorted faces of the women who were rubbing their clit with all their might for the sake of it or just for pleasure. He nodded encouragingly at Angelika, telling her to rub the patient from orgasm to orgasm, which she did without stopping.

He took a seconds long break when the woman had an orgasm and then continued to fuck. He increased the pace and reached the finishing straight, he reared up and squirted everything in, knowing full well that the woman was in her fertile period. He squirted load after load, because that was the decisive moment.

He repeated the procedure at least 3 times, usually 5 or 6 times. But he would only know in 10 days whether she had become pregnant. The department's success rate rose to 75 percent, a dream figure. He alone knew that the whole fuss was pure charlatanry. The only important thing was to fuck the women at the decisive time, when the chances of success were highest. Most of the women who came to the clinic were healthy and could conceive naturally. Most of the time it was the man's failure, who of course couldn't do anything about it. It didn't matter to Tom whether it was his or her husband's semen. The 25 percent of patients who didn't get pregnant came always back.

Tom fucked Angelika when there was no treatment and he liked to praise her dexterity when masturbating the patients. She was also quite happy because she really enjoyed masturbating other women and girls. These weren't old bastards, but young girls who came to the clinic. Tom's world knew no beautiful, pretty or ugly women. He reduced them to their pussies and the intimate secrets they told him in interviews. Even Angelika, who was so emotional and sensitive in her lesbian affairs, reduced the patients to their clits. She had never imagined that she would only see a clit and judge whether she needed to be masturbated gently, vigorously, relaxingly or wildly.

Word of mouth did its part, so that the clinic was running at full speed and poor Tom now had two girls to fuck a day. He continued

the charlatanry undeterred, fucking girl after girl, although he soon needed some cocaine to endure the exertion.

He had been carrying out the treatments for 3 years, assisted by Angelika, who he no longer had to fuck so often. He had impregnated hundreds of women and there were no real or serious complaints. Yes, there were a lot of women who just couldn't get pregnant. He did the third round of treatments for free, but it didn't help once.

There was a patient who had an incredibly jealous husband. Tom had watched the couple fucking behind the mirror window, the man was really an asshole. Just as Tom was about to start the actual treatment, the jealous man was standing in the treatment room, saying that he was the only one who was allowed to fuck his wife, no one else, Full Stop. And the man actually fucked his wife, on three days, then they left. She was back after 2 months, without her husband knowing. Tom fucked her on 10 days, she loved him fucking more than with her husband. She got pregnant and filed for divorce.

There was the rich patient who came a total of 10 times before she became pregnant. She said with a smile that Tom was actually her lover, because she hardly ever fucked her husband anymore. Before the treatment, she let Angelika masturbate her endlessly, even though she usually did it herself. But if it was offered as a service, yes, please! Angelika also masturbated her while Tom fucked her. After the 10th treatment, she finally became pregnant. "I would never have believed it," she said later, "I always assumed it was just hocus-pocus!" She came very close to the truth.

The husband of one of the last patients took him to court. The French scientist's website turned out to be fake, but it could not be proven that Tom had made the website. And he stuck strictly to the texts the "Frenchman" had published there. The judge ordered paternity tests for 10 randomly selected children. Tom was the father of all of them. He had almost got through it lightly when the medical association and the clinic got involved. Tom was now accused of quackery and unethical behavior, because doctors were not allowed to fuck patients, that was written in black and white. Tom was only 27, had

been a doctor for 4 years and would drive a taxi in the future. He buried his head in his hands in despair.

He had been alone in the two-man cell until now, but now he had a cellmate. He called himself Shri Ananda Awperitama, he was the founder and head of his own sect. He spoke fluently in the local dialect and not a word of Indian. That was strange. And he only had contact with his teacher and spiritual leader by email. He was very strange, this Tobias Niehuber, as he was known in real life. For the first week they only talked about superficial things, only then did they tell each other their life stories. Tom was the first to tell his story and Shri slapped his thighs, laughing with delight. He was particularly pleased that Tom had earned a small fortune. "Fucking is all well and good, but making money from it is divine!" exclaimed the holy man. He was confident that Tom could get off lightly. Maybe even stay a physician and a doctor too. Tom did not share his enthusiasm, but it was a little bit liberating. Then Shri told his story.

I was married to the same woman for almost 20 years, we had a sweet little daughter Lena and the usual friction that you would expect after 20 years. My wife had slipped away from me, she was whoring around and kept a close eye on me to make sure I didn't even think about cheating. So far, so good. I didn't have time to cheat anyway, I had enough to do fighting for my job and I was losing. I was unemployed, had hardly any money and a wife who happily cheated. She siphoned enough money from her lovers to provide for the three of us well.

Sometimes I had to give her the bedroom when she invited a particularly rich guy to fuck her. I was tired of following the merry goings-on from the hallway. I went up to the children's room. I must have stood there like an ox in front of the barn door. Lena stopped masturbating and hissed at me, "Come in and close the door!" which I did. Lena was satisfied and continued masturbating. I sat down at the end of the bed and watched her. She masturbated for a long time, her finger on her clit gradually rotated faster and she had a nice orgasm. She sat up and asked why I had come. I said, "Mom needs the bedroom." She laughed rather strangely. "So she has someone important here to fuck! She has to fuck the rich and famous here, she

can't go to a hotel with them!" and she laughed her ass off. I asked her how long she had been masturbating, as she was only 14, or almost 14. She smiled like a sphinx. "I was 6 or 7 when I caught Mom masturbating. She didn't make a drama, she just kept masturbating until she had finished with her orgasm. Then she showed me how I could do it too. There was nothing bad, she said, it was something completely natural. Since then I have done it twice every evening." I just nodded, what could I say? I asked, "Are you already fucking boys?" Lena shook her head, "No!" and then said she allowed her older boyfriends to penetrate her vaginal vestibule up to her hymen. Then she masturbated the boy until he squirted. And her hymen was intact, she assured seriously. Then she said that she had told the boys that if someone gifted her an iPhone for her 14th birthday, she would give him her virginity, okay? I was stunned. "I think about that like Mom," Lena said quietly, "being in love may be nice, but it would be nonsense to let yourself be fucked for free!" She was quite restless and threw her nightgown on the floor. "I do it twice a night, Dad! If you want to stay seated, I don't care." I looked at her like the second ox in front of the barn door. She smiled and lay down. I turned and looked directly into her pussyhole as she masturbated. This time, too, it took her a long time, but the orgasm at the end was very strong. She immediately turned to the side and whispered, "Good night, Dad!" I stroked her sweaty hair and kissed her forehead. I have to say, I love Lena very much!

Two days later, after dinner, I put a gift box in front of Lena. My wife looked very keen, because she didn't know anything about it. Lena opened it, it was an iPhone of course. She jumped at my neck and showered me with kisses. She looked at me for a long time. "Tonight?" and I nodded. She had installed the thing in no time and immediately called her best friends. I don't know if they knew what this iPhone was connected to. After that, Lena went up to her room and I told my wife that she didn't have to wait for me today, I was sleeping upstairs in the children's room. I don't know if she suspected it then, as I said, my wife and I were rather at odds back then. I went up to Lena.

She was lying naked in bed, perfumed like a dock whore. I took off my clothes and lay down next to her. "Do you know everything?" I

asked and she grinned, slightly offended. “Daddy, I’m one of the last virgins in the class, I’ve heard it a hundred times, how it happens and how it works!” We lay next to each other in silence. “It’s actually weird. Only a handful have been deflowered by a classmate, most by their father, like me now. The own father! It’s really weird!”

I laid her down. She lifted her legs, bent them and waited, smiling. “Do it quickly, then it won’t hurt as much!” I nodded and quickly pushed into her hole. Neither of us felt the hymen tear and looked at each other in surprise. But no matter, I fucked Lena to the best of my ability, I hadn’t fucked my wife for days and was accordingly starved. We fucked for an endless amount of time, she whispered in my ear, “Daddy, you can squirt inside there without worry, I’ll take good care of it!” She was so good to fuck, the inside of her pussy was silky smooth and she had intuitively understood how to adjust her pace to mine. She made me squirt with gentle force when she reached the peak of her excitement. No, she didn’t have an orgasm while fucking, she did that orgasming like she always did before falling asleep.

They were the best 7 years of my life. We fucked 20 days a month and the remaining 10 I slept with my wife, who couldn’t leave me alone. We fucked each other like wild animals, hateful and lovingly. She asked only once, “Are you fucking her?” but I didn’t answer. At the end of the 7 years, when Lena was 21 and left home to study, my wife looked me in the eyes. “I know, you fucked her all those years, every night!” She got divorced and I was left alone. I pondered because I desperately needed money.

So I reinvented myself, I became an Indian religious leader. After just two months I had found more than 10 women who wanted to hear the word of God from me, rejected the strict sexual prohibitions of Christians and paid their monthly membership fee. The group became larger. I took the word of God from various Bible texts. The strict sexual commandments did not apply, I said. We sat in a circle, wearing only a damn thin white tunic on our naked flesh which showed everything and hid nothing, reading the Word of God and listening to each other, because each woman had some sexual problem or a question or a fantasy that they were blabbing about. I limited the time to three hours, because now the Great Union followed.

We took off the tunic, were as naked as God had created us. I lay down alone in the circle and fucked one or more of the women, depending on how strong I was at the time. Those out in the circle could now participate and masturbate. 10, 20, 50, 100 women masturbated at the same time and I fucked the chosen one in the middle. Since it was more pleasing to God, one masturbated the other, only a few masturbated alone. There were a few men who got a hand job or a blowjob, but they soon stopped because I didn't allow them to fuck too. Each of them violated the prohibition, they were not hindered to fuck as long as they wanted, but after that they were banished.

I always chose one that I liked sexually. Age wasn't really a criterion, sexual charisma and attraction was. These women were looking for physical union with a God and I, as his secular representative, gave them the divine union. They were all far too old to think about contraception. Later, when many brought their daughters or daughters-in-law with them, I reminded them of this responsibility. It was a great temptation, all these young things! But I always tried to keep a balance here and not favor the young.

It lasted for almost 15 years, there were about 150 women who followed my path and still follow me. The Great Union takes now place without me, the women read aloud, discuss sexual issues, sing and take off their tunics to satisfy each other at God's will. If I were a religious person, I would see a miracle here. But I don't believe all this crap, honestly, I just know the women pretty well. They want to hear beautiful, moving words, they want to talk about sexuality, sexual desires and their fantasies, precisely because now they can stutter and blush with girlish shame. And those who want to be fucked don't do it because of me, but because it allows them to turn up their noses at others and stick out their tongues. And which middle-aged woman doesn't like to be masturbated by another like-minded woman?

I was able to live like a prince on the membership fees. I could afford the best food, the finest wines and all that. I have a modest little yacht down in the harbor where I can prepare for the ceremony during the day and let myself be rocked on the sea. I lead a modest life, no private jet, no Rolls-Royce, no expensive model. Nothing.

But I have enemies, even though I preach pure love, God's word and sexual community. I cannot say who these enemies are and why they are hostile. They have dragged me to court, accusing me of exploiting women and cheating them out of many millions. My accountant has disappeared without a trace and what she left behind is now in court. They will not find anything, I have only been given money so that she can be called to the center at the next union. I have been given money because the good woman inherited her extremely rich husband and did not know what to do with so much money. I have also collected millions in donations to give to poor children in Africa, but I have not set off yet. I really don't know why they're persecuting me like this, talking about theft, embezzlement and fraud. I'm grateful to the judge that I can go to the ceremony one day a week, because my believers need me! Watch the judge, Tom, watch the judge!

Tom asked Shri and asked him to tell him everything about the Great Union. Shri said he had never asked the women to do anything indecent, the only thing he wanted was normal, everyday sex. When he was already in the final stretch and about to cum, he called out to the group, "I'm about to cum!" and everyone stood still. He thrust and squirted, thrust and squirted until he was finished. He looked triumphantly around at the group, who murmured contentedly and happily and continued masturbating their neighbor.

The only men he insulted were those who let them give a handjob and a blowjob and then pounced on the poor, vulnerable women to fuck them wildly like uncouth lumberjacks. He couldn't allow the women, his women, to be degraded and humiliated like that! Discussions continued for many weeks, as some women wanted to fuck the men, but they were outvoted and kept quiet.

Tom and Shri were released one after the other. The judge — she happened to be one of Shri's enlightened circle — found both of them not guilty enough to be sentenced under a specific law. She admonished both of them to continue to live lawfully and then they were allowed to go.

Shri was greeted with cheers, trampling and applause. There was a huge party and a banquet that was unparalleled. Lena moved back in

with him after her divorce, but she did not take part in the whole circus. She did his housework, as there was plenty of money there and he slept with her every night. A pinch of coke got him up again in the evening. She was the best at fucking, he always found, and when he said it in public, she blushed like a young girl. They never heard from Mama again; she had last worked in one of the port brothels and one day disappeared.

Tom went straight from the prison to Angelika, who had also lost her job, and lay down next to her. As far as Tom was concerned, there were months of fucking to catch up on. Angelika didn't need it, but she felt sorry for her admired doctor and let herself be fucked without saying a word and passively until dawn. The poor guy had a lot to catch up on and in the breaks they pondered a new project together.

Their new fertility clinic opened 4 months later.

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Black Angels of Vengeance

by Jack Faber © 2024

Fleur was locked in the cabin with the other 5 like every night. Rose had initially snuggled up to her, Fleur felt her sexual excitement spreading in her pussy. Her clit stiffened and she put her hand on the clit to calm it down. But the clit had a different opinion, it reared up, because normally Fleur would be masturbating violently now. Rose snuggled up to her even closer, her unexpected embrace surprised her and Rose captivated her with a French kiss. Now the surprise was alarming, she had never kissed a girl like a lover, never touched a girl sexually. Rose found her clit immediately. Fleur sighed with lust and lecherousness, she pushed all thoughts aside and gave herself over to Rose's masturbation. Fleur had the feeling that a hundred hands were caressing and arousing her, that a hundred fingers were rubbing her clit madly. The other girls watched them amusedly in the twilight and some hands assisted Rose of course. Every evening Rose took on a girl, seduced her and made her twitch and squirm in orgasm. Nobody thought Rose was a lesbian, she was just cocky about these things and loved to bring other girls to orgasm.

Rose whispered in Fleur's ear that in the afternoon Jean-Luc, the master's older son, had fucked her so hard that she almost lost consciousness. The 26-year-old fucked Rose nowadays almost every day, he was very into the young black woman. Fleur whispered back that the Lord himself had called her to him that afternoon, as he had done many times before. The old gentleman was slightly drunk, but Fleur still had to climb onto his lap and ride him. The 17-year-old hated having to fuck the 60-year-old. He basically let himself be fucked in public, because he knew exactly how humiliating and degrading it was for Fleur when others walked past and stared stupidly. She was very ashamed because she had to fuck him in public. The shame became unbearable when someone stopped and stared stupidly at her pussy as long as she had to ride and fuck the old cock.

The lock was opened very quietly. Louis, the huge black man, glided in. He was the master's coachman. Now the peach harvest was over, the quiet six months had begun.

Normally Louis brought two or three slaves with him, but not today because he was sneaking something in. But when there were two or three men with him in the hut, the bodies were crammed together so that not a sheet of paper could fit between them. It was a happy fucking in the twilight, all around you people were standing and jostling, fucking and changing partners on the fly until the men were completely exhausted. Fleur liked this group fucking much better than riding the old man.

Fleur remembered how scared she was when Louis fucked her for the first time. That was years ago and Fleur had never seen such a big cock back then. She knelt down and looked at the cock up close. She hadn't fucked much back then and was very afraid that it wouldn't fit into her little hole. She looked up at Florence and Rose in fear, "it's much too big for my little hole!", but they just nodded reassuringly. "You'll see, that it goes in without any problem and if he fucks you long enough, you'll definitely have an orgasm!" Florence had to know and when she said it, she meant it. Fleur pulled Louis' foreskin back and forth for a while and he smiled kindly. She stood up, spread her hole wide with her fingers and inserted the cock with her other hand. She was afraid, his cock would burst her pussy, but it didn't happen. Fleur's pussy adjusted to the huge cock and from then on she was quite happy to be fucked by Louis whenever his greedy eyes fell on her. Louis came every evening to fuck, but he only fucked one of the girls at a time. Today, however, it was Lily he wanted. Rose squeezed herself in front of Lily. "You promised to bring a knife, only then can you fuck the delicate little one!" Louis grinned slyly as always. "Of course I brought you the knife, dragonlady, although I wonder if you want to start a riot?" Rose took the knife and hid it with the other two. He approached Lily, his cock sticking out.

The hut was so small that the naked bodies of the young girls were constantly touching each other, they could only sleep sitting up, crammed close together. Lily had never fucked Louis before, she grabbed his cock defensively. "Don't hurt me," she said to Louis, "it's

much too big!” Lily had had to let Jean-Pierre fuck her that afternoon, he was the younger one, but in general experience he fucked the best. Lily was only 15, she was small and thin and her pussy was childishly tight. Jean-Pierre loved exactly that, because it turned him on a lot to fuck a child. That was exactly his thing.

Lily leaned back, but she couldn’t hide. The girl next to her, Florence, lifted Lily’s leg high. Lily’s childish pussy opened as if by itself. She took a sharp breath as Louis’ cock slowly penetrated her little hole. He fucked Lily with obvious pleasure and his powerful thrusts were transmitted to the other girls, who supported Lily from all sides. They all held their breath as Louis pushed into Lily with loud moans and squirted, pushed in and squirted inside. He let his head sink onto Lily’s shoulder. “Aaah, that was fine! I’ll be back tomorrow, little Lily!” As quietly as he had come, Louis crept out again and locked the hut.

The girls sat down; it was time to sleep. Rose, who was the only one who could read, reported what was in the newspaper. The war between the North and the proud Southern states was in full swing, it was far from being decided. Thousands of blacks escaped slavery by fleeing north. People were worried about whether they would have enough slaves for the harvest next year. Rose laughed harshly, “We’ll set off in midsummer too!” The others nodded, although they knew full well that the plantation owner, Baron Jean de Belfort, would never let them go.

Mama Belle screamed in labor. The girls were allowed to call her Mama Belle, but in public of course only Lady Belle or Madame. All the girls knew that the Baron had not fucked his wife for years; he had deflowered his older daughter Hortense years ago when she was 14 and he had been fucking her every night for years. Now Marielle, his younger daughter, was also about to turn 14 and the sex-mad old man had already deflowered her too. Marielle had screamed when he deflowered her brutally, but since then she loved to be fucked by her father. He fucked both daughters in his bed in turn and he didn’t care that the whole house was whispering and watching them. Mama Belle had fallen in love with Jerome, her new personal slave. She had been masturbating her slaves cocks for years; it was her thing to

make them squirt. She had chosen him because he had the biggest cock under the sun. She was just as much a slave owner as her husband, but she argued with him fiercely. "They are people like you and me, only they are prisoners. They have feelings just like you and me!" which the Baron vehemently denied. Mama Belle was already 49 when she became pregnant. The girls had always shielded her when she let Jerome fuck her until she passed out. The girls could hardly get enough of watching the giant hold the white woman in his paws and fuck her hard. Mama Belle had one orgasm after another during the fucking and then regularly fainted. Jerome held the unconscious lady in his arms and continued to fuck her until he squirted. When he noticed the girls watching, he pulled out his cock with a grin and squirted in the direction of the girls. Jerome, the peaceful giant with the biggest cock on the plantation, was a Mandingo, a mixture of Negro and Indian, and he was actually a very good fucker. Mama Belle became pregnant.

She screamed for two days in labor, then her heart gave out. The baby died with her, he was pitch black. The Baron howled and raged. He had Jerome tied naked to the banister of the steps. All the slaves had to be there and watch as he whipped his rival bloodily. At the end he rammed the handle of the whip into Jerome's ass so that the blood ran down his legs. "Fleur!" screamed the raging Baron, "Fleur!" She took two steps forward, trembling with fear. "Have you ever fucked this wretch before?" roared the madman and Fleur shook her head, "No, Baron, never!" The Baron bared his teeth like a rabid dog. "Then fuck him now, you should have something good for once!" his voice yelled, breaking. He ripped off Fleur's skirt. "So go on, fuck him and enjoy it damn well!" the madman roared and pushed Fleur forward so that she landed on Jerome.

Jerome looked at her calmly, well knowing he was going to die. "Do it, little Fleur, before he kills you in his rage!" Fleur was completely out of her mind and grabbed Jerome's cock like a sleepwalker. She had to rub it for a long time until it got hard. She looked into Jerome's eyes with tears in her eyes. "It's much too big," she breathed crying, "much too big!" The Baron's whip whizzed through the air and grazed Fleur's shoulder. Everyone around held their breath as Fleur's fingers widened her pussyhole and her other hand

inserted Jerome's cock. She let out a little scream because Jerome's cock was widening her small cunthole very painfully. Again the whip whizzed just past and she now had to fuck poor Jerome. It only hurt for a moment, then the pussy was stretched to breaking point. Fleur fucked Jerome as well as she could in this position. The other slaves murmured at first, the murmuring swelled and they rhythmically clapped and encouraged the girl who was heavily panting with effort. She found the right tempo and was soon fucking the chained man with great vigor. He had his eyes closed and Fleur fucked him for almost half an hour. She sensed long before that he was ready to squirt and continued to fuck him vigorously, she felt him squirt and continued to fuck him even though his cock had gone soft. The Baron swore blasphemously when he realized he was too late. His big revolver exploded next to Fleur's ear as he shot Jerome right in the face.

Fleur was silent all afternoon, she was silent in the evening and into the night. The other girls were almost asleep when she screamed loudly, "I'm going to kill him!" Rose put her hand over Fleur's lips. "Yes, we will kill him!"

Mama Belle was laid out in her bedroom, the Baron had the black Bastard and Jerome buried in the field. As if nothing had happened, the Baron and his sons fucked the black girls, cursing because Mama Belle was dead. Nobody was to blame, but the three men fucked out their pain, wildly and cursing. At night, the Baron ordered both daughters into his bedroom and fucked them relentlessly. He didn't care that the daughters were seeing each other for the first time fucking him, he didn't care that the daughters cried for their mother while they were being fucked. He fucked them relentlessly until he couldn't take it anymore and fell into a senseless sleep.

The black girls and the two daughters endured the insane fucking for two weeks. Then it was enough. Rose told the blacks in the manor house to be alert in the evening. The 6 girls, armed with 3 knives, sneaked into the manor house. First they reached the Baron's bedroom. His daughter Hortense was riding him. They remained silent and let her continue to fuck for almost 15 minutes. Hortense flinched when he started to squirt and rode him now very slowly and intensely pressing his cock, he liked that when he squirted. Hortense's

white ass slid slowly back and forth and her ass cheeks twitched every time he squirted. Four hands held the Baron down, one hand placed over his mouth. They let Hortense flee into the corner and stared at the Baron's cock, which was still twitching and squirting a few drops. Rose resolutely cut his throat. A minute later they crept on. Hortense threw herself over her dead father.

Jean-Luc slept alone. Lily held the knife to his throat, but she couldn't do it. Florence took the knife from her hand and resolutely cut the sleeping man's throat. Florence stabbed him in the chest a dozen times; he had brutally raped her over and over again in the last few days. Rose took the knife from Florence's hand. They crept quietly into the next bedroom.

Jean-Pierre was fucking a girl, and when they looked more closely, it was his youngest sister Marielle. He froze when Rose held the knife to his throat. Rose growled threateningly and loosened the knife's pressure. "Keep going, you bastard!" He was completely stunned and Florence hissed angrily that he had to keep fucking, or else. He continued to fuck, frightened, his little sister was shaking in fear like a leaf. He fucked for 20 minutes with the knife to his throat and then straightened up. He squirted and squirted and when he had finished squirting, Rose pulled the knife across his throat. She let the lifeless man fall on his sister. Marielle's eyes opened wide, she was sexually aroused and his cock was still half-stiff inside her cunthole. Then she started screaming like a madwoman. Florence urged, they had to keep going! They left the mansion and gathered in front of it. Rose had set fire to the curtains in the entrance area, the flames were blazing high. The remaining slaves came out of the mansion with all the children and they marched off, Louis in front. They sometimes looked back, the mansion was fully ablaze.

They fought their way north through the thicket. They bypassed the southern armies and weeks later reached the area occupied by the north.

In the evenings the girls sat around the campfire and talked about the plantation owners. They were all in agreement that the old man deserved to die. He was a strict and brutal tyrant, eating, drinking

and fucking slave girls to pieces was his whole life. He used to throw lavish parties, but not since the war. Each one described how she had last seen Hortense fuck him. Fleur sighed that she would never have fucked the old man with as much passion and as much love as Hortense. She had been forced to do it, Hortense hadn't. And she loved her father more than anything, perhaps because he was her only lover. Florence said that Jean-Luc deserved to die just as much, he had brutally raped her in the last few days, she couldn't forgive him for that. But she had killed him with her own hand, that was at least fair. Lily had tears in her eyes when they talked about Jean-Pierre. He was an excellent fucker just like Louis. She always had an orgasm when he fucked her and sometimes she sank into blissful unconsciousness, it was so great with him. But she was the only one who spoke well of him, the others found him brutal and disgusting. Rose interjected that they were not bad girls, they had let the men finish fucking before they died. Monsters didn't do that. Florence, who had been on the plantation the longest, mourned the beautiful, proud manor house. Hortense and Marielle had probably perished miserably in the fire, she murmured sadly.

The group of around 40 blacks was directed further north. They couldn't go any quicker, Lily and Florence were heavily pregnant. Louis took loving care of Lily. The group held out bravely and reached the city of Indianapolis after another 2 weeks.

There they scattered to the four winds.

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Caribbean vacation

by Jack Faber © 2024

Jack's mother washed him from an early age and he had become accustomed to her nakedness. Only in recent years did she shave her pubic hair, and he now looked at her childlike-looking slit with new eyes, he wasn't a baby anymore. After his shower, he stood in the bathtub and masturbated without squirting, every day. She sat on the edge of the bathtub and watched him, she was getting horny. She usually masturbated for a long time and in a horny way because the little boy only stopped rubbing his cock when she was shaking and trembling in orgasm.

Her eyes shone and glittered when he squirted for the first time in thick jets. He looked at her, helpless and confused, as jet after jet splashed into the water. "Finally, now you're a real man!" she said happily, lathering his cock carefully and washing it. "You don't have to stink of semen!" she commented.

The next day he didn't want to masturbate anymore. She looked at him questioningly. "I saw you fucking a stranger the day before yesterday!" Jack said cheekily. He was 13 now and he had already fucked some of his classmates in the asshole because they were concerned about their hymen. His mother had thought about it for a long time in silence. "And now you want to fuck me too!?" she murmured and continued playing with her clit as usual. Jack nodded uncertainly and squinted at her clit. "Okay, then" she sighed deeply and sadly after a while, "okay, then!" She stood up, bent forward and leaned her hands against the small box. She stuck her ass out towards him and said, "okay, then! Come on!"

Jack held her ass cheeks wide apart and penetrated her. She laughed loudly, "you're in the wrong hole!", reached between her legs, grabbed his cock and stuck it in her pussy hole. There it was so fine, warm, wet and soft like silk. She wasn't as tight as he had thought. He began to thrust carefully. She nodded, "that's right" and her finger found her clit. He fucked her, but not for long. "Mom, I

have to squirt! Can I??" She nodded and gasped, "Yes, of course!" Jack squirted much too soon. He waited motionless until she had finished masturbating, he was already familiar with her masturbating. Then she sat down next to him.

"Daddy hardly ever fucks me anymore, maybe once a month. At first I thought he had someone else and I fucked other men every day, being terribly angry. I'm too young to live like a nun, you understand that, right? But I did him wrong, he never had anyone else. He had simply lost interest and his sexual lust, that was all. I hugged and kissed him because we love each other very much. I rarely cheat on him anymore, only when the sexual pressure really gets too great." Jack nodded understandingly because she was a good Mom and he was a good Dad.

From now on he fucked her every time after a shower. She taught him to hold back his squirting until she had reached her orgasm. It was best when they came at the same time. She hadn't fucked other men since then, Jack did a wonderful job.

Jack was now 16, almost 17. He fucked her every morning after he showered and it was very pleasant and satisfying for both of them. Then his mother won a 10-day cruise in the Caribbean, she extended the vacation so that they were away for 3 weeks. A friend let her have her housekeeper for the 3 weeks, who would look after Jack. Ulrike came the day his parents flew away. Jack carried Ulrike's travel bag into the parents' bedroom because he had decided to fuck the new girl before he had even seen her.

Ulli, as she wanted to be called, was a small, fat woman with large breasts, about 60 years old and she had a radiant, friendly and engaging smile. Jack was a little disappointed with her appearance, but he would fuck her, whatever the cost. He quickly found out that the illiterate woman had never been to school, could barely spell a recipe and could count the change when she went shopping. She was extremely friendly and would look after him with joy and love; for her he was the master and she his servant. She was naive, simple-minded and very easily influenced. There seemed to be nothing she wouldn't have done for the young master. As soon as his parents had left, he

told Ulli that she should only wear panties and a bra in the house and Ulli took off her clothes without a question; it was more comfortable, said Jack. He looked at her body shamelessly, she looked so cute and somehow sexy in her underwear. Jack was now even more determined to fuck the small, fat woman, no matter what the cost! He was tempted to simply order the simple-minded, stupid woman to let herself be fucked, but that seemed unfair to him. He wanted to have fun with her seducing. Ulli made a good dinner, then they watched a bit of TV and then he said he would take a shower before going to bed. She should soap him up and wash him a bit; his mother did that every evening. "Yes, of course, Master Jack!" said Ulli. "Mother always comes into the bathroom naked," said Jack as casually as possible, "then her clothes don't get wet," he added. He could see the wheels slowly turning in Ulli's head. "So, naked, without a bra?" asked Ulli with fear and wide eyes. "Yes, of course, Ulli!" said the seducer, "naked, she comes without a bra and without panties, fully naked!" he continued and smiled kindly. Ulli had to think about it first. "So, without a bra and without panties, I'm completely naked, and I'm not used to that." She pondered. "Do you really not mind if I come in naked?" she asked worriedly, "You know, I'm already 64 and not as pretty to look at as I used to be when I was a Photomodel."

Jack pursed his lips. "Photomodel?" he asked slowly. Ulli nodded. "Yes, when I ran away from the orphanage at 18, I lived with a photographer for almost a year. I was allowed to live with him for free if I let him fuck me and take naked photos of me. He took lots of naked photos of me because I was so sweet as candy to look at, he said, and he also made films."

Now Jack just had to ask more. "He filmed you?" Ulli nodded again in agreement. "With strangers, with men." She kept her eyes downcast, they had reached a sensitive point. Jack didn't press. "I'm sure it was fun, you and the men." She looked up briefly, Jack was such a nice boy, he was just friendly and curious, there was nothing bad about him. "Yes, at first he filmed me masturbating alone and faking an orgasm. I just had to quickly slide the foreskin back and forth over my clit, but that soon wasn't enough for him. He gave me very precise instructions to pull back the foreskin and rub my clit with my fingertip like Mom did. I kept running to pee in between,

but he didn't care. I was now having hundreds of real orgasms and he liked that more. Then there was a new setting. He filmed me as a stranger fucked me, then another and many others. Some days he filmed me all day, I fucked 6 or more men and had really enjoyable fucks and lots of orgasms, damn it! And at night Huber fucked me too! He filmed us very close up, we had to fuck according to his instructions and really let loose, that was very important to him! Most of the men fucked me very, very well and brought me to orgasm easily, he had to film that in close-up. I didn't really think anything of it, there were only short but pretty dirty lines to recite, I didn't have to talk while fucking. Most of the men fucked me very, very well and brought me to orgasm easily, which he had to film in close-up. And to fuck a man or to be fucked was then pretty normal for me." Jack waited and later asked how it went.

"Then I had to fuck several men, but I didn't like that very much. My Dad taught me how to fuck and I let myself get fucked quite often at the time, that wasn't the problem. But that there had to be several men at the same time. It reminded me too much of the gang banging in the orphanage, one squirting in my asshole, one in my pussy and one in my mouth, all at the same time. After having fucked in a dozen films with a bunch of men, I went to Mr. Huber. The photographer, Mr. Huber, understood my resistance. He now brought girls with him, filmed us making out like pigs and the girl masturbating my clit with her hand, her finger. I was supposed to show my horniness openly and scream when I climaxed.

I did it, even though no woman had ever kissed me with her tongue or touched my clit before. But this one made me incredibly horny and I didn't have to pretend anything, I screamed my heart out when she brought me to climax. I didn't have to pretend. All these girls masturbated me the same way Mom had masturbated and they made me scream like crazy when I orgasmed. But overall I found it uncomfortable and filthy, I didn't think it was right that she masturbated my clit. I stopped after a dozen girls and then Huber was really angry and I left. So I became a housekeeper." Ulli looked up at Jack very shyly, but he smiled. "I understand very well that you were fed up with the whole thing and that you left," said Jack and nodded, "Huber just went too far, the stupid guy!"

Jack fetched two glasses and a bottle. "I'm grateful that you listened to me," said Ulli after they had drunk to friendship, "I don't really have anyone I could tell about it." Jack poured more wine. "I actually want to know everything about you, I'm interested in how your life has been. I don't have anyone who would tell me everything either," Jack said. They drank and chatted, then Jack said he was going to take a shower.

Ulli actually came into the bathroom naked. Jack noticed that she only had sparse gray pubic hair and that her melon-sized breasts hung down low without a bra. He stood in the bathtub and she stood next to him, lathered him up and washed him. She made a big detour around his cock, but he said nothing. Ulli got out of the tub and sat down on the stool. She sat down so, that he could stare directly at her pussy, which she didn't seem to notice. He began to masturbate while standing and sometimes looked at Ulli, but she just watched silently. He looked at her as he squirted into the water. Ulli shuffled restlessly on the stool and finally said, "I saw that when I was a little kid, Dad squirted into the sink until we ... until he didn't do it anymore." Jack waited a bit and asked how it had come about. Ulli told him all.

"I always slept in my parents' bed, the children's room was a junk room because Mom couldn't throw anything away. I watched them fuck night after night, that was just as normal for them as it was for me. Dad would sometimes squirt in the sink, I found that very exciting too. But the idyll didn't last forever. There was more and more screaming when Mom caught Dad fucking very young girls in the living room. I had no idea, I was upstairs in the children's room playing with my dolls and letting each one fuck each other. Mom didn't let him fuck her so often anymore, she was angry with him. She was pretty mad when Daddy showed me how to ride him, but now I had to make sure he could squirt in the evenings because she didn't like letting him fuck her. He lay on his back and his cock lay like a thick sausage on his stomach. I had to press my pussy onto his cock and swing back and forth. "Fuck me, princess, fuck me powerfully!" he said, because he called me princess. I had to swing back and forth and fuck him until he laughed and squirted. When I pushed my pussy all the way forward, it looked like I was squirting. I loved this

riding very much. Mom was always angry with our riding and would turn to the side and masturbate in secret. Dad went to prison and that made me very sad. He had fucked a 10-year-old girl and was locked up. Mom masturbated every night and I asked, "What are you doing?" But she swore angrily and replied, "It's none of your business, mind your own business!" I tried to do it too, but it didn't work. I had to run to pee immediately, so I stopped trying.

Dad came again, thank God! On the very first night he fucked Mom again, even though she kept pushing him away. This annoyed him very much and he grabbed me. "Do you want to fuck me, little princess?" Yes, and how much I wanted that! Mom couldn't stop him. He quickly deflowered me and then fucked me. He fucked me until I had an orgasm, then he squirted inside. He didn't argue with Mom very often anymore.

When she didn't want to fuck, Dad fucked me. I was very proud that he fucked me like an adult, even though I was only 13. Mom turned to the side and masturbated in secret. At the time, I thought that things were going well for all three of us. I was wrong.

One day, Mom said she wanted to do something about Dad's constipations, he was suffering a lot, but he didn't go to the doctor. She would mix a powder into the semolina porridge today. We would both feel it too, but not as much as diarrhea. I agreed, because I knew how much Dad was suffering from constipation. In the evening, before I went up to the children's room, I looked in the kitchen, but the bottle with the powder was still there. I thought Mom had forgotten it and mixed it into the semolina porridge. I had wasted time and was late for dinner. Mom and Dad were lying with their faces in the plate. I shook them both, but they didn't move. I ran to the neighbor, who came and called the ambulance, who called the police. The parents had been poisoned, Mom had left a suicide note. They committed suicide together.

I was 16 and I was put in a city orphanage. It was pretty bad there. I was fucked every night by one or more inmates, although I rarely flirted with anyone. Often there was a group fuck, I was very ashamed and humiliated because I was fucked in public, in plain

view and in front of everyone, by one after the other. Everyone stared at my cunt during the fucking. I eventually left, after a year or two. That's how I came to meet the photographer Huber."

They were silent for a long time, then they went to bed. The next day Ulli got into the tub with him again and washed him. He touched her skin, it was old and wrinkled and got goose bumps when he touched her large breasts and nipples. She was very excitable there, her legs trembled a little and the goose bumps got stronger, as he caressed her teats for minutes. He remembered that. She sat down on the stool, but Jack didn't masturbate. He asked her if she masturbated often? Ulli shook her head, no, never since she was a teenager. Didn't she need an orgasm? She thought for a long time and decided to answer. "Yes, every night I ride my pillow like I did when I was a child, riding my Daddy's cock, and doing so I always get an orgasm!" She was breathing heavily because she found it difficult to reveal this secret. "Can I masturbate you now, Ulli?" asked Jack and Ulli took a sharp breath.

"Why?" she asked timidly. Jack said he had done it many times and was quite good at it. That was a blatant lie, of course, he had been allowed to watch his mother and some of the girls at school, but not touch them. His mother didn't make such a fuss as the girls did, she let him watch if he wanted to. It had always been like that, ever since he could remember.

"Like the girls at the photographer's, with their fingers?" asked Ulli timidly and he nodded, "Yes!" Ulli thought for a moment. "But you're not filming!" was the last hurdle she saw. Jack replied that he wasn't such a scoundrel like Huber, he didn't exploit her and sell the films like that bloody scoundrel. "I only do it for my own pleasure, because it makes me really horny," added Jack. "I haven't been horny for a long time!" shouted Ulli. She thought again. "With an orgasm?" she asked, because it was beginning to dawn on her that this was what was going to happen. Jack nodded again, "until orgasm, of course, that's the whole point." "I haven't been masturbated since I was 19, I've had screaming orgasms, back then." Ulli remained silent, there was nothing more to say.

Jack came out of the tub and knelt down in front of her. She closed her eyes as he rubbed her nipples until her legs trembled. He pushed her knees apart, pushed aside the sparse gray pubic hair and looked at her pussy up close. She had a fairly large pussy hole, that was the first thing he noticed. Maybe that was because he had made her very horny. Her clit was longer than his mother's, at least 4 centimeters long. It had already come out slightly from under the fore-skin and was throbbing very lightly in her pulse. He rubbed her clit very gently, for over 10 minutes, and only then did he notice from her breathing that she was ready. He increased the speed and the pressure. Ulli opened her eyes, staring in his eyes with horror. She couldn't avoid that he made her orgasming so easily. She threw her head back and the orgasm broke over her, rolling and surging in her hips and in her fat ass. Then it was over.

"This orgasm is much stronger than the one from pillow riding!" she exclaimed. Jack asked if she liked it and she nodded. He said he would like to do it to her every time after he showered. She said nothing, but she looked at him for a long time. "And now I want to fuck you!" Jack shouted and stood up, his stiff cock bobbing. Ulli laughed, "I'm 64 years old, fat and wrinkled, why do you want to fuck me!?" Jack said, "Because I don't like rubbing myself and because I much prefer real fucking!" Ulli looked at his cock bobbing right in front of her face. He's ready, she thought, he has to fuck now! One last try. "I'm 64 and the last time I fucked was when I was 19. The last time I fucked Huber, over and over again, so I could stay a few more days. He filmed that too, he had to film everything!" Jack didn't wait any longer and let her stand up. He would never kiss that wrinkled mouth with the ugly teeth, but he would definitely fuck her. Now.

He had her take the same position as his mother. She had to stand with her back to him and bend forward, she could support herself with her hands on the small box. He spread her buttocks. So he could see her thick labia and the huge hole. He penetrated her large cunt-hole, but it seemed to adopt it's size to his cock. Her cunthole was dry and soft, much wider than his mother's. She didn't react, she stood simply there with an indifferent expression on her face. Like a sheep she looked in his eyes, her mouth half open. She didn't react a bit and

he fucked her for a very long time. Although her pussy hole seemed very huge to him, it was just as enjoyable to fuck as his mother's, whose pussy hole seemed much smaller and tighter to him. He fucked and fucked and Ulli didn't make a sound. "Is it good?" she asked worriedly several times and he nodded each time, "Yes!" He felt it rising and he didn't have to wait for her orgasm. He squirted inside, he squirted until he had finished. They straightened up and he hugged her warmly. "After you shower, you'll do it with your finger on my clit and then you fuck me, will it be like this from now on?" asked Ulli and he answered, "Yes, we'll do it exactly like that!" The days flew by in a flash.

The parents were back and now standing in front of the house. Jack heaved Ulli's travel bag into the taxi and gave her a kiss on the cheek. "Thank you, Ulli, thank you!" He stepped back next to his mother. She knew immediately that Jack had fucked Ulrike.

"Was it okay, Jack?" she asked, putting an arm over his shoulder.

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Scheherazade

by Jack Faber © 2024

Scheherazade's mother was the daughter of the Maharaja of Jaipur. She lived in the Maharaja's women's house, he had 420 wives. They were his mother, his sisters and his pretty girls that he had bought over the years. He fucked them all, the mother, the sisters and the new ones. He was an absolute ruler, the Maharajas were very different. Some had one brought to their bedroom every night, while others spent the night in the women's house, surrounded by dozens of women who, tired of lesbianism, needed a good cock.

The Maharani, the Maharaja's main wife, was a white sorceress, as the Maharanis had been for centuries, perhaps millennia. They had taken an oath to only do good magic, otherwise they lost their magic power and their sworn hand withered. The Maharani had a son and three daughters. The youngest was her favorite, she was the only one to inherit the magic powers. The Maharani did not want to send her away to study at the magic academy, she taught her daughter Kurani herself.

Kurani was deflowered and fucked by her father, the Maharaja, on her 14th birthday, in accordance with the customs of the Kingdom of Jaipur. Her magic worked well, the Maharaja was as potent as a twenty-year-old that evening, even though he was already over 60. Unlike others, he forgot her straight away and she took one of the cavalry soldiers to bed every night. She was 18 when her mother met Death in the Maharaja's anteroom and managed to charm him into waiting another five days. The Maharaja listened to the brilliant Maharani and took care of his affairs. He married his daughter Kurani to King Buran, the ruler of Korestan, who was in the fiefdom of the powerful King of Persia and was one of his grand viziers.

Kurani had met King Buran half a year ago and had fallen in love with the magnificent warrior. She thanked her father, who made her very happy. She followed King Buran to Korestan, which bordered to Persia. Death kept his word and took the Maharaja on the 6th day.

According to custom, the deceased's harem women were auctioned off publicly for the benefit of the new Maharaja. There were only two rules: you had to pay in cash and sign a contract that required you to treat the woman well. Those over 40 were given to the army brothels as stipulated in the will. In this way, the Maharaja ensured that his mother and sisters still had a plenty to fuck. The auction of the favorite women took a long time, the prices shot up and the bidders touched and groped the goods and bid more and more. The best brothels in the kingdom won the race; the clients would pay a fortune to fuck one of the Maharaja's favorite women. The other women were sold after 3 days, the treasurer grinned from ear to ear.

Kurani had a very good time with Buran. He was a good and fair king, he was strict, but he loved his people. They had two daughters, Scheherazade and Dinhararade, both born within two years. Kurani magically sealed her womb; two births were enough for her. She taught both of them magic and both swore to use it only for good. King Buran loved both daughters dearly; they received the best education there was. The king deflowered his daughters on the same night because they wanted it. Scheherazade was 14, Dinhararade 13, and they let their father fuck them in turns until sunrise by magic. From then on he spent every other night with his daughters with Kurani's consent, and he fucked them in turns over the following years. Kurani and her daughters ensured that the king remained very potent and brought them to orgasm. He smiled kindly and accommodatingly when his queen Kurani or his two daughters let men from his cavalry army fuck them hard until dawn. He smiled because he had to fuck his mother or one of his many sisters every other day, as was customary. He was the first king of Korestan who did not need and did not have a harem.

Scheherazade carefully read the news about the Great King Shahriar, who suddenly became a mass murderer. He had stopped a falcon hunt early because his horse was lame. Even in the entrance hall he heard his beloved wife screaming, but they were screams of sexual lust and pleasure. He ran into her bedroom, where she was being fucked madly by one of her black bodyguards. He rammed his dagger into the black man's heart and dragged his unfaithful wife by her hair to the main square. He chained her up there naked and or-

dered all the men passing by in the city to fuck her in public, which was a great humiliation for the wretched woman. When the sun kissed the horizon in the evening, he took the sword from the executioner's hand and beheaded her. "There are no faithful wives!" he roared angrily. He married a new girl every night, fucked her until dawn and had her beheaded at sunrise.

Scheherazade had met King Shahriar many times and was in love with him. She knew that he had only lost the ground beneath his feet and was no longer himself. She had decided to cure him of his madness and become his wife. Her father, King Buran and Grand Vizier of the Persian Empire, did not approve of this. She would be beheaded in the morning like all the others. She even wrote directly to the Great King. He summoned his Grand Vizier, but he could not utter a word, his tongue failed him magically. King Shahriar tried to talk him out of it, saying that he could not send his daughter to certain death. Grand Vizier Buran remained silent because he could not speak, and so Shahriar ordered Scheherazade to be brought. He was dazzled by her beauty and her intelligence. He married her like the others that evening and they went to bed. Dinhararade was her bridesmaid and was allowed to lie down with the couple.

King Shahriar had never had a woman who could fuck as well as Scheherazade. Really. Dinhararade assisted her sister as they had agreed secretly. She knelt behind the fucking king, murmuring her magic spells inaudibly and caressing the king's ass cheeks. Her fingers slid along the crease of his ass from behind and gently grabbed his balls as Scheherazade had her orgasm. Dinhararade caressed his balls until he straightened up to squirt. Her fingers slid further forward and stimulated the base of his cock until he began to squirt. Her fingers slid further forward, she put her fingers in her sister's pussy and masturbated his cock for minutes until the king had finished squirting.

The king hugged his queen, kissed her and said that she had fucked him better than anyone else had ever fucked with him! He hugged Dinhararade in return and kissed her. Never before had her fingers excited him so much, caressed his balls so gently, and masturbated him so well while he squirted inside. They went to sleep.

Dinhararade woke up after 3 hours because Shahriar's cock had become rock hard. She lay on the king's lap, because in the second round his cock belonged to her, the bridesmaid. As agreed, she asked Scheherazade to tell one of her wonderful stories. She put his cock in her pussy and rode him, but in a very slow motion, because she and the king were listening attentively to Scheherazade. Dinhararade rode his cock very slowly in long, wide strokes, for almost four hours, because he was not due to squirt until early in the morning. Scheherazade began her tale.

The merchant and the genie

A terrifying ghost reared up in front of the merchant as his donkey strayed from the path. "You are doomed, because you have entered my territory without permission!" roared the monster and began to strangle the poor man. He begged for his life. "I just freed your sister, and that's your thanks!?" gasped the merchant. The giant let him go. "My sister? I haven't heard anything about it!" He let the merchant tell everything.

The merchant was riding through the mountains when he heard a lamb bleating in fear of death. The poor animal was trapped between rocks and was bleeding because the vultures were dancing around it and tearing out pieces of flesh with their beaks. He chased the vultures away, freed the lamb and bandaged the deep wounds. A bright little explosion and the lamb turned into a young genie girl. "Thank God you have freed me from the curse, good man! An evil genie who wanted to fuck me cursed me because I wouldn't let him fuck me. He transformed me and threw me into the ravine to be eaten by the vultures. Thank you for freeing me! I will grant you one wish if I can!" The merchant had always wanted to understand the language of the animals. The girl snapped her fingers and he could now understand all the animals.

She conjured up a tent, a campfire and an excellent dinner. They ate the sumptuous meal and drank a glass or two of wine. They lay down on the soft furs because she had said she would allow him to fuck her. She asked him what shape she should transform into. He didn't think for a second. "Into my little sister! The mother had always watched over her hymen like a fury because we played "fuck-ing" every afternoon. She only let me penetrate my sisters pussy a tiny bit so that I didn't tear the hymen while fucking and squirting." He paused. "Later, she waited until I had fucked my sister for fifteen minutes and then she let me penetrate her old pussy hole and squirt inside." The genie smiled understandingly and transformed into the little girl. She was even still a virgin and he deflowered her with enthusiasm, then fucked her until dawn. They stayed in the magic tent

for another week and every evening he wished for a different formerly unattainable young girl of his youth time, whom he effortlessly fucked until morning. After a week the tent and the jinn had disappeared. He rode home and tied up the stubborn donkey. He heard the donkey complaining to the other animals. "This stupid man always gives me something to drink first, so that I feel full after just a few bites! It should be the other way round, then I would be happier at work!" The merchant took this to heart immediately and from then on gave the donkey first something to eat and then something to drink. He was about to leave the stable when he heard the cow say, "What a simpleton! He had hardly left the house when his wife ran to the neighbor and came back with the stable master. She lay down on my soft fur and the two of them fucked hard until dinner!" The merchant was upset. Now the ox raised his head. "The day before yesterday she got the stable boy and they fucked until dinner!" Now the merchant was even more upset. The camel had something to say too, but the old man stammered out some pretty filthy facts. "Oh, stable master or stable boy, that was nothing! She brought the neighbor's youngest son to me and he was so young, he had never fucked before! So she played the teacher, she lay down on my back and showed the little man what he had to do. I blushed because humans make it so complicated, the idiots!" Now the merchant was very upset and went into the house. He took the stick from the wall, grabbed his wife and went into the room with her. We never found out exactly what happened, but he told her everything with the stick. When she asked why, he told her straight out that she had fucked the stable master and the stable boy in the stable. He only stopped beating her when she swore solemnly that she would never do it with the stable master or the stable boy again.

He left for another week and came back. The animals grinned when he entered the stable. "There's our horned simpleton!"

But at that moment the voice of the muezzin rang out, singing for the morning prayer. Dinhararade acted very disappointed and wanted to hear the end of the story. King Shahriar was unsure, he also wanted to hear how the story continued. He sent the executioner away and said he wanted to hear the continuation the next night.

Then he went to pray and to attend to state affairs until the evening. But Scheherazade and Dinhararade were not idle either. They called together their one hundred bodyguards from Korestan and said that whoever could tell one of them an exciting and filthy story could fuck one of them. Then it was evening.

After dinner, King Shahriar fucked Scheherazade as before and Dinhararade again assisted with magic and her skillful fingers. He kissed both of them gratefully and they slept for a few hours. Dinhararade was the first to wake up again, the king's cock was rock hard. Dinhararade climbed back onto his lap and fucked the king very slowly, because his erection should last for 4 hours! They both listened to Scheherazade while Dinhararade slid slowly back and forth on the king's cock.

The Djinn's Story

The merchant listened to the animals. The camel reported that the woman ran back to the neighbor as soon as her husband had ridden off and fetched the little boy. He had remembered what he had learned about fucking and fucked the good woman with all his might. He fucked and squirted, he fucked and squirted until dinner. In any case, the camel complained about how often the little one had to fuck her, because normally you mount the mare once and that was enough! The ox had no opinion of his own on this, but he had found it very strange that the next day she brought 3 little boys into the stable and let them fuck her all over. As an ox, he had no idea what all the fucking was about. The cow silenced him, saying he had no idea how great the fucking was! And then she reported that the next day the woman turned up with 5 little boys and touched their little, childish cocks. Then she let them fuck her one after the other, in turn, until dinner. The merchant had heard enough. He took the stick from the wall again, grabbed his wife hard and beat her until she was black. She hadn't fucked the stable master or the stable boy, screamed the tormented woman. He said angrily, but with the little boys from the whole neighborhood, you depraved woman! He grabbed her by the hair and dragged her to the main square, chained her naked to the pillory so that everyone could fuck her. As a merchant, he wasn't allowed to behead her, so that evening he chased her naked into the desert, telling her never to come back!

The evil genie had laughed until he cried. "Yes, now I remember, it was you who saved my poor sister, you deserve my sincere thanks for that! I will not harm you. But the story reminded me of an experience that I want to tell you now. Well, centuries ago, there was a woman in Baghdad who was the wife of a vizier. But she knew a few tricks, for example she could summon an invisible jinn to her and he had to do everything she wanted. Working weed, peel potatoes and so on, you get the idea.

Of course I had to fuck her. In the morning. In the forenoon. At noon. In the afternoon. In the evening. And of course at night too, al-

though the vizier was already fast asleep next to her, after he had fucked her. Of course she knew that we jinns don't tire and can fuck as often as we want. It had become a habit for her to be fucked 7 or 8 times a day. She blossomed like a sunflower and her old husband began to suspect that she had a lover, but his spies found nothing. But then...

Scheherazade fell silent because the muezzin was singing the call for the morning prayer. The king stood up. "I'll be back in the evening and I damn well want to know what happens next!" He should really be terribly angry because the woman was just stringing him along! But of course he wanted to know how the genie's story continued. He went to pray and to the councillors.

The two sisters lay happily in each other's arms. The strategy was primitive, but it worked. The first bodyguards came and told them the stories of fucking and being fucked. They laughed and let the men fuck them enthusiastically. They were strong men from the mountains of Korestan, and they fucked damn well. The sisters bathed and got ready for the evening.

The king fucked Scheherazade every night, her magic power gave him great potency and stamina. They slept for a few hours and then he belonged to Dinhararade. She fucked him as always, in the way of the servant, who was only allowed to fuck him so slowly that he could only squirt in the servant's hole after 3 or 4 hours, because only Scheherazade was his queen. Dinhararade knew exactly when the muezzin sang and always let the king squirt inside at the right moment.

So it happened that Scheherazade had three sons and Dinhararade had three daughters in these 1001 nights, because the sisters were pretty good at magic. They were clever enough not to stray from the routine. The king played his role well. From morning prayer to evening prayer, he ruled his people kindly, justly and strictly. In the evening, he had the sleeping area locked and was only there for the queen and her bridesmaid. When he got up in the morning at the call of the muezzin, he went to pray and rule with a broad smile. He liked

the fact that the two sisters invited their bodyguards to the women's rooms in the forenoon and in the afternoon to have sex and let themselves be fucked until they were mad. He didn't have to be enchanted to see the happiness in the two women's eyes. He had learned a lot from the 1000 stories, about fucking and masturbating, of course, but also about the lives of completely normal people. Scheherazade and Dinhararade taught him to be a good, just and honorable king.

The baker's wife cheated on her husband with the fishmonger, the fishmonger's wife let herself be fucked by the hunter, the hunter's wife lay under the merchant, his wife under the magician. The magician bitch fucked the shoemaker's daughters like a lesbian fury, the shoemaker's wife went to the army brothel every evening and let herself be fucked for free. The king was lenient. He liked the accusations of adultery the most. He went into the private room with the alleged adulteress for an hour and then passed his sentence, 5 lashes for the husband or for the lover. The people had their fun and the men the whip.

14 wonderful years passed, then Dinhararade put her eldest daughter in the king's bed. King Schahriar was surprised, but Dinhararade reminded him of his duty. Yes, now he remembered. He lay down next to his beautiful young daughter, deflowered her as gently as possible, and her mother and aunt took away her fear and pain with magic. The king fucked her until dawn and she cheered and shouted in sexual lust. The second and third daughters came to his bed in the following years, they gave themselves up joyfully and gracefully.

Scheherazade taught Dinhararade's daughters everything they needed to know about fucking and contraception, because they had not inherited the magic powers. Scheherazade's sons, on the other hand, did; she took the sons under her wing, taught them how to fuck well and everything about magic. They were good and powerful magicians, and King Shahriar had to think about the succession to the throne. He spent a lot of time with his two wives, children, and grandchildren. It was the most beautiful twilight years of King Shahriar's life that he could imagine.

He sat on his terrace, surrounded by his loved ones, smiled and closed his eyes with a smile.

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Lena running

by Jack Faber © 2024

Ray — that's what he called himself because Rachmiel was too unusual — Ray had finally managed to get Lena's attention. She went to the girls' school next door, was a year older than him and a beautiful untouched virgin. They got closer during the break in the schoolyard, she had just ended her second relationship, he had never had a girlfriend and had no idea about sex whatsoever. She was in love with him soon and taught him how to French kiss. He was on cloud nine and after a few weeks of intense cuddling they met behind the gym. He was good with the lock pick and they lay next to each other in the next room of the gym, deeply immersed in a French kiss, one and another and Lena asked him if she should make him squirt. He nodded in surprise and took out his cock. Lena was not doing it for the first time, she had a lot of practice. She said she had done it to her two friends again and again, but they only wanted to fuck and not her, so it broke both times. Ray said he didn't want to fuck at all and it was the first time a girl had masturbated him and made him squirt. The secrecy had been going on for months.

Lena took off her panties and showed him everything up close. He had never seen it before and was very excited. He dove down and his eyes followed her fingers, which showed him one thing after the other. He was impressed by her pussy hole, which was closed by the hymen. She had to be very careful about that, she explained, one day she would let the right man take her virginity. But not now. She pulled back her foreskin with her fingers and showed him her exposed clit. It worked like a cock, she explained, it was there for masturbation, only it didn't squirt, girls don't squirt. He eyed the clit reverently, it was at least 3 centimeters long. It could get stiff and grow another centimeter when masturbating. He looked at the clit and saw how it gradually stiffened. Maybe she would show him how girls masturbate another time, Lena said and let go of her clit, another time, maybe. It was very private and intimate, she stressed. He was allowed to dive down every day and look at her pussy, but not touch it. That was okay with him, she didn't hesitate for a moment to peel

his cock out of his pants and masturbate him and let it squirt. “Some girls take it in their mouths and let it come in their mouths,” she said quietly, “but I’m horrified, I won’t do it!” Ray nodded, he didn’t want to either, it was a perverted humiliation of the girl, he said. They went to the little room in the gym for all those months.

Lena had masturbated every night since kindergarten. Before going to sleep, she was always allowed to crawl naked into her parents’ bed with her dad and cuddle with him. Her mother only cuddled with her very rarely, but he did it every evening. She wore her thick glasses on her nose and read her porn romances. All the stories were about fucking. While reading, her Mom played with her pussy the whole time, with her curly pubic hair and tugged at her clit, but she never masturbated. When a spot particularly excited her, she stuck a finger in her hole and fucked herself excitedly, but not often to orgasm. She almost never masturbated, only sometimes at the end of a fuck or when she woke up in the middle of the night covered in sweat with a pounding heart. She usually covered herself up while reading, but Lena could look under the covers and see everything clearly. Sometimes the trashy novel was so exciting, that she would put the book and glasses aside, uncover herself and finger-fuck herself wildly to orgasm. Then she would look around, ashamed, and just carry on reading. But that only happened very rarely.

Lena snuggled up close to Daddy, she loved it when his cock got hard. Ever since she could remember, Daddy’s fingers had played with her pussy, it was so delicate and exciting. He didn’t touch and stimulate her clit until she was older. Mom would then look up from her booklet and say, “You’re going to ruin our little one!”, but she continued reading. Lena was no longer a little child, and when he wanted to fuck Mom once or twice a week, he whispered to Lena that she should pretend to be asleep.

Mom put the booklet aside in surprise when he lay on top of her. “Not now, the child!” she said every time, “you’re going to ruin my little one!” But the little one was asleep, so she spread her legs and let him fuck her. She got usually very aroused and excited when he fucked her, and when she was very excited after squirting, she trig-

gered her orgasm in a second with her finger. Then she continued reading.

Daddy liked to play with his cock. He pulled the foreskin up and down very slowly, much more slowly than Lena rubbed her Fritz and later her Karl. Daddy hugged Lena tightly to hide his cock and a finger rested on the little girl's clit. Mom looked up with her thick reading glasses and said, "You're going to ruin my little girl!" and continued reading. Daddy always took a long time before he secretly ejaculated. Lena smiled and wiped the semen away. It was their secret that he rubbed until he ejaculated every evening when he wasn't fucking Mom. Lena hugged her beloved hero after ejaculation and whispered in his ear that she wanted him to fuck her so much. He shook his head, "you're still much too young, maybe when you're 13." She was sad because she really wanted it now.

In the meantime she got older and he had tried rubbing her clit. Mom looked up and said, shaking her head, "You're going to ruin my little one!" and then continued reading. He was far too clumsy and after a few weeks she did it herself, her naked body pressed against Dad, hiding her masturbating. Lena's butt twitched in orgasm and she pressed her pussy against his body, shaking and twitching rhythmically. "You're going to ruin my little one," Mom murmured and continued reading. Lena pressed her lips to Dad's chest and sucked his nipples until the orgasm had subsided. He stroked her hair and kissed her on the top of her head at the end. Mom looked up, but there was nothing to complain about, so she continued reading. Lena then went to her bedroom and masturbated before falling asleep.

Lena had been pestering Papa for more than a year, she wanted to fuck him so badly, really fuck him! He shook his head, saying she was too young, even though she was already 13. She showed him the delicate black fluff down that was sprouting over her pubic area. Papa was becoming more and more uncertain, and Lena whispered that she was already a woman. He gave in. She lay on her back and smiled invitingly. She was excited and wondered anxiously whether she should do it. Papa approached her pussy hole with his cock. Mom looked up through her thick glasses and murmured, "You're going to ruin our little one," she murmured, trying to see something. She

could see blurry and unclear the girl's spread legs and the man approaching the little one with his bayonet fixed, but it was all very unclear and blurry. "Don't fuck her, don't fuck my little one" she whispered timidly, "you're going to ruin my little one!" The two shadows merged, had something changed? she thought and then read on.

Papa penetrated very gently and the hymen tore without Lena feeling any great pain. She had already let Fritz and Karl fuck her in the vestibule of her vagina, dozens of times. She had let their cocks penetrate the vestibule of her vagina up to the hymen and masturbated their cocks for an eternity, and when they came to ejaculate, she pressed the tip of the glans into the hole in the hymen and let them ejaculate inside, as she hadn't had her period yet. But Papa was the one whom she gave her virginity and let tear her hymen and the first to be allowed to penetrate really deeply. Lena wrapped her arms around him and held him very tightly. He fucked her slowly and very gently. Mom looked up again, but she could only see a few shapes. "You can't fuck her, you'll mess her up!" she muttered to herself and watched the blurry shadows out of the corner of her eyes, her index finger excitedly and violently fucking her hole. Dad fucked Lena for a long time and then squirted smiling rhythmically inside.

Ray, in contrast to Lena, had grown up with much less sexual activity. His mother always came into the bathroom naked and washed him, but she never rubbed his cock, instead she went into the bedroom next door and lay down on the marital bed. He sat in the bathtub, stared hornily at her pussy as long as she was there and masturbated, he always did that. She showed her pussy without any shame as she could see him arousing and masturbating. She stood in front of him, opened her pussy with her fingers and teased her clit a little bit, so that he stared openmouthed on her clit and masturbated hastily like a rabbit. She had suggested years ago that she would show him her pussy up close and he should masturbate himself, she had done that to him before, but he should do it himself now. She showed him her pussy up close and he looked deep into the pussy hole and then stared at her clit, which she caressed and excited with a finger. He masturbated quickly and hastily like a rabbit, as she demanded of him. She went, when he had squirted in the water. When he had dried himself off, he quickly walked through the parents' bed-

room and only looked briefly, because she didn't like him peeping her masturbate, she had said that years ago.

Now he stood there uncertainly, the towel around his hips. She stopped and looked at him questioningly. "Well, what is it?" she asked and waited, but he couldn't make a sound. He had to adjust the towel so that his stiff cock didn't show. She tapped the sheet. "Come, lie down here!" she ordered. He lay down next to her and pressed his hard cock against her body. "You have to squirt, don't you?" she asked friendly, "come on, do it, that doesn't bother me." He rubbed his cock and squirted over her body. She sent him to his room with a smile. Now he was allowed to lie down next to her every time after a shower, press himself against her body and squirt. Except when Dad was with her and fucked her. Ray's foot only paused briefly, then he went into his room to masturbate.

One day, she had bent her legs as usual so that he could squirt over her pussy, and she whispered whether he didn't want to fuck!? He stopped in the middle of masturbating. Had he heard correctly? "You're already over 12, almost 14," she said, "we Jews consider you a man. Don't you want to fuck instead!?" He nodded uncertainly. Lena only gave him handjobs and she wasn't even thinking about fucking; they had discussed that many times. But, was he allowed to fuck Mom, really fuck her!? he asked quietly. Mom nodded. "It's very common, many boys are allowed to fuck them when they're 12, it's completely normal." He turned so that he could fuck her. "I've never fucked, Mom, I've only seen it a few times when Dad fucked you!" He was very unsure. Mom nodded. "I'll show you everything, don't be afraid!" So it was that Ray learned to fuck with his Mom, not with Lena.

"Wet the tip of the penis a little with saliva, then it will go in easier," she said with an encouraging smile. He penetrated slowly and paused. It was fine, warm, moist and very, very tight. She sighed deeply, then smiled. "A good cock, a nice hard cock!" she sighed again. "I'll do it myself and you'll fuck me hard. But you have to wait to squirt until I'm ready, okay?" Ray nodded and began to thrust. He thought of Lena, who had promised to show him female masturbation a year ago, and now it was Rachel, his stepmother. He was the

son of his father's second wife, but she had died when he was 5. Then father had married Rachel, she was not yet 30, Ray thought. He watched her face. Her eyes were closed and she was smiling as she masturbated. He fucked her for a long time and held back his squirt, which was very difficult for him. Her face became more and more distorted and she called out quietly "Now!" and then she was overwhelmed by orgasm. He had never seen her climax before, but this time too it was only for a second, then he had to squirt. He straightened his back and rhythmically squirted everything inside. Then he sank down next to her. He thought of Lena, somehow he was sad because he was cheating on her. Or was he?

Rachel whispered that he had done it very well. "Unfortunately, Dad can't hold back and squirts much too early, before I'm ready," she whispered quietly. "If the man can hold back until I'm ready, then it's best to climax together." Ray thought for a long time. "Are you faithful to Dad or do you have a lover?" he asked quietly. She laughed out loud. "I have been faithful to him since we got married. Before that I had dozens of lovers, but that didn't bother him. He wanted an experienced woman and not an inexperienced virgin. His first wife died of cancer very early, and his second wife, your mother, unfortunately also died of cancer too early. I married him when you were 8 or 9." He interrupted, "9, almost 10. But I was very happy because you were a good Mom from day one." They whispered for a long time, saying he could fuck her as often as he felt urged to, and that on the days when she was fertile she would remember to pull his cock out in time. She said she would tell Daddy when the opportunity arose.

He fucked Rachel 4 or 5 times every afternoon, she wanted him to penetrate her from behind only. She was usually in the kitchen and lay with her upper body on the kitchen table, because that made it easier for her to masturbate with her ass facing him. Otherwise she would just bend over and lift up her skirt, so he knew she didn't want to masturbate and he had to cum very quickly. That was usually the case, because she usually only masturbated the first time he fucked her.

“Don’t fuck her, don’t fuck my little one,” whispered Lena’s Mom every time the shapes moved, “you’re going to ruin totally my little one!” When Dad had a night shift, Lena cuddled with Mom because she loved it when they rubbed their naked bodies to each other. Mom put her thick glasses aside and spread her legs willingly. Lena cuddled up close to her body and rubbed herself against her. The little one rubbed her clit on her clit until Lena had a small, trembling orgasm. She lay on top of her for a few minutes gasping for air, then Lena’s fingers felt her clit. Lena had been doing it for years, masturbating Mom’s clit from one small orgasm to the next, Mom liked that a lot. “But you won’t let Dad fuck you, my little one?” she asked and Lena shook her head indignantly. “But no, Mom! I rub my clit on his cock until he squirts and then I carry on until I have my orgasm!” The lies rolled easily off Lena’s lips. “Tell me how it was for you, Mom!” Mom closed her eyes because she enjoyed Lena’s masturbating. “My father took my virginity when I was 13. My mother didn’t mind, on the contrary, she felt relieved when she didn’t have to fuck him anymore. I enjoyed it very much, to fuck with my Dad all this years. I was very popular at school, the boys even voted me ‘the Queen of the Blowjob’.” Lena asked if she had swallowed the semen. Her mother nodded, “of course, we depraved girls drank the juice! We Jewish girls were extremely popular because we weren’t as bitchy as the Catholics and we liked to get fucked. I especially liked the so-called men’s evenings, when I was the only girl in a group of 10 or 12 boys. We smoked and drank and all the boys fucked me one after the other. That was a hello, I can tell you! The next day I had sore muscles as if I had climbed Mount Everest, but I enjoyed fucking in public beyond measure! Just imagine how great that was, a guy fucking you in the middle of the circle and everyone staring greedily at your pussy!” Later, when Lena was a little older, she also told Mom that she pulled back the boys’ foreskins very slowly and peeled the small, round glans out as if they were out of the packaging. She liked the Catholics very much because they weren’t circumcised. The circumcised ones weren’t nearly as exciting. But she didn’t put the cocks in her mouth, she found that disgusting. But she fucked very diligently, she told her lies to Mom, and she also loved group fucking, she claimed. Mom smiled contentedly and warned her again and again not to let Dad fuck her. Now, when she saw the shapes moving next to her, she put her glasses away, stuck her index finger in her pussy

hole and excitedly fucked herself, following the shapes with her blind eyes. “Just rub yourself on his cock, my little one,” she whispered inaudibly, “just make him squirt, go ahead!” She closed her eyes satisfied and gave herself over to her finger’s rule.

A few months later, Lena told Ray that she was a woman now and that she wanted to fuck him. Now. Right now. He penetrated Lena’s pussy for the first time. It was just as warm and wet as Rachel, but much, much tighter. This tightness drove him crazy. Lena didn’t masturbate while he fucked her, but she soon climaxed and had a strong orgasm while he came inside her. They lay on the floor, breathing heavily.

When had she lost her virginity? Ray asked. “It was my hero, my father! He took my virginity a few months ago, he was so considerate and so sweet! I more or less forced him to do it.” She told him everything. And now her father fucked her mother once or twice a week until she almost reached orgasm, and she rubbed her clit just a short time after fucking, barely a minute, and then she had an orgasm. Her father fucked Lena almost every day, her mother looked up briefly but could only see them as a vague silhouette. “You mustn’t fuck her, otherwise you’ll ruin my little one!” Lena’s mother reminded him several times every evening.

And her mother now had increasingly exciting magazines. Every evening she fucked herself for hours with her index finger and had several orgasms. Lena and Dad watched Mom, who was finger fucking herself like a madwoman while reading and would stop reading for three seconds when she had an orgasm. Then she would continue reading and finger fuck herself hard. So she usually missed the fact that her father was really fucking the little one. Lena said with a grin that her mother would drop dead or have a stroke if she wasn’t half blind. Ray listened with a grin, because he was glad that Lena was really enjoying it. Afterwards he told her everything with Rachel. Lena asked how old his parents were. His father was 61, Rachel 29. “Aha!” said Lena. Ray and Lena only fucked once a week, they just didn’t have time for more. But he told her that they had been together for two years to the day and that he would like to stay together for a long time. “But we’re not talking about marriage yet!” giggled Lena.

One evening there was a knock on Ray's door. His father was standing outside, naked. Ray had never seen his father completely naked before; he had a long cock with a large, dark red glans that was immediately visible because he was a circumcised Jew like Ray. "Come with me," said his father, "no, you don't need to get dressed." Ray followed him naked into the parents' bedroom. Rachel lay naked in bed and smiled from ear to ear. Her father lay down and motioned for him to lie between them.

"Rachel told me today that you're already 12, almost 16, I hadn't noticed," said the father seriously, and Ray wondered if he was joking, but the father remained serious. "In my culture, our culture, 12-year-olds become men and many of them fuck their mothers for a few years. So I'm fine with Rachel fucking you, my son!" Ray reached for Rachel's hand. The father asked him abruptly if he already had a steady girlfriend. Ray thought very quickly, not even Rachel had ever asked. "Yes, Dad, I have one. Her name is Lena, Magdalena." The father nodded in the way that wise old men nod. "And? Have you already? Fucked?" It was awkward for a moment, he had never talked to Dad about anything sexual. "Yes, Dad, we fuck once a week. She's Jewish like us, but not very religious. And she has been lying with her father every night for a long time. But we're not talking about marriage yet, we're still much too young, 16 and 17." The father groaned. "16 and 17! How wonderful to be so young! I'm already 60 and on my way to leaving the world soon." The father brooded in silence and Ray didn't correct him that he was already 61. He felt Rachel squeeze his hand. The father looked up. "I don't want any secrecy in my house. Clear and true, that would be a good motto. I'd like you to sleep here with Rachel and me, you can have Rachel as often as you like. That would be my suggestion, my will. What do you think?" Ray didn't need to think for a split second. "Yes, Dad, clear and true. We'll do it as you said. I want to be able to look you in the eyes in the future too, clear and true!" The father glanced briefly at Rachel, who agreed with her eyelids.

Nevertheless, Ray had to overcome an invisible barrier and thank God it was Rachel who took the initiative. Ray fucked Rachel and tried not to think that his father saw everything. He fucked Rachel a second and third time, then he was exhausted. Once a week his fa-

ther fucked Rachel, Ray tried not to look the first time, but that was childish. He fucked Rachel three, four or five times a night, if he felt like it. Rachel only masturbated during the first fuck, they coordinated the tempo so that they reached orgasm in a timely manner. All three of them found this a good routine and enjoyed it for years.

The father cursed terribly that it was a disgrace! That loudmouth, Hitler, had become Chancellor of the Reich. The father had read excerpts from his program, "Mein Kampf". "He's going to kill us all, all the Jews! He's written it in black and white, and I don't think this guy is joking! We're leaving the country as soon as we can. Say goodbye to your friends, I'm getting everything ready!" His father wasn't joking, and neither was this Hitler, whom Ray had never heard of.

It was hard to tell Lena. She and her family were also Jews, although not religious. Ray tried very hard to open Lena's eyes. She was horrified that Ray wanted to leave the country. It was inconceivable that someone would be killed because of the color of their skin or their race. Ray reminded her that the whites had exterminated the Indians, that the native blacks in South Africa had no fun, that the crusaders had slaughtered the Muslims like the Europeans had in the Thirty Years' War. The list goes on and on, his father was an engineer and stuck strictly to the facts offered by the local and foreign press. There was no doubt that Hitler's barbaric hordes would soon have the upper hand and that the extermination of the Jews was serious. Lena didn't want to believe it, couldn't believe it. She was just devastated because her sweetheart was leaving. She stopped seeing Ray. He betrayed her love and that hurt like hell. Their love broke up quietly and without any theatrical thunder. Just like that.

Two weeks later, Ray was sitting on the train to London with his father and Rachel. His father had long since brought his small fortune to London, made his first professional contacts and arranged everything for a vacation trip. A German engineer had no problem getting a foothold in England. Ray held back his tears because Lena didn't want to accompany him to the station.

He looked out the window, tears in his eyes, as the train pulled away. Lena's green scarf! The green scarf that only she dared to wear.

She looked straight at him as he rolled past. He jumped up, but the stupid window wouldn't open. She raised a hand smiling to wave. He waved back with both hands and howled like a weeping willow.

He never saw Lena again.

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The Mild General

by Jack Faber © 2024

Titus Tacitus Teutonicus was probably the emperor's best general. He had enforced the interests of the Roman Empire with an iron fist in Galilee, Samaria and Zafon, defeated the robber gangs and insurgents and executed the leading figures. He was certainly more successful than Publius, the incompetent general and his fiercest opponent, who could not bring peace to Judea and Jerusalem. Titus, in any case, kept his provinces under an iron grip; the defeated Jews had to send one of their wives or daughters to his tent every evening. Of course, he also knew that some spared their wives and sent him a disguised maid. The main thing was that she could fuck well, because that is what Jewish women were famous for.

How astonished he was when the emperor ordered him back to Rome. He was not quite 50 yet, when a general was being retired. He rode off immediately and took the first ship. When he arrived in Rome, he found his house in mourning. He only had enough time to bathe and put on a new uniform, then he ran to the emperor.

"My sincere condolences on the death of your wife, she was a good soul," the emperor greeted him, "come, let's sit down and have a glass of wine!" They toasted Griseldis, his wife. "I remember, I was only 9 when I was with your legion in Suetonia, where you captured her and married her. I can see it all as if it were today!" said the emperor. But he had no time for small talk. "I sent Flavius Coercitus to Galilee as your successor because I knew you thought highly of him. Your wife died and you were about to retire, and I remembered you and Griseldis. You were both good to me, a stubborn and headstrong boy who was not even heir to the throne at the time. But you both always showed me the right path, Griseldis even wrapped me in her blanket and made me a man. I show you now my gratitude and retire you, with immediate effect, while you still have your bones intact, beloved confidant! You can mourn your wife with decency, even though she is already buried. I gave Griseldis a beautiful and decent funeral, as if she were a confidante or a relative. The treasurer will

give you a fair reward, I insisted on that. Although I have more than enough advisors at the moment, I want you not to disappear into obscurity and to follow my call. And now go in peace, old friend, and rest until I need you again!" The emperor rose and, although he was not known for being a cuddler, hugged his general and left.

Titus received his honorable discharge document from the treasurer and a wheelbarrow full of gold and silver and a gilded parade sword. That was considerably more than usual. At home he asked about Thusnelda, Griseldis' maid. The good old woman came and they sat down for a glass of wine. She told him how miserably and pitifully her mistress Griseldis had died of phthisis and what a splendid funeral the emperor had arranged. The emperor had come unexpectedly at the crack of dawn to say goodbye to Griseldis. Thusnelda knew the background, Griseldis had made the emperor a man when he was still an insignificant child. But that was Griseldis, sobbed the old servant, making boys into men, she did this day after day with great obsession, all her life.

Thusnelda rummaged in her robe and handed him a letter from Griselda. She went and left him alone to read the letter.

"Dear Titus, dearest husband!

I am writing to you because I am about to die and I have to tell you something. You are and always have been my best lord, my best husband and my dearest love. We were not granted children in our 10 years together, you returned to the war in despair and we have not seen each other for almost 15 years. I was in mourning for you for 15 years, I missed your strong arms and loins very much!

I am going in peace and my thoughts are always with you. I have a 12-year-old daughter, Julia, who I want to recommend to you. She is my everything, the most beautiful star that accompanied and guided me. I ask you to consider her as our daughter and not to cast her out.

Her father was called Torin, son of Gramar, and he came to the emperor as a noble hostage, who entrusted the then 13-year-old to me. He was from my suetonian tribe and we were happy to be able to

speak to each other in our language, the emperor knew that of course. Torin lived in our house, in my bed. I loved him as I loved you, my love! He was good in his heart and he was good in my bed and he always respected you, the fine boy! He grew up splendidly, I gave him the best education. But he had to deal with the foolishness of youth alone. He was not even 19 when he got into a bar fight and was murdered. The emperor was devastated, he sent Torin's body, 12 bars of gold as blood money and the miserable murderer in chains to his father.

I ask you, dear Titus, to accept Julia as your daughter and to treat her lovingly. She is the only thing left of me, as is my love, which I gave you throughout my life. Griseldis."

Titus read the letter twice more, then put it away. He called for Julia. Thusnelda brought her. "Your daughter Julia, sir!" said Thusnelda, "Julia, your father Titus Tacitus Teutonicus, general in the service of the emperor!"

He looked at Julia. She was slim and tall like her mother, her curly blonde hair hung down to her belt. Her face reflected Griseldis' face, the aristocratic nose and chin of the Suetonian princess he had married 30 years ago. She had no breasts yet and slightly curved hips. Under the thin, white tunic he could see her pronounced slit and hairless mons pubis. She reminded him of the prettiest Jewish women who had lain down proudly and sinfully seductively next to him, letting him feel that he was victorious and now defeated. Julia did not yet have this seductive charisma. Titus spontaneously embraced her and stood on tiptoe to kiss her on the top of her head. "Greetings, Julia, my daughter!" With that he had fulfilled Griseldis' last wish.

Titus spent the rest of the day with Thusnelda and Julia. She was educated, spoke impeccable Greek and had read Roman and Greek authors. He was delighted because she was stunning. At some point Thusnelda interjected that Julia was an untouched virgin and did not have ill-mannered relationships with boys. Julia lowered her head and Titus, trained in many interrogations, knew that that was not all, but he smiled and nodded kindly, that was a topic for another day.

Titus sent them both to bathe and dress nicely, both of them. They would sleep with him after dinner. Thusnelda wanted to say something, but he shooed them both away. He spent two hours with the majordomo, the head of the house, getting an update. The house was in good order, Griseldis had seen to that. The three of them ate dinner, drank a little wine and had a splendid conversation.

The three of them went into Titus's bedroom, he told both women to lie naked next to him. He hugged Julia first, put her hand on his chest, "get to know your father and his body with this hand, don't be shy." Julia said she had already seen a cock and also how to make it squirt. She had watched very often when a boy did it himself and squirted on the floor. She had rubbed a cock three or four times and made it squirt, it was very exciting. Julia avoided his gaze. He said he had already suspected that, but she didn't need to make him squirt, she just needed to get to know every fiber of his body, as befits a daughter. He turned to Thusnelda and hugged her too.

She knew what was to come. "Lord, I haven't fucked since Griseldis was entrusted to me 30 years ago." Titus caressed her head. "You are the most loyal soul I know. You sat next to our bed a thousand times and watched over Griseldis. I was so in love with her that I never paid any attention to you, even though you were already a pretty woman back then and I should have fucked you. But I was just blinded by love, forgive me! From now on I will fuck you every year on the day of her death, also to honor her memory!" Thusnelda disagreed. "Lord, I haven't fucked for 30 years, I'm old and wrinkled. Not a woman that a man like you desires. Let it be, Mylord, there are dozens of young slaves at your disposal."

"Just look, Thusnelda, my daughter has discovered my cock and made it hard, we don't want to miss that!" He laid the reluctant Thusnelda on her back, lifted her knees and spread them apart. Thusnelda sighed, God help her! Julia sat down at the foot of the bed, she would see something extraordinary. Titus slowly penetrated Thusnelda's cunthole, it was very soft and not at all tight. She opened her mouth in a silent scream as Titus fucked her. He probably had to hold back his squirt for a quarter of an hour before the old woman clung to him in orgasm. He squirted as her orgasm faded. He

dropped into the middle of the bed and motioned for Julia to lie down next to him again. Julia stroked his face and Thusnelda's face. "I've been watching you very attentively," she whispered. "Are you allowed to fuck all the women in your household?" she wanted to know. He nodded, he was already very tired. "Just not the ugly ones," he said and fell asleep.

Thusnelda remained silent all day, but in the evening she asked Titus in private whether he had been serious about fucking her on the day of Griseldis' death? He asked if that wasn't OK? She lowered her gaze. "As you command, Mylord!" He asked her which of the slave girls he should avoid. She thought for a long time. There were two she didn't trust, just those two. He remembered the names and later talked to the majordomo about selling them both immediately. After dinner he let Thusnelda go and went to bed with Julia. She snuggled up to him, she felt a strong bond developing. He was the only and first father she knew. He had won her heart from the very first moment, she could feel it. She hugged him tightly, sexual desire rising in her pussy. "I'm 13, Daddy," she whispered in his ear and rubbed her clit on his hip. "Your cock is already hard, Daddy," she continued to whisper, "do you want to fuck me or should I do it with my fist?" Titus felt how gently she caressed his cock with her hand. "In my opinion, you are still too young to fuck, my beautiful daughter! You will soon find a lover, he will definitely deflower you and fuck you, you deserve something other than a 50-year-old soldier!" They were silent for a long time. "As soon as you think I'm old enough, I want you to deflower and fuck me. You, and no one else!" Did he hear Griseldis, who had stated something, ordered it and didn't deviate from it one bit? He laughed quietly. Then he asked Julia which of the slaves she would bring him today? She smiled and stood up, "Let yourself be surprised, Daddy!" and came back a few minutes later with a beautiful slave. She sat down at the foot of the bed like yesterday.

"My name is Despina and I come from Greece, from Zakynthos. A bush fire burned our farm, the fields, the cattle and my father. My mother had to sell us, her children. And I would like to ask you to forgive me in advance!" He asked, "Forgive me, for what?" Despina

smiled mysteriously. "Some people call me a wildcat and you will soon find out why." Titus laughed softly, "then let's find out!"

Despina hadn't boasted, she really was wild and naughty. The old soldier got his money's worth. He kept looking at Julia, who was watching the wild fucking and rubbing her clit, completely innocent and without any shame. He was fascinated by how Julia masturbated so absentmindedly. Her clitoris, which was usually barely visible, stood out stiff, red and cheeky, her finger tormented the poor thing powerfully and at a furious pace, it wasn't the first time she did it. He was fully occupied with Despina and saw that Julia had an orgasm and calmed down again. He also put an end to the wildcat and kissed her on the cheek, then let her go. He waved to Julia and she snuggled up to him. "You made a good choice, Julia!" he said, "Despina is at the top of our list!" and he fell asleep in Julia's arms.

He had some agents look for a new home. The city of Rome was no longer the lovely one he had grown up in. It had become an old, contaminated whore, the scum had crawled out of their holes and even appeared in front of the imperial palace. There were filthy dives like he had never seen before. One brothel next to the other, beggars everywhere and the city guard picked up the corpses every morning. There were dead people, victims of plagues, those without livelihoods and so many murder victims that the pyres burned day and night.

Julia continued to study with a new teacher under Thusnelda's care. She would no longer need all the knowledge once she was married, but she had once said to Titus that it was time for a female senator. Titus was at first left speechless, but on the other hand she was right, and why not her? His grandparents had come to Rome as poor people from the decayed Teutonic Empire and were called Teutonicus, but he was a Roman citizen, a deserving general and not without wealth. He agreed that learning and knowledge were good and important. Julia got him a slave every night and the list and the ranks grew. He had already had all the slaves and started again from the beginning, only to fall asleep in Julia's arms afterwards.

The emperor had only summoned him once, in the year 70 AD. Active and retired generals were supposed to give the emperor a pic-

ture of the Near East. General Flavius Dracius, the butcher of Egyptian Alexandria, had razed Jerusalem to the ground and committed a war crime when he had the Temple of the Jews torn down. What Flavius shrugged off shook the fortresses of the Roman Empire. None of the subject peoples could accept that the Romans destroyed a place of worship. No mortal had ever dared to destroy the Temple of Isis in Ephesus, the Temple of Apollo in Delphi or the Temple of Zeus in the Parthenon. The crime of Achilles, who on the first day of the Trojan War had desecrated the Temple of Apollo, the holy statue of Apollo, with his own hand, and in the end lost the protection and goodwill of the gods, was still far too present. Flavius, the destroyer, had brought the wrath of the gods upon the emperor, upon the empire.

The generals did not really know anything about gods, but they knew exactly what to do with officers who had gone wild. It was also clear that the emperor was in a dilemma. Didn't the supreme warlord have to thank his general for a successful campaign!?

Titus was given the floor. He felt that Rome had crossed a red line forever, whether it was just feelings or superstition. Rome had to prepare itself for the fact that the peoples would no longer look up to Rome. The trust that had been built up over centuries had been destroyed that day. Period.

"And what about Flavius!?" a general interrupted him. "The Jews have a fitting legend," said Titus, "King David sent his rival, General Uriah, to the front line of the battle and the problem was solved, the king completely innocent." The generals grinned. "And what about the triumphal procession!?" one interjected. "What kind of triumphal procession?" Titus asked coldly, "is there anything to triumph over?" He sat down and noticed the emperor's friendly nod in his direction. Discussions continued late into the night because the slaves kept filling the cups with wine.

After many weeks, Titus found a suitable home. It was on the hills above the city of Barium, which is now called Bari. Two days' ride from Rome, from the port you could reach the whole world. Bari was a rich, clean city and it was the summer palace of a former emperor.

The majordomo took care of the renovation and the move, and after months they were able to move into the palace. Titus took care of a few things personally. He needed 3 scribes, the paperwork was getting too much for him. And he needed his bodyguard. Of the 35 Thracians who had served him in Galilee and functioned like a well-rehearsed football team, 22 were left and he took them all, under the same commander, Phyllis Thracus. The Thracians were unbeatable, they would hold off even an army of 500 men.

The first few days were chaotic, but then everything worked out. There were about 120 people who kept the palace running. He even had to employ 6 grooms, who he hadn't needed before, but now there were 60 horses to look after. There were two studs, brothers who fought each other to the death when it came to a mare. That's when the brotherhood ended and the stable boys had to bring them to their senses with whips. One after the other was allowed to mount the mare, then there was peace again. The stable master suggested breeding horses, as there was a lot of money to be made that way. Titus nodded against the idea, horse breeding was not his area. But the stable master was right, and within a few years it became a good business. Titus didn't really need money, he still had a dozen boxes full of gold in the cellar.

Julia had turned 15, an impressive beauty with a truly royal appearance. Titus had no eyes for it all that time. During the day he dictated hundreds of letters to the scribes, clerks. At night he fucked a slave and fell asleep in Julia's arms. He liked to watch Julia masturbating, when he was fucking the slave or watched Julia masturbating afterwards. Julia masturbated more and more deeply and passionately and sank deep into herself. Only the orgasm brought her back down to earth.

He corresponded with all the important people in the eastern Mediterranean. He knew them all, prefects, governors, mayors and military officers. He kept in touch especially with people in Galilee and Samaria whom he knew from before. Every 5 weeks he wrote a long report to the emperor himself. He was probably the emperor's best spy at the time, he knew exactly what was important. The emperor thanked him and paid him with bars of gold coins. The fact

that they had both fucked Griseldis for years connected them in a magical way. Griseldis had fucked both of them, the boy in the morning, at noon and in the afternoon, her soldier at night.

Titus suddenly noticed how pretty Julia had become. Her breasts were no smaller than Griseldis's, and that was saying something! Her hips had become very feminine and were just waiting for a caressing hand. She always wore translucent tunics that neither concealed nor covered her slit and her beautifully curved mons pubis, covered with reddish-blond fluffy down. Any man would go mad at what was on offer, but he was the only man far and wide. Titus chased away the scribes, no dictation today, and gave them the day off. He sat down with Julia on the terrace and looked out over the city of Barium and the sea. "You've become very beautiful, Julia," he began, "do you have many admirers?" She looked at him in incomprehension. "Admirers? Who? The gay cook or the dirty pushy stable master? Which one do you mean?" He noticed that he was riding on a lame donkey. "How old are you now, my beautiful and scratchy daughter?" She smiled again, he was so absorbed in his work with international correspondence that he no longer saw the little things in life. "We celebrated my 15th birthday half a year ago, you gave me a beautiful necklace made of red coral, don't you remember?" He sent a quick prayer to the gods, my God, good old Thusnelda had thought of that! He pulled himself together. "So no admirers, no lovers!?" She smiled gently. "Daddy, we talked about it. You should be my first husband, not some admirer or a clown. You, and no one else! You said when I was old enough, then. I'm just waiting for your signal, I can wait. You see me masturbating every evening, that's when I have my orgasm, my relaxation. And every evening I see how happy you are in the pussy of the slaves." They were silent for a long time, he couldn't find the right words to dictate a new paragraph. To hell with it!

"You have become a very beautiful and desirable woman, Julia! Even I, an old man, would fall for you, because you are old enough to fuck!" Not elegantly, but the arrow hit her right in the heart. "Oh, Papa, you will make me happy!!!" She threw herself on his neck and covered him with kisses. It was like 40 years ago, she was beautiful and desirable like Griseldis back then. She danced in circles. "When?" she called and he said, "Today." She stopped. "Oh, today,

how wonderful!” He remembered Thusnelda was there when he deflowered Griseldis. “Should Thusnelda be there?” he asked and she nodded, “of course, she was there too, as Mama, ... as Griseldis ...” He nodded. “Go downstairs and talk to her. You must bathe and make yourselves beautiful, and tell the cook he must prepare a festive meal for the three of us this evening.” Julia flew away, her tunic fluttering behind her, revealing her nakedness.

He stayed sitting on the terrace, thinking of the captured princess who had fallen in love with her enemy. He thought of the beautiful Thusnelda, who had sat naked next to them on their wedding night. Of course he had stared into Thusnelda’s slightly open pussyhole a thousand times when he fucked Griseldis, every night he looked into the servant’s pussyhole without ever thinking about fucking the beautiful girl too. He was still young, too young to see more than a single bunch of grapes, he scolded himself now. How lonely Thusnelda must have been, having only her finger as a lover and guarding her mistress when she was fucked. He should have thought of that earlier. He thought of the endless succession of girls and women he took as victor from the vanquished. None had found a place in his heart, no queen and no peasant maid. They were empty miles that he had wasted, blind and deaf, on the back of the lame donkey. He would do better with Julia and Thusnelda.

The cook was an artist, he had composed a wonderful dinner. They drank a little more wine and went to his bedroom. He asked Thusnelda if she could still remember. “Of course, sir, as if it had happened minutes ago!” He told her to sit down like she had done before, cross-legged, and put Julia’s head on her lap. Thusnelda stroked Julia’s head and he told Julia that she had to put his cock in her pussy entrance with her own hand, as a sign to the gods that it was voluntary and not forced.

It was an incredibly beautiful feeling when his cock touched Julia’s virgin pussy. He penetrated the hymen with determination and Thusnelda kissed Julia on the lips to cover her scream. He remained deep in Julia’s cunthole and gave her a long French kiss. “Now you are a woman, dear daughter!” She nodded and he fucked her long and hard. He held back the squirt until Julia orgasmed and immedi-

ately squirted inside in thick, solid jets. This time Julia fell asleep in his arms.

He looked at Thusnelda for a long time, she was younger than him, her figure had recovered from the servants' meals and she was quite slim again, only her large breasts showed that she had breast-fed Julia for years after Griseldis's milk dried up. He took her by the hand and laid her next to the sleeping Julia. He looked into her eyes and parted her thighs. He fucked Thusnelda for a very long time, she had an orgasm very early on, but he wasn't finished yet. After he squirted he gave her a long French kiss. "Thank you for accompanying us like you did Griseldis back then!" he whispered softly, she smiled and fell asleep in his arms for the first time in so many years.

Julia let her Dad fuck her every night and she was happy for Thusnelda, who sometimes let herself be fucked too. She was Julia's servant and confidante. Titus looked up in surprise when Despina stood before him. She had lowered her eyes to the floor and asked quietly why he didn't order any more slaves to come to him. "Have we done something wrong?" He was speechless. Then he told her to go ahead and he would enter the girls' dormitory. She ran ahead and called, "Girls, watch out! The master is coming here!" He entered calmly and greeted them. "Dear girls, dear women! I hear you are worried and I assure you, you have done nothing wrong. I just need a break, a time to think. My virgin daughter Julia is sleeping with me under my and Thusnelda's care, that must be this way. But I understand very well that you also have sexual needs and desires, which is very good and extremely praiseworthy, you know that. So I decide that from tomorrow on you can fuck with the men of my bodyguards, the handsome Thracians, as you please, as long as you do not neglect your work! The vice-general, Phyllis Thracus, will discuss with you how it should work and you will follow his instructions! But if you do not want to be fucked, just say No. So, have a nice day!" He left, leaving the chattering and lustfully screaming girls behind him.

He met Phyllis at the horse place where he was training with his men. He took his old comrade aside. "Phyllis, old friend, we've gone grey!" Phyllis didn't move his face, he wasn't a small talk type, he waited. "I have good news and bad news for you and then an assign-

ment. So which one first, the good or the bad?" Phyllis didn't change his face. "The bad first," he said dryly. "So, the news is that some girls are left unfucked!" Titus said cheerfully. Phyllis still didn't change his face, but he wondered if the general had been drinking. "General, what do you say?" he asked briefly. "Phyllis, old friend, it's a simple calculation. On the one hand I have 22 strong, brave Thracians, your men. And on the other hand I have about 25 sex-hungry slave girls, and if I compare the numbers, there are more girls than Thracians." Now Phyllis looked directly at him. "What are you talking about, General?" Titus slapped his thighs, laughing. "Now comes the good news, my friend. I have just allowed my slave girls to fuck the 22 brave Thracians whenever they feel like it!" Phyllis looked at him again. "And that is the good news, General?" He waited, but Titus just looked at him amused. "Your men are the best I have ever known. It might be a good thing if they have a little fun too. I know, I know, what you want to say, my friend! And now your task. Organize duty and fun as you see fit, make a division so that the watchtowers are manned and the men are ready at any time when the horn sounds. The girls will not neglect their work. It is your job to find a division." Now something stirred in Phyllis' face. He laughed loudly and Titus could not remember ever having seen Phyllis laugh. He waited patiently until Phyllis became serious again. He put a hand on the Thracian's shoulder. "I told the girls that they had to follow your orders, my Vice-General! But don't let it get to your head, you won't get promoted that quickly! Now tell me why you laughed!" Phyllis shifted from one foot to the other and grinned. "I always made sure that my men did their duty, as you well know, General! But I turned a blind eye when one or the other had a date with a girl. And now I step in front of the men and announce that a fairy kissed the general on the forehead, or that Cupid's arrow confused him, or that he has simply gone mad and that they are now officially allowed to fuck the girls, with letter and seal. That, General, is a stupid order, but I will carry it out conscientiously." Titus was stunned and it was obvious, he looked like an ox in front of the barn door. Now Phyllis put a hand on his master's shoulder. "And it was precisely because of the expression on your face that I was laughing at. Forgive me, General, for allowing myself to joke." Now they were both laughing, the gray-haired combat leaders.

Phyllis became serious again. "The men will thank you! It is good for all of us to have firm female thighs between our legs again. I will no longer sleep with only one eye closed because my men are meeting the girls in secret. I already have some ideas on how best to do it. And thank you, General, your men will appreciate it. You can rely on us to carry out our duties as before!" Phyllis was about to leave, but Titus held him back. "I spoke of 22 Thracians, so take a girl too. And don't start now..." Phyllis interrupted him. "My wife and children have been dead for ages, victims of the Dracians. But I will also look for an old woman to warm my blanket. I understand that you will grant me the favor too, thank you very much!" Now Titus flared up. "You are much younger than me, my friend! And I also take girls who could be my granddaughters, that works wonders, believe me! I don't want to hear any more about how old you feel, or should I be worried?" They looked each other firmly in the eyes. Then Phyllis smiled. "Yes sir, General, I will find a young girl, as ordered!" Titus smiled, patted him on the shoulder in a friendly manner and let him go. He went into his study and read some letters that he would answer tomorrow.

In fact, Phyllis had worked out a good plan, the Thracians were on the watchtowers whenever he looked up. The slaves did their work as before, everything went smoothly and quietly. They were good months, he dictated to the scribes and read their writings. He wrote to the emperor regularly and was pleased with his clever questions and thoughts. The emperor did not have it easy, he had decided to clean out the city. He wrote how true it was, he had to get to grips with the shit. The murder rate dropped noticeably when he sent legionaries on patrol, the emperor wrote.

Julia developed into a splendid young woman. He was delighted with it, she had learned a lot from Thusnelda's fucking techniques. He didn't fuck Thusnelda very often, he could tell in her eyes when she wanted to be fucked. The stable master reported how many horses the stable had sold and how much profit it had made. Titus listened attentively, although he was still not a horse person. He thought that building a watering hole would make sense, the horses would be bathed more often and that was important for their health.

He was still pondering over a letter when the horn signal tore him out of his contemplation. The signal was loud and clear, 'we are being attacked'! He jumped up and grabbed a sword from the chest. It was the gold-plated parade sword that the emperor had given him. No matter, it was a good sword. He buckled on the belt and ran down to the gate. The first group of Thracians stood in front of the gate in their shirts or naked, they were all armed. They had practiced such alarms a thousand times, the second group had run into the armory and armed themselves. They relieved the first, who armed themselves in no time. 5 minutes later, all 22 Thracians were in front of the gate in full armor, Titus had the gate locked from the inside.

The stable boys brought 4 horses at a run. Before Titus mounted, he looked back at his Thracians. They all carried the 4 meter long lances with which Alexander the Macedonian had conquered half the world, with which Leonidas the Spartan had stopped Xerxes' 250,000 men. He nodded to Phyllis and they mounted, followed by 2 Thracians. They rode towards the group and stopped in the middle. "I count 38, poorly armed and visibly tired. The one with the gray hair on the far left is probably the leader." To Phyllis's brief report, one of the Thracians added that they were not an army, but rather emaciated highwaymen. Titus nodded silently, admiring the men's sharp eyes.

The leader rode towards them. A muscular guy with a broad chest. He stopped his horse a few steps in front of Titus. Before Titus could say anything, Phyllis called out loudly, "This is General Titus Tacitus Teutonicus, General of the Roman Empire!" The leader bowed his head in greeting. "I am Yannis, we are a group of former slaves on our way to the city of Barium. We are not highwaymen, we are just tired and hungry. We are looking for a place to stay for the night and are asking for it. We have not rested for days, my men have not eaten anything. We want to beg for food in Barium." Yannis raised his face and looked Titus straight in the eyes.

Titus smiled. "Former slaves? Runaway slaves!" he exclaimed. Yannis smiled. "Runaway slaves are also former slaves!" Titus laughed softly and nodded to Yannis. "Okay. You didn't run away from me, so I'm not interested. I can offer you the following: you can

camp here in the orchard for the night. To the left of my house is a small river with clean water, you can drink it, wash yourself and water the horses. I will have food for 38 men brought from the kitchen, your men are not allowed to enter my house. Tomorrow morning I will give you food for 38 men before you move on to the city.” Yannis said, “42, we are 42, I have 4 men behind the hill to cover our rear. Thank you for your generous offer, it is much more than I hoped for. We have, as you rightly suspect, run away and broken away, but we are not highwaymen and not murderers. We have not hurt anyone. I did kill two of my men, they were disgusting warmongers and troublemakers.” Yannis turned his horse, Titus called him. “Yannis, come to my house for dinner in the evening, come alone and unarmed.” Yannis thanked him, then rode to his men.

Titus arranged everything. The slaves camped under the fruit trees and led their horses to the river. The stable master gave them horse feed, the kitchen brought baskets full of food and a few gallons of watered country wine. Yannis came into the house freshly bathed, Titus had him given a clean tunic. They ate with Julia, Thusnelda, Phyllis and Yannis, the five of them. Yannis ate heartily, he clearly needed it. After dinner, Titus had the cups refilled and encouraged Yannis to tell his story. They listened to him with interest.

I was born in Britain, then my name was John Longbow. Like my father, I was a blacksmith, we were not badly off, we had enough work and food. Forgive me if I do not speak very kindly about the Romans, and I see that you are Romans. But one day the Roman soldiers came from the coast, attacked our village without warning and killed all the inhabitants without exception. My father and I were the only men fit for battle.

My father killed many Romans with the half-finished sword he was working on. I grabbed an iron bar and smashed the heads of one Roman after another until the brains splattered. My father was hit by an arrow and died instantly. I redoubled my strength in anger, stepped over the corpses of the Romans, drove them in front of me and killed them one after the other, screaming until my throat was hoarse. Paulinus Quintus, the general, sent company after company,

my arms grew tired from so much killing, then they took me prisoner.

I was put in chains, they were poorly forged chains that I could have easily broken, but then, where to? Our country was drowning in the Roman army. I spotted some exceptionally well-made chains and asked who they were for. Paulinus laughed, they are for the British king! I laughed at him. There is no king, we only have warrior queens, only women! Paulinus fell silent and questioned me.

I had only seen one such once, and she was called Vrnica. Her men trembled before her, she fought like a devil, strong as 5 men, her men told me. She stayed in our village for a week until they had eaten all the supplies. Vrnica lay down next to the fire in our fireplace every night and let 4 warriors fuck her every night, completely shamelessly and publicly. She wanted everyone around to see the fucking up close, she was just as obscene and depraved as her warriors. It keeps morale high, one of her warriors told me, anyone could fuck her and would walk through hell for her. Paulinus listened to me, but he thought it was women's gossip.

I was taken to Rome and sold to a gladiator school, where I was given the name Yannis. The Ianista, the teacher, felt me up and down like a bull he was going to buy at the cattle market. On the second day he had me put on armor and put a ridiculous small sword in my hand, saying I was to fight his men, as a test. I threw the armor and sword to the ground, fighting with this toy would be a disgrace. I grabbed an iron bar from the construction site for a new cage. Then we fought. I knocked out his men one by one, I wasn't supposed to kill them. When seven were already lying unconscious on the ground, the Ianista shouted that enough was enough. He tried to make me understand that we had to put on a long and dramatic show for the spectators. But I, stupid British idiot, just knocked the men down without any grace. I told him I couldn't do that. I can put one to sleep with a light blow or kill one with a hard blow. I couldn't do anything else. He tried for a few more days, tearing his hair out, and sold me to a rich Roman who was impressed by my primitive martial arts. That's how my misfortune began.

The patrician, Tunculus Severius, appointed me bodyguard to his daughter Emilia, who was about 18 or 19 at the time. No, I stubbornly refused all the weapons offered to me, they were all just toys. I wanted a raw iron bar that was chest high, that was my weapon. The majordomo complained about the stubborn British ox, but then he grinned and gave me a stubborn wild cat from Egypt as a roommate. "She scratches and bites a lot, you stubborn British donkey. She has bitten everyone on the cock or scratched their face. No one has managed to rape the wild cat yet, let alone fuck her. She was simply not a willing slave, completely useless. Have fun, you ox, I'm really excited to see which of you two is still alive tomorrow morning. He locked us both in a cell, grinning.

I'll tell you about working as Emilia's bodyguard in a moment, but first I'll tell you about my cellmate. She was a small, delicate and tough Egyptian, 13 or 14 years old at the most. She immediately shouted, "My name is Men-Har-Ref, I come from Egypt and I'm not your sex toy, get that out of your head right now!" I nodded, she spoke Roman just as badly as I did back then. "I'm Yannis from Britain and I don't need a sex toy! We only have one small bed and one blanket. We can warm each other up if you want, otherwise I'll knock you out and lie down and take the bed." Her black eyes sparkled with deadly fire, but then she smiled. "Will we get along and you won't touch me?" I nodded and we lay down in bed, crammed close together. She grabbed my cock immediately. "So I always know where it is," she said firmly. I nodded, "that's fine with me!" My cock grew naturally and squirted in her firm grip without her doing anything. I squirted twice more, then I was tired and fell asleep. This went on for weeks, we kept a tight silence about squirting, she didn't want to talk about it. She knew it and she accepted it, that was fine with me. Men-Har-Ref was much smaller than me, she barely reached my nipples. She was very slim and wiry, she had very small, pointed breasts and her skin was almost white. She was not a pure-bred Egyptian whose pubic area was completely black inside. She had a delicate pink coloring of the small labia and the clit, which hung down like a small pink elephant trunk. When it got stiff while she was masturbating, it was as long as her little finger. I watched her masturbate from day one, she masturbated every night. I timidly stroked her shoulders, her girlish body and she let me. I put my hand

on her pussy when I squirted, she let me do that too. She only masturbated in secret when I had finished squirting.

Gradually she turned to me, we only began to talk after weeks of silence, she threw her tunic on the floor and we kissed and cuddled naked. She said we should masturbate each other and we did, although I was a novice and she had much more practice. She complained for weeks that we could not fuck because she was a virgin dedicated to the goddess Isis. I did not know her goddess Isis and said I would like to fuck her anyway because she was a very sweet girl and I liked her very much. She questioned me and I confessed that I had only fucked a few women, in Britain. It was my mother who taught me to fuck at 12 and I had to practice with her for many years before she was satisfied with me. I was perhaps 18 when she released me and I seduced her youngest sister, who was not yet 12 at the time. A sweet and shy virgin who liked to lie down with me. I fucked her very often, she learned to love fucking and she was with me for ten years until the Romans murdered her. I had to tell Men-Har-Ref for many days about fucking the two sisters and I felt how she was getting softer and softer. We had already been locked together for several months when she shyly and ashamedly allowed herself to be deflowered. She was warm, moist and soft, and also much tighter than my British wife. After the deflowering, her love of fucking and orgasms burst out of her like a volcano. We fucked every night until I was exhausted, but I saw happiness shining in Men-Har-Ref's eyes. She became pregnant after two years and the majordomo had to release her after the birth at the latest. But we are not that far yet.

I served as Emilia's bodyguard for two years, I followed her everywhere and defended her. But no one wanted to harm her. She was a slovenly but very beautiful girl. She flirted with her teachers like crazy, initially letting herself be touched, groped and finally fucked regularly. I was just a piece of furniture standing there. She changed teachers like horses, she was a spoiled, immoral piece of shit. She fucked everyone like the other with the same ease as one drinks a glass of wine.

I don't know why, but one day she discovered me, the piece of furniture. From then on I had to fuck her every day. I hadn't promised

Men-Har-Ref anything, but I loved her very much, as if she were my wife. I found it perverse to fuck my protégé during the day and my Egyptian wife, whom I loved more than anything, at night. I don't know much about the gods, but one day a goddess decided to destroy me. That it wasn't Men-Har-Ref's goddess Isis, that's for sure, because she was, among other things, the goddess of love, both sexual and spiritual. Emilia gave birth to a beautiful boy, with blond curls and sparkling blue eyes. I was convinced that he was my son, but Emilia gave our child away to a childless patrician couple. At least he was happy there, I calmed my sad heart.

Emilia always let herself be fucked in a circle of her maids. They formed a semicircle with their bodies to hide the indecent and the unseemly from the eyes of the world. Every day, 15 pairs of eyes were fixed on my cock as I ploughed Emilia's garden. It was a perverse, horny feeling to fuck their mistress in front of 15 pretty girls. Emilia must have liked it, otherwise she wouldn't have been with her protector for over a year. In my thoughts I was always only with Men-Har-Ref, thinking of her soft, tight vagina and her girlish, shy and beautiful way of fucking.

The goddess must have been very angry now, because one day the maids scattered like blowflies. Tunculus Severius stood there, shaking with anger, behind him two armed men as always. My iron bar lay next to my tunic, out of reach. Emilia's father screamed in anger, "What's going on here?" I wanted to shout back that his loyal servant had to fuck his piece of shit daughter as ordered. But a good spirit sealed my mouth. Emilia reacted predictably. "He just attacked me, the girl molester!" she shouted, and now real tears welled down her cheeks, sweaty from the fucking. Good old Tunculus wanted to believe his daughter, of course, but when he looked at her more closely, everything became clear to him. "Your little son also has blond curly hair and blue eyes like this man!" he thundered, not surprised that she remained stubbornly silent and avoided his gaze. He was terribly angry and furious. "Yannis, finish what you started!" he yelled at me and indicated with his general's staff that I had to continue fucking. "Finish what she ordered!?" I grumbled back, fearlessly, and he nodded, shaking with anger. "But I will not squirt inside under any circumstances, today is a very dangerous day!" I said and held his gaze.

Emilia had told me once that when she masturbated as a child ages ago, her father used to watch her and rub his cock until he squirted, but not anymore. I fucked her anyway. Her father stared at her cunt-hole uncertainly, but then he knelt down next to me with great determination. His rather massive cock immediately became stiff as he stared at her pussyhole as if hypnotized. He was seeing her being fucked for the first time ever. I fucked Emilia wildly, angrily and full of contempt, she had delivered me to death in a second. The father masturbated his cock in front of Emilia's cunthole, into which he stared, his face expressing disgust and horniness at the same time. I continued to fuck Emilia, but he pushed me aside before he squirted, rammed his cock into her pussyhole, fucked her and squirted inside until he had finished. He let me keep fucking her and masturbated his cock right in front of her cunthole. When he came to squirt, he pushed me again aside, rammed his cock into her cunthole, fucked her and squirted inside until he was finished. This was repeated five times, then he couldn't take it anymore. I was very surprised because he had definitely, one hundred percent impregnated her, but it was his fault. I fucked her now so hard, brutally and angrily that she almost drowned in orgasm, but I continued to fuck her mercilessly, she got stuck in orgasm and was so shaken by the continued orgasms that she finally fainted. I let her fall to the mat like a lifeless doll and denied her my seed. I got up and left, nobody stopped me.

Men-Har-Ref screamed, she knew just as much as I did that they would cut off my head tomorrow at sunrise. We cried arm in arm, we fucked over and over for the very last time. She sat up. "I will not let them take my husband and the father of my child from me!" she suddenly screamed, full of anger. "The fact that that woman, that miserable bitch, violated you day after day always offended me and hurt me a lot. But I won't let her have your head chopped off!" We made a plan. The pregnancy was already too far along, she could no longer travel. The majordomo had to send her away after the birth. But I had to leave immediately, head south and take a ship to Egypt. We would wait for each other in her father's house. I left immediately and now I am here!" Yannis drank a cup of wine in one go.

Titus broke the silence. "John Longbow, Yannis, that was very moving. I am a man of quick decisions and I have two offers for you,

that you must accept or leave immediately, because I will not wait. My first offer is that you stay here for a week, I will look after your men, and in return they will work from sunrise to sunset on the new fence at the stables under the direction of the stable master. My second is that I will get you a free ship passage to Egypt, to Alexandria for example, this week, and you may have to work on the ship too. And now, what do you think?" Yannis jumped up after these words and fell to his knees in front of Titus. "Yes and yes, my general!" he exclaimed, "I accepted both! But I am completely overwhelmed by your kindness, which I have not earned!" He kissed Titus' hand. Julia unexpectedly leaned forward.

"Father, thank you! I have just learned something very important that will also be a guideline for my political career. 'Those who have should give!' Real life is not a walk with a balance in hand, where something is given for something, we are more than just merchants, that is what makes us good humans. We give when our stores are full and do not demand exact compensation like merchants." Julia was silent.

Thusnelda, who had been silent all evening, spoke into the silence. "It is true that the goddesses accompany us on our path, dear Julia. But we ourselves decide where we take our next step. That became clear to me the moment your father took my hand for the first time. He could have done it a thousand times before, but his steps led him somewhere completely different thirty years ago. For the first 15 years, I signaled to him every day how much I desired him, my mistress's husband, and how I would have willingly and joyfully laid myself beside him. But his steps led him away from me. Now our steps lead us further and we only follow the path that the goddess intended for us from the beginning. To realize that even unrequited love can find its fulfillment one day in the distant future is only a purely human view of the secret work of the goddesses." Thusnelda fell silent, her words were primarily for Julia and Titus.

Yannis ran into the orchard and informed his men, then went to the stable master, who was delighted. Phyllis informed his men. Julia and Thusnelda lay down next to Titus. Julia was inspired and quickly flew to orgasm. She immediately laid Titus on Thusnelda, even be-

fore he had ejaculated. She knelt behind him, her fingers caressed his ass cheeks, ran along the crease of his ass and she caressed his balls and his cock from behind while he fucked Thusnelda for an eternity. Thusnelda's honest words touched his heart, he brought her to orgasm and continued to fuck her sensitively. He only ejaculated when Thusnelda had already triggered the second orgasm with her finger and triggered her third orgasm with her fingers. Julia caressed his balls and his cock until he had finished ejaculating. Julia had been doing this since the day he first told her about it. There was a young queen in Galilee who had long since stopped being fucked by her ancient king. She came week after week with her favorite maid to be fucked by the victor, because that was what martial law demanded. The beautiful maid always knelt behind him, caressing his balls and cock until he had finished squirting. Finally, he also fucked the maid, who fucked even more actively and gracefully than the mistress, and at the time, he said to Julia that Jewish women were among the best in the world. Titus lay down between Julia and Thusnelda, his hands resting on their hot, steaming pussies. The two fell asleep, he just dozed and his thoughts raced in his head.

His mother lay down next to him in bed for the first time. Her fingers grabbed the little boy's little cock. She asked lasciviously if he could squirt yet? He didn't know what she meant. He noticed with confusion that she was lascivious and was kneading his cock, something she had never done before. "Well, fuck and then squirt inside!" she whispered and he whispered that he had never fucked and squirted inside until now. "Is that bad?" he whispered, because he had obviously missed something somehow. She shook her head, "nothing bad, little Titi," she said kindly, "I'm just checking to see if you can squirt yet!" She dove down and took his little cock in her mouth. It was so soft that it got hard immediately. She rubbed it briefly and he squirted in her mouth. She wiped her lips with the back of her hand and smiled, "of course you can squirt, in thick, solid jets like a grown up man, you're already 12!" She lay down again and explained everything to him, whispering quietly. "We may be Romans, but we're actually Teutons from Germania. According to our customs, you're a man at 12 and I, as your mother, have to show you how to fuck. Understood?" Titus nodded with a lump in his throat. "But I already know how it's done, I've seen you and Daddy fuck a

thousand times,” said Titus, because that was true. “Okay,” she said quietly, “then we’ll fuck now, the two of us, you and I. That’s good, just like with Daddy!” She lay on her back and bent her legs. It was a bright night with a full moon and he could see everything, the wet, shiny pussy and the big, deep cunthole. She had him kneel down and he penetrated her. It was surprisingly warm and wet and soft. He didn’t move, it was so beautifully intense. She gave him time to get his bearings. Then she whispered, “Now, go ahead, Titi!” and he started to fuck, he didn’t last long and had to squirt. She consoled him, “We’re all sad after fucking, that’s completely normal.”

She came to his bed every night to fuck. Dad must have known somehow, but he never mentioned it, that was a woman’s thing. She showed him how she masturbated and had an orgasm. “That’s important, Titi!” she admonished him. A man has to learn to hold back from squirting until the woman has her orgasm, because women take longer to reach it than men. She let him practice until he could do it. She came to him every night to fuck, for four years, until he had to go to the military. He must have fucked a thousand women since then. But he never forgot how exciting those four years were. He had a very strong drive and lured his mother into bed three or four times a day to fuck. She grinned and smiled and happily let him fuck her as often as he wanted. She was often overwhelmed in the morning from the 4 to 6 orgasms of the previous day.

Titus thought about the exciting fucking with his mother for a long time until he gradually fell asleep.

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